

Tuesday Afternoon, Sept. 1st 1863

My Dearest Love:

I am so tired that I couldn't try to write to anybody in the world but you. But my darling shall not be neglected, under any circumstances. I have been to Woodside to day. I got home by one o'clock. Father was going over to look at our cattle, and I went with him and got my tulips. He went around by Ironium for our mail, and I came home alone. He will be here pretty soon. I didn't stay there but a little while. Things seem to be going on as usual. John Lecker was in bed sick. He looks badly. He told me a little about you. He says you are not about that you can't stand for it. It was just so. — But I can hardly be made to believe, ever since you left Helena. When I hear from you, my pet I am not very well to day. I didn't sleep one minute last night. Mr. Wright and his wife were here, and we sat up late talking; then I wrote to you awhile after the rest went to bed. I was troubled about you, love, and thinking about the people in Indiana, and I couldn't sleep any. Mr. Wright was taken sick in the night. I am afraid he was taking flu. He was quite poorly this morning, and they hurried off soon after breakfast. They intended staying all day if he had not got sick. He could hardly sit up when they started. I wish they could have stayed to day. I didn't get to talk with them a great deal. I may see them again before they go back. I sent Jane a nice back- one of mine. I couldn't think of anything else to send her. They will give it to her. I am glad I am not there now, my darling. There is almost open war in many places in that state. Matters are worse than ever before, they say.

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 22^d

My Dearest - I got two letters from you last evening, dated the 16 and 17
They are such good ones, yet, and they did me so much good! You can't know
how much. I didn't think I could get on much longer without hearing
from you, love. And now I want to hear again almost as bad as I did
yesterday. But my darling knows his Dallis is anxious and troubled a-
bout. I am trying not to get the "blues," my pet. I will do the best I can.
Only write to me often, and keep well, sweet love, and I will try to get on.
Mrs. Brown is here, and one of her little girls. She came up in the mail
coach yesterday, and will stay till tomorrow. She looks very well, and
as "natural as breakfast." We sat out in the yard last night, and talked
about all times till midnight. She is good company as ever. So I
slept so little again last night. I don't feel very well this morning
but I shall be quite well in a day or two. I have headache a little,
that is all. I can't write much this time, my love, they are talking
in the next room and it confuses me - Oh, darling, what do you
think? Jimmy's coins! Just as I was writing that last sentence, some
one said "Good morning" and I looked up and there stood Jimmy!
I was glad to see the boy. He came from Logansport this morning.
His eyes are pretty bad; not painful, but weak. Hawk Kencill came
with him. He looks considerably like a soldier, Almost the first
questions he asked were about you and Will. My pet I can't write now
They are all talking at once, I must talk to you, to Jimmy. I will write
to-morrow. I sent you a long letter yesterday, and it will go in the
same mail with this. You will forgive your Dallis for this poor
letter won't you? I will make it up before long. I hope you are well and
cheerful, my sweet love. Don't get sick. God bless you, my own darling.
God bless you always. How I must help get dinner. I love you so
much, so much. Good-by. Don't forget to love your own faithful
Dallis

Tell Will that Mary Cassidy was buried yesterday. He knows her. She was a very
lovely girl. She lived at Mr Gibbons. (No. 34) We are looking a little for Will to
She died of flux. The other sick
people over there are getting better.
Jim is here. I hardly expect him.

Thursday Afternoon, Sept. 3^d 63

My Own Parling:

I was ashamed of the poor short letter I sent you yesterday
but I couldn't write then. I will try to make this one long enough, my love.
Jimmy came yesterday just when we were least expecting him. He will stay
nearly three weeks. He is all right, except his eyes, and I hope they will get bet-
ter before he goes back. He has gone over to Mr. Jenison's this afternoon.
When Will was here he didn't want to go anywhere handy; it isn't so with
Jim. He is going to see everybody he says; that's what he came for. He is in
the best of spirits, likes a soldier's life above all things. Says when the war
is ended he is going to "settle" in Springfield. He is never coming home to
live and work on the farm. I think he is pretty wild. He is in earnest
about joining the regular service. He has had some very hard service, but
he won't tell anything about it, only as we ask questions and make him tell.
Mrs. Brown went home this morning. She had a very good visit. They are
going pretty well now. I can't help liking her, because she is such a good
Unionist. She wanted father to take one of her little boys to help him
this winter, but he didn't want him. It don't pay to keep a boy, he says.
I was right sick part of the day yesterday, but I am well to day. I slept
all night last night. We have had company nearly all day. The neighbors
have come in to see Jim, but they can't catch him in very often. Father
got a letter from Mr. Steele to day, and he says your money is there safe.
Father is going for it tomorrow or next day. I was getting a little uneasy
about it, it had been so long coming, but it is all right I guess. Mr. Mark-
en came up here yesterday to pay me for our cattle. He paid me two
hundred and twenty five dollars, seventy five cents. He says he hardly saved

himself by taking them to Chicago himself. If he had been a few days later
he would have lost considerable. The market is worse now than it was then.
I have put the money away for you, sweet love, and I will keep it for you
till you come. Don't you remember how saving we used to be, ^{of} a few dollars
my pet, and how little money we had sometimes, and how much you hated
to be poor. I think of it, dear one, and I save the money for you as carefully
as I can. My darling shall have plenty of money when he comes home. I
have ~~1250.00~~ \$1,250.00 put away for you, love, and I have some besides. I
am so nervous to day I can't write hardly. Don't you see I am, sweet love?
Father and Mullinnis got up our young cattle, Monday at Woodside
and looked at them. Father says they are not as good as he expected. He
says if he takes them, he wants to give just what they are worth. He wants
to do right for you and Matt both. He had Mullinnis to price them.
John thought I asked too much rather. I believe they agreed upon \$8,000
for the steers. Father don't want the heifers, but says he will still give the
\$8,000 for the lot. I don't take it yet. I think he will give a little more
than that, and then I want him to take the calves that are at Mullinnis's.
I want to keep Cassie. I can get her wintered I think. I wish I knew what
he ought to take what he offers. I don't expect I can get any more from
any one, than I can from him. Mullinnis was sprightly about Vester offering
to hire his horse to me, to help gather the corn. He says if I can't sell
Joke before then I shall have one of his horses without hire, to help. I
want you to tell me, love, what to do with the corn. It is going to be a
good price before next year, if we can get it taken care of. Some think
it will be worth a dollar a bushel before spring, but I don't think that.
My only fear is that if Vester gathers it honestly, it will be stolen from the
pen. You must tell me, pet, what to do with it, for I can't know. I
know we have lost a good deal by your being gone this summer, but we
can't help it, love. If you only come home safe, we won't care for that will we

This is enough about business for one time, isn't it, my darling? Do you want me to tell you all about such things so minutely as I do? I thought you would like to know all about it, and I tell you everything, my dearest. Mr. Maiken is in fine spirits about the war, and things generally. He scolded me for being so troubled about you now. He says his wife and I must quit "borrowing trouble." There is no use in it. You and the boys will get on all right, and all be home one of these days. He wanted me to go to Centerville to a great Union meeting next Monday. Senator Harlan speaks. He wants everybody to go from this neighborhood. He says they are actually going to try hard to carry Appomattox county against the copperheads this fall. He thinks the prospect pretty good, if everybody who loves our cause, will only try. We have no late news hardly. Jimmie is going down to the office in the morning for me. I hope I shall hear some good news then. And I may get a letter from my "Teacher." That would do me more good than anything else - except seeing you come home. I do wish you would write, dear one, that I might have had better quit and get supper. Don't you think so, too? I have been sewing a little today. I sent my father and bought me a new dress - which the other day, and I am making it up. It is pretty I think. I want some nice dresses to wear when you come, sweet pet. They won't do me any good till then. I can't learn much from your expedition in the papers. They only say it is moving on to Little Rock. Nearly every one up here believes that the rebels are so demoralized and discouraged that they won't fight much. I don't think so, love. They will fight desperately as long as they fight at all. But I don't want to think about it, darling, if I can help it. A year ago yesterday, we broke up and moved from Woodside. It has been such a long year. I hope the next year will be a happier one for us, my pet. It will be the happiest of my life if it brings my darling home safe. I will write some to-morrow. Goodbye now, I think of you every minute, dear.

Friday Morning, Sept. 4

My Love: All this week we have had company and bustle till this morn-
ing. Now there is no one here but mother and me. Everything is still and
quiet as can be. Father is out at work at something. Jim is gone to Isonium.
He rode Rocker and is going to have his shoes put on; he lost one the other
day, and he gets lame whenever he goes without. Jim says he will go to Merovic
for the mail, as often as I want him to while he stays. I have never sent for
it but once yet. The weather is quite cold for the season. Last night I thought
there would be frost, but I believe there was none up here. Mr. Vester was
here just now. He was going to Choniton to mill and stopped a while.
He had no business that I heard of. He may be a very honest man, working
but I wish I had more confidence in him. John Vester is getting better.
I could have sent my letter up to Choniton to be mailed, but I thought I
wouldn't. I will keep it till tomorrow and father can mail it at Albion.
I don't like to send your letters by everybody. I can't work to day, my love.
I am so anxious to hear from you that I can't do anything but wonder a-
bout, and think of you all the time. My precious darling! Where are you
this morning? Are you well, my pet? Oh, if I only could know. Mother
has been very uneasy about you and Will, for a few days. She says she feels
like something has happened you. I never tell her that I am troubled.
Yesterday all day she would speak of you every few minutes, and say she
never wanted to hear from you as badly in her life. She is very childish.
I don't know what made her get to thinking so much about you, now.
If she is anxious about you, dear one, how do you think your Dollie gets on?
But we won't talk about that, love, for your Dollie don't do as well as she
ought, with such a brave, noble husband to encourage her, and love her. You
must not scold much till you come home, pet, then you may scold just as
long as you please - till I kiss you and make you hush. If Jimmy brings
me a letter, dear, I will write again this evening. If he don't I expect I shall
have the blues a little. I am quite well. I am going out now to gather some
flower seeds. My new dress isn't being made very fast. I would send you a
scoop of it only I'm afraid you will laugh at me. Be a good darling and take care
of yourself for the sake of one who loves you more than her own life. Dollie

Sept. 4

My Dear Love: I didn't get any letter to day, not one word from you, and I wanted to hear so much. I must wait now till the next mail as well as I can. I got two papers, but there is not much news. There is one dispatch that says Steele's Expedition is on White river 45 miles from Little Rock, and that the enemy was in front in long force. The pickets were skirmishing every day, and a hard battle was expected. This is all, sweet darling, and there is not much comfort for your Dollie in this, is there, love? Perhaps the battle may be fought by this time. My pet, I can hardly bear to think about it, and I can't think of anything else one minute. There is a rumor that Gen. Blunt has fought a battle in his department, and been badly beaten. I hope it is not so, and I think not. Blunt is not the man to be defeated. I won't believe it till I hear more about it. The news from Charleston is not so encouraging. The "Gibraltar" is not taken yet. I begin seriously to fear that there is something wrong in the management of our forces there. There are complaints that the navy has not done its share of the work. We shall soon know, for whatever is done will be done shortly, I think. I am not discouraged about it yet. I remember Vicksburg, and try to possess my soul in patience. But why talk about these things, my best love? You will know all about them before you get this. I don't feel like I could write much to night. You won't blame me, will you, my pet? It is warm again and I think we shall have a storm before morning. If it don't rain father is going to Albion to morrow. He says he wants breakfast by four o'clock. It takes him all day to go there and back. Dr. Hickcox is going with him. I hope they will hear some good war news. If I ever wanted to hear good news in my life, I do now.

We have had company all the afternoon, first one and then another.
Jim is out somewhere the night. - He has been out every night since
he come kill bed time. He is very wild I think, but he is a good fellow
I think for all that. It is too quiet here for him when we have no
company, he wants to be going all the time. I don't enjoy his visit
home like I did Will. - But I ought hardly to say this, ought I, love?
He may never come home again. He can't tell me anything about
you, darling, is what is the matter I guess. He is very bitter against
copperheads, and traitors. He says some of the best men in their
company talk of voting for Tuttle, thinking him all right. I trust
they will get enlightened before the election. I can't write to do much
good, sweet love, and I will quit for the night. My letter is already
long. I will go to bed and think and dream of you, my precious one.
What would I not give to know that you are well and safe to night?
I know, pet, that you love your Pollie, let you be where you may.
This is all the comfort I have, but it is a blessed comfort to me now.
And when you come home, my darling, I want to spend all my
life proving to you how deep and true and faithful is my love for
my husband. You know all this, don't you? Oh, darling, if I could
only know that you would come home to me with your life,
I could wait for you, I could bear anything if I knew this. It
is the dreadful fear that I have lost you forever that I can't bear
at all hardly. I have to bear it, but you don't know, dear love, how
hard it is. But I must not talk so to you, pet. You must be
of good cheer, and not get the blues because your Pollie is un-
easy about you. You must be brave enough for both, my love. I
know you will be, too. God bless my noble, soldier husband!
Try to write me a line very often. I want ask for long letters now, only
a line my darling. You will send me a letter as often as you can I know.
Goodbye. Be very careful of yourself. Don't be rash my pet. Good night.
I love you so much. Pollie

We are talking of going to
Centerville to-morrow to the
Union meeting. I don't
want to go, but I expect I
will have to, to please Jim.

(No. 35)

If we go, ^{we} will start very
early, and go in the wagon
Jim can't ride on horseback
so far. The neighbors are going

Saturday Evening, Sept. 5, 1863

My Own Dear Love:

This day is so long that I can't get through it without
writing a little to you. I haven't much to write, but I must spend part of
the time talking to my darling, whether I have much to say or not. Father
is gone to Abbia for your money; Jim is gone to Sam Kewell's to stay
all night; mother is sitting out in the yard reading. I have my Saturday
work done. I am in better spirits about you, love, this evening. Dr. Hays
has been here to-day to see Jim, and he has the latest news. He says Price's
army is all disbanded - scattered to the winds, and that Steed's army was
going into Little Rock without any opposition scarcely. The rebels declin-
ed to fight, and it is thought they will not fight another battle of any mag-
nitude this side of the Mississippi. O darling, this is indeed good news, if it
is only true. You can't know how much good it did me to hear it any how.
I am still very uneasy about you, pet, for though our loss may not be heav-
y, we don't know who is best, but I feel much more hopeful. I will hope
for the best, love. I hope I shall get my late papers to night, and a letter
from you. I haven't had any since Tuesday. If this good news is con-
firmed, and I get a letter that tells me you were well, I shall feel like
like another Polly. But I must not get elated till I know more about
it. Dr. Hays was here for dinner, and stayed a long time. He thinks the war
is nearly over, if France don't interfere. He is not uneasy about the elections.
Thinks they will go right in nearly all the States, and that will finish the
rebellion. I think so too, love. The Confederacy can't live much longer.
I am dull to-day, darling. I got up before three o'clock this morning. Father
started just at daylight. You know I never liked to get up early, don't you?

You can't guess, my pet, what I have been doing to day! I have been shoot-
ing. Don't you laugh. Jim has a revolver and he has been teaching me
to use it. We had quite a practice this afternoon, when there was nobody here.
I can shoot, love. Our target was a little scrap of white paper tacked to
the gate post. Jim made the best shot, and I the two next best. I planted
one ball about two inches from the center, and I think that was pretty
well for the first day, don't you? I shall try it again one of these days. How
will you like it if I beat you when you come home? Wouldn't I laugh at
you then more than ever? Father is coming, and I will run and see if he has
a letter for me. He was coming round by the office. Goodby, sweet darling

Sunday Morning, Sept. 6, '63

My Love:- Father brought me two letters from you last night. Such good, dear
letters they are, darling! I can't tell how many times I have read them. They
are dated the 2nd and 2^{7th} ult. Two weeks ago to day. I tremble to think
what may have happened in two long weeks. I am so sorry that so many
of the men are sick. Oh, my pet, be careful of yourself. Don't get sick, love.
I am afraid you will, and Paddy can't get to you. What would we do, if you
should be sick away out there? Ever since you started from Helena my
greatest fear has been that you would be killed or wounded. I was not
so much afraid of sickness. May heaven save you, sweet love, from all
danger! The weather turned cold up here, on the 2^{9th} but perhaps the change
didn't reach you for another day or two, after that. When it did come I
trust it brought healing with it. How I pined you those hot days! I hope
the health is better now. I know you have had a hard time, my love.
I want to hear from you soon, and feel more anxious than I did before
I heard this late news. There is nothing in my papers more than I told
you yesterday. I fear the danger of a hard battle is not past yet. I fear
the very rebels are only drawing you on to Little Rock, and will make a
pierce stand behind their entrenchments. I may be mistaken though, I

hope I am. Jimmy says it is not believed at Springfield that Price will fight
any more. He has told me ever since he came, that there was no danger
of your having to fight anybody but bushwhackers. But he can't know
I am all alone to say. The rest are gone to Greenville to meet him. I didn't
want to go. I am better at home till I know that my darling is safe and
well. You ask me if I love you, while you are so far away. Yes, my precious
one, more than all this world besides, - a thousand times more. You know
I do, my husband. Did I love you when we were at home together? You
are far dearer to me now. Your very longer makes you dearer to me. Your
being away makes me know how much I do love you, but you can never
know, my pet, for my poor words can never tell you the half. But my
life shall prove to you, darling, how precious you are to my heart. Only
come back to me, love, only come back, and your Dollie will show you
whether she loves you. But I can't talk about this, to day, sweet pet. I am
doing my best to keep up my courage, and not be too much troubled about
you. Oh, darling, your Dollie loves you too much. Heaven bless you, my dearest!
This is a beautiful September day, calm, and warm, and hazy. The leaves are
beginning to fall, "brown and new." Everything looks so calm and peaceful
that I sit here and wonder that there can be war and courage and suf-
fering in the world. Alas! darling, I have only to look at the vacant
chair beside me, and your letters lying on my table, to realize, all too
painfully, the dreadful fact. But we won't talk about such things, my love.
When I think only of ourselves - of your hardships and danger, of my loneli-
ness and anxiety - and of our long, bitter separations, and the dread uncertainty
of the future, I am almost wild, darling. I can hardly bear it at all. But when
I remember the peril of our country, and the noble cause you are defend-
ing, and the thousands of glorious patriots who have sanctified it with their
blood I feel ashamed of my weakness, and proud that I am a soldier's wife; and
that, in giving you to the war, I have given a priceless offering to our country.

