

Helena Arkansas

June 1st 1863

My Aunt Dolly,

It has been three or four days since I wrote you any thing. Since then I have had one of my bilious spells. It has not hurt me much however, and I am much better this morning. Last Friday night I had a chill. Saturday I had another, but yesterday I missed, but was quite well from the effects of medicine. This morning I feel pretty well. If I take no back, so I will be well in a few days. I will take good care of my self, be sure of that. I wd be uneasy about me, for I know I am going to get all right again.

Will Kemper is here in camp, and is improving slowly. Will Davenport is coming back to the regiment some time today. Samuel Wright will start home, or to Keokuk some time this week. We are going to send three or four to the Hospital at Keokuk, and three have on thirty days furlough. I don't know who will go to go home yet. Capt. Godsey is going down to see Gen. Prentiss some time today or to morrow, to see if he would let him and me go home some time soon. He will be made sure to tell me, but we will try him on any how. You see I am well this morning my Dolly, so I will quit and wish more in a few days, I wd be uneasy, I am sure and think I

am going to die soon Volli. I was not half as sick at Mon-
polis as you think I was. I was pretty sick for three or
four days, but I soon got up, just as I always have done
here before when I have been sick. You know it don't take
me long to get well, once I get started in that way. In a
few days now I will be well full as well as usual.
We have no one dangerously sick now. All of the boys
are improving finely.

I will write you a little letter soon Volli

Good by

M. F. Permittin

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

LAGRANGE, TENN., May 22, 1863.

This place is not the theatre of any grand achievements, yet there is a stirring activity here that is not without interest. You must know the First Division of Gen. Herlihy's Corps (the 16th) lies along the Memphis and Charleston R. R., an extent of about sixty miles, beginning at Memphis. It is commanded by Brig. Gen. W. S. Smith. I believe we have some half dozen Generals bearing this distinguished name, and, so far as I know, they all do honor to their illustrious patronymic. Our General Smith is certainly a live General. No rust accumulates where he is. He had scarcely got warm in his seat here before he inaugurated a series of expeditions that have brought great grief and mortification to the dwellers on the sacred soil of Jeff.'s boastful State. First came Grierson's celebrated pleasure ride. With a little escort of 800 men he galloped the whole length of the State of Mississippi, zig-zagging hither and thither, wherever there was a chance for fun and mischief.—What railroads he tore up, what bridges he burned, what trains he captured, what stores he destroyed, what fine horses he seized, and what sleek negroes to ride them—are they not written on the lugubrious faces and reflected from the tearful eyes of the wrathful Mississippians?—The rebels gathered in his rear with eager watchfulness, sure of catching him when he came back. But the joke, that they did not see, was that he did not come back. Gen. Smith went out with an infantry force to amuse the rebels while Grierson got a start, and as they failed to find him any employment, he amused himself with picking up mules and horses in such numbers that when he returned he mounted the 6th Iowa. The wonderful marching ability of this regiment had attracted his attention, as it has that of every other officer who has ever led or followed it, and I suppose the General thought it was a pity that such good legs should be worn out, so he furnished each man a mule. They and the Second Iowa Cavalry are now out on their third trip into Mississippi since Grierson's departure. They sometimes get near enough to see the horses' tails of the rebels, and sometimes a stray shot is fired from the brush; but mostly their attention is devoted to the stables and larders. A week ago to-day they came in attended by a cavalcade that "stretched out" almost "to the crack of doom." It was horses, mules and niggers of all sorts and sizes; about 500 bipeds and as many quadrupeds. The soldiers who were tired or sick rode in comfortable carriages and buggies, presented, doubtless, by the tender-hearted chivalry.

Col. Hatch, of the Second Iowa—well, I don't wish him any harm—but if Old Abe does not make him see stars before summer is over he will not get his deserts. Undoubtedly, the Second Iowa is the finest cavalry regiment in the service.—The 6th Iowa Infantry has always won golden opinions. No officer under heaven could make it anything but a first-class

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The odor of eighty varieties of roses is wafting itself to my nostrils and I must stop and enjoy it.

SCRIBO.

[1863]

Monday Evening June 1st

Dear Love:

This is the first day of summer, but it isn't much like summer up here. It is clear and cool. Has been quite cool all day. This morning it was pleasant sitting by a good fire. It is warmer than that now. I suppose it is mid-summer where you are. I am afraid you suffer from the heat. You never could stand the warm weather very well at home, you know. Our roses are not in bloom yet. I have been trying to make my new dress to day, but I don't do much at it. I don't care for new dresses now you are away. I wouldn't touch it if it were not for the hope that you will send for me to stay with you awhile, or come home to see me. I don't want nice dresses for anybody to look at but you. But if you should send for me I don't want to have to spend one hour afterwards in getting ready to start. I am going to Mullin's to-morrow, I think. I will eat strawberries for you, Love. I want to see them, and see how our cows are doing, but I am going principally to just pass off the time as well as I can till evening - the time when I shall get a letter from you, my pet, and my paper to hear the latest news. Perhaps I shall go by Mrs. Garrison's. I would have gone before now, but father didn't want me to. He has been talking treason I guess since he came home, and they are all indignant about it. Mrs. Sheek's says he didn't say a word that was wrong there, he knew better than to do it. She says she knows her boys are not starving, and not suffering for anything to eat, and he shouldn't say so there. But you know there are some people who will encourage him to tell all such things. By the way Mrs. Sheek's sent her respects to you and told me to tell ^{you} she hoped you could soon come home, and bring all your boys with you. They are very kind about bringing my mail from the office. Mrs. Maiken "pitched into" Garrison about the way he talked. She told ^{him} she supposed he ate with the boys, and he looked very well. He said traveling agreed with him. He may not have said half that they report. I suspect he has not, but I don't care so much about seeing him. I shall hear all about you when Mr. Wright comes. He is the "bluest root of abolitionist" and I can believe him. He can tell me more about you, than you have time to write darling, but his news can't supply the place of a long letter, dear, remember that. Old Mr. Graham was here yesterday. He says he gets very satisfactory letters from Manuel. I believe that is his name. He makes no complaints. No good or honest man ever; you need not be uneasy about that, my darling. I must quit writing now, and get supper. There is an old man from near Lagrange staying here to night. I will write some more to night, after all are gone to bed. There is the best time to talk to my sweet love. Goodly for a little while, my own pet.

Later - It is bedtime now love, but I don't want to sleep, so I will sit here a while and talk to you. If I couldn't do that my feet, I don't know what would become of me hardly. If I am lonesome I write to you. If I am sad I write. If I am in good spirits I write; if I am sad I write. I write to you all the time, darling. You don't get tired of so many letters, do you? I know you don't. You are always glad to hear from your Dollie. I wonder if you can be as glad, as I am to hear from you. I think not my love, because I am at home, in no peril. That makes some difference. I think I write oftener than I would, because you have nobody else to write long letters to you. Nobody else sends you words of cheer or greeting. But never mind, sweet love. You shall have plenty of letters. I love you enough for all the world. I know I do. You know it too, my dear, don't you? I only wish I could always write you good cheerful letters. But sometimes - like last night - I have the blues too bad. I do the very best I can love, I will all the time. But bad news about the war hurts me so much. Is it any wonder? You won't blame me, will you, if my letters are sad sometimes, dear? I am still distressed about the latest news from Vicksburg. I hope it is well with our army there, but I am afraid. I shall be till I hear more. If our friends have failed there at last, you will grieve over it sadly too, my darling. You won't blame Dollie, I know, when you remember all she has at stake. But if all my fears are idle, and you are all rejoicing over a great victory, while I am dreading a defeat, why - it won't make any difference then, love, I shall rejoice too when my time comes again, as sincerely as you can do. I do hope by tomorrow night I can write in another strain from this, dearest. Nobody else that I see seems to be much alarmed. They are all confident, and buoyant with hope. This encourages me some. I think the rebels are now making a desperate and final effort. If they gain nothing, no decisive victories within the next two months, the war will be essentially ended. Don't you think so, darling? If they drive Grant back, or annihilate him where he is, it will protract the struggle, God only knows how long. We shall have to act on the defensive again throughout this campaign, I fear. But let us not talk or think of such a contingency unless we are compelled to. I wish I could be more indifferent about it, love, could wait calmly, and take things as they come quietly, but I can't do it, and I don't think my darling can either. We are wishing too much to be calm or patient. No one can have more at stake than we have, few have as much. Oh, dear one, if you do come home safely, I think I will thank God as long as I live. I feel like I never could be grateful enough, or humble enough. We will both thank Him, love.

of flowers of no price to you. If I do I must stop "No more" to day. P.S. 1861
may on any as you know, I want about "No more" to day.

It is late my pet, and I want try to fill this long page to night. I am cold sit-
ting here. I am in the south room, writing on our table, that sits by the foot
of the bed. Our other table stands near the window holding my work basket
and a pretty flower-pot. I gathered the flowers Saturday. Your flowers are
in their box on the safe. They look as pretty as ever. I prize them for your
sake my sweet love, because you admired them. When you come home I will make
you some more prettier than they are. I am very comfortable here, love, more so
than I ever thought I could be. The house is clean, and the yard is very pretty this
season. I cleaned it well. Father and mother are good as they can be to me, I do just
as I like, as much as if I were at our own home, there is no noise or confusion. I
can read or write to you whenever I please. As for as all this is concerned my pet,
I do first rate. I lack only one thing, and that is the holy presence of my Peaches.
Don't looking that love, I lack all. I don't want you to be coming about me one moment.
Indeed I need nothing, but your presence and your love. I will say good night
again, darling. My eyes are getting heavy. Be a good Peaches, and don't get sick.
Don't get discouraged like your poor Ollie does sometimes. Be of good cheer!
We will be paid for all our sacrifices some day. My own dear love, good night.

Tuesday Morning, June 2nd

My Darling we are all well this morning. I am going to Mullin's
When I come home I will tell you all about them. I hope there will be a letter
here from you by the time I get back. I think there will, two of them. It is cloudy
and looks like it might rain, but I fear it won't. We need rain badly. Father is
going after his new plow to day. It was to be finished yesterday. He'll feel very in-
dependent, riding and plowing four furrows at once. I'm thinking there won't be
much work left for the young men to do, when they come home from the war.
There is going to be a Union meeting at New York next Saturday. A great many
are going from here. Miss Golly has trained a choir of twelve little girls to sing
patriotic songs. They are to be dressed in white, with blue and red sashes. They will
look very sweet, and they sing quite well. I should like very well to go, if it were not so
far. Such meetings will do much good. I am glad to hear of them everywhere. The
copperheads of course get very indignant, but so much the better. That proves that the
heaven is working. There was one at Lagrange - a glorification rather, that was, over
the good news, that was not true and Gene May and some more women came very near
fighting. I must quit, my love, you see. This letter is long enough isn't it. I feel in better spirits
I saw you last night in my dreams. God bless you, my own sweet love. Lovingly Yours
Dollie

Sunday Night, May 31st 1863

My Own Darling:

I don't feel much like writing to night, but I will talk to my love a little while. Father was over at Humphrey's May 26th day, and at Mrs. Wright's too. Mr. Wright has started to Helena to see Sam. I do wish I had known it sooner, and I would have sent you something. I don't know what, but some little keepsake. I feel badly about ^{it} my pet. The letter father took over for Humphrey to mail for me, he gave to him. That is all he will have for you, and that is so little. I will always send you something when I know of an opportunity. You must send me lots of letters by him when he comes back. I will go over there right straight when I hear he has got home. Then I can hear all about my dear one. I went to Mr. Cheek's this morning and got two papers. There was no letter. I was very sorry. I wanted one so much. But love, the news in the papers is not so good. This has given me the blues all day. It is not bad, but it seems unsatisfactory and doubtful. It seems that we have "crossed before we were out of the woods." The latest dispatches say Vicksburg is not captured yet. But Grant and everybody is still sanguine of success. That is the old story darling. If Grant has not possession of Vicksburg before this time, he must be in a most perilous situation. I have been heart sick nearly about it all day. I can't help it, love. You know all the news, and before now I expect you know the result of the long dreadful struggle. We can't change it darling, and we won't talk about it much now. Grant will fight with desperation, and so will his brave Western legions. They all know that now is the time when they must win or lose it all. I don't see how he can retreat, if he should be overwhelmed or beaten. Unless Rosecrans draws the attention of the rebels to his movements, I am afraid they will withstand his efforts. I can't get tomorrow's paper till Tuesday evening. I don't know how I can wait till then. Father says I must not be scared so easily. But I have had so much bitter experience darling, in the last year, that I can't help it. He is not alarmed, but is confident Grant will succeed. He thinks so many western soldiers, with fighting Generals to lead them cannot be whipped by any force the rebels can bring against them. But if they are it will be so dreadful for us. I feel like I couldn't bear it, love. If you were here and I could put my arms around you and know that you were safe, I could bear anything. I wish I could lay my head in your bosom, sweet love, and cry. It would do me good to night. I can't write dearer. I will feel better tomorrow perhaps. I will write to you then. May God bless you, and save you from harm, my own dear love. I will try to be hopeful, and wait for better news. Good night, my pet, good night.

Tuesday Night, June 2nd '69

My Own Love:-

I feel sadly disappointed to night. I did not get any letter from you to day. I didn't even get my paper. There was not a soldier's letter in the mail that come to day. It is hard, my love, to have to wait now two days longer, when I was so impatient. Perhaps there has been no boats up. I think this must be the reason. They say the news from Grant is pretty good. He was still fighting, and sure to win. I wish my paper had come. I want to hear ~~so~~ bad. I went to Mullinaris's to day, and found them all right. John was at home till after dinner, then he went to town, and ^{was} going to bring my letters to me at his house so he could hear from you. He wanted to hear all about you. When I went he met me out at the gate, and asked me how I was, and how was the old sinner - that is the over religious name by which he calls Brother. He shall quit it, and when had I heard from Oog, and how was he getting on? all before I could get off my horse. They were very glad to see me. The children were gone to school, but they come home before I started. They were nearly wild when they saw me, and Brother. We talked a great deal about the war. John is altogether right. You need have no fears about him, love, though the copperheads have done their best to run him over. He is in fine spirits, thinks will get Vicksburg without a doubt. He says "he has a bushel of faith." He has found a disloyal chapter in the bible, and he wants me to tell you that he don't believe in a word of it. I think ^{he} is wrong about its being there. I ate all the strawberry pie I could, for you, dear one. After dinner Allie and I went out berrying. I got half a gollun to bring home. We came back by Perardon's, and he and his wife come out and insisted strongly that I should go in and take supper, but it was late and I couldn't stop. I could hardly get off from Mullinaris's. I promised to go back next week and gather some strawberries to make

a box of preserves for you, when you come home. The ones I got the day are not nice enough. I am anxious to get them, darling. I want something very nice for my Peaches. Your cattle are doing well. Passie has the finest calf I ever saw. John says he could sell the two any day for \$25.00. I told him not to sell them at any price. He thinks he can sell the other in a few weeks for \$10.00. I told him whenever he could get that to let them go. There have been buyers to look at them, but they are not quite fat enough yet. They don't think Muley can be turned dry - she gives so much milk in time to fatten. She will come in again in October. She will have to go I guess. John goes nearly every Sunday, and get up the cattle at Woodside, and salt them. He is doing all he can for you. They both say they wish they had stayed at Woodside. I wish they had too. John says he is going to give me a black sheep when we go to housekeeping again. He thinks he will give you a white one. I told ^{him} I wanted a white one too, but he said no, mine was going to be black. He bought a horse the day of Brandon for \$14.00. I am afraid he is getting in debt but I don't know. He wants me to tell you that if you think of anything he can do for you, just let him know, and he won't care for time or expenses. He is looking for a letter from you. This is all I can tell you about them. I believe my darling, I am tired, and it is nearly eleven o'clock, here, I will quit writing for to night. Good night, my own sweet love. Your Dottie loves you, and thinks of you every minute. She always will. If I had only got a letter I would have been so glad; so glad June 2nd. This is Oprey mail day, and I will finish my letter this morning and send it up there. One of Hickman's girls is going. I hope we shall get a letter from Will, and then I may hear from you. I am as eager to get a letter from you my pet, as if I had not had one for a month. I didn't see Mr. Gissom yesterday. He was out working on the road. John says he talked very fair, to him and Mrs. Eads, about you all. But he couldn't tell much news. It is said that he had some of your men while he was there, that "greenbacks" were worth less up here, wouldn't pass currently and they were distressed over it, as they had nothing else to send their families. Tell them not to be afraid of the "greenbacks", darling. They are good as the gold. Of course you

know this, but you may have some men with you who don't know how it is. While I was
traveling I often heard people refuse to take anything but "greenbacks." I would have de-
clined anything else myself, if it had been offered me. It is a bad sign to see any one a-
frail of "greenbacks." That was one of the signs by which I could always tell the traitors
in Indiana. I don't feel very well this morning, dear love. My head aches. I guess
I shall get over it presently. I am going to write to Jimmy this morning, if I get
this letter done in time. You shall not be neglected, my pet, if I don't write to anybody
else. But you know this, dear. I think of going to New York Saturday. I would like
so much to go if you were here to go with me, but I don't know whether I can go alone.
I know very well that I would not go that far without you, to anything else in the world
than a Union meeting. But it is a duty we owe the soldiers to go ^{to} these. Everybody a-
round here is going almost. I think they will have a good time. Such meetings do
a great deal of good. I shall make up my mind before Saturday, do you want me
to go, my own darling? Are you glad when I go anywhere? I feel so lonely without you.
John said Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Richards both wanted to know of him yesterday if
he ever saw me, or heard of me, since I came home, and why I never came to town?
He told Richards that he guessed there were too many copperheads there, for me to
want to come often. He said oh, no, there were plenty of people there who were not
copperheads, and they would be very glad to see me. They say Richards is a very mild
traitor, saying nothing any way. He claims to be loyal; but loyal men are not afraid
to speak on the subject here. When I hear of one who can't express an opinion about the
war, I know he is one who would be a traitor, if he dared. He wants to be, but is too
cowardly to risk the consequences. Don't you think so darling? You often speak of
John Siemes, love. I am a little afraid that, as the Indians say, he has two tongues, I
don't know, darling. I sincerely hope he is all right, and I only hint it to you so that you
may be on your guard. I don't know whether I ought to do it or not. I rec'd his letter
to Humphrey May, and it is intensely political, as near right as can be. He has written
the same kind of letters to Mr. Walker and Mr. Phillips. But John heard Mr. Cabridge
read one that he got from him the other day and it was altogether different. He said the ring

of another metal entirely. He also heard one read last week from John Wofford to his brother. He said John was trying to ^{get} promoted, and when he was with the officers he was a strong war man, but he was all right when he was with him. I just tell you this as a hint darling. I hope he is right, but if he is, it won't hurt him to watch him a little you know. I don't want him to deceive you like Ravenport did. But don't let this annoy you one moment, my dear. It is not of much importance anyway. If I thought such things would or troubled you darling I wouldn't tell you of them.

