

I am out of postage stamps again  
I don't know how to manage it  
I'll send more.  
They have come on. When I'll send more.

1 No. 75  
I'll send more.  
I don't know how to manage it  
I'll send more.

Tuesday Afternoon, Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> 1863

My Own Dearest:

We have more news from the battle at Chattanooga  
all good news, too, of course news; but we learn nothing about Matt. I can  
only hope that he is safe, but I fear for him, love. I have Saturday's paper  
but there is no list yet of the lost. General Corse was severely wounded, and  
Major Innes, of the 6th, killed. This is all we know yet, only that the fight  
was in several desperate changes, and lost heavily. We may hear in a few days  
The mail comes in to night, and father says he is going to the office in the  
morning before day. He thinks he may learn something of him then.  
But it is a complete victory, my darling, thank God for that! Our latest  
dispatches say our forces were ten miles beyond Chickamauga driving  
the rebels before them. Sixty pieces of artillery and seven thousand  
prisoners are some of the visible fruits of the victory. Meade too is moving  
I listen every hour to hear of a decisive battle in Virginia. It has been  
fought already. If Meade is successful, and I believe he will be, don't  
you think, love, that the rebels will have to give up the contest?  
Don't you think we shall soon have peace? It seems so to me, pet.  
I know this will be a poor letter, for I can't write to day, dear one. I don't  
know what is the reason. I am quite well, only my eyes are getting sore. I  
think it is for the same reason that yours get sore. - I sit up too late of  
nights. They are not bad - not inflamed, only red and painful, when I  
read or write. They will get well. I do sit up very late almost every night.  
I can't sleep when I go to bed early, so I sit here by the fire longer and longer  
every night. It is a bad habit I know, and my eyes are beginning to com-  
plain. The weather is quite warm to day. It is cloudy, and I think will rain  
soon. The snow is melting rapidly. It will soon be all gone. I am sorry

I don't want to go to bed. I would rather sit here and talk to you all night, darling. I wish my sheet were longer.

I went to Icosimum yesterday after dinner and mailed my letters (I had several for the neighbors) and got my paper. They sent after the mail yesterday to get the war news. They couldn't wait till to night for it. I sent for my daily paper again. I concluded I didn't want Phillips' (Chicago trimmings). I would rather have an Iowa paper, but his palaver about it to father, will deprive me of my daily for three or four days now when I am least willing to do without it. You don't know how I shall miss it, pet. Mr. Phillips told me that he saw Capt. Hale at Eddyville a few days ago, and asked him about you. The Captain said you were all right; that no man in the regiment was getting along better than you. How did he get to come home very low, when you cannot? Was he sick? I am afraid you are sick now. I am very uneasy about you, dear. I do hope I shall get a long letter in the morning. I stopped at Mr. Walker's a little while. They are all well, and rejoicing over the victory. Mr. Walker is always sitting by the fire reading his paper, and talking. He is just as clever and good natured and fat, and lazy as ever. They think it is a good joke whenever they can contrive to make him do a little work. But he is a good man, dear, the better I get acquainted with him the more I like him. And he is a good friend to you - I like him for that. I asked his advice about selling our corn. He rather thinks the price will not be so good after the drovers all get by as it is now. And he says 75 cents now would be better than \$1.00 next spring. He said he would try to sell ours for me, if I wanted him to, and he shouldn't charge me a cent for his trouble. He keeps a great many drovers, and he has sold about all the corn he can spare, so he said he could just sell mine - ours, love, not mine - to them and let them haul it with their own teams, and feed in his lots. They will have to haul their corn themselves, and he didn't think they could get it any nearer. He will attend to measuring it, and receive the pay for it. He thought I could get 60 or 70 cents per bushel. He sold at these figures.

This is clever in Mr. Maithen, isn't it, darling? To be sure, it will not be a great deal of trouble to him, but not many men would do it. Other men along the road are buying corn, delivered to them, at 50 cents, and selling it to the hog drovers at 75. Each drover feeds about 70 bushels so it will not take long to dispose of ours - if the droves keep coming that is all the difficulty. I would much rather sell it this way, darling, if I can. You know I can't see to measuring it, and the "guess it off" is a bad way when it is worth much. But you must remember it is all talk yet, love. He hasn't sold a bushel yet. But you know I never wait to see whether my plans will work before I tell you about them. I tell you everything. That is all the pleasure I have, sweet love. Henry Maithen has some corn to sell and Mary is going to hold it for 45 cents. She says she won't take less. You would laugh, pet, to hear us talking "business"; I know. But Mary is right. Her corn is where she can watch it, and on the road, where she can always sell it. Ours isn't either, you know. I didn't speak to Mr. Maithen about the money. I had no opportunity. I didn't want to mention it before the boys. They might talk of it. I am almost sure, love, that he will not need it. I wish we could get Government Bonds. Don't you, darling? But I talked about our business in my last letter. You have spoken once or twice about orderly (Davenport's) voting. Mrs. Maithen says he didn't vote at all. He wrote to his father that servants were not allowed to vote! That the polls were guarded to prevent their voting! She says he didn't vote because he was afraid it would injure his prospects in the company, but he couldn't help showing the venom of the serpent. Old Davenport tried to make some capital out of what he wrote about the voting, but I suppose it didn't amount to much. I just tell you this, because I happen to think of it. We were talking about his going back. Of course I didn't repeat anything you said, pet. I wish you had a good, loyal man in his place, one that could relieve you of, at least, his own share of work.