Evening: - Father and mother have come home. There was no meeting, and they stopped a few minutes to see Hannah Kendall. He and his wife were coming down to Thompson's, but there were twenty people there and they could not get off, so Mirone's cousin sent her little children out a baby down here with mother, and then she would have to come. She didn't get along for two or three hours, but the baby was good and no trouble. Mirone had a good laugh about the way she played off on the crowd. It is too bad the way people impose on nearly every soldier that comes home. I know they do it out of pure admiration of the soldiers, but they ought to remember that they come home to see their families. Father got your money yesterday. It was all right. - Yours was \$272,00 I have put it away for you my darling. We will send Mrs. Hancock's to her, and leave the other at Mr. Phillips'. Father says he will see Mr. Dooley as soon as he can. My part of the express charges was 60 cents. I am afraid, my love, that you don't keep money enough to do you hands. I want you to keep plenty, dear one, and buy everything that will do you good. You save it, pet, when I am afraid you need it. You have sent \$954,00 When you come home you will find every cent of it, just as you sent it to me, darling. You know your Dallis will take good care of it for you, don't you? Don't be uneasy about me, love. I don't work too much. I could hire a girl, but we don't need one. When I thought you were coming home soon, I engaged Lizzie Hitchcox to come and work while you stayed, and I will get her whenever you come. I am not going to work then, sweet pet. You want want me to will you? I am going to stay with you then, every minute I can. You tell me to sell our stock on time. I don't know, dear, that I can sell it for any more by giving time. Money is very plenty. So much even has been ruined by the frost, that people are almost giving away their stock. I guess I shall let father have ours. It is the best I can do. He can buy for less than he has offered me. I would rather sell on time, to a good man, if I could. But there are no buyers handy. My sheet is full. Be of good cheer, my precious one, and remember there is one heart that beats only for you and only lives to love you, and be loved. Dallis

In Camp near Brownsville Ark.

Sept 2th / 1863

On the last day of Aug. we left Durall Bluff and on the first day of this month arrived at this place. The last day we marched a distance of twenty three or four miles, and you had better believe we were a set of tired Soldiers. I walked all the way but was tireder than you ever saw me. But I was only like everybody else that matters. We went into camp, and rested one day. Then we were ordered out to Bayou Meto, sixteen miles west, where it was supposed Price and his command were. But when we got there we found no enemy. The advance guard of Cavalry reported having seen a few rebel Pickets I believe. But they soon skaddled. We stayed there all night and marched back last night - that is got here last night at dark all tired again. So day we are lying idle and rested tolerably well.

When I got in there were three letters here from you for me. This morning I got an other one. They were dated from the 3th of Aug. to the 18th or 19th. Thank you for them Dollie. You did right to sell the mare, and I expect \$75. is as much as you will be able to get for her. If you had sold him I would have been perfectly well satisfied. If you can buy a yoke of young Green of some one who is owing us do it, if you think it is best, even if you have to pay part money. But I think if you can get the Corn gathered without it, you had better not pay all money. But do as you think best. You know more about it than I do. I dont want to keep any stock over winter Procter, and Cassey if you want here. If Cassey has got a heifer eat, give it to Ester this winter. You know she dropped one a long time ago for me. It wont be worth much for us to sell any bran

I think you had better not sell teeth our own, especially at such prices as he is offering. It is very natural for him to say there will more of it and that corn is selling at two dollars per acre. If it is worth more than that Dollie. And then it will not do to sell the corn until the cattle are all off our hands. When the corn is gone, the cattle must go or starve you know, and then if crops are as poor as you think corn will be worth seventy five cents or one dollar per bushel before twelve months pass. You did just right in not letting Brunson have the farm for next year. And you did right too in telling him the man who did get it, would have to prove his Loyalty so they will.

I know you work Richard my Darling. I am not complaining because you are working at your father, for you are living there. But you have money. Hire your hand work done. Do for my sake I dont want you to work your self to death while I am in the army.

Lieut. Wright has just stoped David Burkham and John Clark from fighting. I am glad he had it to do, and he dont mind it.

I am sitting out in the shade, with my orderlies lost sitting on top on our mess base, waiting. There are a thousand different kinds of maises around me. So much so, no one could write. I wish I could send you a good little this time but I cant until I get 20 mites again before the maise gets out. Dont think have of me lower you could not write good letters here either.

We dont know that I dont know exactly where Price and his force are. It is generally thought he is some where South of Little Rock, and that there will be no fighting this side of that place I will not get the blues Dollie. Dont be uneasy.

Write me plenty of good letters. And I will do

R. F. Remission

In Camp eight miles below Little Rock Arkansas

Sept. 8th / 1863

My Darling

I wrote you a letter at Brownsville, and put it in the mail, thinking it was going out immediately, but I have just learned it did not go, but was all brought a long with me. So you are going to be a long time without any letter. But it is not my fault Dollie. I could not help the mail not going. And now there is no telling when there will be any train going out. From here to White River the distance is nearly sixty miles, all the way through the enemy's country. When Little Rock is taken which it will be soon, communication will be opened, and kept open. Then we will have troops to spare. Now we need all the force we have, just as all armies do when they are on the eve of a great battle. When this battle will be fought I can't ^{tell} neither do I suppose any one here can but General Steele. He seems to keep his own secrets, or at any rate we get none of them. There may be no battle at all. Some high in command think there will be none. It may be a hard one, but I feel confident. We have a good Army, with plenty of Artillery. I don't know where the rebels are. Some say they are on this side of the river and some on the other. We will be apt to find them one of these days provided Price don't show his own propensities for running.

To my dear Dollie
Camp near Little Rock

Sept. 19th / 1863

Here we are Dollie, in full possession of the Capital of this State. We got here on the 11th inst. The infantry was not engaged.

The rebels were running when we got here. Gen. Davidson is pursuing them yet. I will write you more fully in a day or two. The reports from the front are gloriously good. Our loss is estimated at Sixty. Indications go to show that we will remain here for some time. I think we will. In fact if reports be true we have no enemy to pursue for Price's Army has gone up. I await now anxiously for the news from Charleston and Chattanooga. If those two places have fallen we are all right.

We of good cheer. My health was never better. Mill is grand well. Billy Smith is up with me again, and is doing very well. There is too much confusion for me to write now my Darling. We are expecting orders to move our camp on the South side of the river every minute. If the order comes we will be quite busy. I will put this poor scrawble up and go to work.

Goodbye my Louise. I hope to get a letter from you this evening or to morrow. Goodbye my Dollie.

Tuesday Morning, Sept. 8th 1869

My Own Dear Love:

I mailed No. 35 yesterday at Centerville. I went to the Union meeting sure enough. I had the headache in the morning and tried to beg off, but father and Jim wouldn't let me, and I am glad now that I went for it was the grandest day Appomattox county ever saw. Kitchcock's and Jenison's girls went with us in the wagon. We started very early, and got to Mr. Maithen's just as they were starting with a four horse team and the buggy. Mrs. Maithen came out and insisted on my going in the buggy with her folks, and as it was easier I willingly agreed to it. We got to Centerville soon after ten o'clock. The wagons had been pouring in at every cross road, and by the time we got there our procession was nearly a mile long. We paraded around the public square awhile, where there were already crowds of wagons and horses and people, and the men shouted themselves hoarse, and the clouds of dust almost blinded us. Mr. Maithen was just driving out of the line at last to get out of the dust when some man cished up and told him to hold on, there were four hundred wagons just coming in from the south. We got back in line and pretty soon they came pouring in, - flags and music and banners; wagons and flags and music and banners in what seemed an almost endless stream. I never saw the like scarcely. Then they formed a procession of wagons five deep and paraded awhile, and the dust was so thick we could hardly see our nearest neighbor, but people didn't mind that. They came there to

"Rally around the Flag, boys"

and they did rally with a shout that was almost deafening. Mr. Maithen

said we were nothing but "black agitators" any how, and whether we
were a few shades lighter or darker was of no consequence. Then we went
out to the grass and steeple dinner, and then was the speaking. Mr. Sloan
was not there. They said he spoke three hours Saturday, at Bloomfield,
and broke down completely, so that he was not able to come. Dr. Uell
made a short and very patriotic speech first. He is all right, and is the
Union candidate for the Senate. Then Mr. Course of Des Moines, made the
speech of the day. I wish you could have heard him darling, I wished all
day that you could be there. He is almost as fine a speaker as Grimes, and
resembles him very much. But he couldn't be heard over half that vast
audience so they divided the crowd and half of them went over to another
hillside and listened to a judge somebody from Bloomfield. There were
still more people than could hear Course. I can't tell you much about
the speech, my love, it was so good that any attempt to describe would not
do it justice. I wish you could have been there, sweet pet. You would
have felt that love for the Union was not dead in Appomattox county.
It was a political meeting too. I often heard the refrain "We're Staring
Little to day" "Will Stone Little to death, between now and the election
He's stars can't save him." I wouldn't have believed it possible to have
such a meeting in Appomattox, and I begin to think the election is at
most safe. I thought of you all day, my darling. I thought how it would
cheer your heart in your long, tedious marches, to know how the
soldiers were remembered at home. While I was listening to the speech
your sheets came to me and said she came to tell me some good news
she had just heard up in town. The news had just come that our forces had
captured Little Rock without firing a gun! I heard many good things,
love, but nothing else half so good as that. If it is only true, my pet,
how thankful I shall be! We will know this evening when the mail
comes in. Oh, I have been so uneasy about you, my own precious darling

A terrible accident happened yesterday. Mr. John C. Evans was coming from Le Grange with a wagon, when his horses ran away, and threw him out, killing him almost instantly. He is to be buried this afternoon. Mother and Jim are going. What strange things, my darling, are life and death! How little he dreamed a moment before, of danger coming to him in the shape it did! And only think of the deadly peril through which so many of our men pass unscathed! in battles and sieges and charges it seems they live a charmed life! Can you understand it, my darling? Later: - There was a man here yesterday while I was gone, to rent Woodside. He is from Lee county, and his name is James A. Gusten. He had been to see the place before he came here. He is a sound Garrison man; seems gentlemanly and pretty shrewd; has a large family, and a large stock of cattle, sheep and horses. He came to this state a few years ago and bought a large farm where he still lives, but times set in hard and he couldn't pay for it, and has to give it up next spring. He says he wants to come up here on account of the range for his stock. His only objection to Woodside is that there is no school near. He wants to furnish his own teams. Can cultivate fifty or sixty acres, for which he wants to pay grain rent, excepting two or three acres for a "truck patch" for which he will pay cash rent. If he comes he wants part of our corn. He wants it cut up and shocked, and when he moves he will pay what whatever two disinterested men say it is worth. Father is quite taken with him, and thinks I had better let him have the place. He had a chance of two farms in Davis county but he didn't like them so well as Woodside. The United Brethren held their conference this week between here and Mooresville, and he told father he could learn all about him by inquiring of the presiding elder of this district. The only objections I know is to his large family, and his having so much stock. I don't know whether to let him have it or not. I wish you could tell me, darling.

I suppose he will be back pretty soon, if he dont get a farm he likes better. But I hope he wont come till I can hear from you, my pet. If I knew the war would end this winter. I wouldnt vent to any body. By the way Brunson has never been wanting it any more since I told him I would vent it to a loyal man. Father is going to the office this evening, he is ready to start and says I must put up my letter. I wanted to fill my paper, but my love wont come, will he? I am well, and we all are. I am afraid you are sick, sweet pet. My poor love, will need his Dallis so much, if he gets sick. God bless you my precious darling. I love you more than my own life, dear one. You know your Dallis does. I must quit. Take good care of yourself for me, my best love. Goodbye. Dallis

(No. 37)

Tuesday Night, Sept. 8, 1863

My Dearest Love:

Mother took off No. 36 to day and wouldn't give me time to finish it, so I am commencing another before he gets back from the office. He stays late and I can't wait unless I am talking to my love. I wish you were here to supper to night, pet, I have made some good corn bread, such as you used to like, and we have plenty of cold sweet milk. I made it for Jimmy, but he has not come home either. He eats nothing scarcely but bread and milk. He can't stay at home much. It is cold again to night. I hope it will rain. Mother has just come home from Mr. Evans' burial. She went with Mr. Christie and his wife. She says it was horrible. He was nearly torn to pieces. The horses dragged him a long way. That family is all gone now, but the youngest girl, Luella. Later: - It is bed time now, my pet, but I got a good letter from you to night, and it does me so much good that I must sit up to tell you about it, and thank you for it. My darling is so good to write me often. This letter was written the twenty fifth - two weeks ago to day. This is a long time, sweet love. Yesterday's paper says Steele's army was still at Durall's Bluff on the 3rd. That is the latest news we have. I trust you are well yet, my darling. I don't know what I will do if I hear you are sick. But if you get only a little sick you must tell me, love. If you can't I shall hear it from somebody else, and that would make it far worse for me. But you will tell your Dolly I know, won't you pet? There is no news hardly in the papers, nothing about the capture of Little Rock, at all. I fear that report is not true, darling. I was so in hopes it would be confirmed. It is so cold, my pet, that I must go to bed. I have no fire, and I can't write. I hope you are sleeping this moment, love, and dreaming of your Dolly.

Wednesday Morning, Sept 9th

My Dearest: - It is ~~old~~ and ~~foamy~~ this morning. It has been raining a little. I have been reading your letter again, darling. I shall keep reading it till I get another. That is the way I always do. And you tell me sometimes to burn your letters. Why, pet, you don't know how your Dollie loves your letters. She can't burn them, dear. How would I know that my husband loves me still, if it were not for his letters? When you come home to stay, love, you shall have the letters - maybe - if you want them; but till you come I wouldn't burn one of them pet, for ten times its weight in gold. I couldn't, my darling, and you won't blame me, will you? I got a good letter from Matt last night. He had been on the sick list for a week, but was getting better. He had ague. It was the first time he has been sick since he entered the service. He thought he might not complain. Several of his comrades were sick. He said nothing about coming home. Poor fellow! I wish he could come. He thought they would be sent down the river pretty soon, perhaps to New Orleans. There is not much war news yet. Nothing from Charleston except that the siege is progressing favorably, and our Generals are confident of success. This is good, so far as it goes. The dispatches say Rosecrans and Buenside are moving; but where, or for what immediate purpose, I can't learn. I trust everything is going right. We shall surely have an active campaign this fall. There are three months yet in which to work. I believe the war can be ended in that time if the "Powers that be" try to end it. That is, if we escape a foreign war. Don't you, my darling? I still fear trouble with France. If we have war with her, when will ever my love come home? It scares me to think of it, my own darling, and I put the thoughts of danger as far from me as possible. Dr. Odell said Monday in his speech that the war must be ended and the country saved in the next two years, or it never could be. He felt as sure of that, as that the sun would rise again. He believed it would be saved in half that time. Everybody I hear speak of it thinks the war is nearly over. Oh, that it may be, sweet pet.

Old Mr. McGugin and Goldsberry enticed, Monday, in the 8th company. They left
for Pavenport the same evening. It was said Goldsberry belonged to the N. S. Co.
I suppose he found that he had fallen into bad company. The Centerville com-
pany in that regiment is not quite full yet. They say Clagitt has started his
Constitution again. The first numbers are very mild. I think he will likely
have a very wholesome regard for the feelings of sick and wounded soldiers.
Perhaps he will remember that they are a "power" in Kentucky. The polit-
ical campaign in Iowa is getting exciting. The Union men are putting
forth all their strength. Gimmes and Harlan and Kirkwood and Karnas and
Wilson and Bussey and Mc Dowell and Dr. McGugin and scores of other able
speakers are going to every county in the state. There was hardly as much inter-
est manifested before the Presidential election. And that was of hardly more
importance to Iowa than this. The results of this election will tell our soldiers
whether they are to be sustained and encouraged and protected or not. I don't
fear the result in this state. Iowa is wide awake, thank God! I only wish you
were here, my darling, to help in the good work. Did you hear what General
Grant said of Logan? You know he was making telling speeches in Ills.
When his furlough was out Grant gave him a further leave of absence, remem-
bering that "While Logan was fighting copperheads in Illinois, he was still
doing service in the field" that was so, darling. It is only a month now
till the elections. I think we shall know soon after that, whether we are to
have peace, or war not only in the south but here at home. It is no won-
der, love, that patriots everywhere are working as they never worked before.
But I talk too much politics, don't I, dear one? I do it because you and I
are interested, love; and I am afraid you can't get much news from home
where you are now, except the little I can write to you. I know my darling
feels interested in the way the soldiers are sustained at home. Don't he?
It is turning colder every minute. I fear we shall have frosts again soon.
I must quit writing now, pet, and get dinner. Do you have plenty to eat now

dear? I am afraid you live very hard when you are moving. I never sit
down to the table but I think of you and wonder what you have to eat. I
am afraid you are not well, love. You would weigh more than you do if you
were stout I am sure. Oh, my pet, don't get sick. John Dexter says you were
not very well when he left you. I hope you are in less danger of sickness now
since the weather is cooler. I wonder you did not get sick those hot days. I
want to know if you walked all the way from Helena, darling, and whether
you suffered greatly from the fatigue? Tell me all about it, sweet love, as
soon as you can. I must say "goodbye" for a little while my good darling.
I picked up the Gate just now, dear, and happened to read a part of the ad-
dress to the people of Iowa put forth by the Democratic Central Committee. Lee
Grand Byron being chairman. I will send it to you, darling. You can let
the men read it. It will give you some idea of the company Gen. Dittles
is keeping. I have been writing to Will to day. I hardly ever get a letter
from him. I have not had a letter from you for nearly two months.
I hardly expect they will let her write to me if they ~~do~~ help it. But we won't
grieve about that, will we, love? So long as you write to me, and I know you
love me, and have faith in me, I care but little what anybody else thinks.
I love you too well, my precious one, to care for any one's opinion but yours.
I do love you above all else in the universe, darling. You know I do. I love
you more every day. You can't know how I want to see you. It has been so
long. My heart cries for you, darling. But I know you can't come just now.
I am afraid you will not be able to come at all. If my love can, I know he
will. I wish I could go to you, and if you stay away this winter I must go
to you, pet. You may stay at Little Rock. I could go there, secret. Col.
Orke said he expected to winter in Little Rock, if the war continued.
Be of good cheer, my dearest. I trust there are long, bright years of happiness
in store for us, and our Country. Let us trust in God. Surely He will
care for us, love. Goodbye. Don't get sick my darling, and don't forget your
Pallie

Wednesday Night Sept 9

My Darling: Father got a letter from Will to night dated the 27th ult. four days later than your last one. He was sick, with the ague he said; and a great many were sick. He didn't say a word about your health. He said you were brigade officer of the day again; and that you had fixed him up some medicine that he thought would cure him up. I wish he had written more about you, sweet darling. I am so uneasy. I find there was no truth in the report of the capture of Little Rock. You will be in a hard battle there, my love. I see no way to avoid it. I don't know how to bear it hardly. Oh darling, if I lose you what will become of your poor Dollie? I feel more afraid of your being killed than I do of your getting sick. I have for a long time. You don't know, my only love, how cruel this suspense and fear is. I will do as well as I can.