It is a calm beautiful day, but cool enough for April. I think the country is prettier this summer than it ever was before. I see a hundred beauties now, that I never discovered before. If it were not for this, my love, I should be very sorry indeed, that I went to Indiana last fall. This is all I gained by it, save a little knowledge of traveling. But taking it altogether I am not much sorry about it. I should always be wanting to go. Now you won't have any trouble with me on that score, sweet love. I am cured. It is strange that one can never know how well off they are at home, till they go abroad. If you come home my pet, I shall be the happiest woman in the world I think. How can anything ever trouble me again, as long as you are safe and love me darling? And you will always love your Collie, I know you will.

Father and mother send love to you, and to Will. Father says tell you that he will do any thing he can for you while you are gone. He hopes you will be home before very long. Mother is sitting in the kitchen picking over the strawberries for dinner. We had strawberries and cream for breakfast this morning. I do wish I could have given you some. She is not in a good humor now, because we didn't get our paper yesterday. She is very eager to hear the news. But I don't think anybody wants to hear as bad as I do. I won't say much about the war here, in this letter, because I don't know what to say. Do you not think the great decisive battle now raging? If so, darling, it is no time for idle speculation. People should think and feel, and pray, but not talk much till the struggle is over, let them hold their breath to listen. I have been gossiping to you about everything, my pet, but in truth I have not felt much like it. But we must keep up our courage. My love must not get disheartened, even if his Collie does sometimes. We have fallen upon bloody times indeed, but we can't help it. We must endure. Let no try to have strong brave hearts my darling. I have written a rambling letter, dear, but my head aches, and I can't help it. Write me long letters my sweet love. I do like a long letter. Be very careful of yourself. Don't get sick; it seems to me to think of it. Now good by. May God bless my own precious love. I will write you to night, and every night. I send you a thousand kisses. Collie

Thursday Evening, June 21st '63

My Own Love:

I did not write any last night. I had the headache, and I read the papers a little while, and went ^{to} bed early. You will forgive Polly won't you? I felt mean about it. To day I got two good letters from you. Thanks darling. They were dated the 23rd and 24th with I wish you had sent me Henry's letter. Did he say anything about me? I have no doubt they are very angry at me. I don't think Henry and you are, but I know the rest blame me altogether. I guess they will never acknowledge me in the family again. But that won't trouble me much, so long as you love me, and so go with me. I know you fully intended to write to me often, when I left there. I think they won't let her, I know they think me "an unhallowed abolitionist," and that I have turned you against them. Do you think so too love? though I acknowledge the abolition part! They may think that I have told you horrible stories, though I hardly believe they will accuse me of telling what is untrue. I did not tell you more than the truth, my dear one. But I know they will never imagine for one moment, how hard I tried to keep the peace, and to avert your displeasure from them. When I wrote about them I tried to give the best aspect of affairs, not the worst. Except about Bunyan. That was precisely true, and I might have told you twice as much, and told you months before I did. But I didn't mean to tell you at all; and would not, if I had not thought he was coming there to live. I couldn't stand it then, darling. Tell me all they say about me, or you, won't you, love? You need not be afraid to write to Henry. I don't think it will be apt to show your letter to any of them. He got a letter from you last winter, when he was sick in bed. I gave it to him, and that was the last I ever saw of it. I don't think any of them get to read it. Henry is a strong being, he is exceedingly rough in his behavior at home. He don't like them much, and there is open war about all the time. He seems to think, as long of his age sometimes do, that it is not meanly to say or do an obliging in kind thing at home. And this is the fault of his training. He was never taught the beauty of gentleness.

I heard him ^{have} swear at mother, till it almost made my blood run cold. They of course cant get up with his temper very well, now. They dont look below the surface, darling; they dont know what is the matter with him. He is naturally bitter and sarcastic, and his bringing up has fully developed these traits. Aside from his faults of temper; and in that I merely believe he is "more sinned against, than sinning" - he is a very noble fellow. He has a good mind, if it were educated, with strong, deep feelings that he dont understand, and dont know what to do with. I am sorry for him now, from my heart I am. But if he knew I said so, he would swear at me, and say he didnt want anybody to be sorry for him. I believe he will make the best sort of a man some day, but I pity him for the struggles and blunders and unhappinesses that will beset him before he reaches that estate. I have heard father tell him often that he never had been anything but a trouble to him since he was a little child, and he never expected anything but trouble on his account. Of course his only answer would be an indignant retort from Henry that would more than justify his predictions. The taking it all together very low, it is a most unhappy household. And I think the reason - I hope it is not wrong in me to say it - lies solely with them not with their surroundings. If they would only be kind and loving, one toward another the whole trouble would vanish. But my love, what am I talking all this for? I dont know. I didnt mean to. I didnt think of saying anything of the kind when I commenced writing. You wont me to tell you what I gave them. I have told you down I got mother and Jane each a dress, and gave Jane a few trifles. I sent Jane likeness to town and got one taken from it for mother. I gave a dollar for it. She wanted it so bad that I tried to get her one, but it was bad. It dont look a bit like you. I never would have known it. Mother gave me a dress when I started home. I didnt want to take it, without hurting ^{but I couldnt say so} her feelings. She gave me yarn to make two pair of stockings last fall. This was everything I got. I had nothing else but my board, and I think I worked enough to pay for that. I dont feel like we owe them anything in this way, darling. Sometimes I thought I would buy them several dollars worth of presents and send back to them, when

I started home. Then I thought that we owed nothing, and I ought not to spend your money that way. And if we gave them anything, I wanted Jane to have it. I wanted to do something for her, if she survives this fall. It would not do her much good to give it to her now, I thought; if you were willing we would send her some money, if only a few dollars - to buy her something pretty to put in her house. But if she never writes to us, I shall know nothing about it, and can't do it, of course. I don't feel indebted to them, dear wife. I don't believe they think we are. But you must do as you feel like about sending them money. Our mother's account I would rather you would not. She would never get over it. She often talked about never doing anything for you; said she hated it, and that you should have it some day. Let us not make a bad matter worse, darling. Don't think I say this because I don't want them to have the money. You must think that of me darling. If we were at home I would like to send for Jane pay all her expenses, and keep her a year with us. If we can still do anything for her, Jane, I want to do it. But to send it to her father and mother I fear would make us more trouble, I do in deed. If you can send another present it will be right, but don't say it is from the boys so much trouble, she can hardly live anyhow. Let us not add to her burden, my love. She showed me more kindness than any of them. I have not a hard thought of her. I wish I knew what she says about me now. While I was in Greenville I hunted all over town to get some books for them, but there was nothing there but school books. I bought one for Etty. Later. I will finish my letter to night, love. Mother is gone to bed, father is sitting here reading yesterday's paper, by my candle. The news is pretty good. Vicksburg is not taken yet, but I hope it will be soon. I am in much better spirits than I was before I got your letters, and my papers the day. But I won't get too much elated. I won't go over the moon any more till I am sure there is not a rebel left in Vicksburg. The news from other quarters is encouraging. But you know it, as well as I, no doubt. Do you ever get any home papers in Helena - Iowa papers I mean? If you don't, shall I send you one now and then? I am proud of our Iowa papers love, next to our Iowa soldiers. I am proud of Iowa anyhow. She has done, and is doing her duty so gallantly!

I wish you could let me come to Helena to see your darling, if you cant come home soon. Dont you think I could? What would you have said if I had gone with Mr. Wright, dear? I didnt know of his going till he was gone, or I dont know what I might have done. I do want to see you so bad, my pet. It has been so long - nearly eight weary months - since you left me. But I will try to be good, and I wont go till ^{you} tell me to. If you stay at Helena long surely we can see each other here, or there. I am glad you didnt laugh at me about my "plan" for going to find you if you are in a battle. I was afraid you would scolding, but I wanted to do something for you, in some way. If you ever send me word to do that, or anything else, you may rely upon my doing it just as you tell me dear, if it be possible. We are glad to hear that Will is getting well. We have had only one short letter from him since he was taken sick. I wish he would write often. Mother gets very anxious to know how he is doing. Father said to night if it hadnt been for your letters he thought we shouldnt know much about Will. Father got a letter from Jimmy yesterday He was well. His eyes are getting well, but they have been about with He could hardly see the lines on his paper yet. They are having a fine time now. Havent a sick man in their Company, he said. He was in fine spirits says he is going to try for a fresh air to come home to see us. He thought he might get one. He wanted to come and see us he said because I told him to. We didnt hear any thing from Matt this week. I guess he dont get much time to write any more. I hope Henry Maiken has got his lieutenantcy. He will do very well, wont he, darling? How would you like to be Colonel of one of those regiments? I dont think it would be much to your taste, dear. I wont say a word about the boys trying to get commissions I am truly glad to hear that your men are all getting better. I hope they will have better health now. I am glad you have a nice camp. I wish I could see it. Is your court martial ended? You didnt say anything about it. Tell me how you get on with your men, and how you and the Colonel are getting on. Who is Major, love? You never said. I washed to day, and I am tired. I work and manage and keep house here, dear, just as if I had never had any home but this. That is the right way to do love, I think. While I stay here, I am a great help to mother I know. She says my coming back has spoiled her. It will soon be eleven o'clock my pet, I will quit for to night. I hope I shall have a sweet dream of you to night. Good night, sweet love, Goodnight. (Did Henry talk like Ellen was much sick? Did he say what was the matter with her? Poor thing)

In Camp near Shelburne Arkansas

June 4th/863

My Darling,

The boys are all gone. Both those who are going home on furloughs and those who are going to the Hospital at Keokuk. There are four going home and four going to Keokuk. I hope the boys who are going home will return in a month or so. Of those who are going to Keokuk, I scarcely expect to ever see any of them here as soldiers. They have all been sick for some time. I forgot whether I told you who were going on now. They ^{are} Thomas Worthington, Samuel Wright, C. C. Tim and John Clouser. John Clouser may get back, but the other three are too much depressed to ever come back. Samuel Wright would come if he could get well. But he has been sick now ever since last January, and it is not likely he will get well enough to soldier any more as long as he has to stay away from home. I wish he could. He is a good boy.

I had nothing to send you by Will. If it had been a clear morning I should have gone and got a picture taken and send you, but it was cloudy all morning, and this afternoon it has been raining. I fear the trip will cost the boys too much for their circumstances. They were prepared to board themselves, but the sea passage will cost them ^{dollars} twenty from here home. If I get to go home it will cost me fully one hundred dollars to go and come, but I don't care for that, if I can get off. Both of the Sreeds are anxious for me to go. Sreed May says he will take care of the Company which he is well qualified to do.

We have no more excitement here about Price. Some say he is in our front with ten thousand men. Some say he is only ten miles, and some say he is only eighteen or twenty. For my part I don't know anything about it. I don't think he can take this place with ten thousand of his Arkansas rebels. It is too well fortified for that.

If he does make the attack, we can hold him till we can get reinforcements. This is a very well fortified place. Another the country in the rear of town is a continuation of hills, which are the most natural fortifications I have ever seen. On many of them, in fact nearly all of them, we have Batteries planted and Rifled Artillery, so it seems as though every avenue to the town is so commanded as to make it impossible for an rebel army to get in here. I don't know how the Generals feel about it, but there is no excitement among the men. They don't seem to think there is any danger, or else they have no fear whatever of a fight. If it does come to a fight, I hope our regiment will acquire its self as the other Iowa Regiments have always done.

June 6th Greenwald's Wagon came yesterday morning and I could not get to write any last night. I made up this paper and send it this morning. We are all well but one or two of the boys of the 1st Regt. have the ague, but is up this morning. I think he will be up in a few days. No other news. I will be on the Picket line all day to day and to night.

I will write more to night or to morrow. Be of good cheer Vallie. I am going to come home in two or three months.

Love to my Darling,
W. S. Permitt

Helena Arkansas

June 4th 1863

My Dollie

Will Kemper and several of the boys stay home in the morning. They all go home on sick furloughs. I am glad they have the opportunity, they are not able for duty here. If they will take good care of themselves they will be well against their thirty days out.

Will had to go on duty too soon before. If he stays here he will have to do the same thing. When over the doctor recommends that he had better go on duty, he goes, whether he is able or not. I have him take good care of himself while he is at home, and ask him just as many questions as you can think of. He will give you all the information you want, and it will be reliable. He knows just how we are getting along.

I have nothing to send you Dollie from here. There is nothing down here. I have given him money to buy you a good Gold Pen with. If he gets it, use it every time you write to me, and be sure and think of me all the time. You said some time ago that you had no pen fit to write with. I have been thinking ever since then about sending you one but have had no opportunity till now. In fact they cost too much down here. A pen that will cost three dollars in St. Louis a red pen will cost six here. I have one that I send to St. Louis for that cost three dollars there, but they sell for six. If Will gets it keep it till I get home Dollie, and if I never get home keep it with you always.

I have just looked over the above scribbling. If you can read it Dollie you must be a pretty good hand to read bad writing. I did not know I was doing such bad work but you will have to do the best you can. I could write a letter this morning.

I went to see Col. Inoke the other day, to see if he would be willing for me to go home, if Gen. Pentecost would give me a furlough, but he would not give his consent. Capt. Godney saw him also, but it did no good, he is so stubborn. When Col. Kirtledge comes back to the Regiment, I will try again, although I don't think I will get any leave of absence till fall, or near there. The line officers of some of the Regiments here are getting furloughs. It maybe that our time will come after a while. There is no use in an officers trying to get a sick furlough, that is almost impossible. Grand says better discharge them.