Later. - It is night again, and I am sitting here alone. My eyes ache a little, and I guess I must go to bed and shut them up early to night - though it isn't very early now. I am tired to night. I made sausage to day. They killed a fat porker yesterday, and I ground it up this morning. I wish you had some. I know you would like it. Mrs. Paschall was here to day. She is making a club for Peterson's Magazine, and she came to get me to subscribe. I didn't do it. I told her I didn't care much for ladies' magazines while the war lasts, and then there are others that I would much rather have than Peterson's. I hope she will get her club though, for she is a very good, amiable woman. Every one who gets a club for a good magazine or newspaper is a public benefactor that far. I have no news to write, my love. Shall I tell you how our new Senate and Legislature look in figures? Like this: Senate, Union 42, Cap. 4. Legislature, Union 87, Cap. 5. How does it please you, dear? Orbaque, Lee and Alamo counties have the honor of sending all the copperheads! George Stewart is kindly allowed to remain at home with his "sickly wife, and five small children." I hope he feels duly grateful to the soldiers for the favor! I thought I should get father to go to Centerville to-morrow, but he says he can't go for a day or two yet. He wants to get done gathering his corn so badly. He can nearly finish to-morrow if it don't rain. He is in a great deal of trouble about Matt. He says he is worse out of heart than he has ever been. Last night he said if Matt was lost, all his prospects for this world were blighted. I am sorry for him. He has worked so hard to get along since they all went away and has done it so cheerfully, and without a murmur. He says he has kept up thinking that anyhow Matt would soon be home. It will nearly kill him if he hears bad news of him. Matt is his favorite; he always was with everyone who knew him well. But I will not give him up yet. I will hope for the best, as long as hope is left. I will put up my letter now, my sweet love, and go to bed, and dream of you. Write often, pet. I love your letters so much. Tell me everything about my "Peaches," won't you? God bless you, beloved. Good night.

I will write again to-morrow. Help in good spirits, and don't get sick, my precious love. The end of hope is near.

Pollie

Wednesday Morning - I beat father up this morning, so he concluded not to go to the office till after breakfast. This gives me a chance just to say "Good morning" to you, my love. This was what I wanted. We are all well this morning. It is not raining, but clear and warm instead. It is beautiful out doors. I should like a ride myself I believe. This is all I have time to say, pet. I must watch my breakfast or it will burn. Mother is not up yet. Goodly precious darling.

We are within forty or fifty miles of Memphis  
this morning. We are all right. We will be  
likely to lay at Helena to, tomorrow night it  
will take us till then to get there. The Boat  
shakes so I can't write. Nothing has occurred  
on the way of any importance.

We met the boat that was taking  
Humphrey & will pass yesterday but can't  
stop it to get them on our boat. They will  
have to go to St Louis, & then come  
back down the river.

We all think you will go in the great  
expedition against Pickensburg.

You can't read this, Volke. I will  
quit to write as soon as you stop.

I love you Volke. Be of good  
cheer. Will I see you.

W.A. Permittin

Hd Qrs 36<sup>th</sup> Iowa Vol Infy  
Little Rock Ark Dec 17<sup>th</sup> 1863

Capt Wm S. Cormillion

Dear Captain -

I suppose you will of course be anxious to hear from the 36<sup>th</sup> Iowa, I have written you once since you left - but not had time to receive a reply - Capt Hale has returned to the Reg, he tells me he met you on the way - I will say to you Captain, that our Regiment is now in better condition than ever before at any time during our organization as to health, we have only 8 men in hospital and a very few in quarters excused from duty, we have been publicly complimented by the Medical Inspector of the U.S, and by the General Inspector of this Army, the Medical Inspector in his report says, "The Camp of the

36<sup>th</sup> Iowa. is a Model Camp for Conventives  
Comfort And Cleanliness &c. The General  
Inspector of this Army reports. "that for  
the great Care and good keeping of their  
Arms, the 36<sup>th</sup> Iowa are entitled to the  
best Arm the government furnishes  
to Infantry troops, and that the 36<sup>th</sup> Iowa  
not only keep their Guns in best or-  
der, but know how to use them. as  
fully proven on all occasions where  
they have been in the face of the  
Enemy, and especially at Little Rock,

We rec<sup>d</sup> a mail this morning, and the  
Presidents Message, all O.K, I have  
letters from home to 4<sup>th</sup> instant.

I hope, and have no doubt but that  
You have got through and got fairly  
under headway recruiting by this time  
and still have some Confidence that  
You will be successful in obtaining many  
Recruits, I should think with such favor-  
able war news, and so flattering a prospect



of an early termination of the war, that it would be no difficulty to obtain recruits, the 43<sup>d</sup> Indiana & 77<sup>th</sup> Ohio have most all reenlisted and become Veterans. and I understand most all the Troops here who have served two years have been enlisted. Our Regiment would enlist to a man almost, if they had been long enough in the service.

Leut Swiggert has preferred Charges against Capt Joy, and the papers have gone up through the Channel to Division Ad Gen, I understand that the Charges are of a serious nature, but have not seen them,

Dr Sawyers has not returned yet. I have a letter from him written at Keokuk Dec 2<sup>d</sup> brot by Capt Hale. He was not able to come farther, but expected to start from there in about two weeks.

No news here of importance, all is quiet. Write me frequently,  
Yours fraternally  
F. M. Drake