You may be fighting there before this time, I expect, you are, beloved. I almost dread to hear any more, and I am anxious to hear too. May God save my darling, from all harm and danger! Oh, this cruel war, when will it end, and give us our loved ones back? I have been reading the Tribune to night. Greeley thinks the war drawing to a close. He is hopeful. I will send you this paper. I want you to read the President's letter to the Union Convention. I read it to night, and it comforted me a good deal. I say with Greeley "God bless Abraham Lincoln." I believe he will guide us safely through the storm, but I shudder to think what the safety may cost us. But this letter is long, my darling, and I will quit writing. You must not be sad, sweet love. My own brave, noble love! Be careful of yourself for my sake, my pet. If you get in battle don't be rash and imprudent like many of our poor soldiers are. Remember your Pallas, your poor Pallas. Mr. Christie is going to Edgville to morrow; I will send this letter by him. It is late now, dear one. I am well. Goodbye. I love you, my husband. Good night. P. L. C.

Thursday Night, Sept. 10, 1863

My Dearest Love:

I have sent you three letters this week already, but I will keep writing, and may be I can send you three more. You can't get tired of hearing from your Dallis, I know. Do you love? I judge you by myself yet. If I could get three letters every day from you, it wouldn't be enough; I should want four. I hoped I should get one to day. Jimmy went to the office for me, but there was none. I may get one tomorrow. I want one so badly, darling. I got my paper to day, but there is no news hardly. Not one word from Shetter's army. You may be still at Parvalls Bluff, and you may be fighting at Little Rock by this time. I don't know, sweet yet. I wish I did. I can't write much to night, darling, I feel tired. I have been washing to day. I just sat down here to say "good evening" to my love. I could not sleep if I went to bed without talking a little to you. It is very warm, and threatening rain. The south wind is blowing hard. Jim is gone to a "singing" that was got up for him by some of the young folks. Father and mother are sitting up reading the papers. There is to be a grand Union rally at Chanton next Wednesday. They are going to try to outdo everything of the sort that has gone before. This township is "spreading itself." They are getting up a cavalcade of thirty six ladies in uniform, to be escorted by that many returned and furloughed soldiers. It will be a nice thing. Baldwin is one of the managers, and he was here to day to get me to ride in the cavalcade. I told him I wouldn't go myself, but he should have my saddle, and any service I could render the girls.

I hope they will get it up; but I remembered that my husband is in the war, perhaps suffering and in danger every hour, and I wou'nt go to ride up there with another man. Why, dear one, I wou'nt do it for the world. Your Dollie will not only be true to you, but she will seem true, my pet. If I go to Chertown at all, I will go in one of the wagons. If I hear good news from you, dear, I may go. Mr. Houlton was to be there, but he is sick and has gone home. Housar is filling his appointments now. I didn't sleep much last night, and my eyes are heavy to night, love. May I put up my letter and go to bed now, and finish it tomorrow? I know my darling says yes. If you were here I should not want to sleep a minute to night. I would want to talk to you, and hear you talk all night, - and all day too. But you are not here, my precious, darling. If I sit up here hour after hour, I must sit alone, and then at last go alone to my solitary bed, and meet with my love only in my dreams. Sancho Panza said "Blessed be the man who invented sleep." I say Blessed be the man who invented dreams. You don't know how much good it does me, sweet pet, to dream of seeing you and talking with you and loving you, oh, so much! But I will quit my scribbling and go to bed. God bless you, my own darling, and good night.

Friday Evening, Sept 11th

I have just got a letter from you, darling. Such a good, long letter. Thank you for it, my love. You didn't know when you were writing how glad your Dollie would be to get it. It is dated the 28th. They say some of them at Ierimum have letters written the 2^d of this month, but I don't know what news is in them. I trust you are well, my pet. As you escaped through all that hot weather, I do hope you will not be sick at all. But I don't know how you escape, darling, when you are so exposed, and have such a hard time. I know my love does have a hard time now. Her mind

sweet pet, it can't last much longer, I trust. We shall have peace before
many months, I think. What little war news there is, is all good.
Jimmy went to the office for me again to day. I got my paper, but there
is nothing from Steele's army yet. I think the Tribune has a correspond-
ent along. I am glad of that. I am quite well. I have been working again
to day, and cleaning house. But I have not worked hard. Don't be afraid
of my doing that. I don't like to work well enough. It is cloudy and rain-
ing at intervals. I hope we shall have a good rain before it clears up.
You don't know how it hurts my feelings, my precious love, to think of
your lying out in the rain without anything to shelter you. I can hard-
ly bear it. I hope it don't hurt you, cooling, any worse than it does me.
When you come home, dear one, Dollie will remember all these hardships
and dangers, and she will pay you then in kindness and love and petting
for all of them, if she can. My Captain won't be above being petted and
spoiled a little, will he? If he is, I shall just adopt some plan of
"discipline" that is not mentioned in the "Army Regulations." You won't
blame me for that, will you, pet? I am glad Will is doing so well. He
can do, if he will. He will lose much of his shyness, I think, before he gets
home. And that is about all that is the matter with him. It is storming now
and just beginning to rain hard. I am afraid when it thunders and lightens
so. Perhaps it will pass directly. I look for another "cold spell" after the rain.
Mr. Sheets and his wife are very uneasy about their boys. They sent here to
day to know if I had learned anything about them in your letter. They have
not had any letters lately. I know how to sympathize with any one, under
such circumstances. Jake Grimes and Will McCulley have been
sent to Keokuk. Joel Mc just got home from there last night. I
have not heard how the boys are. He went all the way to Mound City.
The storm is passing. We have had a good shower. The road were so dusty
people could hardly travel. I never saw them as bad. It didn't make
much difference though to me, for I don't go out much. I can't, without you, darling

Father and I have been taking some of the nicest honey you ever saw, to day
How I wish I could send you some of ^{it} my love. I have put away some for
you. I don't forget you, my dear one. We will have another cup full to
take in a few weeks, if it don't get too cold for the little honey makers to
work. It is getting dark, and I must quit writing, love, and see to my work
a little. I will try to send this to some office to morrow. Jimmy has prom-
ised to go with me to see Mrs. Hoags while he is here. I have been wanting to
go a long time. Goodly, for a little while, dear love. Be of good cheer.

Saturday Morning, Sept 12

My Dearest Love: I am in a hurry this morning but I must say a
word to my pet. I am quite well, and we all are. Jim is going to
Meravia to day for the mail, and I am going to send this letter
by him. I can't write but a line or two, darling. Oh, I hope you
are well and safe this morning, my precious one. I am very uneasy
I had troublous dreams all night. Don't get sick, sweet pet. I am
so afraid I shall hear bad news from you. But I am more un-
easy about your being killed or wounded, dearest, than I am
about your getting sick. I can't help it. You will have a hard
battle soon. May the good God watch over you, my husband. I
love you so much this morning. I love you all the time. Every
minute I live, dear one. I will write more to day if I can get
time. It is Saturday and I have a good deal to do. Don't get dis-
couraged, my love. Be of good cheer. Write to your Dollie as often
as you can. Your letters to me so much good. I couldn't get
on at all were it not for them. Jim is impatient, so I
must quit. You know your poor Dollie loves you more than
all the world beside, don't you, sweet one? How goodly. Don't
get the blues. Dollie will do the best she can. Again goodly.
Dollie

In Camp near Little Rock Ark.

Sept. 14th 1863

My Darling,

We are here in the same old camp yet, although they have promised to move us every day since we have been here I should think from the indications we would stay here for some time. General Steele no doubt wants to select a permanent camp for the Division. I wish he would be in a hurry, for this is a very unpleasant place. It is in the bottom. There are no shade trees and we have not got any tents for the men yet. They have no shade but such as they have made for themselves with bushes, a few boards they have picked up, and their gun blankets. The regiment has no tents for any but field officers, and the Hospital. They let us have the flies off of their tents. The officers of two Companies have to occupy one of these. We sleep on the ground, with nothing under us but our blankets. Fully half of the last month I have slept on the ground with no covering but the shelter of a tree when I could get it and my blankets. The blanket you gave me I boxed up with some other things and left at Helena. It was white and would not do to use on the ground. I am going to have it and the other things sent to me if we stay here. I am going to keep that blanket Dollie till I get home. I like it because you gave it to me. The pursuit of Price, I fear, will not amount to much. I learned to day it did not. He always gets out of the way; and reports always says "his army is badly demoralized," but he has always managed to get an army together again soon. It will not be three weeks until Price will have another formidable army, ready to contest our progress until we should get to him then he will run and his army will be greatly demoralized. You mind if such is not the case Price never has done any good fighting never done anything except at Lexington

Don't be uneasy, because I have no tent my Darling. I do very well, and then every body else of my rank is in the same condition or nearly so. It has not hurt me yet, and I don't think it will. I sleep as soundly as I ever did any where in my life.

On the march from Helena here I only rode ten or fifteen miles - all told. Some nights when we would stop, I would be so tired, I could not rest at all. My legs would hurt so I could not sleep, but I would drink plenty of strong coffee, which did more good than anything else. After I would get so I could lie still, I would think of Dollie till I would go to sleep. Generally we had to be up before day, so as to be ready to start by the time it was light enough. It was hard work my love the hardest I have done for many years, but it has not hurt me. My health was good all the way over. I ate anything I could get, ranging from strag bacon and hard crackers to sweet potatoes, which we got almost every opportunity. The boys got a long pretty well. I broke the ague on Will once while we were on the trip. She has not been sick since. He and Levi Brasher are two of the best boys I ever saw. I like them both.

From present indications the Rail Road from here to Duralls Bluff will be put in running operations just as soon as possible. Hands are already at work repairing the machinery. The road is not torn up any amount to any thing from here to White River. When the Cars get to running we will get mail more regular. It will take it only three or four days to go or come from Helena or this place. That will not ^{be} so bad. Then if one gets sick it will take but a short time to get out into the civilized world. Don't be scared how because Captain Well died. He did not know so much about sickness as I do. She had the ague before we got to Clarendon. She continued on until too long, and did not take medicine soon enough. I told him about it, but he did not give up soon enough. Poor fellow, he leaves four orphan children, but plenty to keep them. He was a brother in law of Jim West's, but a better man than any of that family. He was a sworn friend of mine. Mac from our first acquaintance.

You need not say any thing about it - but if Lieut May and Wright don't take better care of themselves they may meet with the same fate. They have both had several relapses during the Summer. I have always insisted on them getting medicine and stopping it before having the second chill but they seldom do it. They won't pay any attention to what I tell them until they get bad sick. I have got so I let them do about as they please. If they know more about such things than I do - all right with me. They have each suffered several times about it - or in consequence of it. Perhaps they will learn better after awhile. Will does as I tell him. I think there is no danger of him now.

As to our business Dollie you must do with that as best you can. I have not got time to think about it. But money is plenty now and it must be a very good time to collect debts. All that can be collected will be safe. I wish you had the money for every note. I would rather risk your keeping it than them. If they ever interest to pay me it is time. Did your father ever get that money from James Bartlett? Did you ever have any Tases paid? you know I don't like to owe any thing to any one.

Have you ever heard any thing from Jane or any of father's folks, since the letter you told me about? they never write to me. Perhaps they think they have a good excuse. If it were not for mother and Jane I don't think I should care in the least. Mother frets I know. She ought not to but I know she does. It is here in nature. I would write to her, but I can't without writing to the rest of them and I don't want to do that. I can't do that. They think more of John Runyon than they do of me. So let them enjoy his company. No doubt they think they will give what I have earned them. Let them do it if they want to. I can make money. I think as fast as half a dozen of them. This sheet is full you see. I can't write on the other side - never could. The letter I wrote you last night is lying in the Orderlies Box yet, I don't know when it will go out. This will go with it. I love you Dollie, Goodbye
W. F. Vermilion

Wednesday Morning Sept 10th 1863

Lollie,

No mail has gone out yet. I dont know when it will go, but I will write this strip and seal it up with one of the other letters so it will be ready. I am well this morning - quite well. So is Will

We moved yesterday. We are now on the South side of the Ark. river and probably half a mile from it. though I have not been to it yet - and about one mile South East from the City. We have not got a very pleasant camping ground. There are no shade trees on it, and the ground is rough and has plenty of stone on it which makes it rather hard for beds, though I slept very well as it was. There is one redeeming quality about the camp though - we have good water, the best we have ever had in the State. I am looking for a mail today or tomorrow. Lieut Wright said some Southerners came in this morning from Duralls Bluff, who belonged to some of the Companies. If that he carried a train has come through, and I think a mail

We seem to be arranging our camp to stay here for some time. It is
a very nice place but I would rather go back on the Mississippi
then I could hear from Dollie every two or three days, and the
letters would not be more, ^{than} a week old. But it is not going to
be as I say. No one pays any attention to the feelings of a Soldier.
We have no tents yet. Regimental Head Quarters have up
sight and some flies. Even their Commissary Sergeants have tents
but under Col. Hittredge, and Col. Prokes and line officers
have nothing. But I will not grumble Dollie, but it does irritate
me, and you know I can't help it.

Capt. Fee and Lieut Wright have passed and are gone into town
to day. They intend to get their Divvies at the Hotel. I am going in
a day or two. I want to look at the place, though I don't suppose
it will ever benefit me much. I wish I could hear the morning
of the fall of Charleston. We will surely get some news in a day or two
You have it by this time. You get it all the time. I am glad Dollie. Be sure and keep
looking your daily paper. If you don't write scold. I love you. Goodbye W. F. Vermilion

In Camp near Little Rock Ark.

Sept. 13th / 863

My Darling.

This morning I started you a few lines for a letter. I would not have sent it, but I had not time to write any more after I heard the mail was going. I knew they were the best I could do, and you would rather have them than nothing. I that I told you "Little Rock was ours. So it is, and we did not have much fighting to do to get it. On the 10th, our troops began to move out of Camp ten miles below here, at three o'clock A.M. and by nine all were on the march that were intended to be put in the engagement. On the night of the 9th, Gen. Steele had put a pontoon across the river about half way between our camp and this place. We had not moved out more than a mile before we heard the report of Artillery, which we afterwards learned, was the report of the firing - or of the guns rather - in the contest

over the bridge. Gen. Davidson was crossing
his Cavalry Division, and the rebels were trying to
prevent, but he crossed and the rebels gave back
The firing continued occasionally until we got to
or near the bridge. Gen Davidson has all of his Com-
mand, which was about six thousands on the South
side of the river. We marched steadily up the
river until we came to the rebel fortifications
which we found deserted. They are all over the river
and the sharp engagement which Davidson had
but an hour before was with their rear guards -
their Cavalry. The fighting was quite sharp for a
while, but the rebels soon gave away, and Davidson
marched into the City and hoisted the Stars & Stripes
We marched up to our present Camp - which is
on the north bank of the river opposite the City
A portion of Davidson's Command started in pursuit
early Friday morning. Just what they did I have
not been able to ascertain. Some reports say he
Captured a large amount of prisoners, and full
half of the enemies train. But I think he has not
done so much. Probably not more than to cause
Price to abandon his - or a portion ^{of the} train and capture

a few hundred stragglers. But there is one thing
sure, Price and his Army are gone, and Steele
and the Union army are here, and we came
without much fighting. Steele must have
out General Price. At least all the prisoners
and deserters agree in stating that they inter-
ced fighting us until we effected a crossing be-
low. As soon as the bridge was observed on Thurs-
day morning, and they ascertained they could not
drive Davidson from it, they crossed on their Pon-
toons higher up and skedaddled. After crossing
they set fire to one of their bridges, and destroyed
the most of it. They also burned all the boats in the
river but two. Probably they were too tightly pack-
ed to set them on fire. They were both small and
not worth much. Some of the boats that they
burned were large and valuable.