My health is getting all right again. I feel first bad this morning. I don't think I will have any more chills. I feel well for that this morning. I will have to stop writing now Dolly, and go and look after the boys papers. I want them to start this morning, or evening if possible. They have not been to me for that purpose. I will write more if I can. If I don't, be of good cheer love. Will can tell you every thing. He is a good boy and I like him. Send me a letter as soon as he gets at home. I will want to hear from him. Goodly Dolly.
Will. A. Bemmer

It is mine school. How I will put up my father and go to work with all my might. I must
get everything done before father comes back with the papers. I shall just get out down the road
from the road of walking from the ground at the house. Do it good dear my love and

Friday Morning, June 5th 1862

My Dearest

I guess my letter is long enough already, but I want to write a little more
this morning, before I send my letter off. Father is going to Iremum to bring home
his wagon from the shop, and I will send this letter by him. I don't have to get there
much, do I, love? I am very sad indeed. I think some of going to New York this morn-
ing. I should like very much to go, if my love could go with me, but I don't feel much
like going without you. I can go in Mr. Christie's wagon. They all insist on my going.
Everybody almost in the whole country around here is going. If the day is pleasant
they will have a good time, I think. It is cloudy this morning, and looks like it might
be a little. If I do go, you shall have the benefit of everything I see and
hear in my next letter. That is all makes me want to go so that I can tell you all
about it. I like to have lots of news to tell you in my letters. But I haven't much in this
one dear. I don't know any neighborhood news. Every one I see is talking about the
war news, and the Union meeting. Mr. Davis came over yesterday to see my dailies
and hear the latest news. He is almost wild. I never saw a man so excited and enthusias-
tic. But it is no wonder, darling. The only wonder is that anybody can be calm. I
didn't hear him talk any. I was sitting out under the locust tree reading your letters
when he came, and I didn't come in till he was going. He is very bitter against the
copperheads, and says all he thinks without any fear of consequences. The Providence and
Orlidgeville churches are getting up a movement to purify themselves of traitors. They
are going to combine all the loyal elements of both churches, into one church, and leave
the copperheads and tenderfooted Unionists (!?) out in the cold. Old Mr. Christie is
leading the movement. I told him yesterday that when he got that work accomplished
I would go to meeting. He don't like to go very well himself till it is done. I don't blame him

(Did you ever hear, love, that Mrs. Bill Argo has been expelled from the church for
hermons. He has been "out in the cold" some time, and Redenbaugh, and several others down
there, but I forget who they are now. This is right, my love. When a man proves him-
self a traitor to his country, I don't think he ought to be allowed membership in a loyal
church. Let them consent ^{with} their own mind. But I guess you don't care about all this.
Father is about ready to start, and I can't write much more. Are you well darling?
You don't often say anything about your health, and I always want to know that first thing.
We are well here. I have a good deal to do to day, ironing and baking and such like.
But I will take time to write to my darling if I never do any work. That is the first
thing to be attended to. The weather is very dry. If it don't rain soon there will not be
good crops. Gardens are burning up. But I think we will have rain before long.
The country is very healthy so far as I hear. I don't know of anybody sick anywhere. When
Mr. Wright gets down to Helena he can tell you all about us up here. I know you will
make him do it. You ~~send~~ send me "lots" of messages by him, my pet. About you.
There is a rumor, again from rebel sources, that Helena has been captured by the rebels.
I don't credit it at all. If it were true I think we should know it about as soon as the
rebels. But I shall not feel easy about you till the great battle at Vicksburg is ended.
I have all the time been so afraid you would go there. I thought I couldn't bear for you to
go home. But I hope it is over before then. How dreadful it has been, my love! How
many Iowa homes are in mourning! I can hardly think of anything else, but I
want to talk about it more. You know more about it than I do, love. I hope I will get
another letter from you to day. I hope there will be good news in my paper. They
were going for the mail to day, and again to morrow. They go for it pretty often now.
Father says tell you that he is doing well, and he wishes you all the good luck in the
world, and that he will have time to write to you as soon as he gets his corn laid by.
That is a safe promise I should think. But he don't have time to write much, thank you.
Now my sheet is nearly filled love, and I must say good by again. Tell me if you are
pleased about our selling quilts, and everything else I have done, my dear. Write me long
letters, sweet pet. May God bless you always. Yours gratefully, my ever dear love, gratefully.
Talk to me about your coming home. Tell me if you really think you can come.) (Wattie

Friday Night, June 5th 1869

My Own Love:

I sent you a very long letter this morning. The mail was made up at Iconium when father got there, so he sent my letter on to Merion by Mr. Stewart. I guess you will get it, dear. I didn't get any letter to day. I wanted one. Perhaps one will come to morrow. I do hope so, my darling. I have concluded to go to the Union meeting to morrow. They have all prevailed against me. We will start very early. I have my things all ready, and my dinner cooked. Father says Mr. Maithen's are going, and a good many from about Iconium. I expect there will be a long crowd there. Mr. Maithen is going to try to get the same speakers to come to Iconium. I don't know whether they could get a Union meeting up there, or not. But I guess they could. I hope they will try, any way. We have had company to day. Guess who, darling. Dr. Hoag and his wife, and Mr. Christie and his wife. Mrs. Hoag says I want to go to see her, but she is going to follow me up, and have a good talk once in a while any how. I am very glad indeed to see her. They both look bad. They take it hard about Jennings. His mother says if he had been killed in battle, while he was fighting in defence of his country, she could bear it much better. And I know she could. But she is quite cheerful, for all. She says she is not going to give way to trouble, it could do no good, and she has her family to live for, yet. She is as strong in the faith as ever - more so I believe, and you know how she used to be, love. She wanted to hear all about you, and sent her respects and best wishes to you. She says you are the right sort of a man to go this war, and the right sort of an officer to lead men to their duty. She was afraid Mullinnis was not right, and has never been to see them since they moved. I told her he would do. She says if it had not been for you, and the influence you have acquired over him, he would have been a lost man, sure. I believe this, my love.

I am going there again Tuesday, and she says if she can, she will meet me there, then. Since I told her they are all right, she wants to see them. She fights traitors, in her way, wherever she finds them. I don't blame her. I like her for it, and I like her very low. The old doctor smoked and talked and wheezed just like he always did. He just got back from Missouri a few days ago. He told us all about his adventures down there. He didn't see the 12th Iowa at all. He heard of Jennings's death at Rolla, and didn't go on to them. He says our soldiers are living well splendidly, now the fruit is coming in, and are in fine spirits, and good health. He gives a glowing account of the state of affairs among the citizens. Of course they are in a bad enough way, but who can help it? He all butted "a power" dooking, and there was hardly a word said on any subject, but the all-absorbing one to us. The doctor don't believe a word of the report about Helene being captured by Mansueto. I don't believe it either. But I am still very anxious to hear it corrected. They stayed till nearly night. I had a nice supper - geeseberry pie, and cake, and other good things. I enjoyed their visit, and I think they all did but poor old Mrs. Schistic. She don't enjoy anything. She says she never will again. Her mind is broken. I am so sorry for the poor old woman. She is one of the victims of this unholy rebellion. Her dead son and son-in-law were two more! I promised to go over to see Mrs. Gray soon if I could find the way. I don't to go. If Jimmy comes home I will go with him. She wants him to come and tell her about Jennings. I am glad they come to see me, love, isn't you? I am glad they feel interested about you. You don't know, my pet, how many good friends you have. Capt. Wilson has been here since I commenced writing. He come to buy something of father, about the teams, for tomorrow. He thinks there will be a very good time. He says there may be some trouble. Carr Kinton and Jim Wafford say they are going to hang for Jeff. Davis. Wilson thinks they won't but once. He says he would have no more compunction about shooting a man who does that in his hearing, than he would have about killing a wolf in his yard. I predict that these two traitors will be very quiet tomorrow, very quiet indeed!

Darling, I can't write a long letter to night. You won't care will you? I must get up soon in the morning, and I ought to go to bed early to night. I will take this letter with me, and I shall have a chance to send it to Longwood, by Mrs. Gilbert or some one, I think. It won't be worth much when you get it, but it will prove that your Pอลลie don't forget you, or neglect you. You know she don't, my pet. I take every advantage to send letters to you often, and I do send now four and five every week. Isn't that pretty well, dearest? If you get them all I know you will not need to complain. And I hope you do get them all. May I say good night, now sweet love, and go to bed, and try to sleep? You won't blame me for sending a short letter this one time, when I sent you such a long one to day? You shall have a long one next time. I am quite well. Good night now, and Heaven bless you, darling. I love you so much.

Your own faithful

Pอลลie

Helena Arkansas

June 7th / 863

My Dollie,

You may tell McCuley, that Will is about well again. He seems full as well as he has at any time since last Winter. Go doing full duty. I don't think they need be uneasy about him.

Sell that heifer if you can get what you think she is worth. About the Oxen and Mules too if you think best, they will never get any better than they are now. The young Cattle I think are best better keep till fall. They will eat nothing now till the grass is all gone next fall. Sell the corn I think it will get wasted very much where it is.

Greenwood Wright is here yet. Samuel is gone up the river. His father will follow in a few days. He will go just as soon I think as we are payed off. He would go sooner, but we all insisted on his staying and taking some money home for us, and I think he has done and concluded to do it. The Paymaster is here now, and will pay us two months pay, that is if Col. Pittrengo gets here to certify to the muster on the 31st of Appril on which we are supposed to be paid. He mustered the Regiment for pay on that day, and then went home on furlough with signing the muster and pay rolls. Col. Inoke has been to see the Paymaster and he says he can't pay us unless the Col. gets here to sign them up properly. If we get our pay, I will send you some two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars. I want you to have all the money I draw, except just what it takes to keep me. I have no business with any more money here than that Dollie. If you have it I know it is safe, and where you can use it, if you need it, that is all I want money for my Dollie. You see all you want, do as you can best till I get home we will write

Well and the other boys who are at home, will not get any money this pay day. They wanted me to sign the rolls and draw their money for them, but it will not be legal for me to do it. It would be all right with the boys, but it will do me to do such a precedent. Here after the boys would all want me to do the same thing for them, should they happen to be absent. It would matter much however, for we will be likely to get our money now regularly every two months.

You keep wanting to know, 'what about the Major ship' Well I will tell you all about it. We have no Major yet. The discharge papers never came on till this morning for Major Woodward. Of course we called and ask Governor Kirkwood a commission any one else fill the place was vacant. In the meantime the Adjutant was at home and had his friends to petition the Governor to appoint him over all of the rest of us. He ranks as first Lieut. and has no military right to the position. The Capt. of this Regiment, made their companies, and their companies made the Regiment. If it had not been for us the Regiment never would have been filled. The Adjutant did nothing of the kind. He was simply taken from his Law office, by Col. Pittredge and Governor Kirkwood and given a good position, without any effort or expense whatever on his part. Now that there is a vacancy and our fell like letting him have it over us. We if competent or some one of us, is entitled to the position, and we will not quarrel much among ourselves as to who shall have it, but we will quarrel and I fear the worst results if Adjutant Hamilton should get the Commission. It is the opinion of nearly all the line officers, that Col. Pittredge, and perhaps Lieut. Col. Drake have already, unbeknowningly to the line officers, recommended the appointment of Hamilton. Col. Drake has sold out the interest of our section of the County to Ottumwa. It was through them that he got his appointment. I saw right Olin and Redick, and you and Humphreys they were sons.

If it were to do over again I would never have my Company
mustered into the Service especially the 36th Regiment
without my full rights. Our section of the Security was
singed in the organization of the Regiment. We were to blame
for suffering, and for our weakness we are now suffering.
My suspicions were well founded while at Beekun. There
was without a doubt a prepared plan to manage the
Regiment to the advantage of Col. Nuttredg and his friends
had we stopped him in part, by refusing to make his
brother in law Suttler. Since then he has been trying to
run the machine all himself. If he can get the Adjutant
promoted to Major, he will appoint his brother in law, (who
is now sergeant Major) Adjutant. If he succeeds he will
have trouble. Be sure of that.

I am going to find this up and send it off to the Post Office
If I read it, I am sure I will send it to Dolly.

If any thing should happen me Dolly you may keep these
letters, but if I get home, I am going to have them all burned
I can stand it to have them lying in your room.

I love you my Dolly, this evening with all my
heart, Goodbye, I will write soon again, probably to night
Goodly

W. F. Beerman

Shelton Arkansas

June 8th / 863

My Dear Dollie

This evening I send you a short letter and I think it was a very poor one too, but I could not help it my Darling. I am now a good letter writer you know, at best and sometimes I am much worse than at others. When I commenced writing the other day I had no idea what I would say, but before I finished that letter I said many things that will not interest you, but Dollie when I got to thinking of every thing that has occurred since our Regiment has been organized, I said I'd do long very well without expressing my opinion of things generally. It may be wrong, but in this case it doesn't seem as though it can be. Were you here and situated as I am my love, in all probability you would feel as I feel. No good energetic man wants to be commanded by a small minded selfish drinking man. I do not see liquor in any way I do not want any man who does use it to excess to command me in the Army. But when it comes to taking choice between two evils, I will make the best choice possible. When Colonel Kirtledge is properly at himself, and on his horse commanding the Battalion he does first rate. So far as he knows he is a good Commander. But when one gets back to camp, and come down to our everyday camp life, he and I go in different directions. He may be right and I may be wrong, but I much prefer my quiet manner of dealing with things as they occur to his bluster. Some men drink and become excited when there is much required of them. To these men I object. They are not competent to attend to any thing of great importance. Work in these times should be done by calm thinking men. No one should be allowed to give or command, when not calm and considerate.

But why am I talking in this way again. In place of apologizing for my last letter I am making this one more than that was, But let it go for this time

Mr Wright is still here, though getting some what anxious to get started back home. Leo is unwell and Samuel Friend Wright is not very well, though still able to go about. Leo has been having some chills. If we get our money Mr Wright will start for up the river, in a very few days. We have no very sick men now. My health is fixed and full as good as it has been for several months. I only fear I will eat too much.

It is now nearly ten o'clock at night. All the boys are in bed. Every one in camp is in bed, that is not on duty. It is raining, and the wind is blowing quite hard. I am sitting close up in the north east corner of my tent writing to you. Dollar, far - far away, I wish you could be here by my side Darling, and could listen at the rain falling on the tent as I am. I love it. Reminds me of home, when it used to rain, you know it used to rain then my love, and you know you were always near me. To night makes me think of these things my love, but it does not give me the blues. I would love to be there with you success or nothing at peace and the rebels all dead, but as it is the Downey fellow's is not the comfort for a full grown man. Shame on anything calling himself a well man who is lying & causes at home and our country bleeding at every pore. They are mean enough to see their matters die for the want of one drop of water, But let me quit talking and go to bed my Dolly. It is late and I have command of the Company. Consequently I am busy every day. We have company drill for one hour commencing at half past five A.M. and Battalion from half past seven till half past nine. Then we rest till four, when we have Brigade drill till nearly dark so you see we have but little time to spare

June 9th We have been out on a second day. We went out
some five or six miles, but found nothing. The Captain led me
across a part of the way, otherwise I believe I would have given out
but as it was I came in all right.

Since yesterday morning some twenty loads loaded with traps
have passed down the river. Among the traps was the first
found Greenwood Wright was down at the way but could
not get to see them. Some of the traps told him that was the

I send you a letter I received from Will Teater this
evening. Read it and then burn it up. I send it so you
may know what a mess you are all getting into. Be
careful Dolly. Let Teater keep the oxen till you
can sell them. Let your father take care of the cattle
tell me if Mullins is legal. I will not be drag
into their quarrel, I have no time to think of such things
and I am determined not to suffer myself to be troubled by
any one. I will be at home sometime during the summer
and straighten things up. Did fall out with Teater
I met him a few weeks ago, but it seems as though he
has never received the

When men quarrel over my property, I will attend
to it myself.

Goodly Dolly, I am so tired to write
to night. I will write soon again. I will send
you Teater's letter in an envelop by its self I would
not send them to you, but I have not got time to tell
you all I think. I will send you over them, my love,
W. A. Permitt

Tuesday Night, June 9th 1863

My Dear Darling:

I got two letters from you this afternoon, one dated the 27th ult. and the other June the 1st. Oh, dear one, I am so sorry to hear of your being sick. I see, long, that you try to make me think you were not bad, and I hope you were not, I don't think you would deceive your Dollie about it, but I shall be very anxious till I hear again. You don't blame your poor Dollie for this, do you, love? You know how precious you are to her. I am uneasy about you, and afraid for you all the time, but it seems me my pet, to think of your being sick so far from home, with no loving nurse to watch over you and care for you. You miss me when you are sick, don't you? Don't I will get the blues if I talk much about this, sweet love. I will try to be patient, and wait as well as I can. Do you think you can come home? I am almost afraid to think about it, and I can hardly think of anything else. If you do come can you tell me when, darling? I told father to night what you said about it, and he said he and I would go to Eddyville to meet you, if you could tell us in time. He wants to go there anyhow, and you could come up in his wagon more comfortably than in the stage, and then we could be together that much longer, dear one. Think of it, and tell us if you can. Won't you, pet? I am glad you sent me James's letter. Thank you, my dear. And I am glad she wrote to you, and that she is good and loyal. I hope you have written to her before this time. Didn't I tell you, my darling, that our Jenny was all right, and we must not throw her away? She speaks too well of me, I don't deserve half she says of me, love. I have never received a word from her yet. I don't, ^{think} it is her fault, surely. But I may be mistaken, you know. Only think of the difference (Is it her patriotism makes the difference, or is she patriotic because she is different?) between her and the rest of them! They have never written one line to you since you have been in the service; she writes to you to write me lots of letters. How unselfish that was my dearest; how much like you, No, won't throw her away, will we, pet?

I may get a letter from her yet, if I do I will answer it. She will write to you again, and you must send her letter to me, darling. I got a letter from Matt to day, dated the 17. He was well, but tired. They had just returned from another scout. He said he was uneasy about Will; he had not heard from him for four or five weeks. He thinks of trying to get a furlough, and going to see you and Will. Wouldnt you be glad to see him, love? I dont suppose he is anything like the Matt we used to know, only in the warm, affectionate heart he carries somewhere under his dirty soldier's coat! I believe after you, my love, I want to see him worse than anybody in the world, but still I would rather he would go to see you than come home, because I think it would gratify you. He knows more about war than you ever will know, I hope and trust. What a long, good talk you would have. What a compoing of notes. Wouldnt you, pet?

Now I must tell you of my visit to day. I went to Mullinix's, as I told you this morning. They were well, and looking for me. John quit his plowing right straight, and come in to talk. Allie said he was dreadfully afraid I wouldnt come, and he wouldnt have any good excuse to go to town. We talked about you, and the war till Allie got dinner she had a good dinner, fried chicken, and good biscuits, and coffee, and strawberry pie. — and then he took my letter and went to the office. We were going berrying, but just as we were ready to start it commenced raining, and we had to give it up. I was sorry I couldnt go. As the children come from school they gathered about a quart and Esther gave them to me to make in preserves for you. I am going to do it, love. They had no news. John says he is going to stay at home now, and work heartily till he gets ready to be drafted. Sy Phillips is appointed enrolling officer for three townships. He is going about the work at once. John thinks there will be considerable foyhunting and bushwhacking here this summer. If the copperheads wish it, he is very willing to try a round at it. I dont think there will be. I saw one of the oxen — Bull I would never have known him, he is so big, and so fat. John says yet that they will sell for \$100,00. Shall he sell them, if he can, darling? It is striking eleven I must quit writing for to night, and finish this in the morning. Oh, if I only knew you were well, my sweet love! May God bless you always. Good night darling.