Just what the movements will be here now, or
what disposition of troops will be made I am unable
- or have been unable to learn. If we remain here, we
have a very nice healthy place. Every thing goes to
show this to be a healthy locality. But we may not
remain here. I can't tell any thing about it

Brigadier General Kimball - the same who was
wounded at Fredricksburg last winter, and has
since been operating around Vicksburg, has come up
with us, and is going to take command of one Divis-
ion of this Army, probably the 9th. Ours is the 3rd.
He is a Philsien and lived in Martinsville Mo
during the last year I was there. I was quite
well acquainted with him. He was an Elector
for Scott 1852. He was not much while he
was in Mo, but a clever fellow, and rather high
minded. He was in the Mexican war under
Leol Bove, but did not run with him. He was
Capt. and took his Company into an other Reg-
iment and fought until the end of battle

If I get an opportunity I am going to call and
see him - provided I don't learn that he is too
aristocratic. If he is as he used to be he is not
they tell me he is quite a disciplinarian, almost
to terrifying

I can't mind on this. It is all I can do to
write on paper that is ruled

Capt. Well of Co. K is dead. We left him at
Duvalls Bluff. He was quite sick - in fact very
sick. He started for home and died at the
mouth of White River. He is the first Commis-
sioners office that has died in the regiment
I think you had ^{better} ~~not~~ let him keep your this
Winter if you can help it. He must not keep him
if you can get an other horse to put with him
to gather the corn with. If you have to pay him
for his horse contract with him before hand
Even then you must not let him have it
all Winter. He was only to have the horses to
cultivate the farm and gather the crop. I
would much rather pay Mullens for taking
care of him, than to risk him over there. Sleighing
may be good next winter you know, and I know
teaters are hard on horses when it is. Think of it.
My Darling and do the best you can. Try and
sell your cattle if you can. You and your father
collect all you can. If you dont want to keep
the money get Mr. Maibsen to take care of it for you
When men want to loan it tell them you have
money. Love always from your dear Dolly
W. F. Vermilion

Sunday Morning, Sept 13, 1863

My Own Darling,

I thought Jimmy was going to Moravia yesterday and I sent you a letter by him, but after he started he got out of the notion of going there and brought the letter back in his pocket. I sent it to George this morning. It will be good and old when you get it, but you won't blame Dollie for that. I am alone to day, my love. They are all gone to meeting. I didn't want to go. I would rather stay at home and talk to you, darling. I don't think I ever wanted you here, yet, worse than I do this minute. I am so lonely. It is a beautiful morning, clear and cool. I cleaned ^{my} house last week. Everything is nice and in order. I could make my love so comfortable! It is so hard to do with out you so long. But you are doing your duty, sweet darling, and Dollie must try to do hers, and not complain. I promised, if I could, to write to you again yesterday, but I was very busy till night, and then I was so tired that I know my pet would tell me, if he were here, to go to bed. so I put off the writing till this morning. Wasn't that night, dear? I did a large ironing, and then we killed a big fat "pouter" and I had that to attend to. I work here, and attend to everything just as if it were all my own. Mother does a good deal, but she has almost lost her mind and she is not capable of taking charge of anything hardly. I am sorry for her. I don't think she can ever keep house by herself again. She used to be a good cook, but now she can hardly get a meal that will do at all. She has failed sadly in the last year, and her deafness is much worse. But she is not unhappy. She don't seem to be troubled much about anything - only now and then about you or the boys. She don't

think about it long at a time. She needs a great deal. It is nearly all she
comes for. Father is good to me as he can be - a great deal better than he
ever was when this was my home. He will do anything in the world for me.
I believe he thinks he can't do without me at all. He asks my advice about
his work and all his plans, just as though I knew about such things.
Whatever I think best, he generally does. This didn't used to be his way.
You know when you went away I thought I never could come back here
and live at all. But I get on a great deal better than I expected. It is not
like our home, my darling, but then I know no place can be like home
without you. The worst will be when I get home again in the winter - if you
have to stay out all winter, my love, - and the weather gets cold, and the roads
bad, and I can't get my mail often. I don't know how I can stand that.
On this account, secret, I have often wished that we had moved to town
somewhere before you went away, and I could have kept house and been
near a post office. And if we had done that I could have a home ready
for you, just, when you came. I don't know why we didn't think of it. I
wish we had done it. Don't you think it would have been best, my darling?
But I trust you won't be gone another winter. Oh, you must not, sweet love.
I have had no letter from you since Thursday. Father said he would go to
the office when he got back from meeting, but I hardly expect a letter
before Tuesday. If I thought there was a letter at the office I should not
wait till he comes back, but would go myself at once. He offered to go
late last evening, but I knew he was so tired I told him we would wait for
the paper till to day. I may hear something from Steele's army. I
hope I shall hear good news too from Charleston. Surely it is time.
I am quite well. You must not be uneasy about my health darling.
I don't think I shall be sick. I have not had an attack of neuralgia
since I went to Indiana. That trip cured me of a good many things
my love, and of neuralgia I hope among the rest. And I don't want to

hand. You must not think I do. I do a hard day's work sometimes, like yesterday for instance, but I soon get over it. I don't begin to work hard all the time. I don't need a job, darling. If I did, I would get one. Don't be troubled about this, my pet. You are so good, my husband, how can I ever repay you for all your love and kindness? I will try to be a good Polly, and worthy of you, darling. You shall see how I will pay you when you come home. There is no neighborhood news. Everybody is plucking along just as usual. People are excited about the election. I can't hear much else talked of. They seem to realize the importance of the questions to be decided. A few are fearful of the result. Father is one of them. I think we are pretty safe. The committee will go wrong of course, a great many of them but not enough, I hope, to afflict us with a copperhead Legislature. That, however, is just what the traitors are striving every nerve to accomplish. Le Grand Bijousten would like to be elected to the U. S. Senate, and the whole lot works with it home would like to help elect him. The Knows and they know, that if they fail in this contest they are all politically buried "more than forty fathoms deep." It is "now, or never" with them. They are making a desperate fight, but I have faith in a just cause, and in some "abolitionists" and I believe it will be all right when the votes are counted. I think every soldier's wife ought to be allowed to vote in the county elections. Would not that be a good thing, darling? But I have not here writing long enough for one time, love, I must go and get some dinner cooking. If you could only be here, my pet, what a good dinner I would get you. I'll cook you good dinner when you come home, darling and you shall get fat again. I want more than one hundred and fifty pounds of you, dear one. You must weigh thirty pounds more than that, darling. I am kidding here talking nonsense to you when I am so uneasy about you I can hardly sleep. It has been more than two weeks since I heard one word from you. That is almost an age in times like these. Goodly, my love.

Sunday Night,

I didn't get any letters, darling, sure enough, nor paper either. So we went for the mail yesterday. I am going to try to get Jimmy to go for it one day this week, but we shall have to wait now till Sunday. I have heard good news though, my love, if it is only true, and I hope it is this time. Father saw a man from Albion today and he said they had news in yesterday's Hawk-Eye that Little Rock was captured without any hard battle. There was some covering fighting. I didn't hear any details. If it proves to be true, my pet, how thoughtful I shall be! I shall know Tuesday if I can only wait till then. I have been so troubled about you my precious love; but if Little Rock has indeed fallen I trust the greatest immediate danger is past. I think it must be true, dear; we have heard rumors to the same effect several times, but the news has never come in the papers before. I will believe it any how as long as I can. I want to believe it. We heard good news from Charleston too. It is said all of Morris Island is now in General Gillman's possession. Fort Sumter is demolished and Wagner and Gregg captured. I almost fear this is too good to be all true. But then our last news from there was very encouraging, and I hope we shall hear still better before many more days. I think the fall of Charleston will be a serious blow to the rebellion. Don't you, my darling? What do you think, my pet, of Jeff Davis calling for negro soldiers, and promising them freedom and fifty acres of land each? I thought the "chivalry" hated "small farmers" don't they soon have "mudsills" among them at this rate? But, darling will the negro bite at this tempting bait? Will they fight for their oppressors on any terms, now? If they will I fear the war is not ended yet. But I hope Jeff is several months too late to accomplish much. I have had a headache to night, love, and can't write much, but my letter is long enough. I love you, sweet darling, so much. God bless you, pet, and good night!

Monday Evening, Sept. 184

My Dearest Love

One year ago to day you started with your company from Scrimm. Have you thought of it, darling, all day? How different everything is now from what it was then! Everything that concerns us. But we expected the year to bring its changes. I am thankful, my darling, that it has brought us nothing worse than it has. Will the coming year be as merciful to us as the last? I am afraid to think about that, love. O, then I do not know all this year may have brought to you. I do not know if you are well, my pet, or even living. Is not this a dreadful thought beloved? How much my dear one may have suffered in 17 days! I can't think about it; let us talk of something else. I have a bad headache to day. I was very well this morning, and was making a bed in the yard to plant my tulips, when the bees grew cross and one stung me on the forehead. I didn't know they could hurt so bad. It has made my head ache all day. They drove me from my work just like rebel sharpshooters sometimes do our poor soldiers. I never knew them get cross before, and I have worked with them a good deal this summer. I am going to try it again after awhile. I commenced a letter to Moll this morning, but I had the "blues" coming, and I couldn't write. I want to hear from you too much to do anything. If I knew you were well and safe, sweet pet, I could write or write, but I can't till I hear. I think I will hear to morrow if to morrow ever comes. I never saw a longer day than this has been. There is no news, my love. The weather is very warm to day. It seems like summer again. I saw McCully last night. He says Wall is having the ague, but is getting

on finely in other respects; and so is Jake Simms. Will say you are the best man in the world. "Hee just knows there isn't your equal any where." Hee would have been dead long ago, he thinks, if it had not been for you. The tears almost come in Joel's eyes when he talked about it. The same story, my own love, that every one tells. Does it not encourage you, pet, to know that you are appreciated among your men? I know you do all you can for them, I know how good you are, better than poor Will McCalley, but does it not make your duties lighter to hear how they talk about you when they come home? I think it does, my precious one. Jimmy listened awhile and at last said "I do wish we had a good captain." Hee don't like any of his company officers much, but the captain is the worst. Hee thought everything of Blue, while he lived.

Tuesday Forenoon, Sept. 15.

Good Morning, my Darling! Are you well to day, love? I hope you are. I am going to Leominster after dinner, and I trust I shall hear good news from my pet. I have to go to the office myself this time. Father has two men working for him and he is too busy to go. Jimmy is gone to a soldier's dinner at Mr Kendall's. We are all quite well. I had a sweet dream of you last night, my dear one. I thought you came home, and there was no one here but me. It was cold, and we sat down by the fire and talked and talked. I thought I told you how I have loved you, and waited for you all these long, weary months, and that I could hardly realize all my happiness now, I feared to awake and find it all a dream. I did wake love, and it was only a dream, but it did me good to see you even in a dream. Do you ever dream of me, darling, and our home? I can't write much this morning, dear, I must get dinner. I am going to make pumpkin pies. I wish I could give you one. I will write again to night. Don't get discouraged my precious one. Be of good cheer. I love you so much to day! God bless you, always. Goodbye, now. Yours faithful
Pallie

This makes 40 letters I have sent you, love, since Will stunted back to you
you won't complain of that. (No 40) better ones. Tell me if you get them
will you darling? I have sent all you can tell by the numbers. I
all I could. I only wish they were send you a kiss, dearest. Again, fondly.

Tuesday Night, Sept. 15, 1869

By Cross Darling:

I promised to write again to night, and I will
try, though I don't feel as much like it as I hoped I should. I went to
the post office this afternoon, but I didn't get any letter, my darling.
Wasn't that too bad, love? And I wanted one so much! It was a
sore disappointment, but I must still wait on. I know it is not your
fault, sweet love. You would write to your Pallas, if you could. I know
you have written to her if you are well, or able to write; but the letters are
so long coming. What a blessed thing it is, my pet, that we have faith
in each other! When I don't get any letters for a long time, like it has
been now, it troubles me nearly to death, but I don't doubt you, my own
love, not for one instant. I know you will write us often as you can. I
know you will do right, my pet. But I am always afraid you are sick
or wounded. I don't think you are growing cooler, or forgetting your
poor Pallas at home. I love you too much to think that; I know my
noble husband too well. I have heard of some women who would
not write to their husbands, in the army, only just as often as they get
letters from them. I don't love my "Peaches" that way, do I, darling? I
heard a rumor to day that the 36th had all been taken prisoners, near
Little Rock. I don't put any reliance in the story at all. I will not let
it trouble me, dear. It's a copperhead invention I think. I didn't stop
a minute anywhere while I was gone to day, or get off my horse. I didn't
speak to any one but Mr. Stewart, who called for my mail, and George
Sheeks who had just got home on a furlough, and come out and shook
hands with me and inquired about you. But he had later news of you than
I had. He thinks you will all go back to Helena in a few weeks I hope so.

I got my papers and the news is nearly all good. Being suffering East Tennessee is liberated, at last. Thank God for that! She is freed from her tormentors, I trust, for ever. Our victory is none the less important because it was bloodless. Gov. Andy Johnson has come out strongly in favor of immediate emancipation. There is not one word from Steele's army. There is just the announcement that the rebels had evacuated Little Rock, which is now occupied by our forces. This is security enough, is it not my love? I wanted to hear more, but we shall know it all some time. I can't help being uneasy, pet, every minute, but I will wait, as well as I can. If I only knew you were well I could get along. Everybody is preparing to go to Chertown to-morrow to the great Union meeting. I thought awhile I would go, but I have given it out. I can't want to go, my darling. It is Senator Harlan's appointment! If you were here, even one, we would go, wouldn't we? Jim is going up in the coal cars. They all went as far as Leagrange this evening. The ladies are to wear white riding dresses, blue scarfs and red caps. The soldiers their uniforms. They will make quite an imposing appearance, I think. I am tired to night, darling. That was a pretty long ride this worn afternoon. I will go to bed now, and write more in the morning. It is very late. I sat here reading my papers till long after father and mother had gone to bed. I will go to bed, love, and think of you, and try to dream of you, as I did last night. Oh, darling, I love you so much, and I want to see you, and miss you so much. It has been such a long, long time, my pet, since I looked into your dear eyes, and laid my head on your breast. Let us not think of these things, my husband, to night. Let us only think of our duty, and be patriots as well as lovers. It is your Pollie's head that counsels this, darling, not her heart I am afraid. - There the clock is striking again, I don't know how many times. I must try to sleep some. I hope you are sleeping sweetly this moment. Good-bye.

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 16,

My Darling: I have just been reading over, and over again, your last letter. I have been reading it every day for a week nearly. You tell me I must not be scared about you, love; that you will try to do your duty. I know you will do your duty, my darling. But I am so uneasy about you. I am scared, sweet pet, I can't help it. I try to get on cheerfully as I can, but I can't hear from you, and I keep thinking every minute of my precious love, so far away from his home, and Dollie, and in so much danger. I got my sewing this morning, and thought I would finish my dress that I commenced making two weeks ago. But I didn't work an hour at it. I couldn't sit still and sew. I went out there and made me another flower bed, and planted my tulips. They will be pretty sometimes, darling, and I hope you will be here to see them, when they bloom again. My Chinese asters are in bloom now. I have thought all summer, love, as my other flowers faded without your seeing them, that you would be here by the time the asters bloomed. I have watched them and tended them for you dearest. They are very pretty now, but a few are beginning to fade a little. They will all be gone before many days, and you will not be home yet. I have thought of you so much in connection with them my love, that I shall feel like I have lost a friend almost when they are gone. They will be the last. A long, anxious winter must intervene before I see another flower open its pure petals to the sun. But the winter may bring my loved one home. Ah, it would not be long on seeing them, pet. Do you think we shall have peace this year? Everybody seems to think the war is nearly ended. God grant that it may be! I think in one month more we shall be able to tell a good deal more about it than we can now. Don't you, my darling? If the elections go right, the fall campaign that is now opened will surely bring the end. We will keep up our courage, love, if we can, and hope on a little longer.

Letter: - It is raining to night. It commenced about five o'clock and has rained very hard. I think all who went to Chinton to day caught a drenching. Jimmy will not be home to night I guess. It has been a bad day for them. Before the rain it was very warm and the wind blew hard. I am very glad I stayed at home. To morrow there is to be a grand rally at Albion. I know of no one going from this neighborhood. I wish I did, and I would send this letter by them. I can't know how I will get it mailed. But I will manage somehow. Father is sitting here reading by my lamp. He says tell you that he has dug him a stack well and got "oceans" of water. They just finished it as the rain came up this evening. I have not done anything more about our stock. I guess I will let father take the cattle. I can't hear of any one else who will give as much as he offered me. He says he won't "back out" but he wouldn't offer that much now. Everybody newly has cattle to sell but not the sort I wanted to buy - young oxen. I am afraid I can't get any. But it may be as well. I have no chance yet to sell Jake. I saw him at Centerville the other day. He is very thin. I expect I had better have taken the \$75.00 that was offered for him; but he ought to bring more. I am going to try to get Mullinrit to winter Cassia. I think he will. The two year old heifer - Adalinda - is fat, and she is so little she won't sell for anything hardly. I think I had better have her killed, and sell part of the beef and put up part of it. I hope we will need it, darling, you and I. But if you don't come home, I should like to send you some nice dried beef after awhile. Wouldn't you like it, my pet? I remember how fond you always were of it. If I don't have her killed, I shall have to almost give her away, and I don't like to do it, dear one. This is all I can tell you about our business now, darling, for it is all I know. If you get all my letters you know just as much about it all as I do; for I tell you everything, my love. It is still raining and storming. It is a wild night. I wonder where you are to night, sweet pet. It may be exposed to just such a storm as this. I wish I could always keep such thoughts out of my mind, for they can't do you any good, my own darling, and they terrify me. I will go to bed now and think of you. I do love you, with all my heart. Good Night, my husband. (Pallie)

Little Rock Arkansas

September 16th 1863

My Darling,

Captain Freeman and Lind Wright
Came back a little while ago from town. They looked
ed all over the place, and got their dinners at a
private boarding house. They talked a while to
find confederates. One of them formerly lived in
Mo. He was a Quartermaster for eighteen months
in Price's army, but has now given the ship
up - not from principle, but policy. He is
going home as soon as he can get there. The other
one did not talk much, but thought the
ship was sinking. The Land Lady said she had
quid a lot of Confederate money, which she had
worked hard for, but now it was no account
Confederate money is worth nothing here. I shall
tell you any thing about the town till I see it
myself. That will be soon enough won't it?
Those who pretend to know say the rail road
will be in running order early next week

If that be the case, it will be a fine thing for
us, as our tents can soon come up. 2

Just now the Fifers are playing some old
familiar tune. 'A' Take, one back to you, and
Dollie. How I wish I were there! Don't you
love? They have stopped now. I am sorry. I
wish they had played all night. I would
not have slept any. But that would not have
made much difference, for I can't sleep much
at night any^{how}. Sometimes I get so I can't sleep for
three or four days. And this is one of those days.
So let it go. I will lie on my blankets all
nights. I love my blankets Dollie. They have
been good friends of mine. I am going to keep them
till I wear them out. The ones I have now are all
bays-brown ones. They are heavy and warm.
I can't write at night. I put my letter in the office
for you this evening. I don't know when they will
go out. I hope soon. I wrote one last night and
one the night before. The evenings are easier
passed in writing to you than, than in any
other way. But I must quit now. I hope you
are well now, and will have a good night's sleep.
Will.

Little Rock Ark.

Sept. 1st / 863

My Darling

Last night the wind blew
so I could not have a light. That is the reason
I did not write you any. This morning it is
cold and the wind blows like an October morning
in Iowa. It is quite cold, so much so that
those who have overcoats have them on, and no
doubt feel the better by it. Yesterday evening late
I got lumber enough to make me a bunk. I got
one of the boys to help me and we soon put it
up. I thought I was going to have a good
night's sleep. It was up off of the ground some
distance. Before day I found I had made a bad car-
gain, for I got cold and cold and sleep. So like the
Swine I returned to my avallow. I got up and
spread my blankets on the ground and had a good
sleep. This morning I feel the better by it. On nights
before last we had a great time. In the afternoon
of the night it rained hard. Our tent fly is sitting

on slanting ground. Early in the morning Lewis & May
cut a ditch on the upper side, but it was not deep enough
the water collected and run over it, and before I knew it
was half way up my sides, in what I called my bed
It would not get up, and gather up my blankets right
quick. The other boys had acted more wisely, by getting
up sooner. They did not get wet much. When I got up
each one of them was sitting up with his green blanket
over him, and his woolen blankets on some little knoll
under him. They all looked like the day's judgement
was at hand. None had anything to say until I began
to stir and smoke & fuss, then all hands laughed. To
me it did not seem very funny. But of course I could
not help myself, for the rain kept coming, till long after
day light. It was disagreeable all day.

We send out teams foraging every day. Yesterday
the detail brought in quite a lot of sweet potatoes, and
the boys of my Company, managed to get out side of
the pickets some way and get plenty of Beef & Pork
and I believe some chickens. Well you are a fine one
of Pork and Beef they gave us more than we knew what to
do with. The Quartermaster has been issuing only half
rations for about a week. The rest the boys have to

Late

Late. Capt Gendrey has just got in
I have not seen him yet. They say he looks
quite well. I hope he is well, he is such a
good fellow. The train must have come
through from Duralls Bluff. If it has
then is to mail for us. Then I will be sure to
get several good letters from Dollie. I am
going to take this and send other to the office
so they will be sure to go the first
opportunity. We are all well this
evening. That Will my-self and all
the boys you know.

I love you this morning - this evening
it is. I will write to you every
day if I can. I don't know any thing
about getting to come home. Don't get the
blues over it. My Darling. I will love
you all the time. You know that though
don't you. Goodbye Dollie

Will Bevilin

forage. All I require of them is, that they do not get into
trouble themselves or get me into it. When orders come
around against foraging, I inform them of it, and tell them
what the punishment will be; if they are caught at it
they understand it, for they told me they got meat of
2 first rate hutchers yesterday. The rebels are leaving
this army to support, all but bread, Sugar, Coffee and
Salt. The forage is all taken from the Country, and it
amounts to considerable, for there are some ten or twelve
thousand horses and mules in the expedition, yes twelve
or fourteen thousand. All, or nearly all of our meat comes
from their farms, and all the vegetables we use, for it
is too far to haul from Duralls Bluff here. It is about
sixty miles the ^{way} the teams have to go. It is the best
through. It is a very good way of restoring order
The river is not navigable here any in the winter and
Spring. We must depend on the Rail Road

This makes three letters I have written for you. They
will all go out at once. You will be a long time
without letter this time my Dollie, but I cant help
it. You see I write them but the Government
dont carry them. It will be better after a while.
Be of good cheer Dollie. I am Gaaedye
W. F. Vermilion

Don't get the "blues" my heart darling; be brave to wait and endure. It will end
this dreadful war - believe long. (No 41) I get impatient sometimes, but you
If you can get safely through this must not, sweet love, you are better
campaign, love, I think, all will be well. oh, so much better and braver than I.

Thursday Evening, Sept. 17, 1863

My Own Darling:

No letter from you yet. Jimmy went to the office for
me this afternoon, but there was nothing for me. Some of us will go again
to-morrow. Surely I will hear from you then, my love. The mail carrier passed
here this morning, and I sent you a letter by him, to be mailed at Norwich.
He said it was against the law for him to carry it, but he would take it anyhow.
He is a returned soldier, and a clever sort of a boy. We are having another
"spell of weather" just now. Last night, after the rain, it turned very cold. To
day it has been like December. I fear we shall have a killing frost to night, if
the wind quite blowing. Jim got home from Chariton about noon. He says
they had a grand time till the storm came up and scattered them. There were
five hundred, ^{couple} on horse back, all the ladies in uniform. From Steepleville there
was a large wagon, drawn by six white horses, containing thirty girls, dressed
in white, carrying flags and banners. Jim says they beat Centerville, ever so
far. Senator Garland was there, and spoke, and C. C. Cole, and several others.
They were going to have a torchlight procession last night, but the storm pre-
vented. They had speaking however in the court house, and large crowds stay-
ed. Jim thinks he can tell great things to company C. when he gets back.
I got a letter from Will to day, but it is an old one written the 22nd ult. It
gives some particulars of your hard march from Helena. Oh, it was
so hard, sweet love! I only wonder you were not every one sick. Will
sawt quibble, but makes very light of marching through the rain, and
lying on the bare, wet ground all night, with nothing for supper but a bit
of sweet and crackers. It seemed very hard to me, darling, but Jim thinks
it was a mere nothing. He says they ought to have been thankful that they

Friday Evening, Sept. 18, 1863

My Dear Love: — I wrote on the wrong page last night, but you can understand it all, can't you? I went up to Mr. Sheets this morning, hoping there was a letter there for me, but I was disappointed again. No letter yet, my darling. But I saw Isaac Sheets. He got home last night. He has been quite sick and looks very bad. He said you left him at Cornwall's Bluff on the first day of this month, and he had not heard from you but once since. That was about the 7th or 8th, and you were well then. It comforted me, my sweet love, to hear this much. I didn't stay out a few minutes, but there were good many there, and the boy is not able to walk a great deal. I want to see him again when he gets better. He says Capt. Varner and Webb are both dead. Capt. Webb died soon after they started home or back to Bealton, and Capt. Varner just before they reached Bealton. They had almost no care or attention. My darling, this is dreadful. It scares me, pet. Oh, may heaven shield you, from a fate like that! Sheets says of the ten Captains who went out a year ago, only you and Joz are left. Is it any wonder, my love, that I am uneasy and troubled? He says you are very cheerful, and not a bit homesick. He thinks you can get to come home some time this fall, but not till this expedition is over. It was thought when he left that the rebels would not stand to fight, and that more cavalry would be sent down to chase them, so the infantry would not have much to do. But of course he can't know very much about it. He tells the same story about your being so good to the men, looking about him they all like you. The old lady told me this. She said Isaac thought there was hardly another such man in the world, and that he would have died but for your care. This is what they all say, my precious darling. I can't tell you half they do say in your praise. If you were here, my pet, or I knew you were safe, how happy it would make me to hear everybody praise you. But I can hardly bear to hear it now. I know how truly noble and good you are, I know it better than they do, my husband, and it is because you are so good, that I can't live without you. If you never come home to your Collier, his heart will break.

had meat and crackers, and the privilege of resting at all. He has seen the
time when he would have given a "greenback" for one cracker, or all he had
in the world for as many as he could eat. He says the best meal he ever ate
was some half-raw beef, without salt or bread, one day when they were on a
forced march. He says he has been nearly starved, and nearly frozen, and
marched, without sleep, till he could stand up no longer; and he grew fat
on such treatment, and isn't a whit the worse for it now. He thinks we see
a great deal of unnecessary trouble about the soldiers. They'll take care of them-
selves, and there is no use in our grieving about them. This is the way he talks.
He says he isn't one bit uneasy about you, or Will now, for you are sure
to come out all right. You are having hard service, but that is what you went
out for. I don't know whether he just talks this way to me, or whether he
really believes all he says. He starts back next Sunday morning. I hate to
see him leave us again. His eyes are a good deal better. He has been using
some oil that Mr. Walker gave him, and it has helped them greatly. I hope
it will cure them entirely. I have been reading the Tribune. There is nothing
special in it this week. There is a letter from the "Arkansas Correspondent."
He says all news from Steele's expedition is contraband. He hints like he
might tell a good deal, if he dared. Greeley is rejoicing over the peaceful
occupation of East Tennessee. He says the great rebellion is dying. Indeed
it does seem like it, my darling, when I look on the map. When I see the
progress we have made, the territory we have recovered, I know I ought to be
patient and hopeful. The end cannot be far off. Why, darling, only think how
our armies are penetrating into the very heart of the Confederacy! Where
will Burnside and Rosecrans stop, if the rebels keep retreating? Only Lee
and Charleston still hold out defiant and stubborn. Charleston I hope will be
humbled before this reaches you. I must quit writing, for this time, my pet.
My precious darling, I wish you could know how much your poor Paddy
loves you, this night. I wish you could know. Goodbye, sweet darling, goodbye.

4 It is very cold and cloudy to night. There was considerable frost last night. It about finished what was left of our garden. I am sure it come so soon this fall. I am not well to day, love, but I shall be in a day or two. My head aches. I tried to work a little to day, but I cant do anything, darling, till I get a letter from you. I cant work. I may be foolish, but I cant help it, my pet. I try to help it. I do try all the time, but how can I, when you are all I have in the world and I love you so much? How can I care for the work, or for anything but your safety? You shall scold me, dears, when you come home, but you wont scold your poor Pollie now, will you? I dont know any news to tell you, love, only the copperheads had a big "pow-wow" at Centerville yesterday. They were to have a barbecue and two buffaloes roasted! The animals it is said, cost the party \$150,00. This is rather more than they will be able to pay I think, unless the buffaloes bring them a great deal more than I expect, at the election! Nobody went from this neighborhood but John Sheeks' wife. I have not heard from it yet. I hope it was a grand failure.

Saturday Morning, Sept. 19.

I have a letter at last, my precious love. Galen Baldwin is working here and I sent him up to Mr. Sheeks this morning before breakfast, to see if they got any mail last night. He brought me the letter, a good, dear letter, but it is so old, darling. It was written the 30th ult two by day ago. I want another one now just as bad as I did last night. It was mailed at Memphis the 12th of this month. Oh, it takes your letters so long to come, my pet. But they do me good, and you must send them, darling, as often as you can. They may come through sooner after awhile. I know you cant help it, and I will try to be patient and wait. I got my papers too but there is no news from Steele's army, only a dispatch from Brownsville, dated the 2d of this month, that said Steele was there, and his forces were coming in the next day. This is all, dear one, and it is very little. I think I would give all I have in the world, to know that you are safe and well this morning. But I cant know. If you are not sick yet, I think, I hope my pet, that you will escape entirely. Dont you think so? I will send this letter off by Jim in the morning. I will write more this evening. I am very busy now fixing him up. I hate very much to see him go, but that trouble, darling, is nothing.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 19

My Darling: I have been busy to say. Just now I have sat down to rest till mother gets her light bread baked, so I can have the stone to do my share of the baking. And, as usual, here, while I am waiting, I want to talk to you. I am almost ashamed of such scrupled up letters as I send you, my pet. Do you get tired of them, for being so long and rambling? I am very well to day. Father is almost sick. He is worked down, trying to cut up his corn himself. The weather is quite cold. Last night there was a very severe frost, and even ice. There was no green thing left this morning but my Chinese asters, they smiled as brightly as ever, reminding me of a great soul, bearing calmly on its way, unmindful of the frowns of its enemies, or the chilling frosts of adversity. Blessed flowers! how many sweet, mute lessons they teach us, in this rough world! The worst has come now, and people can know just what their dependence is for the winter. Corn is very light, and a great deal of it injured by the frost. There are no vegetables scarcely the corn is killed. We have potatoes, and will have some turnips perhaps, nothing else. Not very many have potatoes, so you see, dear, we shall have to confine ourselves to a bread and meat diet this winter. There was no wild fruit scarcely, and the sorghum crop is injured greatly, if not spoiled by the frost. Squash and pumpkins, squashes and the little one all killed. It is going to be a hard winter I fear on many people, almost as bad as the winter five years ago. You remember that don't you, darling? We will get along I think comfortably, and I will try to have something good for our soldiers when they come home too. What I must fear is that our soldiers will suffer for vegetables, while we have none to send them. If you could have all you need, my dear one, I should not care what I have at home. The bad crops don't trouble me much, darling, though I am very sorry for the many families left desolate by this cruel war. If you should come home, pet, I know we could have all we need, and if you don't come, we don't need much. I am living on the hope that you will come home to stay before spring, my good darling. Do you think you will? Tell me pet.

Give two just come home. I hear him at the barn. It may be the last time he will ever come home.

You ask if I ever hear from father's. No, love, nothing but what I have told you. Not one of them has ever written me a word, or sent me a word by way of message since I left them but you. And the last letter I got from her was dated the 5th of July. I believe she would write to me often if they would let her, - but I may be mistaken in thinking they hinder her, my darling. I am sure they have nothing against us but that we love our country, and hate treason, and if they should throw us away on this account we can't help it, can we, my sweet love? If they throw us away for this we can't want to help it. If they won't love us, darling, we will love each other the more, and draw the closer together, and we shall hardly feel their coldness. Don't let it trouble you, my precious one, will you? I will tell you anything I may hear from them, or of them. I am afraid you grieve about it, my love, when you are lonely and it makes you sad. Don't do it, my pet. We have done nothing wrong. Oh, if I could see you I would make you forget, in my great love for you, that they were ever cold or unfeeling toward you.

Dad:- The work is all done now, love, and everybody gone to bed and to sleep but me. I would rather sit here and talk to you all night than to go to my bed only I should be sick in the morning, and my darling would get tired of such a long letter. We have had a good deal of company to day - the neighbors coming in to see Jimmie. They are bringing letters and presents for him to take to the boy. He is in fine spirits, and I believe anxious to get back. He is out somewhere to night. He hasn't stayed at home much. I have no news of any kind, my love. I wish I could tell you some good war news, but there is no news any more hardly. I think it will not be so long. Important movements must soon commence, if we are to have an active campaign this fall. Oh, I hope the war will be ended this year, yet. I see nothing more like intervention on the part of France just now. It is said there will be trouble with England if she allows the new ironclad war vessels to enter the rebel service. I hope she will not let them out. But if she does, I still hope it will not cause war. We have war enough now. I told you there was no news, but have you heard the good election news from Vermont, Maine and California? It is very good, love; good enough. California has given about twenty thousand Union majority! Mahony says he can't understand it at all. I must quit, my sweet love, because my paper is about filled. Write to me and tell me all you can, darling. Your letters comfort me so much. Don't be sad, my pet. Don't get troubled about anything. Be of good cheer. Be hopeful. I love you, my husband, more than words can tell. You know this, don't you? Go to sleep, my own pet, on your hard bed, and dream of your poor lonely Dattie

Little Rock, Arkansas

Sept 19, 1865

Dear Sister

I will try and write you a few lines this morning to let you know that I am well and in good spirits. I recd your letter of Aug 29 a few days ago. I have been thinking every day that I would write to you. But I have kept putting it off until I am almost ashamed to write. I haven't any news to write. We got to Little Rock on the 16. Gen Davidson had a little fight with the rebs, and drove them out of their works. Our Brigade didn't get to fight any for the very good reason that there was no fighting for us today. The Rebs were all across the river before we came up. We were within sight of them

When they skedaddled. We marched up, and camped on the other side of the river. We remained there three or four days, and then moved over here.

We are camped in an old rebel camp. We are right by a large Spring that supplies the whole Brigade with plenty of good water.

I havnt been out side of camp since we have been here, except one day that I slipped out and went foraging with the boys. We went out six miles to a Saw mill and got a lot of nice pine lumber. There was only 3 or 4 cabins on the road as far as I went, I went up to one of them. While they were eating dinner I snatched myself to a seat at the table, and "pitched in". We had corn bread made up with water without salt, Sweet milk that was perfectly "Sittreaked" with dirt. Baked sweet potatoes, with chicken soup for "Sop". I went in

on my nerve, and soon cleaned
every thing out - in the eating
line. Then I gave the boy fifty cts
to catch four chickens for me, and
went on my way rejoicing.

We are hauling lumber to build Barracks.
It is pretty cool here of a night without
any quilts, or any thing else but a thin
blanket. It seems to be a real
ague country down here. We have
sick men in the Co and 8 of them
have the ague.