Wednesday Morning, June 10th

My Dearest Love - I will finish your letter this morning, and send it after coffee. This is mail day there, and father is going up. If we get a letter from Will I may hear from you. How are you this morning, my pet? I wish I could hear you speak! Did you suffer like you need to, when you had your bilious attacks? Did you vomit so much? Who stayed with you, and took care of you? I wish I knew all these things, and a thousand more, darling. But if I could know that you are well now, I could do without knowing anything else. We have no stirring war news. The siege of Vicksburg seems to furnish, now, few startling incidents. The papers say it is all going well, and that is about all they say about it. I think we shall know the result of Grant's six months work before long. It may be you know it before now. Wasn't that a brilliant affair of Grierson's? How very far in the shade it throws all rebel cavalry raids! It took a western man to out-do them, and teach them a few things they didn't know, in cavalry doings! I am glad he is already made a Brigadier. It rained a little yesterday, and a little last night, but not half as much as we need. The ground was so dry and parched. I notice that Mullins is suffering from the drought worse than we are. You know his wet, level field can't stand dry weather half so well as the loose, sandy soil at Woodside. I don't think they are satisfied. Allie said yesterday that they wished they had stayed at Woodside, till you come home, anyhow. She said John would have no pens of surplus corn this year. And then they have no water except the well at the house, and they are crowded, and hemmed in. He wants to sell his team this fall, and buy a bit of prairie lying south of him. If I were in his place I would sell what I have and get out of there. I believe he would do better in any other neighborhood, than that. Brandon is a copperhead - one of the sneaking sort, not bold and outspoken. Allie can't get along with him very well. John knew all about the war in Tennessee. He says it was a copperhead fight all round, and the only pity is that some more of them were not shot. There were eleven shots ^{fired}, and only one took effect so far as they know. Though some think one or two men are dead in the brush somewhere, they have hunted a good deal, but could find nothing of them there.

The other day as father was passing Mr. Maithen's some of them brought out your hat and gave him to bring to me. The black hat you wore at Keokuk, you know love. I didn't know what had become of it. All your other clothes were here, when I came home. I cried over the hat, darling: my good darling. I brushed it good, and hung in against the wall, opposite my bed. The first thing my eye rests on of a morning when I awake, is the hat. I am glad to have it there.

I have a letter partly written to Matt. I must finish it this morning. I do treat the dear old fellow too bad, in not writing to him often, but he must settle with you about it, when you both come home. Woud that be fair, sweet love? I don't think Will writes much to any of us. Poor Will, I wish he could get well. Is he cross and disagreeable now he is not well? He took a dislike to me once, when he was sick, and wouldn't let me go in the room where he was for several days. He said I smelt of ripe peaches and he couldn't bear to see me. I changed all my clothes, and went back, and he wouldn't let me go near him. I expect he's cross enough now.

Father is plowing, and mother reading yesterday's paper. When I get done my letter I am going to make your preserves, darling, and put them away till you get well and come home. Nobody else shall have them. Mother says she wants me to tell you something for her. She is sorry you are sick, and she wishes you could come home a while. She sends her love to you and Will. She is very uneasy about Will. She thinks he don't get well right. I am afraid so too, my pet. Do you think he will get stout any more?

Simonds has written home that Parkhurst has got a second Lieutenantcy in a negro regiment, and is Parkhurst some position. You can perhaps do quite as well without Parkhurst. If he will do right, I am glad he has got the position. He needs the pay, and if he won't abuse his niggers he may do very well. I wonder if Henry Maithen succeeded. Tell me, my dear. I think he would make a better officer than Parkhurst. It has cleared off and the sun is shining brightly again. I have some hopes my dear one, that by the time this letter reaches Helena, you will be on your way to see your Pallas. I can't tell you how bad I want you to come.

Write all you can, my pet. If it were not for your letters I couldn't get on at all. Take care of yourself, and make haste to get well again, for the sake of your own God bless my, my precious darling. I love you so much, Will write to night again. (Pallas)

[1863]

Tuesday Night, June 10th

My Own Dear Love:

See what good milk I have. We make about half a pint
to day. Would you like some of it? I wrote to you this morning, and started
you a long letter this afternoon, but I want to write again to night, and my
darling won't object to my writing twice a day, will he? I got a letter from
Will to day, and so did father. But they were no letter than yours. There was no
news in them. He didn't feel strong enough to write much. I hope the poor
fellow will soon get well. He wants some "corn bread and milk" to eat, that is not
a bad symptom. I got a letter from Jane to day. I am going to send it to you.
It will give you another insight into her character, and the life she is living. I am
afraid there is a bad state of affairs there now, my love. I am sorry. What a whole
nest of copperheads we have stirred up! Haven't we, darling? If they write to you
you will have an opportunity to see for yourself how venomous they are, and to
judge whether I said too much about them. I hardly think any of them will dare say
a word to you on the subject, but if they do, pet, don't answer them. If Bill Brinson
or any of them, writes a treasonable letter to you, and it isn't too insignificant, I
wish you would just enclose it, with a short note, to Gen. Morton, and ask him to
take care of his traitors at home, while you are meeting the rebels in the field. He
will heed your letter, and the man will be "spotted." Of course I don't want you to
do this if one of the boys should write, but I don't think they will. If any one writes, it
will be apt to be Bill Brinson. He feels called on I suppose to take it up as John
can't write, or read writings, himself. I hope, dear, you will not notice him at all.
He is not worthy of notice at all, and perfect indifference would be the worst pun-
ishment you could possibly inflict upon him. Don't you remember the man
who fought a skunk and was worsted? Don't have anything to do with him, my darling.

If Jane were only away from there I would not care half so much. Isn't she a good girl, love? I knew you would like her if you only knew her. I am going to write to her soon. I believe she really feels oftentimes that I am the only friend she has. I was not long reading her character when I went there. I understood her and was kind to her, and that was all it needed to attach her to me. Nobody had ever been much kind to her before, and sometimes, at first, she hardly seemed to know what to make of it. If a happier day ever dawns upon us, love, we won't forget Jane will we? If any of them writes to you, you must tell me what they say, my darling. I am afraid it has set father nearly wild again. It would not take much to do it. All this trouble, dear, is just because your Dollie went there. But I couldn't help their being traitors, and I don't believe it was wrong for me to tell you, love. Was it, do you think? But I won't talk any more about it to night. I will go to bed early. I sat up so late last night. I saw in my paper to day that Julia Bain is dead. She died at St. Louis of chronic bronchitis. You know he was in the 30th. We have heard no news to day. I made the sweetest flower pot, this evening, you ever saw nearly. It is made of wild roses and buds. I wish I could give it to you. I have not worked much to day. I was writing till nearly noon. I wrote Mother a long letter. We are all well. I am uneasy about you, my sweet love. I fear you are sick. But I will hope for the best. I dreamed of you last night. I love you with all my heart. Good night, darling.

Thursday Morning, June 11th

How slowly the days, and the weeks go by, dear one. It seems such a long time since the first of June, and now it is only the 11th. But slowly as the days pass, they will bring us the autumn after awhile, and with it I hope they will bring us peace. I hear a great many good people say that they see no prospect of peace; that the end seems as far off as it did a year ago. I don't feel so about it. I think the last year has tried the strength of the Confederacy to the utmost. We cannot deny, but they have made a brave fight of it; but it is hardly in human endurance to stand another year of such war as our generals are waging now. The rebels don't acknowledge that their Confederacy is tottering to its fall, of course. They will not, till it comes crashing about their heads, and

they are helplessly buried in the ruins. If we had pursued our old policy of fighting them at every disadvantage in the field, while we stood guard over their property at home, and returned all their fugitive negroes, they might have carried on the war, quite as long as we could. But all this is changed at last, thank God! There is war in their land now, bitter, desolating, unrelenting war. They can't help seeing that their cause is growing more and more desperate and hopeless every day. I think the leaders see it very plainly, but they are holding out as long as possible, trusting that some strong fresh of fortune may yet save them. I read a very sensible letter this morning from Jim Hickman dated the 20th ult. He has been scouting through a good portion of Miss. He says the country is nearly "cleaned out" on their side of the Tallahatchie river. The people have nothing at all to eat but corn bread and meat, and rye coffee. Two or three more raids will relieve them of the balance of the corn and cattle, and then they will be utterly destitute. They have a good crop of wheat, but nobody to harvest it. The white men are all in the war, "and we have the niggers" says Jim significantly. He thinks the wheat will be lost. The Mississippians express themselves as very tired of the war. We have no late news from Vicksburg. Oh, darling, I am so impatient to hear! You can't feel more anxiety than I do. You can't have more at stake than I have. For four weeks the direful conflict has raged! It surely can't last much longer. My papers say the final and grand assault was to be made last Monday. If it was, you know the result by this time. We may know it in a day or two. I will get my papers this evening I hope, and a letter from you too, my pet. Father is going to the blacksmith's shop, and he will wait till the mail comes in. He has to go to the shop about every other day with his new plow. He can't get it set just to suit him. It will do splendidly he says when he gets it right once. I will send this letter by him and it will be mailed tomorrow I hope. Do you get letters mailed at I can't say sooner than those mailed at Osprey and Lagnone? I am afraid you don't get near all the letters I send you, dearest. This makes seven I have sent you in this month. That does pretty well, I think, love, though I would send you a letter every day, if I could mail it. I think I have got every letter you have ever sent me up to the first of June. We have been lucky, in this respect, or I have at least. I don't know that you have, my dear,

The weather is beautiful again. Clear and cool. Everything looks so fresh and pretty since the slight rains we had Tuesday. I have been working in the garden some. The rabbits haven't left us much garden, - nothing only what they didn't like themselves.

I made your preserves this morning. They are very nice. I made them just for you - sweet love, and I shall put them away till you come. How I love to do anything for you, pet! You shall see how good I can be to you, and how happy I can make you here, when you come back. If every body else should turn against us, we won't turn against each other, will we, my own love?

If Bill Puryear writes to you, darling, don't answer him. Don't ever intimate, even to Henry or Jane that you ever got the letter; but if it is worth it, send it to the authorities, and let them "spot" the traitor. Don't you think this will be the best way to treat him? Don't you have perhaps got letters from him, or some of them before this time.

Don't get angry dear, or annoyed at anything they may say. As Jane says, consider the source. I do wish we had never gone there! or that I had come back with you, darling. I don't think there ever was anybody who always hated to see a woman "fall out" with her husband's family, or cause trouble between him and them, as much as I did. Of all things in the world, that was the last I ever imagined I should be guilty of. And now see, dearest, what I have done! I do hate it very much, though I am not sorry for anything I said there, or did - only going at all. And I can't blame you one particle, darling. You see Jane even don't blame you, and of course she can't realize how deeply we feel about such things. She has not suffered for the cause as we have.

But I talk to you about it too much. I won't say another word on the subject - this time. I thought I would write to Jimmy this morning, but I shall not have time. I neglect him, poor fellow! I must go now and help mother get dinner. We are going to have potatoes and sorrel pie, and I don't know what else. I have just been and put fresh water in my flower pot. I will send you two or three rose leaves. They will make my letter smell of home. I must quit now. Is my letter too long?

Goodby, my precious love. I dreamed of seeing you again last night, and talking to you a long time. Take good care of my "Peaches," want you for your Dollie and bless you darling, Goodby. Write just as often as you possibly can, but I know you will.

Wednesday Morning, June 10th

Good Morning, my dear brother Will! How are you this morning? and what are you doing? I heard you were fishing the other day. I was glad of that. It sounded like you were getting well; and like you were going to have something good for dinner, too. I wish I were down there to eat fish with you. But as I am not, you must get well enough to eat your share, and mine too. I have some share, don't I when you go fishing? Why don't you write to some of us, Will? I assure you we are very anxious to hear from you. If it were not for the doctor's telling me about you, I shouldn't know what in the world has become of you. He has been good as he could be, to tell us about you since you got sick. But I want you to tell me something about yourself now, and about him too. I heard from him yesterday, and he was sick. He said he was not bad, but I am afraid he won't tell me the worst about himself. If he gets bad sick, Will, won't you write to me every day like he did for you and tell me how he is, and everything he wants you to tell me? I got a letter from Matt yesterday. He was well, but very uneasy about you. He hadn't heard from you for a long time. He talked of trying to get a furlough to go and see you and the doctor. I wish he would. Wouldn't you be glad to see him, Will? We want to see him very much, but I would rather he would go to see you, than come home I believe. I am going to write to him today, and I will tell him so, and encourage him to go. He is getting ^{to be} something of a "war worn veteran" by this time you know. Jimmy talks of coming home some time in this month, if he can get a furlough. His eyes were getting well. He was in fine spirits. He and Ed. Heikens had some funny jokes on each other, that they thought was too good to quite keep to themselves, a "heap too good to tell." They say they are having a fine time now. I guess they have concluded to take the world easy. I look for Jimmy some every day. I wouldn't be surprised to see him any minute.

We are all well here, and getting on very well. The neighbors are all well and getting along just as they used. I don't know one bit of news or gossip, or you should have the benefit of it. How will you must excuse this scrip, and write me a long letter in return for it. I don't know how many times I have written to you since I got a letter from you. You must take good care of yourself, my dear brother, and don't get out of heart. Keep up your courage. The war is going right, and you will all be home after while. What a time we will all have then! Father and mother send their best love to you. They are very uneasy about your health. If we had known of Mr. Wright's going to Helena we would have sent some little things to you, and the doctor. I was very sorry we didn't know it. I hope we will get a letter from you to day. Father is going to the office, and to look a little for his Charley and Sparrow grass, they have "vomused" these last few days. How badly. Oh a brave soldier. Well, I will write to you again soon. Your affectionate sister

M. A. C. Vermilion

Sergt. W. B. Kemper. Co K, 96th Iowa

Helena Arkansas June 11th / 803

My Darling

All hands are in bed but me, and I would be if it were not for my Dollie at home. Do you thing you will ever get forgiveness for keeping me up so late of nights? Late hours are not good for health you know. The most of writers say "go to bed early and get up early, but I have not - or do sit up and write my Dollie till long after every body else is sound & sleep. I guess the habit is so firmly fixed that I can't quit it till the war is over, and I guess Dollie it will not be very injurious to any ones health. I can stand it as long as you want object, and I guess you will not as long as you receive letters regularly, and they are all written after night. I don't sit here and write to you after every body else in camp is in bed and asleep. I day time there are too many other things to think of, and to do. And even when I am idle there are too many in my head. I can't write to Dollie when there are half dozen men sitting round talking to me, and to each other. They don't do it to bother me. They never think of that, but it does bother me and I don't like to write to you under such circumstances. So you see I write of nights

Col. Kirtledge is at home. He came down this afternoon. Some one says his wife came with him. If she has she will not stay here in camp. She will have to keep her own in town. That will do very well. He being a Col. he can. I suppose - get the privilege of staying down there a part of the time with her. But a line officer could not. I understand that the line officers are not allowed to leave outside of the lines now, not even when they are sick and unable for duty. That looks pretty hard, but we have no right to complain at the acts of our Generals. It is supposed they know what is best for the service, and it is our business to obey

If the Paymaster has not left, we will get our money to morrow. The Col will certify to the Muster early to morrow morning. Mr Wright will wait now and take our money up for us. If I don't have a loan from Mayans, I will send you about two hundred and

fifty dollars. That will leave me about one hundred and forty
which is plenty, full as much as I ought to keep here at any one
time. The Government owes Lieut. May something near five
hundred dollars but he can't get it till he is mustered out
as an enlisted man and then mustered in as a Lieut. and it can't
be done, till it is ordered by Corps Head Quarters, which has
never been done yet. It is owing to Col. Kettredge or imbecility
that it was not done months ago. I told him he would have
to send to Gen. McClarned, and have it ordered, but he said
not. The consequences are Lieut. May and four or five other Lieut.
can't draw any money till they can hear from below, and if they
can't have the mustered out lock, at the date of their Commissions
they will lose all the Government owes them. Lieut. Wright
has been sitting, Lieut. May has plenty of money so far, he
may continue doing it, if he does I will send May all I draw.
Goodly for the night sweet Dolly I will go to bed, - to my cot,
I sleep on it first rate.

Friday Night, June 12th 1869

My Own Good Love:

I can't write a long letter to night; I am too tired. I have worked hard all day. I didn't get any letter yesterday, and I was so uneasy about you that I got the blues over it a little. I was afraid you were sick, and I am yet. This morning I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, and I caught Brooker, and went up to Mrs. Sheeks' to see if they had heard anything about you. Father said he brought two or three letters from the office for them yesterday, and I supposed they were from Helena. But they were not. Their last letter from there is not as late as mine by two days. They thought there were no letters from the 36th in the mail yesterday. This helped me a good deal. If there was no mail from the regiment, of course I need not be alarmed at not getting a letter. So I came home feeling more at ease, but I wish I could hear, without waiting till tomorrow night, or Sunday morning. I was only gone about 40 minutes. Then I did a long washing before dinner, and since dinner I have ironed and cleaned the house and yard. How I am tired, my darling. My feet are, especially. But I won't neglect my "Peeches" because I have worked too hard, and made myself tired. It wasn't your fault, love. If you had been here you would have scolded a little, and told me not to do so much. But I am glad it's done now. Don't be afraid I shall hurt myself working while you are gone, darling. I have made one sleeve of my new dress this week! I will try to make the other next week. Are you yawning, my pet? I fear my you may be over such a stupid letter. But, dear, there is no local news, you know the war news, if you are well, better I suspect than I do, and there isn't much to write about, don't you see, love? I can't philosophize or moralize, or "make up" as Charlotte Brontë used to say, a letter to night. And my darling wouldn't care for it if I did. Would you, dear? So I must do the best I can, and you must be satisfied with my best. Isn't that fair?