I got a letter from Mat the same
day I got yours he was sick when
he wrote. He reported on the sick
list that morning for the first time
since he has been in the service.
I havint heard from Jim for
some time. I got a letter the
other day from J. F. Grimes, he is
at Mound City Ills. He says his
health is a great deal better than
it was when he left Helena

You say you like to hear
from me because I can tell
you about the Capt. What can
I tell you that you dont already
know, when he writes a dozens
letters to my ones if he never wrote
any I might write something about
him. All I can tell you is that
he is well and appears to be pretty
well pleased with a soldiers life,
He is a good man and a good Capt.
And the boys all like him, but hate
only when something happens that
make them a little mad. Then some
of them will swear about a
"hereafter" when the war is over,
Mort Sullivan was here to day, he is
well and looks better than I ever saw him.
He says they have got the cars in
running order and have made one trip
to Lullvals Bluff. If that is the case
I think we will get the mail a little
oftener. I want you to write me a long
letter. And when we will get to
"housekeeping" I will write you one as long
as you care about reading. It has been a
long time since I got a letter from father
I wish you would hurry him up a little

W. R. Kemper

It is a year to day since I went to you, to Newburgh. My darling was sick then, and I sat by him and petted him, and (No. 42) nursed him up, for the last time. You may be sick this day, with no Pollie to take care of you, and love you, this is the heaviest of all to bear, pet. - the fear that you are sick. I can hardly bear it.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 24, '63

My Dearest Love:

Jimmy is gone. He started back to his regiment early this morning. It is very still and lonesome here now. He is a noisy fellow, and kept everything "bairling" as he said, while he stayed. He went off in good spirits, though I think he dreaded the parting. He knows something of the chances of war, and felt that he might never see home again. I shall miss him for a time, surely, with his careless, noisy racket. But eleven months ago this day, I kissed my husband, and gave him to his country - and mine - since then our parting can hurt me greatly. That was not a willing sacrifice, my heart could not make it willingly - but my darling knows that. Since then, my sweet love, I have felt that it matters little to one who goes or stays. My heart is not here; it is with you, beloved, in all your perilous wanderings - in every tedious march, and lonely bivouac. It will follow you, pet, till you come to rest your dear head on Pollie's bosom, and she can fold her arms around you, and feel that you are all her own once more. If I had ten more brothers I would try to send them all to help you end this unholly rebellion. I would not want to keep one at home, now that you are gone. It is three weeks to day since your last letter was written. That is so long a time, my darling, to wait for tidings of you. But I will not despair. I surely will hear before many days. I am afraid you are sick, but I try to put such thoughts out of my mind, as much as I can. Oh, darling, you must not get sick. As long as I think you are well, I can get along. I have been more than ever troubled about your health, love, since I heard of Capt. Garner and that other Capt., dying as they did, alone, without one friend to do a kind office for them. If you had been sick, dearest, would not one have come to you, and stayed with you? Would your men all have left you to your fate?

I sent you a long letter this morning by Jimmie. He said he would mail it at Edgville. I have no news to write now, darling. I am going to catch Reuben directly and go up to Mrs. Sheth's and see if there is any mail there for me. They always bring my letters and papers from the office, when they go. I don't expect they sent to Maria's yesterday for the mail, but I will go and see. I think they are getting careless about sending. I ought to send for it sometimes but there is nobody up here to go. I wish father would get a boy to live with him, on that account. He needs one, but he don't believe in boys much. It is a cool, pleasant day; the wind blows, and the seed leaves come fluttering down, every few minutes. Father is quite unwell. He has worked too hard lately. Mother is well; and so am I. I am uneasy about you, my precious love, that is all. If I only could know where you are, this morning, and whether you are well, what would I not give? Darling, I think it has been the good sense that you have taken of your health, that has saved you thus far, - that and God's blessing, my love. A year ago, you know, you could not endure half the labor or fatigue that many of your men could; and now you say you can march as well as they. But I know it times, my love, nearly to death, and I am so sorry for you. You shall never work any more, my pet, when you come home. I am going to keep you just to love. May not I, my darling? I am going to put up my letter now, and get dinner. I will write more this evening, - if I get a letter from you I will. If I don't get one I am afraid I shall get the "blues" again. I can't help it, when I don't hear from you so soon.
My Darling:

Tuesday Night, Sept. 21,

I didn't get any letter yesterday, and I couldn't write last night. I felt so lonely. But I will talk to my love to night. I am tired as I can be darling, I have been all over the woods to day. I went grape gathering with Mother, Heickox and Lizzie. We went this morning, but we couldn't find many that we could get, so we came home and got our dinner, and got George to go back with us and climb the trees. Then we got a good many. I

am going to dry some of them, and preserve some. I am glad I have got them now, but I went more to pass away the long day than anything else. I thought I would rather go than stay in the house all day. But I thought of you, my love, every minute to day. We went down to Wilson's grave, along the path that you and I followed once, a long time ago - long before we were married. Do you remember yet, our going to Perry's one afternoon, when you came out here, to Iowa, the first time? Well, I went along the same little path to day. I thought of that walk of our sweet love, and I could hardly keep from crying. How well I remember how you looked and talked! I loved you then, darling, I thought I loved you with all my heart, but it was not as I love you now, my pet. I didn't know then the brave, noble heart that was offered me. I didn't know how good you were. And because I didn't know, I was almost afraid to trust you. Am I afraid now, my husband? Darling, God has given me a love worth all the world besides; surely he will not snatch it from me, just as I have learned to appreciate the precious gift. Oh, surely he will not bereave me of all, and leave me utterly desolate. But forgive me, dear one, am I wild to be talking like this! I forget what I am saying almost. I got my paper yesterday, but there is no news so far. I am afraid, my pet, that Little Rock has not been taken yet. We heard it, and the papers said so, and it has never been contradicted, but still I am getting afraid that it is not true. I can hear of nothing that seems to confirm such good news. But then I hear nothing of Davidson or Steele any way. All news from them must be contraband. If the rebels still hold Little Rock, I fear there will be a hard battle there. It may have been before now. But it won't do to talk about this to night, my love. Let it be as it may we can't help it, and it hurts me too much to talk about it. I have been reading Mr. Sumner's great speech on the subject of Foreign Intervention. I have been getting it in scraps in my daily, but it is published no doubt in the Tribune, and I am going to send it to you. It will bear reading many times over. Mr. Sumner you know, darling, is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and

such a speech from him at this juncture is, I think, of the utmost significance and his opinions entitled to unusual weight. I have not got all the speech yet, but he evidently thinks the danger of a war with England or France - or both - is imminent. I believe he thinks war almost inevitable. But you must read it yourself, my darling, to know much about it. I will send it soon. I still hope that somehow we shall escape the horrors of another war. I will cling to this hope to the last, but I confess, darling, that, since reading this speech, the prospect seems darker than ever. Sumner no doubt understands our foreign relations as well, or better, than any other man, and I think he is far seeing and prudent. But "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We will wait and hope. My eyes are heavy, dear, may I put up my letter and finish it in the morning? It is quite late. We are all well. Are you lying on your blankets, on the ground, somewhere, sleeping and dreaming of home, my darling? Oow, sweet darling! Good night, and the good angels watch over you, my precious one! I love you, and Miss you many times. Good night.

Tuesday Morning, 22nd

Good morning, my darling! Are you well and cheerful this bright September morning? Oh, I hope so, love. This is mail day again, and I have to go to the office myself. I believe I will go by Mullin's, and he will be sure to go to town and I can send my letter down by him. I will wait there till he comes back. I would rather do that than to go to Scamion myself. And I want to see Allie too. She has been spinning me some stockings, and I will get it and knit you some nice stockings by the time you come home. I want to be doing something for you, love. If I could work for you, it wouldn't seem so like you were gone out of my reach. I trust I shall get a letter from you to day. Surely I will, my pet. I will write again to night and tell you if I do. I am quite well, and I feel the effects of yesterday's rambling. I couldn't do much good marching, I guess. Try to write to me often, my dear. I can't get on without letters from you. But I need not say this, for I know you do write all you can. You have been so good to write to me, sweet pet. I never shall forget it. I will pay you for it all, darling, when you come home - if love can pay. Be of good cheer. Goodby, and God bless you always, my own darling. (Allie)

Camp Sherman Miss. Sept. 26th
Dear Sister.

We have just had inspection, and I am going to try and amuse you for a short time by ~~my~~ writing you a disconnected, disjointed, Scrap letter, in answer to your very interesting letter of Aug. 5th. Your long looked for letter arrived this morning, (Only twenty days on the road.) I was glad to hear that you were getting along so well.

I am well and hearty, and enjoy^{ing} myself as well as circumstances will admit of,

I am sorry that you grieve so much about the Dr. He will take care of himself, and come out all right. I wish we was in the same Department. I would like very much to go with him to Texas, provided they go there. I think they will have more hard marching than fighting

Running is the order of the day with them now. and when they make a stand towards resistance a few rounds well put in, scatters them like chaff before the wind. It would be useless for me to undertake to give you any late war news, the good news continues to come in from every quarter. The rebels routed at Little Rock and in full retreat towards Sumner-house

Charleston at the mercy of Gilmore and his uncivilized Greek fire. What a brute he must be to use such unnatural and barbarous means to conquer his Enemy. and I sincerely hope and pray (if the wicked can pray) that long before this reaches your eye the proud and haughty City of Charleston will be of the things of the past, nothing ~~left of it~~ but its charred and smoking ruins will be left, to tell the tale of its desolation and ruin.

At last accounts, all was going well Battery Gregg, Wagner, and Sumpter was in our possession, Gilmore had moved

his big guns are still and on eight
nears to the doomed City. May she fall
and that speedily, and then it will
be so unkind ~~to~~ to put Gen. Butler in
Command of the City, Verily this trou-
les are coming thick and fast,

a few short months more and they
will not have wher to lay their ^{own} traitor
heads. Old Rosy, and Burnside, in
possession of Chattanooga and Knoxville
and will soon be speaking in tones
of thunder to the inhabitants of the
Capital of Georgia.

All goes well and I think the war will
soon be over if the men of the ~~state~~
will do their part, in the coming Elec-
tion it will soon be over. You need
^{not} know my fears of the Soldiers. We have
but one Little man in our Company
and he is esteemed to vote the ticket.
I would hate to advocate the cause
of any man, that I would be asked
to vote for his party or principals.
You said you was afraid that we
had been away from New so long
that we had lost all interest in ~~our~~

the coming Election, far from it;
we take as much interest in the
Elections as we ever did, we feel and
know that a great deal depends upon
the Soldiers vote, and we are determi-
ned to do all we can in our
humble way, for the Cause of Right
Justice and Freedom, It is my oppin-
ion that Tuttle's vote in our Regt.
will be very small and I have heard
from the 8th and some others and
they all say they will not support
him, The democrats will not go for
him, But all unite in denouncing him
as a traitor to his Country, His sugar
coated platform wouldnt take away
the Soldiers, He will have to try again
we dont bite at so naked a hook as
he throws out to catch votes with
and when the proper time comes
we will lay him away back
in the shade where he will
have leisure to review his past
conduct, and have time to repent
I will get another sheet and
give you a few Camp Stems and Close

Monday morning Sept 21st
Just as I was finishing my letter
yesterday the assembly sounded,
That is for the Regiment to fall in,
We formed in line, stacked
arms, and got our ration and
started on a scout. Our Brig-
ade went out, five Regts and
two pieces of artillery, we went
out about six miles, and at
Dunbar started back to camp.
We arrived safe and sound
in camp by early bed time,
got supper and after gazing
awhile retired to our canvas beds
and slept soundly after a
little tramp of twelve miles
in about five hours. I believe
the advance guard saw some
half dozen rebs, captured two
of their overcoats, and many subs

Will Mary I reckon you will
not grumble at the shortness
of this general Epistle of
Matthew to his beloved sister
at Scrimm.

Oh It is quite warm this morn
all well, and in fine spirits
write soon and often, and
tell all the rest to do the same
I dreamed last night that
I got nine letters and five papers
I thought I had a good time reading
them, no mail this morning
so I didn't get anything —
I am looking for a letter from
Will. Be of good cheer, and
keep up a brave heart, all
will come out right in
the End. I never think of
getting the blues, when I do I
sit down and write to you
and it is a sure cure.

Yours affectionately Mary

that means look in
the assembly his last discourse
Page 5
was nearly every day. Why eat there
The papers didn't come in yet either

The boys have various ways of
Enjoying themselves and passing away
dull care. Last night about half
of the Regt got together, and got
a couple of little Contrabands
to boxing, it was five spent for ^{boys} the
to see the woolly heads go into each
other, we erected a large swing in
front of the Colar line, and they
boys are having a fine time of it
There has been a protracted meeting
going on in the Brigade for
some weeks - and the interest still
continues, there has been several con-
versions and a goodly number
more Enquiring the way they
held their meetings Every night
and twice on Sunday. The boys
of our tent are you know:-
Our Chaplain resigned some time
ago, we haven't had any preaching

in our Regt for over a year -
we have no Chaplain at this time
and dont want any unless we
get a better one than we had before.

We have recommended an Hospital
Steward for that position, He is a
good man but not very well
read. Mr Lambert has gone home

on furlough - perhaps you will see
him before he returns - Willis Hays
steved from last week on furlough
He belongs to our tent, and can
tell you all about Tent No 4 -

I heard yesterday of the melancholy
death of Old Uncle Johnny, Evans,
It was a shocking accident.

I heard this morning that Jim was
at home on furlough - I hope
he will stay there until he gets
well, if his Eyes are not well
by the time his furlough is over
tell him to get it renewed, and
stay at home until he gets
well

The weather has been very cold here
for the last few days, it is quite pleasant
today. — The health of our Regt is
improving very fast. — The health
of the Army is improving we have
drill and review nearly every day
Reviewed every Friday by Gen Sherman.
If Father buys your stock I would
be glad to send him some money
if I had it to send, but it
takes all we make to get a few
Extras to live upon, Every thing is
very high down here Orions five
cents a peck and not large at that
apples the same butter 15 cts per pound
dried apples 6 pounds to the dollar
potatoes Irish 15 cts per peck and
more to be had at that.

And Everything Else in proportion
I am getting tired and I expect
you are tired long ago.

I thank you very much for the
last letter it was great such letters

as does our good to get,
Tell Mother I think of her every
day and would give almost
anything to see her. I would
have sent her my likeness by
Willis Hays but I was so poor
and looked so hawey, I am
improving my feet in flesh
and as soon as I get fat I
will send it by mail
we sent our hair by Hays, you
will get to see it, and will
have a good laugh over it, I look
like I was scared, or something
else was the matter, I was sitting
with my back down hill and
threw me in the shape of a hoop
I would love to see you all very
much, but I expect it will be
some months yet before that
happy day arrives, want it to be a
happy day indeed, my aunt
is full love to all,

That
my news from Will and they left
Clarendon, I hope all goes well with him

Little Rock Ark Sept. 21st / 1863

My Darling,

The Chaplain has just told me the mail will start at 4 o'clock this P M So I scard write you much of a letter this time If I had known it sooner I would have send you a long letter. But you must put up with this. I am well to day, though I have been a little sick for two days. Nothing but Diarrhea. I feel entirely well to day. Dont be uneasy. Will is quite well

We have no war news. I have heard nothing for several days, only the people are coming in quite rapidly to take the oath. In many instances I think only to save their property I got the papers you sent me, and the Dictionary. thank you for them. I will keep the book. I was so glad to get it

This is all I can write now. for Kiptine I was at other duty. I will write to night if I can. I am writing on my knee.

Wm G. Bevensins

(No 43)

Tuesday Night, Sept. 22, 1863

My Own Dear Love.

I have no letter from you yet. What can be the matter, darling? It is going on four weeks since I have heard one word from you. If you are well I know you have sent Collie a good many letters in that time. Haven't you, love? Little Rock is taken, and perhaps you are there now. We have Gen. Steele's official dispatch now, which merely says that his forces occupied Little Rock on the 10 inst, and that the rebels were retreating south, and Gen. Davidson was in pursuit. This is all we know yet, my darling, but it is a comfort to know this must be true. There can be no mistake about this. If I could only hear from you, my pet, oh, I would be so thankful for just one line to tell me you are living and well. The war news seems all good. The latest dispatches say Rosecrans was fighting a terrible battle in Georgia. The rebels fought bravely and the contest was not decided. I have no fears for the result. Rosecrans is never defeated. He don't begin to fight his best till any other General would be beaten. And the battle is in Georgia, love. Isn't that a cheering sign? Last year Kentucky and Tennessee furnished the battle fields. The war is going bravely on. It will soon be ended if Europe lets us alone. I went to Mullin's to day. They are all well. John was gone to Woodside for a load of corn, but he come home before dinner. In the afternoon he went to the office and mailed my letter, and brought out my mail - two papers. He is very anxious to hear from you. He and Mr. Eads and Mrs. Phillips are going to start North in the morning, on a grand hunt. They will be gone four or five days. He is going to keep Cassie over winter for me. He says he will haul over enough of our corn to feed her, and it shall not cost

you a cent. I told him to keep an account of all he does for us, and to make his own charges. He said he had no charges to make. Allie wants the yearling heifer that is running there - Mule's calf - and I told them just to keep her, and when you come home you and he could agree about a price. I told John to sell Cassie's calf if he could. He said he could get four dollars for it. I have sold Korah to father since I come home to night, for eight dollars, and the five steers for eighty dollars. (\$80.00), Will this do, my darling? It is the best I can do. I had hard work to get the eight dollars for poor little Korah. You can't know, sweet love, how it hurts my feelings to have to sell off everything we had. That is why I can't bear to let Cassie be sold. I must keep something that was mine, something you liked. They are all sold now, love, but Adelaide. I want to have her kind for sheeping you one winter. She is so little I can't sell her for anything hardly. I can sell part of the beef, and who knows, my pet, but we may need some of it ourselves. Some times I have strong hopes that you will be home before long. Do you think so, my dear one? Tell me if you are pleased with the sale of the cattle. I want to please you, love. And I had tried to do the best I could with them. I asked John about the things you left at Woodside - plow and harness and such things. I didn't know anything about them. Father says he will go with me some day, and we will gather them all up and bring them here. I want to bring away everything we have there before the roads get bad. I can't go to look after them in the winter. The wagon is at Mullinnis. If you come home, my pet, we will not want to live at Woodside any more, and I can't live there while you are gone, so there seems no use in leaving our things there. Do you think there is, darling? Mullinnis is getting on very well. Allie is working as hard as ever. She was weaving to day. I told her I'd help her, and I did weave a yard, while she got dinner! I did that much good, my pet. The children never eat me up, when I go there - and Rucker too. They are quite as glad to see him as me. They talk a great deal about you. I want to read my papers some pet, and it is already late so I must say Good night. I love you, darling.

Wednesday Night, Sept. 23, 1869

My Darling: There has been some one here all day nearly, and I have been busy, and could not get to write any. And I could write much to night long, for I can see very well. I am poisoned, dear, but not very bad. We all got among some poison vines the other day when we were gathering grapes, but I didn't think about its hurting me. I have often been among them, and was never poisoned before. It is hurting my eyes the worst. They are swollen and somewhat painful. I was right sick during the night, last night. I have not done anything for it yet. I don't know what to do; and I guess it will get well itself pretty soon. Mr. Knapp was here to day, my darling, and wanted to borrow some money. I am afraid I did what you will hardly like. I lent him a hundred dollars. The circumstances are these: He has a large lot of hogs, and his corn is spoiled by the frost, and he is going to drive his hogs to the South part of this state, and feed them there. He looked one hundred dollars of having money enough to start on. He knew I had been selling stock, and supposed I had money laid by. Old Mr. Tester is going to drive his hogs too, and he sent word that he also wanted a hundred dollars. I told Mr. Knapp that I had sold some stock, but I had used considerable money, and I didn't have that much to lend. He said he came by Woodside, and Tester had sold yoke for 900, 00 and had the money ready to bring to me. I agreed then to let him get that, and I gave him twenty dollars here, and took his note for a hundred dollars, due "one day after date" and bearing ten per cent interest. I didn't know whether to lend it to him or not, love. But he only works it till he sells his hogs, and he is good for it, and he was always an obliging neighbor to us, and I thought it was right to let him have it. Was it, my pet? I told him I had more to lend Mr. Tester. Then another thing, love, I thought it might be safer with him than it was here, though I am not much uneasy about that. Mr. Knapp stayed till after dinner. He says I did well to get rid of yoke, for he is ^{going} down pretty fast.

Teeter wanted him down to Edgville last week, and sold him while he was gone. I had told him if he could sell him for \$800 or so do so. He probably got more for him. He hired somebody to bring his wagon back, and he wants me to pay that expense out of the eighty dollars. I told Mr. Knapp I couldn't do it. He went there on his own business, and took Jake without my even knowing it, and sold him of his own accord, and he knew I expected that amount for him if he sold him at all. It was not right and I wouldn't pay it. Mr. Knapp said he didn't think I ought to pay it. He says Teeter may have one of his teams to gather his corn. He has more horses than he uses, and he would as soon they would work as not. Some corn has been sold over there for four dollars an acre. He advised me to have ours gathered and panned up. He thinks it will make 15 bushels to the acre, and he thinks it will sell for fifty cents a bushel this winter. The only trouble, dearling, will be in getting our full share, and keeping it. That is all we have left to sell now. The stock is all disposed of. We have nothing left now but Roker and Corrie and Beppo! You must tell me, sweet love, whether you are satisfied with all I have done. Tell me all you think about it, won't you? I have done the best I could my love. If you had been here you could have done better I have no doubt. All the cattle - not counting the yearling at Mullinier's, nor Adelaide - just come to \$336.75. But this is enough about business for one time - no, love, not quite. Mr. Ookey came to day to see about that money of his son's. He had got your letter. He seemed very willing to let it go on his note, and we settled it that way. How that is all, dearling. I have no news. Mr. Knapp is in very good spirits about the war. He thinks it is nearly ended. He says the copperheads will carry Appomattox county at the election by about two hundred majority. He thinks Dr. Udell may be elected, but no other Union man. Don't you remember that little spindle-legged Lockhart that used to live at Knapp's? He has turned out a sort of Jim Lane of a fighter. His comrades say they know he has killed three desperate guerrillas out of battle. They can't tell anything about how many he has killed in battle. How, my love, I have told you all I can, only that I love you with all my heart. You know I do, sweet pet. I have no letter or word from you yet. I am as uneasy as I can be, dearling. I could not bear the dreadful suspense if I could help it. My eyes hurt me, dear, and I must quit for to night. God bless you. Good night, my own dearling, good night. I can't see how I could this over to night.

Monday, Sept. 24.

My Love: My eyes are a little better this morning. I believe it is erysipelas I have instead of poison. I think I will not get any worse. If it does I must do something for it. I want my doctor when I get sick, cooling. I feel tolerably well, only my face and eyes are swollen and pain me some. Don't be uneasy about me, Love. I shall soon be well. A long letter from you, with good news in it, would cure me I think. I may get one this evening. I hope I shall. I am going to send this letter to La Grange, Va. I let Martha Heickman have Rocter to write to Mr. Gilbert, and she will take it there. They will send it on ^{to} the office. The post office at Caprey has about "played out," as the boys say, since the death of Mr. Evans. There is a man living there, but he is not capable of taking charge of the office. I am sorry about it, for I could always send you a letter every week, from there. Father is gone there now to get his papers, but we can't expect any letters from there. I wish more and more love, that we had moved to Albion or some town where you would like to live, when you come home - and I had kept house while you are gone. I could be near a post office then, and that seems of more importance to me now, than almost anything else. But I will do the best I can, sweet love. I have sent you letters enough so far, but I am afraid I can't send so many when winter comes, or get yours often. It is very cold this morning, and cloudy. There is a Union meeting to day at Millersville. Mr. Euleb is to be there. I guess father will go. I have been making my grape preserves. I have given another half of them, and the rest I am going to keep for you and me. Everybody up here thinks the war will be ended before spring. I think it will, myself, if we can escape a war with other nations. I see that a great many troops are to be sent into Texas soon. I think it is mostly to guard

against any aggressive movement on the part of the French in Mexico. We
are almost at war with two of the strongest powers in the world. I think
there is no doubt about this. Whether we shall escape the danger God only
knows. The latest foreign news I have seen, is more encouraging. Rumors
say that C. M. Clay has effected a closer alliance with Russia, and that
Napoleon is alarmed in consequence; and that European difficulties were
assuming a new shape, with a prospect of embroiling France and England
with each other. It won't do to depend on such rumors, but still something
of this sort may happen to save us. At any rate, darling, we shall soon know.
If the blow is to fall, it will not be long. Father has just come, I
must look over the Tribune, and see what Greeley says about the war. I be-
lieve in the Tribune Philosopher as strongly as ever, darling. Don't you, too?
Later - I have looked over the paper, and read the editorials. They are very encour-
aging. Greeley is jubilant, especially over the late victories in East Tennessee and at
Pemberton Gap, and the good election news. He never rejoices without cause.
Father heard a report this morning, that Buena Vista is defeated in Georgia
with great loss. I won't believe it, love. I can't believe such a dreadful report as
that. How could he be badly defeated with Buena Vista in supporting distance?
I have just heard a rumor, too, that orderly Davenport is dead at Keokuk. I
hardly credit this either. I heard at Mullin's that he was poorly and his
father had gone to see him. I think the report started from this fact.
I must finish up this long letter now, pet, and start it off. I don't know
whether it will ever find you, my best darling, but I will send it out with a
love message for you. I do love you, my husband, more, I think, than any wo-
man ever loved before. Don't you know I do? You are dearer to me every day.
If I didn't love you so deeply, it would not hurt me so much when I can't
hear from you. If I get a letter this evening, pet, I will write to night and
tell you. If I don't get one I don't know what I shall do. Be careful of your
health, my precious one, don't get sick. Be of good cheer, and don't forget to love
your own Callie

(No. 44)

Friday Evening, Sept. 25, 1863

My Own Dear Love:

I thought last night that I could not write any more till I heard from you, but I must try, soiling, I can't help it. I have not heard one word from you for nearly four weeks. I thought I would get a letter last night, but I didn't. Father is gone to the office again this evening, but I am afraid he will get nothing. How do you think your poor Dollie can live without hearing from you, here? What can be the matter? I know it is not your fault. You have sent me letters if you are living and able to write. I know you have, my sweet love. Sometimes I am afraid you have all been captured by the enemy, as was reported. I am afraid of everything that is bad. If you are in peaceful possession of Little Rock, why cannot letters come from there? But I can't know what the matter is, or whether I shall ever hear of any soiling any more. If I could only know that you are well, I could get on. I feel sure that that is all I should ever ask to know. Your last letter is dated the 30th ult. Now it is the 25th. Oh, what may yet have happened, my good love, in twenty six days? I am in trouble about you, but if you are only well, I care nothing for what I may suffer. It is you I care for, my pet. You know that the news of Rosecrans' defeat has almost been more than I could bear. I did not believe it at first. I thought it could not be. But when I got my papers last night, there was all the sickening details. The old story 12,000 killed, and 7000 wounded, and our army falling back to Chattanooga. The old story of all the rebel armies being unexpectedly hurled upon one of ours and crushing it. Oh, where was Burnside, to allow such a misfortune to befall us? Had he only come up two days sooner, how different would have been the result, and how different the feeling in every loyal heart to day.

It is a terrible blow to us, darling, but it may bring the rebels little advantage if Meade would only move now, while Lee's army is weakened, and force his way into Richmond. Now is surely the golden moment for him, but I see so far, no sign that he will improve it. But perhaps he may be moving now. Or Burnside and Rosecrans united, may again try the fortune of a battle, and regain all they have lost in Georgia - all, but the wasted lives. Darling, my heart is sick of war, and all its horrors. When will it all end, and this suffering land again learn the ways of peace? God alone knows! But, I must not make you sad, my love, because I am sad. I can't help it to day. My uneasiness about you, pet, and the bad news from the army is enough to make me sad. I see that Gen. Sherman, with his corps, has been sent to reinforce Rosecrans. He has eleven Iowa regiments with him. The 6th is one of them. They are probably at Chattanooga by this time; as I suppose they can go all the way by rail road. If those eleven regiments had been there last Sunday we should never have heard the news we have. I am nearly well to day, darling. My erysipelas is getting well. My eyes are swollen yet and hurt me some, but they will soon be well. I didn't do anything at all for it. I didn't know what to do, and I rather believe in a let-alone treatment when my doctor is not here to cure me up. I dreamed that you came home last night. Oh, I was so happy, love. When I awoke and found it all a dream, I could not sleep any more. It was a very cold night, and I lay thinking about you and wondering if you were not lying on the ground, somewhere, without even blankets to keep you warm. How could I sleep, darling? Will said they all left their blankets and over coats at Helena. I fear the poor fellows are suffering for them these frosty nights. I hope you took yours with you, dear. I know you have needed them before now. Mother wants me to tell you that she wished you were here to day to eat dinner with her. She had an old-fashioned peach "cobbler," made of the fruit that grows on her own trees. She raised just enough for one big pie.

Saturday Morning, Sept. 26,

The mail came in again yesterday, but brought me letters for me, my darling. There have been no letters from any of your company since you left Darwall's Bluff. It must be, love, that your communications are cut off from some cause. I cannot imagine how it is, or why. But I am not the only one who is suffering suspense. Surely though, no one else can be as uneasy as I am. My last paper brings better news from Rosecrans. I am glad, and I must tell you, pet. I know you will be glad too. Later accounts say the disaster is not nearly so bad as the first reports made it. He was overwhelmed and had to fall back several miles, but the enemy, it seems, had also suffered greatly, and was too badly crippled to follow him very far. Heavy reinforcements were on the way to Rosecrans, and it was said he could assume the offensive again in two or three days. If Burnside only gets up in time, I trust it may all go well yet. But I think the rebels will either try to attack him again before help reaches him, or else will slip away from his front, as quietly as they come, and cross themselves under Lee ready to be hurled against Meade in his turn. That is their game you know, and as they have railroads all the way to Richmond it would be an easy matter for them. I hardly think they will risk another pitched battle after Burnside gets to Chattanooga. I await further news with the greatest anxiety. I can hardly wait at all. It is said Meade was moving upon Gordonsville, and a battle was expected this week. Verily, it seems the campaign is opening in earnest, at last. I am glad it is, for it is only after a fierce storm of battles that we can hope for the calm of peace. The news from Charleston is meager, and not very good. I fear there is little prospect that the "Gibraltar" will fall into our hands very soon. But it must after a while. I wish Dupont was in command of the fleet again. But the best news of all, my love, is the announcement in the London Times, that the new rebel ironclads will not be allowed to leave the Mersey. The British Government has got awake to the matter at last, and

says positively that the new rams shall not get out to sea. I can't tell you
dearling, how glad I am of this, for I thought all the time that if they did get
out, a war with England was inevitable. If they are detained it will be the
first sign of a disposition to deal fairly by us that England has shown
since the war began. But I have talked enough about war news to tire
you dear one. There is no other news up here. Mr. Parkhurst has come
home, but he came from some hospital - Memphis I think - so he brings
no news from you. He says Oakesport was bad sick when he came
through Keokuk, though he did not see him, himself. This is what father
heard yesterday at Iaconna. The weather has turned warm to day and
only as it got cold. It looks like Indian summer. I have got almost en-
tirely well again. All I lack now to make me well is a letter from
you, my dearling. Oh, will it ever come, sweet pet? You would be sorry
for your Pอลลie if you could know how troubled she is about you. I think
the mail will come again to night. The news is so important now, that
I think they will send for it nearly every day. But it will not bring me any
word from you. I guess father will go down in the morning, if he don't
I will myself. I have written this letter, my dearling, because I felt like
I must talk to you, and to have it ready in case I should I should
have a chance to mail it anywhere. I don't know that I will though.
I can't hear from you, love, but I will keep writing to you. I will follow
you with my letters, let you go where you may, my pet. This makes
just eighty letters that I have sent you since I got home from Indiana
that is enough, dearling, unless they were better ones. I must quit now, for
I have some work to do to day. I have done nothing scarcely this week.
I can't sit still and work now. I can't care for work. How can I care
for anything but hearing good news from you, and good news of the
war? This is a poor letter, my pet, but you will forgive it, I know. I will
write more in it if I don't send it off. Goodby now. My precious love, good
bye. May heaven bless you, dear one. Your affectionate Pอลลie

Little Rock Ark

Sept. 20th 1863

My Dollie.

It has been several days since I wrote you any letter, because I could not learn that any mail was going out. And even now I do not know that this will get out for a week, although the Cars are running from here to Duvalls Bluff at least every other day. The authorities are afraid to risk much on the Cars yet. They have been repairing the road. Passengers do not go through this morning for the first I think. The last mail we have had came through last Sunday with the Supply Train. We are looking for another through tomorrow or next day. Then I think I will get several letters. There are plenty on the way I know, for Dollie never neglects to write. The last one I received was dated on the

well I dont know what date - but it was the
one you were writing when Jimmy run in
on you so suddenly. That has been a long
time you know to do without a letter. Especially
when I have been in the habit of getting getting
letters so often and regular. There are two
back yet that I have not got. When the mail
gets up I think I will get four five. There
that many are one I know.

Nothing strange is going on here. No news
of any kind. I dont even know where Price
is with what is left of his army. Some
say he is at Arkadelphia, others say
he is farther West. General Steele and
a few other no doubt know, but such
men as my self know nothing of it
Morning 20th

We have pretty good Barracks
built for us that almost built. We are going
to move sometime today. We are all well
away this morning. I wish I could write
more but there is too much to do
I am well. Be of good cheer. Lieut May and

Wright and bath & little Samuel they
most always are. The rest of the boys pretty
well. We are going to build our small
Quarters as soon as we can. This is all I
can write now Dollie. It is a poor letter
but I can't help it this time. Goodbye
My Darling,

M. F. Vermilion

[1863]

Sunday Evening, Sept. 27

My Darling: - I have had no chance to send my letter, so I will
try to write a little more. We got the mail to day, but no letter yet from
you. I am getting almost crazy about you, my love. I don't know what
to do, or how to get on at all. I know it may be that you are well and safe
but unable to send letters from where you are; or you may have sent
them and the mail been lost or captured. But I am afraid it is some
thing worse than this. But let us not talk about it, sweet love. I can't
bear it. I don't feel like talking about anything, but I have promised
to write faithfully to my darling, and I will. At least I will try, my pet.
Mr. Tester was here this morning. He comes to see me about that ex-
pense money he wanted me to pay. I told him it wasn't right for
me to pay it. He insisted that I ought to pay half of it any how.
He said since he talked with Mr. Knapp about it he had concluded
that it wouldn't be right for me to pay it all. I told him I would pay
whatever he charged for his trouble in selling the horse, but as to the
justice of the other demand I couldn't see it. But the expense was only
two dollars, and as to get rid of him, and not have him mad at me
I paid him him the dollar. I told you all about the affair in my
last letter, darling. It was not of much importance any way, but I
tell you everything. He said he was satisfied when I paid him the dollar.
He will get Mr. Knapp's horses to gather his corn. Whatever he charges
for the use of them I will pay it will not be much, if anything. I can't
get fathers, but Knapp's are harder for him. I have been trying
to buy a yoke of young oxen, but I can't get any that I want, and I guess
I will give it up. I don't care about leaving any stock in Tester's hands
this winter. I expect we will go to Woodsid Tuesday. Tester wants father
to go and see about the rent for his wheat ground. He wants to pay
it in corn. That will be right, will it not, love? I will go with him and

I don't expect my letter to go to you, dear. If they could, I would send it to you. God bless you, sweet love.

get a load of our things. I told Dexter he could use our room this winter after I get our things all away. I knew he would do it any time. Was that night, my darling? This is all I can tell you, about our home now, dear. If I go there Tuesday I will see how things are, and then I will tell you. It will soon have nothing there but the farm and corn. Then it won't be much like home, will it? I don't feel at home there now. I can't live there any more without you, my pet. You know how I loved Woodside while we lived there. Ah, darling, I have learned now that it was not just Woodside itself that I loved. It was your presence, my precious one, that made the place so dear to me, - nothing else. Your presence will make any spot home to me; and without you no place on earth will ever be home to your Dottie. Don't you know it, love? There is no special news in my paper to day. Nothing is said about Steele's army, or his whereabouts. It is so strange that there is no news from so large an army as his. I cannot understand it at all. One brief dispatch says Davidson's cavalry was driving Price's forces into Texas, but there are no details. There is nothing later from Rosecrans or Breake of importance. We are all well to day. My erysipelas is all gone nearly. I hope I shall not have it any more. I don't want to get sick while my darling is gone. They say Isaac Sheek's is very poorly. Dr. Gibbons is attending him. Mr. Oberpout has come home from Kentucky and says Will Oberpout is getting well. I guess he was never as bad as we heard. The weather is very warm to day. I thought I never saw a more beautiful morning than this was - so calm and hozy. Oh, how I wish ed you were here, my own love. I was so homesome. I went over to see old Mrs. Christie a little while, but I couldn't stay long. We shall get no more mail now till Tuesday. How can I wait? but when it comes I fear it will bring no letter from you, darling. I feel like starting to find you if I only knew where to go. I have no idea where you are now. But surely the suspense can't last much longer. My best darling, goodly. Your Dottie

Little Rock Ark.