Father got a letter from Matt yesterday written the 9th inst. He was all right. He is in very fine spirits about the way the war is going now. They have quite a hard time, - that is constant, - hard service - but he believes it is right, and it is what they ought to have been at all the time. I guess there never was a set of fellows better satisfied with things in general, and themselves in particular, than they are now. I am glad of it, love; am I not? They have earned the right to justify themselves a little, I think. Matt has never been reported sick, and, excepting one dose of oil, and a few pills, has never taken a particle of medicine, since he went out. Not very many are so fortunate as he has been. He says he wishes I would go to see him this summer. I would like very much indeed to see him, but there is one other soldier that I long to see for worse. Do you know who it is, love? He is still in suspense, like everybody else, about Pickensburg and Fort Hudson. The news seems to be good. But the loss, on our side, has been frightful. It makes me sick to read the long, sad list. They say Hooker is about to move again. I wish he would. I have faith in him yet. I believe when he starts for Richmond again, he will go there. There will be stirring times in South West Missouri, I think before long. I fear so, at least. I am sorry about Curtis being removed. I never liked anything I heard of Schofield, till since his appointment. He seems to be doing well, so far. We are looking for Jimmy home, a little.

It is very warm to night, and beautifully star light. I have been sitting out in the yard awhile, and I was thinking if you were here how I would love to sit there and talk with you all night. I should ^{never} think of getting sleepy. Don't you wish you were here with me, just? How much we should have to tell each other. Can we ever talk enough to make up all this lost time, I wonder. No words can tell you, my dear one, how much I want to see you. Your own heart can imagine it, pronto, for I know you love ^{me} darling. But you can hear the separation better than I. I am glad that you can. You are stronger minded than I am. You are better than I was, love. You can stay away contentedly because you know it is right that you should. I know it is right, but feeling is stronger than reason,

with me, and want to see you so much. You must not blame me, for indeed
I do the very best I can. I think I could make a good soldier with you, darling
but I am a poor one alone. I think there is hardly anybody in the world so slow
as I am. But I must not have the blues again to night. I will think of something
else. It is just ten o'clock. I must quit writing soon. My eyes are a little sore
or weak. They hurt me a good deal when I write of nights. I fear I shall have
to write only in day time. I should hate that. I can't feel satisfied, when I go to
bed without writing awhile to you. I feel like I have done wrong. It is all I can do
for my sweet love now, and writing to you is all the comfort I have. I like to talk
to you of nights, when everything is so quiet, better than any other time. We have
a nice glass lamp, and burn coal oil. It may be this light that hurts my eyes.
I shall have to go to Teonim in the morning myself, I expect. Father is too
busy to go, and my letter must start, love, poor thing though it is. If I go I will
start early while it is cool, and so as to get there before the mail starts out. I
will not stay two minutes. I hate to go, but I don't see how to help it this time.
Sometimes of Saturdays they don't get in with the mail till near midnight. They
wait to get that day's papers. Mrs. Sheets said they would bring up mine, as
soon as it comes. Some of them always go. It saves me a good many trips. I
sent you a long letter yesterday, and one from Jane, so you want to know if this
one is short, will you, my pet. I must go to bed now. I told father to wake me
early in the morning. I didn't sleep much last night. I will leave this open
and if I have time I will add a line or two in the morning.

I will think of you till I fall asleep, and love you, and dream of you even then.
God bless you, my own darling. Good night.

Mary

Saturday Morning

My Love:— Will is here. He came last night about one o'clock, and surprised
us all completely. Mr. Hancock was with him. He stopped and talked an hour
or two, and then went on home. We all got up and sat up and talked till day was
breaking. Then we went to bed again, and I took the headache and couldn't sleep

one minute. But that is nothing, I heard from you sweet love. I am so sorry that you cant come home, I hardly know how to stand it at all. Will is looking better than I expected. The boys tell you that he is all right, and he wishes you could have had some of the fried chicken for breakfast this morning. He brought me a gold pen that cost four dollars at St. Louis. It is a splendid one and suits my hand exactly. But my darling what made you send me such a costly pen? But I wont scold about it. I thank you my dear one. I am writing with it now. I will keep it as long as I live. They got horses at I canion to ride up here, and Will is going to take them back this morning. I will send this by him. How little I thought I should send it by him when I was writing last night. I am so nervous I cant write hardly. I will tell you all the rest of the news in my next letter. Goodbye, my own precious one. I do love you so much!

Your own
Gladys

Sunday Night, June 21th 1869

My Dearest Love:

I wrote you a short, poor letter - just a few lines to day, and sent it to Lagrange. I promised then to write to night again. But darling I can't write much. I have headache bad, and feel quite unwell. But I will talk a little while to my own good love before I go to bed, because I promised to. I don't know what has given me the headache this evening. I shall be well in the morning I guess. We have had a great deal of company since Will came. There has been a house full here all day to day. Mary Maiken and Johnny come early this morning. Old Mrs. Ely was here. I never saw her before. And then the neighbors generally. I have done nothing since Will came but cook and talk. I hope we shall be a love some tomorrow. I never saw any one seem to enjoy himself more than Will. He eats a little of every thing he see almost, and is gaining in strength rapidly. I can notice quite a change in him already. I think we will send him back to you all right - at the end of his two weeks. I am very glad indeed that he come home. I think it is better for him, and then I can hear so much about you. He is good to tell me everything he can. He thinks a great deal of you. He says the better he become acquainted with you, the more he likes you. And that is the way with all the good men in the company. They can't help liking you. I can't tell you, love, all he says in praise of you. But it is enough, sweet love. He thinks his boat would have been wrecked before now if you had not piloted it through. Mother finally believes you have saved his life, and she wants me to tell you how grateful she is to you, and ^{how} much she thanks you for all you have done for him. And I thank you too, my dear one. He says there are not many such men as you, and he don't blame me now for liking my Paches pretty well, he does himself. How glad I am yet. But didn't I know it all before? I knew you long ago, darling.

2 Day Afternoon, June 12th

My Dearest:

It is nearly supper time, but I will write a little to you while I have a moment to spare. I had the headache so bad last night - that I couldn't write my pet, and I put away my paper and went to bed, but I didn't sleep much all night. I was well enough this morning, and I thought I should get to write you a long letter while it was cool and pleasant, but just as I sat down some women come. They were the Hewell girls, and Sam Hewell's wife, and Martha Gleickov. Of course I couldn't write them, now. They are just gone, but there are half a dozen men here yet sitting out in the yard. We have not had much rest or quiet this week so far. David Evans and Capt. Wilson are talking to Will just now, ^{by} the tent, and just as if he would be glad if they would all go away and leave him alone awhile. One good thing is, they can't make him talk much. The neighbors all seem to rejoice over him a good deal. They all thought once or twice that he was dead. I don't think he is as well as he was yesterday. It is very warm, very. I have not heard any news worth writing to day, my dear one. My Peaches always hears all the news that I do of any interest at all. Will is the best fellow in the world darling, to tell me all about you, and how you live, and what you say. He tells some funny jokes on you. I think he "enlarges" on some of them. He says you get more letters than all the rest of the company. Sometimes he goes into your tent, and sees you reading your letters, and he sees how long they are, and he wants to hear the news, and asks if your letters are from home, then he repeats the question two or three times, and after while you look up innocently and ask "Did you say anything?" then he renews his question and you reply by an affirmative that can't be written, but which we all see sometimes, and go on quietly with your reading. And that, he would make us believe, is the way he hears from home. Of course I take all such reports as this "with a grain of salt." He is only "letting on." But I am glad if you get your letters dear, and I want you to read them just as much as you please, that is what I send them for. I must quit now, and get supper, my pet.

nine o'clock P. M. Well, we have had supper, courting, and some more ladies
to call, and now they are all gone, and the rest are gone to bed, I will talk to you
a while before I go. I wish the people wouldn't crowd in on Will all at once.
He needs rest and quiet, worse than anything else I think. I know they mean
well, but it isn't good for him. He and I have concluded to go to Mr. Maiken's
tomorrow, just to get to rest. I don't know whether we will go or not yet,
I want to see Jake; but he is coming up here before long. Mary Maiken says
Henry is going to get a Captaincy, in the negro regiment. She is troubled some
what about it. They say he is going in for five years. Are they not governed
- or to be governed, by the same regulations that the other troops all are? I
think they will be, others say they will not. I suppose it is all a hoax about
Parkhurst and Fankhauser getting positions. I don't believe much I hear, and I
guess it would be safe not to believe anything. Bartley Maiken wrote home
the other day that all the other companies grieved them their captain, they
thought they had the best captain in the regiment "and that's just what we
think too" says Bart. I tell you these things sometimes, sweet love, because
they do me good always, and I think they will gratify you a little. Don't you
like for me to tell you? I tell you everything, darling. Will is sorry he can't get
to see Humphrey May. But he may get home before his appointed time. I
am going with Will to Woodside, and to Mullinsville to see the oxen, and to
Mr. Maiken's. I don't know that I shall go anywhere else. I guess he will go to La-
grange Thursday to the Union meeting, but I shall not go unless it gets cooler,
I feel a good deal better satisfied about you, my good love, than I did before Will
came. He says you are quite comfortable, and cheerful, have plenty to live on, and
keep in good spirits, and good health generally. I want to send you something to
eat, love, something from home, but I can't think of anything I can send now
but what Will says you have. If it were only cold weather you should have some
nicer roast chickens, and cake. You would like the chickens I know, dearest one,
but I can't send them this hot weather. I am tired, and I will go to bed my pet, and
finish this to-morrow - if I can. I am not quite well to night, but I am not sick.
I sadly miss darling

7 So Tuesday, June 16th.

My Own Love: This is a poor letter I see, but you must forgive me this time. We are all pretty well this morning. Will has taken cold. He coughs and is hoarse. I think it won't hurt him much. He has a good appetite, and seems in fine spirits. I have been talking to him a long time this morning about you, and the war. He thinks you can come home in a month or two. I hope so, my darling. I do want to see your dear face so much. Will says he enjoys his visit more than he expected. I think he will get you in the notion to come ^{if} you can. I guess we will not go to Mr. Maithen's to day. It is going to be too warm. We will go some day this week. I hope we shall hear good news to day, and I hope I shall get a long letter from you, sweet pet. We have a rumor that Vicksburg has surrendered, they were firing cannons somewhere yesterday. I heard them but thought it was thunder. I will write again to night, my love, and tell you the news. You won't scold will you, because this is a poor short letter? Dottie will try and do better next time. Will says tell you he is all right. Goodly my own precious love. Don't you forget your faithful
Pallie.

Sunday Afternoon, June 14th 1869

I am going to write you just six lines, to send to
Mrs. Gilbert's folks who are down at Dickerson's visiting
me, for there is a house full of people here, and there
keep up such a talking I can't write at all, hardly
but you may not get it. Will come Friday night
something better all the time, I think he is doing
and him back to you, as strong as ever he was,
if immensely. We were glad to see him I assure
won't to see my peaches worse than ever, I
I will write you a good letter to night, if the
is alone long enough, but it can't be mailed
I am afraid you will get tired waiting, but it
being this to send tomorrow, I take every advan-
We are all well, and having as good a time
on, I will tell you every thing to night, I can't
for I can't get out of hearing. And then it is hard
company you know. You shall have a long
sweet love. I think you will forgive Collie for
you? I am ashamed of it dear one. It is just the
ollie is well and thinking of you all the time.
ers my own good darling, O sweet one.
forget your own. Collie.
y to tell you pet, to night, and to morrow, I
Don't get the blues love. Be of good cheer.

Helena Arkansas June 14th / 1863

My Darling

I got three letters from you this morning and they were all good ones. Thank you for them. I forg^{ot} the date ^{of} them now, all but the latest one. That was dated on the 1st inst. They were all good ones Dollie. They were good because they told me just what I wanted to know. But then Dollie's letters are always good. You do write good letters my Darling.

I was so glad to learn all about John Mullinix's folks. I have been afraid they were not sufficiently loyal. But you surely know by this time. What does your father think of him? Is it only because they like us, or is it because they really love the Country and the cause in which we are engaged. Tell me all you think about it my Dollie. Why has Doct^r Hays wife more been there my love if they are unconditionally loyal. But I need not talk so my Darling, for I know he is all right, unless he belongs to the Knights of the Golden Circle. They are organized all over that Country and they have a lodge in I conium. I will have nothing to do with any man who belongs to the accused institution, let his pretensions be what they may. You recollect how you Dollie, of hearing occasionally on and this year ago that they (these infernal rebels living in Iowa) they were going to hang me. Then it made no impression on me whatever, but since I have been here in the Army, I have learned beyond a doubt, that they did in their secret meeting, make arrangements to take my life first thing in case there had been any trouble in the Country near

Think of it will you? I read & am attending to - my own business, not thinking of interrupting them in any way what ever. and they with hearts as black as hell, holding secret meetings and making arrangements to take my life. I dont speak of it my folks because it alarms me to think of it now, nor because I shall be afraid of them when I come home, for I will not. Such men cant intimidate me: and when I do come home, either on a furlough, or for good, they must not talk treason to me. Of course I should hate very much to be handed over to the civil authority of Appanoose County, but even that will not terrify me from doing right. All good men cant live through this struggle and I hope there arent any mean ones. Quitters in Iowa are as mean, if not meaner than those in the South. As to the Copperheads in my Company, there is one beauty. They are subject to my order, and have to do as I say. In every respect they have to fair as other soldiers. I am glad we have them here. I am not glad that they are rebels, but as long as they are, I am glad that I have some of them to deal with. I dont be afraid about its troubling me. I have got bravely over all such things. Some of them were talking the other day about President, and using Copperhead language pretty freely. I took the Article of War and one read two or three articles to them concerning soldiers using disrespectful language to ward the President or Congress, and told them that I was going to enforce them strictly and then turned and walked off. Since then I have not heard of whisper. Of course they talk to, and among themselves but they know better than to talk treason before me. They all make good soldiers. They do not, all but John Wallace. He plays

You still want to know who is Major. We have none yet
And I cant tell who will be. Neither can I tell when
the vacancy will be filled. There is one thing however
that I am pretty certain of, and that is, that I will never
get promotion in this regiment if Col Kirtledge and Col Croke
can help it, which I think they can. I think they both
fear and hate me. Of late when the Col tells me to do
any thing, he is sure to ask what I think of it, and often
modifies his order, but he never favors me and never comes
around my Quarters when he is sober. Sometimes when he
is far under the influence of liquor he will come round
and offer suggestions, but seldom surges them. Had I commen-
ced a little sooner Hooker, contending for my rights, it would
have been much better. Had I got my full rights, then Col
Kirtledge could not have kept me from being Major, had he tried
ever so hard. But as it is he has me down the fifth in the
regiment, and he is going to aim to force me to acknowledge
the four above me as my superiors in command. But he cant
do it, I will not submit to it. I am ready to decide the ques-
tion in any fair manner, and if that decision puts me the lowest
in the regiment I will submit and never say a word
While we were in Camp before Greenwood Miss. he put a 2nd Lieut
over me, and I refused to go, or let my Company go an inch. He
had to correct it. But dont be uneasy my Darling about me, If it
comes to this I will manage to get out of the Regiment in some honor-
able way, or he will have to get out either honorable or dishonorable
A little circumstance that occurred last night and this will answer to illus-
trate the manner in which things are done as a general thing (on about 2nd)

I was officer of the day in Camp yesterday, for several days - or mornings, rather the ^{regiment} has been falling in line of battle just before day, and stacking their arms, and then resting near them till some time after sun up. It is done in case there is an attack just at day light. by the Guerrillas. Good at dark last night the Sergeant Major came round and told me - or left word rather, I was not to wake the Drummers about half a hour before day. It struck me as being very strange if I had to sit up all night to wake the Drummers. It was no part of my business, and it made ^{me} ~~me~~ the moment I heard the order, I went over to the Adjutant's tent immediately, and told him that I should do no such a thing. He requested then that I have the Guards to wake them, I told him that I would tell them to do it, but that I would not be responsible for their prompt performance of the order. At the proper time the Drums beat, and the Regiment went out, but many field officers, to tell them what to do, these the men stood till the sun was nearly an hour high, and still no field officers. Finally one or two Companies broke ranks and came to Quarter. The rest stacked arms, and came in to breakfast. Such things irritate me. I am naturally of an irritable temperament, but I don't know that I am any more than the mood of the other line Officers. We all dislike such things very much.

Father's folks have never written to me, except Jane and Henry. I sent you James letter, Henry's had nothing in it at all about you. Not one word. I shall send you some money, I think she needs it very Darling. Goodby be cheerful Dollie, I am tired and can't write you. I have wanted to write this but in the best I can do. I am
Dollie

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Big Blanty Co. June 15, 1864.

Dear Sister,

Your of June 3rd was received by last night's mail. You don't know how much good it done me, do you know that I often think that I have the best Sisters in the world, you are so good as brave and true. Your letters always come in the right time always cheerful and encouraging. They infuse new life in my drooping spirits, and I can go cheerfully forward, and bear every charge for those that have gone there all the three Counties, Mary, I feel proud of you, and I wish I was more worthy of you, my noble sister. Perhaps you would sooner know something about what we are doing. Please for me to fill up my sheet with what, why by telling you how worthy you are to be a brave Soldier's wife, - The bugle is sounding I will have to go and see what it means, (all rights) There is considerable Cannading this morning along the line our Batteries are shelling their whole line, not brisk but enough to keep them awake ever let them know that we are here
on again.)

Genl Sherman dont appear to be in a hurry to
bring an an Engagement? Our Corps (^{Liggins'}~~the~~ ~~Corps~~)
is in the reserve this one, how long it will remain
is more that I can tell. The rebs have a strong position
in front of us, natrally strong, and well fortified

They are in a range of steep and rugged hills
it will take work to get them out of their strong
holds, but Genl Sherman is able, and will have them
out of their works before they are aware of it

There is a great many desertions in their Army
where was the Co's came into our lines yesterday
the night before, one Co of 31^{men} and 4 Commissioned
officers, came in night before last. They were unpicked

They sent two men over to our lines, to see
if we would let them come over, our Capt. of
the Skirmish line sent them up to Head Quarters
with a guard, The Col. told them to let them
come over, one of the rebs was sent back to refer
to his Co, when they threw down their arms
and came like a flock of quails through the
brush to our lines. They said the whole Regt would
come if they could get away they belonged to the
They was a rather Squad came over yesterday. They re-

part a mutiny in the Rebel Camp, and that Genl
Polk was wounded, they say there is great dissa-
tisfaction among the troops, they say they are whipped
and what is the use for them to fight any longer.
I think ditto. They say they want Sherman and
Grant to patch in, for this is the last Campaign
and they want the fighting over before they are
Exchanged, I hope that this is the last Campaign, but
I am afraid it is not. It is the big one of the war
If we are successful in this, and Sherman is here
(and we have no fears as to the result) the end
will be nigh. The clouds begin to lift and show their
silver lining, don't you think so, we have no late news
from Grant, all was well at last accounts.

How do you like the ticket for President it is all right
with the boys here. They curse Fremont, and say he is not
the man they thought he was. I hope he will draw
off, and not kill himself, if he runs he will be hurried
so deep, that Gabriel will have hard work to make
him hear in the Democratic camp, Old Abe,
is the man for the Saliers. if Fremont had
been the regular nominee we would not say
a word, — I will have to hurry, we move at half
past ten

I am so glad that you heard from poor Will
he will come through all right in the end
They will fare a great deal better west of
the river, than they would East of it
I got a letter from Jim last night stated the 18th
of May he was well, I thank you for the stamps
you sent me I was just out, - also for the photo
I had recovered the old one - I will close

and finish after me now. June 16
yesterday was a busy day for us. We moved around to the
left at half past ten. we came around for the left flank
our division 4th (Harrow) our Brigade was in the advance. we soon
got to where the skirmish flew thick. The 97th Ind. was deployed
skirmishes with the rest of our Brigade for support, we had
to advance through a cornfield - not a tree or stump for
a shelter. The Skirmish line advanced about two hundred yds
and halted. Our Major came along and told our Color
sergeant that the next morn. he must plant his colors
on the top of the next hill. Over in the timber, the do that
we would have to take their first line of works by storm
We striped ready for the coming fight. that is stacked
our knapsacks, and haversacks, and made ready for the charge
At the word forward every man advanced on quick time
it soon got to double quick, and then to a run, on we went
with a yell that made Johnny Reb tremble. They fought
until we got up close to their rifle pits, and then down went
their guns, and up went the white flag. One fellow shot
at a sergeant when he was in ten steps of him. He missed
his mark, and then hallowed, I surrender. One of Co. B. was
right close to the sergeant - and saw Johnny Reb shoot
when he hallowed. I surrender. B. Exclaimed, damn you.
I will show you how to surrender. There was a puff of blue
smoke, a groan, and Johnny Reb had gone for a better world
to give an account of himself, we didn't halt half as long
at this pit as I have been telling you what we did, but on
with a yell for the top of the hill. we had a small creek
An cross or ditch rather it was about six feet wide and half
a deep, into it the boys would plunge up to the waist, and

of kept and Eye over me. An orderly fell
on my right, and the Adjutant on my left -
One ball hit the ground at my feet, and threw
sand and gravel all over me. I didn't know for
a bit whether I was hit or not. The sand that hit
me in the face stung like every thing.

After we got our lines formed on the hill the
Rebs open on us with shell. My Dad an open
range on us and not over a half a mile. They
had two pieces, the way they did throw shell
around us was something but agreeable, it was not
long until our batteries open on them with some
thing less than a dozen guns, and the way
they did knock out of there was not slow
we lay there until dark, and then fell back
to the rear. what we fell back for I don't know
I suppose we done all that we was ordered to do
and more too, we are laying back a mile or two
from the front this morning, when we move again
I don't know, we may stay here all day, and we
may not stay on here. There was heavy firing on
one right yesterday. I don't know the result.

Genl Logan says, we made the most Brilliant
Charge of the Campaign. That is praise isn't

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I have enough to fill your pocket. The letter is
I have enough to fill your pocket. The letter is
I have enough to fill your pocket. The letter is

on our side, our Commanders gave us praise for our
well done work. I was nearly gave out when the halt
was sounded, we had charged on the run nearly 3/4
of a mile, up hill and down. Thro' brush, over logs
Creeks, and swamps. we halted on the Edge of a field,
and on the top of a hill. the field lay below us.
It was swarming with Rebs. they was so high gave
out that they couldnt run but a few steps at a
time. the most of them had threw away their arms
Our boys would pour a volley into them they would
strike up a dog trot for a few steps and then halt
Our Brigade took nearly one thousand prisoners
One of our Co. marched 100 of them to the rear, we got
two Capt. one Major and a lot of line Officers, and a
lot of small arms. Our loss in the Regt was three
killed and five wounded, about forty five killed and
wounded in the Brigade, only one in our Co.
wounded. J. H. Keys wounded in neck, severe, but
not dangerous. Our Adjutant was killed. I
I think my guarding Angel as you say must

Tuesday Evening, June 16th 1869

My Dear Love:

It is now ten o'clock, but I must write to my love before I go to bed. I should feel mean if I didn't. I write so much and so often my pet just because I love you so much. Will and I did go to Mrs. Morris to day. About ten o'clock a cool breeze commenced blowing, and we thought we would go. Will wanted to go. I think he wanted to see Joke Grimes worse than anybody else. I was glad to see Joke too, darling. He is all right, and defies them to produce one letter of his containing a disloyal sentiment, and they can't produce it. He battles with them all the time, and says just what he pleases. I guess he has told them some very suspicious truths. They pitch into him constantly. After dinner to day he and Will rode up to town to stir up the copperheads and hear them hiss. Will was anxious to hear them. He don't see any in this neighborhood. But two sickly looking fellows in blue coats were too many for that nest, and they wouldn't open their lips. They can manage one by surrounding him and concentrating their fire - to change my metaphor a little - but two were too many. They might suffer from an attack in the rear. So the boys come back a little disappointed. Joke looks very bad, dearest. I was astonished to see him so thin and with such a color. I don't believe he will ever get well, or live very long. He looks to me just like a man that can't get well. But I hope I am mistaken. I feel anxious that he should get well. Will says he is looking worse than he did when he got home, but Joke thinks he is picking up, and doing finely. He seemed very glad to see me, and he told me his experience, and about how mad he used to get at you about your abolition speeches, and what a mean copperhead he used to be. I told him I had intimated to you a fear that he was not

just night, and he said he wouldn't have you doubt his loyalty one minute for his three year's pay. I am very glad, my love, that our suspicions about him were unfounded. He has heard plenty of it since he come home. He seems indignant over it, and I don't blame him. He is coming up here to-morrow or next-day. He showed me his bomb shell. What an ugly thing it is, darling. It isn't a bit like I had imagined. I laughed to see how glad the boys were to see each other. They thought they had been apart three or four weeks. They went out and sat down by themselves in the shade and talked a long time. They both said they hadn't enjoyed themselves half so well before since they got home. They say they don't care a snap for anybody who doesn't wear brass buttons, and I don't believe they do. They were not half so glad they were soldiers before they come, as they are now. I think they will be getting "homesick" pretty soon. Joke speaks very highly of you. He says there could not be any better Captain. I don't think there could either, my darling. I have blotted this letter so it is not fit to send you, but it is too bad to have to write another isn't it - love? And it is so late. Will my dear put up with it, and be good? I have had such bad luck that I will quit for to night. Maybe I can see better in the morning. Good night, my own sweet love, good night.

Wednesday, June 17th

This is such a very poor excuse for a letter, my darling, that I am ashamed to send it, but I have not time to write another. My dear must look over my short comings while Will stays. He is not very well again this morning. He sweats so much of nights that it keeps him weak I think. He is very careful of himself and very anxious to get well before he starts back to camp. He seems a good deal better every other day. He talks of going to the doctor to get something for his night sweats. The weather is still very warm and dry. I do wish it would rain soon. Everything is suffering from the drought. My flowers don't grow much. I am going to trim up my morning glories to day. They will be pretty after awhile. I am well, but so nervous darling that I can't write. Don't you see I can't, my pet?

I was writing last night a little while but I didnt tell you the best thing I had to tell.
That was that I got a letter from you yesterday. It is dated the 11th and 6th. You say
you will come home in two or three months. Do you really think you will come, love?
Have you got the promise of a furlough? You must tell me all about it, darling. I want
to know when you are coming. I want to be just ready to sit down and talk to you.
The boys say you are not one bit homesick, and that you enjoy yourself first rate.
I am glad to hear it, my pet. They think you dont care much about coming home,
but we know something that they dont, do we not, love? I know you will come
if you can. I think you can leave your company safely with Wesley May. I
am very glad that he has just the position we had. I dont suppose you have ever
had another man with you, that you would be willing to come in command for a
month. But you can trust West, I know. Mary Maithen says for me to
tell you never to hint to Deemy that she was not just will for him to go
into the regys regiment. She wants him to do as he likes about it. I think
she will be disappointed if he dont get the position. Mr. Maithen and the old
lady are just like they used to be. He sits around in the shade and talks about
the war, and she pitches into lazy people. She dont love them any better than
she used to. C. P. Timms family are the objects of her particular aversion just now.
She knows I dont like to go to Scoville very well, and she sent me word Sunday
and told me again yesterday, that if I would come there, she would always send to
the office for me. That is good and kind of her isnt it? Mr. Maithen talked
about your cattle. He says he would sell the oxen if they are fat enough. He thinks
cattle are higher now than they will be this fall. He has sold his, and is buying
now for a Chicago man. I told him to go and look at yours and see if they
were fit for market. He said he would. Was that right? Mullinsit said
a man offered him eighty dollars for them the other day. He wanted them to
work to Pike's Peak, or some where. I am afraid they are not quite fat enough
for the June market. I wish I knew, dear one, whether you want them sold or
not. I have asked you several times, but you may not have got the letters. If

They don't go into this market, they shall not be sold till you come home. Then you will do something with them yourself. We came home by Mullin's last night, but didn't stop long. I thought we would see the cattle, but they were not up. They were all well, and glad to see Will. He thinks they have a pretty place. Allie is spinning me some yarn, to knit you a pair of stockings. I am going to send you a pair by Will, but I will want to send you some more after while and I must have them ready you know. I am afraid the ones I will send you now will be too warm for summer, but it was all the yarn I had ready. If you can't wear them you must lay them away till cooler weather, and buy you a lighter pair. Will has just come in. He has been out plowing a round or two. He likes the new plow fine. I tell him he must stay in the house. I don't think he ought to be out in the heat much. He told me something to tell you, but I am not going to tell you, love, and I told him I wouldn't. It was about me of course. Mr. Stuck has been here to day. I never saw any body hate copperheads worse than he does. He feels like killing them where ever he finds them. The war news is not very encouraging for a day or two more. I am uneasy about Vicksburg yet. I am afraid that Johnson will entrap Grant into some blunder, or else fall upon him and defeat him, weened as his men must be by this time. There is a rebel report that he has cut off Grant's supplies, but I hardly credit it. Don't you wish the place would fall, and we could breathe freely once more? I get so anxious, and impatient that I can hardly bear the suspense. But I think our fate there will be decided before many days more. But I have thought that before once or twice. I will try to be a brave soldier's wife let what will come, but I know it will be a fearful thing for me if the siege is raised. I must quit writing now my darling. I will send this to Osprey to day if I can; if not I will send it to Lagrange tomorrow. I have already sent you two letters this week. Please write me long letters, my pet. Will come home with less expense than you thought. It cost him about \$15,00 for everything. His fare was \$11,00. That was not so much as I expected. Now, Good by, my own love Be of good cheer, and don't forget what you have promised me. I will write again to night if I can. God bless you, sweet pet. Pollie

Wednesday Night

My Best Love. I didn't get to send off my letter to day. We are went to the office to day. We didn't expect any letters, and I wouldn't go just for the papers I will send this to Leagraves tomorrow. Will is going to the Union meeting. He expected Jake Grimes here this evening to go with him, but he has not come. I guess he will be along in the morning. I have prepared a nice dinner to send up for them. I will send the dinner in Mrs. Christie's wagon, and they will get it. Will is going to ride Backer, and go early while it is cool, and he can keep out of the crowd and the dust. Several have been to see him to day, and wanted him to go in thier wagons, but he wouldn't go that way. He was afraid it would make him worse. He wanted me to go, and said awhile he wouldn't go unless I did, but I couldn't, without stopping the plow and I would rather stay at home and rest. I don't think it will hurt him to go on horse back, early. He wants to go to one Union meeting before he starts back. I hope they will have a good time. Nearly all the neighbors are going. Miss Jolly's choir is going to sing. They have rigged two or three fine horse teams. I wish you were here, and we would go, my love, wouldn't we? Some day you will be at home sweet pet, and then we will be so happy, and we will go just where we please. There will be plenty of glorious soldiers' meetings after the war is over. I have heard no news to day. Catharine Thompson was here, and Mrs. Stoeth. Will went off and went to sleep while they were here. He wrote to Jimmy this morning. I forget whether I told you that I got a letter from him. He was well, and in good spirits on the fifth. One of the Capt. in the 18th dropped down dead that morning as he was walking along. They didn't know what ailed him. The day before one of the tents was struck by lightning and nine men very badly injured, one had died. Ed. Hickcox and another man in Co. C. were shvethed, but not badly. He didn't say a word about coming home. We still look for him a little. If he comes I hope it may be while Will is here. But I am afraid he will not come at all. We hear that the 18th is ordered to Vicksburg, but we don't believe such rumors any more till we know.

I have been sewing at my dress to day - a little. I think I will finish it this week. I hardly think I will try to make any more soon. It takes me too long, dearest. And I don't want new dresses, when they are done, not till my "Teaches" comes home. How can I wait two or three months, my darling? It seems such a long time yet. But I won't complain, when you have done all you could to get to come sooner. It has turned cooler this evening. It is very pleasant now, but there is no rain yet. I have heard no war news to day. I hope I shall to morrow. I look for stirring news from Hooker before many days. I wish he would move, some where, or some way, to attract the enemy's attention from Vicksburg. I am very anxious. I am writing with my new pen, sweet love. It is a good one. I never saw a better. The first part of this letter was written with Will's pen. He said you used to use it, and I wanted to try it; but I couldn't do much with it. I had to get my new one to finish my letter. I will use it all the time darling, when I write to you, and I will keep it as long as I live - for your dear sake. I would not have had such a costly one, if I had known it; love, but I shall not scold you. How could I scold you, my precious one? I wonder what you are doing just now? Maybe you are sitting in your tent writing to your Dollie; and maybe you are busy and hurried with no time to think of her at all. How is it, love? Jake says you say you feel badly sometimes because you don't get home sick. Why darling! Do you think you ought to do penance sometimes for not being low spirited and home sick? I don't, dear one. I always knew you would never get home sick like most men, but still you loved our home, didn't you yet? And you will love home again, when we get one, I know. Don't you think so? I think if we ever get home again, we will make it the happiest spot on earth. It will be such a good home, such a real home that you can't help loving it. It has struck ten, I must quit writing for to night. I don't sleep much any more, and my eyes are getting to look bigger than ever. You won't like that will you? But I'll let them sleep enough after you come back. I scarcely ever go to bed before eleven o'clock, now. I am quite well. Father is complaining a little. Will seems pretty well. Mother is tolerably well. I hate to say "good night" my pet, but I must. May God bless you always. Fondly sweet love, Pollie

Helena Arkansas June 16th / 863

My Own Darling,

It has now been two days since I wrote you. That is a long time to do without talking to my Dollie, but I have been busy most of the time, so you must forgive me this time. I will try and do better in the future. Things are going on here about as usual. Nothing in fact to excite any one, but the promotion of some one to the position of Major. That vacancy has never been filled yet, though it is generally conceded that Adjutant Hamilton will be Major as things stand now. Col. Thittredge has enquired the claim of every Captain in the Regiment, and asked the Governor to appoint him. If something has not been done at home, that will prevent it the appointment will be made, simply because the line officers here cannot, or do not agree to recommend some one individual. There are but three Captains now I believe asking for the position, and I am one of them. I think in fact the way the thing stands now, I am sure I have more friends than either of the others. I propose to them, and all the other line officers, to let the line officers meet and say who their man is and then for every body else to relinquish their claims, but the successful candidate, and give him hearty support. In this way we can induce the Governor to give us a Major from the Captains. But if something of the kind is not

Now the Governor will be sure to Commission the man the
Col. recommends. ^{well} If he do so it will be ^{the} fault of the
line officers of the Regiment. One or two of the candidates
seem to be a afraid to rest their claims with their friends.
For my part they are the men I am governed by. If they
say for me to relinquish my claims I will do it other
wise I will not. I am under no more obligations to give
way than they are. If they will leave the matter with
our brother line officers I will gladly do it, and in case
the selection falls upon another, I will ask the Governor to
disregard my claims, and give him the appointment. But if they
still remain obstinate, I shall let the thing go as it may
The officers are trying to get up a meeting this afternoon, to
see if there can't be something done. But I think they can't
effect any thing. Captain Trainer of Albion seems to be the
most obstinate of any. His friends say, all of them I believe
that they want me if they can't get him, but they hate
to go a head in the matter without his consent, and he is
too afraid, and short sited to give them the liberty they should
have. Such is the condition of things now my Dolly. It don't
bother much indeed very little. The position I have is a
good one. The position of Mazon is much easier, and pay some
six hundred dollars better in the year. It is a mounted
position, and that would suit me very well you know. I can't
walk to do much good you know. If I had that position, I could
keep my arms and travel as far as my Regiment or any body. But if
I don't get it, which I think will be the case, if required, I will
do all the walking I can. Don't let it trouble you my Darling

Such things dont bother me like they used to.