Sept. 27th 1863

My Dollie,

We got a good mail early this morning - that is to me a good one, and to the rest of the Regiment a large one and probably a good one, but I would ^{not} have given my part of it for all the rest of the Regiment's. Your letters from you all together, that at one time. I forget the number of the latest one now number 31 and 32 come up all right I thought they would. They always come sooner or later I don't know what kind of Cattle you have left to sell, but I expect your father offers the worth of them, at any rate if you sell them I shall be satisfied. You can't keep them and if you don't sell them to him you may not be able to sell them at all. If he want them let them go.

If you have to hire a horse to help gather the corn with, one will not let water keep you

reset winter, he will have no claim on him
in fact he has none now, but I would rather he
should keep him for a while than have him
mad at me. Our article - I think - in fact I
know it stipulates that he shall have a team
to cultivate the farm and gather the crop with
that is all. Of course I never intended to
furnish him a team to do all kinds of work for
himself, and he can't expect it. If he does he
must be disappointed.

Two months is a good while to wait for a
letter from Jane. She has not written to
me for longer than that; or if she has the letter
has not reached me. Some week or two days
ago I rec'd Henry's very short letter, sim-
ply telling where I was and what I was
doing. I did not feel like saying any more.
I sent my respects to mother and Jane
that was all. There was no other person in
all that thickly populated country to
whom I felt like talking. I told Henry
not to read the few lines I sent him to
the family. They don't care any thing about me.

and I don't care. If it were mad for another
and gone, and Henry I would seldom think
of them. Occasionally I think of the dead, of
my good sister and brothers who are sleeping
so quietly under those clouds and green sads
Were they living they would be loyal to our
Country. They would think of me occasionally
and would be glad to hear from me. Some
time I would like to see the spots where they
are resting, but I don't know that I ever shall.
If Jane will go to Ford and live with us I
may, if it is necessary, go there after her. Noth-
ing else will be likely to ever take me there.
This is strange talk, but it is the sentiment
of my heart. They have made the breach and I
their treason did it and my loyalty. If our
being there lost winter had nothing to do with it
and they know it. John may be in prison
at Indianapolis at this time, while I am here
in Camp. If he is let him be, justice must
be meted out, and I am in no wise respon-
sible. Their course could not lead to any thing
better. I hope Runyon was in it, and is taken.

That is a hard wish, but he is a traitor and
should be punished. He was known to it all
without a doubt. Such men should learn the
full strength and power of the Government
then they may have some respect for it, but never
till then

We have moved our camp Dolly. It is not
far, not more than forty rods. We have a very
nice Camp now, and will be very comfortable
as soon as our tents come up, which we think
will be some time this week. We have good
Barracks almost finished, ^{for the men} full as good as those
were at Camp Lincoln. Every body in the regiment
is more comfortable now than the line officers. We
are still in our uniforms. We have a few
more of them however. My Lieut's and I have one
to our selves now. We are pretty well, although
neither of them are very well, in health. If we are
sick soon I am going to try to get a leave of
absence for one or the other of them - that is if there
is no chance to get to go home myself. They
are perfectly willing for me to go if I can get
to in fact they are anxious about it. If they fur-
lough me for a sick man, they will leave to furlough
the whole regiment

I have never been to the City yet. I know nothing
of it. Sometimes I think, so far as running
around while off of duty is concerned - I am phys-
ically the laxest man in this Command. I have
but little inclination to stroll around.

As you see this letter - or this sheet rather is almost full
It is near enough to it now. At any rate I will
put it up and go to bed for it is getting late
Will be quite well and I have as good health
as I ever had. Be good and cheerful my
Darling. Goodbye
Wm. Hamilton

(No. 45)

Monday Evening, Sept. 28, 1869

My Dearest Love:

I promised to write some to you every day. If it were not for the promise I fear I should fail to do. I am so uneasy about you, my darling, that I can't write hardly. It is going on five weeks since I heard one word from you. I could not tell you, love, how much I have suffered from anxiety in the last two weeks. But if you are safe, I don't care for that. If I could only get one line from you - just enough to tell me you are living and well, I think I would be satisfied. But I can't hear one word even, from my "Teachers." It is too hard, dear one. It may be that you have not heard from me since I have from you, but I have written every day, and sent you three and four letters every week. I have done all I could, and I know you love too, sweet pet. It is not your fault. I know that. I will hope on till tomorrow. A letter may come then. I have been washing nearly all day. Since I got done, I have been helping father put up a "sweep" to his new well. He has got it all done now. I am tired this evening, but I can't be quiet long enough to get rested. I think of you, love, every minute - waking or sleeping almost. Since I have been so troubled about you, I scarcely ever go to sleep but I dream of your coming home. You are always well and cheerful, and I am so happy while it lasts, darling. Mother is very uneasy now about Matt. She talks of him a great deal. I know he is in danger, and he was sick when we last heard from him, but I scarcely ever think of him unless they speak about him. I can't think of anybody or care for anybody now but you, sweetest. You see I can't write, to do any good. There is no news, since I wrote yesterday. I will help mother get supper now. I will write to-morrow, my pet.

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 21

My Dear - Father has gone to the post office, and while I am waiting for him to come back, I will talk to you, darling. He and I went to Woodside this morning in the wagon. I got up and had breakfast ready by daylight so that we could get back in time for him to go to Scamium. He brought home thirty chickens (they caught them for me last night) and nearly all our things out of the house, except the bedstead. Father went out and measured off the rent for the wheat ground, and while he did that I ran over to Knapp's and got your books that Dr. Asher had sent there. I had no time to stay long, but I could hardly get off from Mrs. Knapp. She wanted me to stay till evening. She says they are coming up here some Sunday to see me. Matters seem all right enough at Woodside. Deeter is gathering corn to feed his hogs. Father says he doubts whether he has raised fifteen bushels to the acre. Mr. Knapp and old Mr. Deeter started North this morning with a large lot of hogs to feed. I took up my pine and your wild rose bush and brought with me. I have been planting them out this evening. I value that rose bush, love, above every thing else I have, for your dear sake. If I should move twenty times I will always take it with me. It will be safe here now till we move to our own home, my pet, and then I will transplant it again. Our locust trees have grown nicely. You would hardly know them. I don't expect I shall go to Woodside again soon. I have nothing to look after there now hardly, and it always makes me so sad to go there. I could hardly bear it the day. But the place don't look much like it did when we lived there. The grass that was sown last fall has not done any good. I am afraid the drought has killed it entirely. Deeter thinks there is enough to seed the ground in a year or two. I told him to put up your corn in the crib and pen that Mullinnis built - it is better than the other. He said he would. He and his wife seem very clever. He is tanned just like Mason and his wife, darling, more than any one I ever saw. And that accounts for the ridiculous letter he sent you last summer.

Later - They have come, my darling! two good precious letters from you. Oh, my husband, you surely never wrote two other letters that did as much good as these. I say this, my feet, not forgetting my anxiety last winter while you were gone down the River, or after the battle at Belmont. Then I did not have to do without hearing from you thirty days. But they have come, and brought me good news, so I will not complain any more, now. They are dated the 5th and 12th inst. You had a hard time, my poor darling. I am so sorry for you, feet, when you walk so far and get so tired. I couldn't help crying about it, love. I couldn't bear it, if it were not that you suffer in so good a cause. I have read your letters over and over and over, I don't know how many times. I shall read them first thing in the morning again. You advise me, love, about our business. Thank you, my feet. You don't know how much I have wanted your advice, and I am glad of it now, though it comes too late. But I am glad because I find you wanted me to do just as I have done almost. I think now that you will be satisfied with what I have done. I hope so, darling, for I did my best. I have already told you all about it. If you have got all my letters you know everything I could tell you. I did get \$979 for Jake, and I think I sold the cattle pretty well, and got them all off in good season. I gave up buying any more. I am so glad now that I did since you advise against it. If you are pleased, my sweet love, that is all I ask. I have done what I thought would be best all the time. You know generally I couldn't wait to hear from you about anything. But I need not tell you over now what I have told you fully already. I got my papers to night, but there is not much news that seems to be reliable. There is no account of any more fighting at Chattanooga. The Rich and papers say that the loss of East Tennessee is the heaviest blow that has been dealt them, and that they must retake Chattanooga from Rosecrans. They say their chief dependence for wheat and coal and nitre is gone with Tennessee. This is very good news.

I cannot learn anything definitely about Meade's movements, but I am afraid he is going to let the golden moment pass. I see it stated that there is to be no draft in Iowa, as she has furnished about six thousand troops more than her quotas under all the calls. They are raising the 9th cavalry regiment now. It will soon be full, and there is already talk of the 10th. Willis Hays has come home. Father heard it this afternoon and also that he had sent word to him to come and see him. He doubt he brings news from Matt. Father will go in the morning. I don't know but I shall go with him. Dr. Hays is not at home. He started last week to go to Cape Girardeau to see Josephus who is sick, and has been for a long time. But they have got a letter from him since his father started saying he was much better. By going now, the old man has missed seeing Willis, clear. It is a pity. You are troubled about my working too hard. Why darling, I don't work hard at all - only a day now and then. And that is my own fault. If I could get any one to come to work, I would have nothing hardy for them to do. How you would be troubled about this any more, will you, my precious love? I never did as little work in a year since I have been grown, as I have the past year. I won't hurt myself at work, sweet, I promise that. Indeed, I have no heart to work till you come home. This is why I do so little, pet. But if I worked all the time I should get on better I expect. I would not have time to get the blue so bad. Mrs. Stewart's baby died yesterday. It was a year old. I don't know what was the matter with it. It is getting very late, my dear, and I must quit writing and sleep some. I hardly slept any last night. I will put your letters under my pillow to night, and no troubled will come near me. Oh, if you were only here, my pet, we would talk all night and never think of sleep once. There are so many things I want to know. But I think I shall get another letter in a day or two now. Take care of my "Peaches" for me, love, won't you? I hope the war will soon be ended and then I will take care of him myself, - such good care, sweet pet! Try to write often to your

I will write to you again to night, and I will try and do better than I have this time. I hear that orderly Ravenport (No 216) long letter right soon. In the meantime he has got home again from Keokuk.

Tell Will I am going to send him a

I should like to hear from him. Lovingly
Wednesday Evening, Sept. 30, 1863

My Love Darling.

I sent you a letter this morning, but I will commence another one, and perhaps I shall have a chance to send it to Layson's to morrow. It has been raining the day, and is turning quite cold again. The wind blows, and the yellow leaves come fluttering down over the yard. The mulberry tree by the gate is almost bare. I am sorry to see the leaves fall all ways. I have been reading your two letters that I got yesterday, darling. They are good, and they did me more good than you can think, my feet, but still they can't satisfy me long. I want another one now! I think it will come soon. You are good to write to me, and I thank you for it, my precious one. I know now, better than ever before, how much your letters are worth to me. I had to do without long enough to know, even so. I have been reading the papers the day. From the indications now, I think that Rosecrans will have to fight another desperate battle soon - it may be in progress now - and if he is successful it will be the last great battle of the war. It seems that the rebels are determined to risk another battle in the hope of retaking Chattanooga, and driving our army out of East Tennessee, the possession of which, they acknowledge, is of vital importance to them. I think they will find that they have a very long job on their hands, and one not easy to accomplish. Rosecrans must have a very large army by this time. It is said 40,000 reinforcements have been sent to him from Grant's army - all of Sherman's and McPherson's corps. Monday's paper says that troops were also sent from Meade's Army of the Potomac. No doubt he will have enough men, if the rebels only postpone their attack a few days. I do hope we shall hear glorious news from him soon, I think we will.

I got a letter from Mrs. Brown yesterday, and she sent me a bundle of papers by the mail carrier. They are the Union Guards, published at Bloomfield and edited by Matt Jones. It is a spicy little paper. I am going to send you one or two, just to let you see what your old friend Jones is doing. He is in the fight as well as you, love, but his field of labor is widely different from yours. He is a "thorn in the side" of Davis county copperheads. Father has gone to see Willis Hays, who is home on furlough. We shall hear from Matt when he comes home. I expect he has brought letters for us too. I looked for Matt home awhile, but I have given up his coming this fall now. His time is getting so near out that he will not be likely to come at all. But, my darling, can't you come now? Little Rock is taken, can you not get a leave of absence now to come and see your Polly? She has waited and looked for you so long! She wants you to come so bad. I am going to look for you every day, sweet love. I think if the regiment stays at Little Rock awhile there will surely be nothing to hinder your coming. You can't know, my pet, how much I want to see you, - or how much I love you. Come home, darling, and let me pet you up a little while, and tell you how I love my brave, noble soldier.

Later: Father came back, but brought no letter from Matt. He saw Willis however, and learned a good deal about him. He had a gap awhile, but was going duty again when Hays left. He would have come home if he could have got a furlough. They drew lots to see who should come and Matt didn't happen to be the lucky one. Willis says they are in good spirits, and have a golly time of it generally. Every man in the regiment will vote for Hays. And, speaking of this, Mrs. Hays was telling father that she has been watching Mullinnis, and she believes he is going to vote for Dibble. She was there the other day, and she was not just pleased with everything. She says if he does vote the copperhead ticket she will never countenance him again. And that would be right, darling, but I think she is mistaken. I can't believe it.

I believe he is all right, but I may be mistaken you know, love. It will do me harm, as she says, to watch him. It will hurt my feelings very much if he should turn traitor to us now, seeling. I should be like Mrs. Hays, he would no longer be a friend or acquaintance of mine. But I can't believe it, seeling. I can't think it can be. He has always seemed right, and talked right to me. The last time I was there I remember his saying he would rather anybody should call him a nigger than a copperhead. And he has subscribed for the Kashville Union, and thinks it the greatest paper out. He has just got one of Andy Johnson's late speeches with which he was very much pleased. I think it must be all a mistake. If I hear anything more about it I will tell you. Mrs. Hays is going to make a soldier's dinner for Hillis next Sunday, and she sent special word for me to go. I think I will, seeling. You know I have been wanting to go for so long and now I can make her a visit, and honor a soldier at the same time. I know you would want me to go if you were here, my seeling. Father is going by special invitation too. - One of the neighbors has just brought in our mail from Asprey. We got two letters from Matt, both written while he was sick. He speaks about Mr. Lambert being so kind to him, and seems to like him very well. He says he has plenty to read. They take four weekly papers in their tent, and have Comstock's Philosophy besides. They are preparing to give a "running vote to Stone" at the election, and he wants to know what we think of Tulle and his treasonable platform. He seems to be quite well posted in regard to home politics; says the soldiers admire Tulle as an officer, but hate him as a politician. I am glad they understand him so well. I have told Matt all I thought about him very fully, but I suppose he never got my letters. In two weeks more will be the election, then we shall know whether Iowa means to defend the Government, and protect her soldiers or not. I am not afraid of the result, still I am anxious to know it. So much good or evil depends on the result of the contest now. But we shall come out all right I have no doubt.

It is about eleven o'clock, my darling, and my eyes are so heavy I believe I can't finish my letter to night. I have been reading the late Tribune a long time. I have a good fire and it is very comfortable, but I am so sleepy now that I must go to bed. I can sleep now since I got your letters, my darling. I will dream of you, I hope. I always feel disappointed when I can't dream of you all night. That is what I sleep for. It is a cold night, and cloudy too. Some how, sweet love, I keep thinking all the time that you may come to night, or any night now. I can't help looking for you. You may be very near at this moment for all I know, pet, and then you may be far off, and not thinking of coming at all. I wish I did know where you are, my dear one, oh, what would I not give to know? But you will come home to stay before long I trust, and then we will never be separated any more as long as we live, will ^{not} my pet? You say you will never leave me again, and I know love I shall not leave you. The world is so cold, and dreary without you, darling. But I said I was going to bed. I forget that, sleepy as I was. I will finish this in the morning. May good angels watch over you, my love. Goodnight.

Thursday Morning— I am ashamed of this writing, love, but I was so sleepy last night I couldn't see hardly. I am quite well this morning, and we all are. Lizzie Dickinson was here last night and said she would go to Mr. Gilbert to day, and take my letter and thiers. I let her ride Procter. It is cloudy and cold but I guess she will go, and I must have my letter ready when she comes. I am glad of the chance to send you a letter always, my darling. There is nothing special in our papers this week. ^{The Tribune} thinks the danger of a war with England or France is not so imminent, though it is not past entirely. Greeley says our disaster at Chancellorsville was not so very serious after all. He were beaten, but not badly beaten. He thinks if Rosecrans is properly reinforced that he will yet win a decided Union victory. I hope so, darling. I am going to iron this morning, darling, but you must not think I am working myself to death. You want, will you? I will take care of myself for your sake, sweet pet. I love you enough to do any thing for your sake. Write to me often, my good darling. Tell me about your self, love. That is what I want to know. God bless you, my precious darling. P. L. L.

Little Rock Ark

Sept 30th 1863

My Darling.

The mail starts out in a few minutes, and I have not put any ~~any~~ letter in it for you yet. I am quite well. - I hope you are. We don't know how long we will remain here yet, probably all winter and it may be made a week. The Barracks for the Camp are nearly done, and I am glad to say all the good wall tents occupied by the gillies and staff are well floored, and that they have built them a good Stobbe of plank for their horses. It is much better than I ever had in Iowa. I am also glad to tell you Dollie that the line officer who came here are all living, although we have no protection, but a thin tent fly. It is a little larger than two sheets would be some

together and stretched over a pole

But I can stand it if the rest of the
line officers can

I will try and write you a better letter
than this to night or tomorrow

I love you Goodly Pollic

M. F. Vermilion