The boys are getting a long & very well. The health I think is improving. Lieut. Wright is getting well again. If nothing happens him he will be able for duty in a short time. The boys from your neighborhood up there are all right. If you go to Woodside tell Mrs. MacLanck that Minnie is quite well and cheerful. Mrs. McCully need not be the least uneasy about Will. He is doing first grade. So is Billy Smith.

Some of the line Officers are getting to go home. The Col's pet. When Lieut. Wright gets well I am going to try. but you need not look for me my Darling, till I get as much as a thirty days furlough. I cant come home on a twenty days furlough and see any satisfaction, and that is the time the Officers are getting now. If we remain here one thing we will be able to get longer time after while I will stop writing now my Darling. It will soon be drill time. Keep in good spirits my Darling. Attend to things the best you can. When ever you can get something near \$10000 Dollars for the oxen sell them. Do the same for the other Cattle. Sell the cows and heifers first if you can. you did right in selling the one you did.

Goodly love my Darling, I love you

W. F. Vermilion

Helena Arkansas June 8th 1863

My Darling,

As we have no news here of any importance and nothing from below, except that Grand was fighting on last Tuesday about as hard as he well could, with no prospect of being ^{beat} much and no much prospect of getting the rebel Pemberton to surrender very soon, I will tell you about my cook. He is one of those "reliable Contrabands" that has already figured so largely since this war broke out. From his appearance I take him to be about forty years of age though I have not heard him say one word on the subject of age. He will weigh, from appearance about one hundred and forty pounds, or any more. His hair and beard are not much gray yet, which is positive evidence to me that he is a brave fellow and has never been scared, or at least badly scared. His form is not very beautiful. He is about five feet eight inches high, when walking, but if he were erect and straightened out, his length would be nearer six feet. And then, I think more the less of him as a "Contraband" in consequence of that, for I think it impossible for him to help it. At least good men say that class of people can't help such things here in the South. If they could and would, my cook would look much better. Speech is bad, talks too fast, and slips considerably. When traveling he goes rather rapidly. As to his cooking qualities, as far as we have tried him, they are good. He makes good light bread, fries fish well, much better than Old Mrs. Howe. The coffee he gets up just as well as any man in this Camp, Contraband or no Contraband. The dishes are always clean when he washes them. And the clothes now hanging on the line, that he washed this morning, look very well for this section of Dixie. As to his opinion of the various questions of the day I have not heard him express himself fully yet. The regular Master brought him and about two hundred others to Mississippi, from the "Virginia" some fifteen or twenty years ago, that he had had little

trouble with them. Only two were band capped during
the trip, and they only for a few days. Had they started
sometime in August, and ^{landed} on the "Old Plantation" in Mississippi
which is fifteen miles above here, on the river, on Christmas day
that they walked all the way. I have not heard him say
yet what they ate on the trip. Since that time he has
worked constantly for the same family, that is still
laid August, when he came here, and went to cooking
for some of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry. He staid with them all
the time till a few days ago, when they started to Richburg
He said, "I'm afraid of de big guns to go down dar". So he
come over here and hired to me. We have not made any
permanant contract with him yet as to the amount we
shall pay him, or the length of time he is to cook, but we
intend giving him eight or ten dollars a month, for cooking
and washing for us three. Then if he proves to be a good washer
he can make several dollars each month by washing for the
bays. He was worked while in Mississippi by an overseer
say they used to load the "niggers" when they got mad at
them and especially when the negro refused to be whipped.
He told me yesterday evening, that he was shot once in the
back, but he turned and whipped the man that done it.
After ward the driver got help and whipped him.

As to matrimony, he say he never was married. That
he took up with a woman over in Mississippi
and lived with her for a long time. That they have several
children, and that he always cared for her just as he
would have done had he been married to her. He talks
some of taking up with one over here, but I tell him he
had better not. The officers have been after him several
times to go into the Army, but he says they won't ^{hurt} him
when they get him, which is a fact. He is slightly clumsy
in consequence of some deficiency in one of his legs. If they
come after him while he is cooking for me, I will have him rejected.

then they cant take him. He is the fourth negro I ever had to cook for me. The third man. Last winter white men were messing with Company A. we had an old negro woman a while. She was a good old negro, and a good Cook. All the others we have had have been of no account, but this one. - Here I have been talking all this time about him and never told you his name. He give his name as Doctor Robinson. I tell the boys to call me Captain now all together. It will not do for two as important men as he and I are to be call by the same name, so I will give away as he is a stranger, and, may have some conscientious scruples about having his name changed. The officers of several of the other Companies have negro girls cooking and washing for them. Some of them do their work quite well. We will help Doct. in preference to any other, male or female.

Four Companies of our Regiment are down the river some fifteen miles. They went down on board yesterday morning. I think they went after negroes, and probably Cotton.

All quiet yet this evening. Nothing new nothing strange. The question of Major Lee not being settled yet, that is the one has a commission. The Adjutant is quite sick and has to go north for his health. The reason Capt Barnes would not submit his claim to the line officers, was, he thought they would select me, so he told some of his friends yesterday. So, I will let it go, but if there comes an other vacancy we will try and show him, He has lost friendly doing the way he has.

I have been talking now a long time to you my Colli. I have not been off of my seat since I commenced writing. All hands are doing well now. Very little sickness. Sient Wright is about well. He heard from Sam at St Louis. He was doing well then. Will Dav enpat is mousing the slaves of any of the boys. He eats to much. He think he is smart, and of course he will have to do just as he please about it.

After I had written about all I had to write I happened to look
at the pages and found that I had written on the wrong one, but
if you will be careful you can find the connection, if they.

I had to send you such poorly written ~~written~~ letter my
Dollie but I can't help it. I have not got time to ^{take} that pains
I should take in writing to my Darling. When you here
and could see just how things go you would not wonder
at your friends for writing hastily letters. Of course when I
write in a hurry I make bad writing and bad spelling
Half of the letters I send you I never read. If I were to
read them all, I would not send you fewer than

you are getting so many about you burn them Dollie.

You know I hate to see my old letters. Of all things I hate
to see an old letter of mine. Some people read all they write
savee, but I read it all burned. When I come home I
will talk to you so much my Dollie, that you will never
get time to read the old letters. And while I am here I
will send you as many as you will want to read.

I do send you as many as you want to read don't I
love? If you are willing Dollie, I would be glad if every
scratch of mine, not pertaining to my business, was destroyed.
It may be a foolish wish love but I can't help it. But I will
stop right here and put this in an envelop and mail it, so fear
I get to reading it. If I do I will be apt to burn it.

It has been several days since I wrote, no two. It has been
three or four since I got any from you, but I think I will
get several in the morning, and I know they will be good
ones. The large sheet is nearly full so goodly Dollie
I do wish I could see you and talk to you this evening
in place of sending you this letter, but Goodly love

M. F. Hamilton

Helena Arkansas June 20th / 86th

My Own Darling,

Your letters of the tenth and eleventh came in this morning. I had been nearly one hole week without any word from you. That is a longer time than I am in the habit of waiting you know, and of course I was very anxious to get some letters. I knew you had written them and started them too, but then they did not get here, and that was one of the most essential points you know. But they came at last, just as I expected they would full of good words from my Dollie. You did right my love in going to the Union meeting at New York. Go to all such meetings. They will do you good. They cant do any one any harm any more than a good sermon can. Tell me all the good things you hear. I wish I could be there, if it were only long enough to go with Dollie to one of those good meetings. We would like it, wouldnt we? Then I want to see just how those infernal Southern rebels look by this time.

It is all false about Jo. Kunkhousers seeking a position in a Negro Regiment. He has never said one word to me about it, and it is impossible for him to get a position without my consent or recommendation. No one of my Company has made application but Henry Maiken, and you may tell Mary she need not be uneasy about his getting the position. There are too many good applicants ahead of him. Henry would make a good Officer though, and because he wants it, I want him to have it.

Henry is a good boy and does his duty well, without grumbling
in the least. He hates to loose all these three years though, and
not make any money. He would not be like himself if he did not
But is a good fellow too. They never come about my tent, they are
afraid of boring me. Frequently I ask them in but they never
come. Some of the other boys are the same way. Others again
are too much the other way, but I will not grumble at them
Tell me all you know about the fight at Teonim. Whether
the Citizens had anything to do with it or not. The people
around Teonim have written to the boys about it but their reports
are not satisfactory. You tell me all you know, and then I will be
satisfied. I think you are going to have trouble in Iowa this
Summer my Darling. There are too many mean people there to let
this exciting Summer pass over without showing their hands
George Stewart, Dr. Phillips, William W. Daniel, and all their
kindred, hate the soldiers and this free Government too badly
to pass on much longer, without doing us an injury, if
they can, without doing us an injury to themselves, or
running any risk of being hurt. Of course they will watch
very close, and when there is any danger of being dealt with
immediately, either by force of arms, or the Law, they will be quiet
But we may suffer in property at their hands, and get have
no chance of redress. All of them - or nearly all of them are mean
enough to burn my property, if they can do it secretly. Men
who will meet in secret meetings, or at secret places, and plot
the lives of Citizens, will burn or destroy a soldiers property
if they can do it and no one see them. My property is not safe
Dollie. You may think, that I am unnecessarily scared but I know
what I say

Don't let any one know you have ~~my~~ money. We will keep that if they don't steal it from us. Then when the war is over if the Government stands we will have something to go on. But if you have trouble up there nothing of ours will be safe. If I get to go home perhaps I will get you a good revolver and let you learn to shoot. Then my Dollie, you can defend yourself against any Copperhead, can't you. But don't think I am too much uneasy about these things, for in fact I have got so I am seldom uneasy about anything but my Dollie. You must keep well, and then I will be all right, all the time.

Hurloughs have played out with Officers down here for the present. None are getting them but rich - those who are unable for duty. But don't get the blue Dollie. Col Pittsidge says it will be different after awhile. I am going to come, if I possibly can.

The northern traitors work on my mind, probably to much but how can I help it. They are northern men. They have breathed the free air of the loyal north, for probably their whole life, yet they are traitors to that country. Traitors to their mother. Up to the time this rebellion broke out, and even now they claim to be the constitutional ^{party}. Yet they hate and curse the Government. They hate and curse the soldier who is risking his life for liberty. But my good Dollie, I can't write on this subject. It stirs me up too much. I had them too intensely to think of them. Don't speak to them. Let them breathe their own treason. I am here in the camp making my life every day for the rights they have always enjoyed. They are at home abusing ^{me} and the brave boys who are here with me. Let them have their day. We will be at home after awhile.

You want me at home so bad now you say. You would
surely be ashamed of me if I were, lying a round as I used
to. Wouldn't you Dollie? Do you think there is any excuse
for men staying at home now? Every man at home who is of
the proper age and has the ability to make a good soldier
should look forward, and see his condition ten or fifteen years
hence. I know it is hard for a man to lose three years of his
life, and in the prime of his manhood too, but better that than
to lose all, every thing that man should hold sacred.
Look forward my Darling - if such a thing is possible to ^{the} com-
plete destruction of our liberties, and where are we - what are
we worth? What a dark age it would be to you and me.
It seems to me we would be like a lost child in a cave
wandering on for ever. O Liberty, sweet Liberty may you
and I always be friends. For thirty years I have appreciated your
virtues. I have grown to what I am under your care. You have
never yet laid the hand of oppression on me. Now that
the bloody dagger is pointed at your head shall I step aside
and see it thrust in. No! No, sweet Liberty let me die by
your side. Others will go do. But my Darling I am saying
things I did not intend to say to you. But I love our Country
and hate rebels. I love Dollie, with all my heart. It is for her
as well as myself that I am here.

I have been two days writing this letter, but I will quit now
and go to bed. Goodly sweet love. I hope you will sleep well
to night. I will after I get to sleep me, for it is cool and nice.
Again goodly my good Darling

W. F. Permillin

Bully for that soldiers wife at So Brange. She knows why
she and her husband are apart. She knows who are their enemies
and she has the moral courage to let her opinion be known.
I wish every soldiers wife would do the same thing, I wish
every sister who has a brother in the service would do the
same thing, and then with such backing I would trust the
good old Mother. The harder the storm the quicker it will
be over. If this war goes on for two or three years longer, and
these Northern rebels dont repent, you then will be surprised
at what you are doing and hearing now. By that time they
(if they are mad and cowardly) will be in open rebellion
against the Government. Such must be the end, just as
sure as water seeks the lowest spots. It is hard a little over
one year until there is an other Presidential Election. And
that election will be of as much if not more importance than
any that has occurred since the organization of the Government,
and as a natural consequence the ^{people} will become intensely excited
- I mean the loyal people. And my Darling, if not before will then
come the bloody time for the loyal states. If we do not succeed
in crushing the rebellion before then I want to be prepared
for the emergency. Then one will have no use with any property
I want to ^{be} fixed so they cant hurt you or I unless they take our
lives, and in that one will have equal chances. It may be ^{wrong} ~~hardly~~
to look a head so far, but I cant help it. Such a state of things
are possible. And should they occur there will be one thing to console
us - home will be no place for a brave man. In fact it is no more

Wednesday Night, June 2^d, 1863

My Dearest Love,

I will commence for a letter to night, and write all I can till Mrs. starts away. I will send it by him. I want to send a couple of coolings. We didn't go to Woodside to day. We intended going but by the time I got ready Will was feeling so bad that we gave it up till to-morrow. I thought he was going to have a chill but he didn't. He lay in bed till nearly noon. This evening he is all right again. He has gone to bed now, and to sleep. The last thing he said was "How Cap. would envy me, if he knew what a good bed I have to night." Don't cooling! I wonder what sort of a bed you have to night. Never mind, love, you will come home after awhile and then you shall have a better bed than any of them. I got a letter from you to night dated the 14th. Mr. Thompson brought it from the office, and then sent his boy over here with it, and the papers. I was so glad to hear from you, sweet love. I know there never was as good a "Peach" as my own, never in the world! How did you learn, dear, that the "Kainlets" were plotting to take your life? This is so horrible. I can hardly credit it. Such things would not surprise me, now but two years ago there was a different state of affairs. It is too bad, dear one, to think about. Thank God, their courage was not equal to their malignity. You ask me again what I think of Mullins. I have told you, love, all I know. I believe he is perfectly loyal. Father has always thought he was. John told me that Brandon and himself were the only Democrats who didn't belong to the U. S. C's, and he said Brandon would if he could see in something like that. He says Brandon is a copperhead, one of the sneaking sort. I may be mistaken, about John, but I don't think I am. I will tell you everything I learn about them. Albert Hamereth was here to day. He goes about breathing vengeance against the Copperheads. He says he wouldn't stay up here for anything in the world. Lucy says that he thinks there

never were two better men than you and West May. His health is improving
finely. He is going to tell you all about our traitors when he goes back. Father saw
William Irvine to day. He wants to go back to Springfield to get away from the
"Coppers." He says it would do him more good to kill one of his brother-in-laws, than
to shoot Jeff Davis himself. It is not true about the 18th going to Vicksburg. We
got a letter from Jimmy and his likeness, to day. He is a great, fat, heavily looking
fellow, but his eyes are very weak yet. He has given up coming home till the war
is ended. I am so sleepy my secret, that I must say good night. I love you

Friday Night, June 26th

My Darling: I didn't write any last night, because I heard late in the afternoon that
you were coming home. How could I sit down calmly and write, my love! Mary
Minkens told me that Henry wrote on the 15th that you were going to start home
in a few days and he would send his money by you. I didn't know what to think
of it, dear one, or whether to believe it or not, but I looked for you all night. If you
started in a few days from that time, you ought to be here by Christmas, I think. I don't
look for you any to night. I have concluded it can't be true about your starting
and I will try to talk to you a little while after the old fashion. I feel it right just
like you are not coming. Will says he don't think you are coming yet. He can tell
you how disappointed I was because you didn't come last night. Let me tell you
about something else, sweet pet. Yesterday we went to Woodside Hill and I. We
had a pleasant ride. He felt better than he had for several days. We went around by
Linder's to look for the cattle. We found eight that I knew. I guess I wouldn't know
the others if I saw them. They are looking fine, darling. I do wish you could see them.
Will can tell you about them. Sarah has grown a great deal. She is pretty, and she
still knows her name. Mrs. Cates, and another man, want to buy them. Teater told
me of some one, who has been offered \$37,00 per head for three-year olds just as
large as Turk. Cattle are getting very high. I trust you will be here to sell them,
yourself darling. After we looked at the cattle we went on to the house and stayed
till after dinner. Teater was plowing with two of Sy's boys to help him. He says he

has the best corn in the neighborhood. Everything seemed doing very well. Capitola
cant look quite so well as when I was there before, but she has been working constantly.
John is John. He couldnt get any oats for them, but he cuts them fresh grass, and
I guess they can get along. They were both very clever, and gave me your last letter to read.
It is a noble letter, dear, and satisfies them perfectly, I think. They had to tell me all
about their difficulty with Mullinix. I answered them just like you had done - that
I knew nothing about it, and could have nothing to do with it; but that I knew you
would do just what was right, and I was disposed to do all that was right. They talked
of the letter they sent you, but I didnt hint that I had heard of it before. Will heard every
word we said. They are very smart at John, but they dont talk near so vicious as he
wrote. I think he imagined that Mullinix was writing to you a great deal about him
and that I was doing so too, perhaps, and trying to prejudice you against him, and he
thought he wouldnt be condemned unheard, and now when he finds that you knew
nothing about it, and that John hasnt written to you for three months, he feels a
little "cheap" over it. He said he didnt know that he should ever say anything to
Mullinix about it, now. I told him I hoped they wouldnt quarrel over our property
while you are gone. I know you are afraid, my pet, that I have got into trouble
with them some how. But I have not, dear. I have told you everything. Will can
tell you more in detail than I can write it. I am in my usual, love, and I dont mean
to be. I care nothing about the affair anyway, and really, dear, there is very little of it.
The whole of it is that Mullinix has assumed too much authority, and has interfered
with Center until he has made him mad. I dont know which is to blame, but I
guess both. The matter of the letter that has crossed the copperheads, I have sifted
out without any trouble. It is, I am convinced, just as I told you I suspected. Mrs.
Moyers told it altogether wrong - either through ignorance or design, and that has
been the cause of all the talk. By Phillips straightened this up the other day. He
told Moyers and his wife, before several persons, that he had read the letter, and
told what he thought you said. Mrs Moyers said it might be so, but she under-
stood it differently. This is all there is of this, my love. Not worth worrying over
is it?

I feel a little amused when I think of Tester's hints about a dreadful letter that no one else had seen, and his long talk about what "three persons" would see. It is a little funny, dear one, knowing, and appreciating Mrs. Moyers as we do, isn't it, love? I only hope it has not troubled or vexed you any. Don't pay any attention to such things my love. I don't. After we left Woodside we went to Iconium. I have been wanting to get a few things for myself, and to choose a dress for mother, for a month, but I had put off going because I hated to so much. But I thought now was my best chance, while Will was here to go with me. We didn't stop anywhere but at the store and didn't see any one but Kee and Phillips. They were very polite and clever. They told me about your coming home, and said they were looking for you every night. You don't know how it startled me, darling, though I couldn't believe it hardly. I bought a calico dress, and a few yards of muslin, and a yard and a half of blue and white gingham, and a dress and bonnet for mother, and by this time Jake Grimes had come in, and he told me just what Henry Mitten had written about your coming. Phillips asked me if I had been to Woodside, and what sort of a man Tester was, and spoke about his loyalty, and then I asked him what he thought of Mullinix's loyalty. I wanted to find out for you, dear. Kee said he considered him perfectly sound - just as loyal as he was himself, until he heard about his abusing you for writing that letter, and he didn't quite know what to say about that. But he told precisely the same story John had, about his reading the letter to him, and said he indorced every word of it heartily. He has never himself seen or heard anything that has led him to doubt him in the least. He believes he is just as loyal as any body can be. Then he told me what he had said to Moyers about the letter, - and Tester was present too. I found he knew more about the matter than I did, but his opinion of Mullinix was all I wanted to know, so I dropped the subject and came away. I stopped a moment at Mr. Mitten's, and had Mary tell me herself what Henry had said about your coming home. Then we came on home, and by the time I got here I had the head ache so badly that I could hardly sit up. I don't know what gave it to me. I went to bed early, and lay and watched for my "Peaches" all night nearly. She didn't come, my love. Today I have been well, and working all day. I washed and ironed and did plenty besides. Uncle Billy Evans and his wife were here all day, and Allie Mullinix. She didn't bring any news. They are all right. The children sent you a little candy. They wanted to send something, and this was all they had. You must eat it, sweet love, for them. John wants to send you a letter by Will. It is very late, darling, and I must quit writing for the night. I must sleep some. I haven't written half I thought I would when I sat down here, but I am sleepy, my love, and I know you would tell me to go to bed, if you were here. I will write more to morrow. Will is doing well, only he coughs more than he did when he came home, I think. Good night, my precious one. May heaven bless you, love.

Helen's Cousins

June 23rd 1863

My Darling,

To day is our regular mail day but we have no mail. I don't know what the reason is. Some of the line officers say news came down this morning that the boat was captured last night some place above here. I don't know whether to believe the report or not. If it is true they have got two or three letters my Dollie, you intended for me. But they would do them half as much good as they would me. I don't want them to read any of our letters, but we must run the risk. If they capture the boat at any time they will be apt to get some of our letters. So the boat seldom leaves here without carrying a letter from me to my Dollie and every time it comes down or nearly every time it brings something good from Dollie to me. We will keep writing if they get hold of our letters.

The news is to day that a boat going down last night was fired into some place above Milliken Bend, and considerable damage done. One man was brought up dead this morning. He was a government agent of some kind. That is all the particulars I know.

Col. Kirtledge is keeping his wife here in camp. She has two nice tents put up together, which make her a very nice house. She seems quite well satisfied. If I were situated as he is you could stay here my Dollie, but she must see things every day that would shock your modesty. I don't know any thing about her disposition, but it must be very hard for a woman to remain here and retain all the fine feeling she should have. Her tents are right on the river bank, and there is scarcely a day but - yes scarcely an hour in the day that some of the logs are mad in the river. Nothing she has to remain in her tents all the time only while she is gone to her meals. Do you think you could stand that my Darling? You are not much for staying in the house.

When the 6th Iowa went down the river John Collett went
on the boat to see his brother, and while he was on the boat pushed
off and John had to go on to Newburg. She saw and talked with
Mad. He said he looked fine. She sent no word back to Will
re me that I know of.

The war news from the East is stirring. You no doubt are well
informed as to the Condition of things there. We have nothing later
the 16th from Washington. Then they were on a big scale
Report said, the rebels were in Pennsylvania, from forty to
fifty thousand strong, and that Hooker was falling back
on Washington, and Lee following him up closely, and fighting
with his rear guard. If all the reports be true there is going to
be something done in that department soon. They appear to
be a movement to get McClellan a Command again sooner
or during the excitement I hope he will not get it. He should
never Command again, in the Union Army. I have lost all
Confidence in him since his evidence in favor of Porter. He was
a traitor. Let me go to bed. Love you?

Morning 24. Got your young letter this morning which was
dated on the 14th inst. Thank you for sending me just those few
The mail must be running all right from Memphis here. Other
wise it would not have come down last night.

I am glad Will is at home, and that he is mending. Don't
spoil him, by feeding him too well. He has to come back and
be a soldier again, and I will assure you, we have no
fry chickens for him to eat or feather beds for him to sleep on.
She will have to take a soldier's fare here.

Goodly Love. This is all I can write this morning.

It has been raining pretty hard since day light.

The ground is slippery and muddy.

Goodly Love, I love you.

M. F. Norman

Helena Arkansas June 25th / 863

My Darling,

I have just come home from Col. Kirtledge's. She asked me to come over this evening and play a game of Circus with him, Col. Drake and Mrs. Kirtledge, and of course I went. That is the only kind of a game I ever play, and ^{that} only for a moment. The days and nights here are so long sometimes, we have to have some kind of amusement, and Circus is as harmless as any other, when conducted properly. I have never seen one since I got home since I have been in the service, and if I remain my three years and I want to go home and be able to say the same thing. The army should demoralize me. At home I swore, here I never do. I never gambled any where and I never will. Why the army should demoralize a soldier I have never been unable to say. There is no reason in the world why a man should not be just as moral here as any where. Good men are there badly disposed. Find excuses here for being immoral, but when they talk to me, I tell them it is right to the reverse. That there is enough here to disgust any man in what nature the moral character predominates. I see it in my Company and in this Regiment every day. All those who are morally immoral, are extremely so here. Nearly all men who used bad language at home do the same thing here. But very few are any worse here than there. There are a few Copperheads in my Company who are bad, the others nearly all arsons. I am waiting, and watch in for an opportunity, to arrest some of them for disloyal sentiments.

Just as sure as they do in my hearing, or before any one else, who
will testify to it, they will have to suffer. I am not going to have
the Government, clothe and pay any bagabonds, who curse it all the
time. But it is not likely any of them are going to let me hear any
thing they have to say against old Uncle Samuel. They are beginning
to know me well for that. All I ask is to have them leave me
to the care of war, and that they must do. But why am I
telling you all these things my Dolly. When I sit down I wish
I did not know what I said about. I just thought I could tell you about
being one of these Quartermasters, simply because it is something odd
for me to be there, so much so that some one always makes a remark
about it when I go. Some of the line officers are there three and
four times a day. I never go, except by invitation or on business.
When he just asked me over to play Cribbage some ten days ago
I came very near not going, but since then I have been there two
or three times. I don't like his wife much Dolly. She is not
very smart, but thinks she and the Col. know it all. When in
fact the Col. is not very smart. Last winter he said Col Rice
of the 33rd Iowa was not smart enough to command a Brigade
that he knew much more military than Col Rice. But now Col
Rice is far ahead of him. Col Kirtledge don't learn anything. I am
sorry of it, and a shame of it too. Since we have been in Brigade
drill we see that the 36th is badly deficient in drill. But any good
energetic man could take the regiment, and make it good in one
month. But why, or who will take it. I saw faster than
the mass of the regiment while we were at Red Bank. But all this
deficiency is not my fault, it is Col Kirtledge and Col Crokes

June 26th What a letter I have written you this time my Darling
I have said one word I ought to have said. But I am going
to send it any how. Read it if you can, and then throw it
in the fire.

Some more excitement in the Company this morning
Thom Dooley (gooke Dooley's boy) has been playing some of his
games again. He is the worst boy in the Regiment, but I have always
been able to contrall him until this morning, and in fact it was
not properly my work this morning. Some three or four days ago
while I was detailed on some business, and Lieut. May was in
Command of the Company, Dooley while out on drill slipped out
of the ranks in the fore noon, and came to quarters, in the after
noon he slipped off and did not go out at all. Lieut. May had
not noticed it at all. When the Regiment came in I asked
him why he did not take Dooley out to drill, he replied he had
I told him he had not. Well he said he would put him on picket
for it the next day. So that night the orderly detailed him, and
he went all quiet enough. That was on day before yesterday
this morning his regular turn came, but he refused to go. The
orderly came and told me. I went to him, and told him he
should go. He swore he would not. I tied him up, and
went and told the Colonel I wanted a guard house ^{prepared} ~~prepared~~
to put him in. He had it done, and I put him in, and confined
him to bread and water. I am going to keep him there on that
diet until he repents, and, if he never does repent I am going to
have him Courtmartialed, in which case he will suffer severely
I tell you of this simply because it has occurred, and I
know, you want to know just how we are getting along

It does not really amount to anything, for such occurrences are transpiring almost daily, either in this Regiment or some other Camps near us. Here is the first one of the Company we have ever had in the Guard house. I hope he will be the last. If I had preferred charges against him and had him tried before a Regimental or general Court Martial, the Court would have taken two or three months pay from him, and put him in close Confinement for, probably three months, and in all probability, put him on bread and water for one month of the time. Don't say anything about it Vol. It don't hurt my feelings to attend to such chaps. Carpenter is a good man again. The only trouble he gets to day is Mr. Parkhurst gets on quietly. I think I will have no more trouble with either of them. All the good boys in the Company are glad I have to come down on these stubborn fellows. That is all I care for.

No news from any Direction to day. We have not had any mail from Leonum for a week or more. The last letter from you except the young one of the 14th was mailed on the eleventh. But I will get two or three to morrow morning, if the mail comes down to night. We look for a big lot of it to morrow. I hope you will not be disappointed.

Reports say the Siege goes on slowly at Vicksburg
I heard of a private letter from them, to some one in the Regiment
the other day that was rather rich. The day before it was
written, some portion of our forces moved up a little, but
were still out of sight. They could hear the rebels talking
plainly. Some one in the rebel force gave the order for a certain
detachment of troops to move. What for said, those to whom the
order was given? Why the Yankees want to dig where you
are and you will have to let them have room. So they moved
out and the Yankees dug.

Dick has brought me a bucket of water to bathe so I will
put this up and take a good bath and then go to bed

Goodly Love. My sweet Darling goodly

W. F. Sherman

P.S. I ought to have written this on the other piece, I have done it
because there are so many scraps of paper lying loose on the table

W. F. S.

Helenas June 26th 1869

My Dollie

This is Sunday night (I have dated this letter wrong)
The boys are all cooking their potatoes for our mess. Lieut May
is going to start for home in the morning. He has got his dis-
charge papers. He has the honors, has been eating this evening.

I have been & looked through my trunks for something to send
Dollie, but sometimes like there is nothing there for her. I have
nothing to send you my Darling but love. You have all any
one could have of that. There are troops popping down the river
now. They are playing the Cross Band. The music is fine.

I cant write you much this time. I mailed you a letter
this morning. It may not reach you till sometime after
Lieut May gets home. He will tell you every thing.

Be of good cheer. We will start down the river tomorrow.
This is a short letter Dollie, but I cant write any
more this time. Be cheerful love

Will Garrison

Saturday, June 27th 1869.

My Dear Love:

It is just five o'clock p. m. I have been busy all day, and couldn't get to write to my darling till the work was done. I sat up till midnight - looking for you, last night. Not looking for you either day, but just waiting to see if you would come. I didn't feel like you would. But I couldn't go to bed. I don't think now you will come to night, but I expect I shall sit up and watch. Jake Grimes came up early this morning. He thinks you will be here in a few days, without a doubt. I wish I knew my good love. This afternoon Jake and Will have gone to Greenville to a copperhead meeting. I did not want them to go much, but they said it was the last chance to hear a copperhead speak, and they want to be able to tell you all about our Southern traitors when they go back. They wanted to hear a live copperhead express his true sentiments, for once. I am afraid there will be trouble up there to day. Both parties are getting ready for it, I think. Affairs are not half so bad here now, as they were in Indiana all last winter, but Will and Mr. Hancock and Jake think it is bad enough here. They don't think any of us very safe. Will thinks we are more unprotected than we ought to be, and I don't know but we are. I do wish, my love, that you could send me a revolver. Would there be anything wrong in my learning to protect myself? Though I am not, in the least, afraid for myself. I am only afraid that if things get much worse the traitors may burn or steal our property, and, possibly, try to rob the house. This would be an easy task for them at present. If we had some means of defence, I own I should feel safer. I am not scared, love, a particle, but I can't help knowing that at present we are at the mercy of any wretch who may choose to come here some night to steal. I put away fifty dollars more to day, to save for you, my pet. I have nine hundred dollars now put carefully away for you. That is worth taking care of, isn't it, darling? I have eight dollars in my purse yet. That will do me a good long while now.

I don't sleep much of nights, my pet, and when I sit down in day time I go to sleep all over nearly. I don't believe I have been writing with much sense or coherency because I felt so sleepy. After Will goes away I think I won't sit up so late of nights. Men out here have much company then, and I shall have plenty of time to write to my sweet love. Since Will came we have had company every day I think, but two. It bored him, and kept me all the time in the kitchen. He don't like tea much, even of a good thing. He has not gone anywhere scarcely. He didn't want to go, if he had been able, I believe. He has a very bad cough, I think it gets worse every day. He is not well by a great deal yet. I fear he will get down again when he goes back. He hasn't gained strength as he should have done. He thinks he will be all right before long. Jake has improved more than he has, I think. I talked awhile this morning about the war and the copperheads, with Grimes. He is all right. I am glad of it. I think some of the traitors hate him bad enough to take his life if they were not afraid. But they are afraid. I see there has been some trouble about Mt. Meridian lately. I send you a scrap on the subject. The enrolling officer near Mt. Meridian spoken of, was Will Scott. Humphrey May was there, I guess when it happened. I think there will be a taste of war in that neighborhood, soon. Later: I got a letter from you this evening, love, dated the 16th. You are not coming home, as they said you were. Oh, dear me, I am so disappointed. I thought I was not expecting you much. I told you I was not. But, pet, I didn't know how my heart was set on it, till I read your letter. But I will try to be patient, sweet love, and not complain. I am not going to believe a word anybody says, but you, any more. Won't this be right? I don't know how Mistken's could have blundered so. When you can come, darling, I believe you will. And you must tell me yourself. I want to know of your coming, if you can write to me in time, my dearest. But I shall be too glad to see your dear face again to complain of anything. I want to see you, my sweet pet, worse every day. I can't help it. I have the blues to night a little I'm afraid. I would make a poor soldier, dear, unless my city kept me always near my captain, then I could do pretty well. Let us talk of something else. The boys came back from Greenville about dark. They saw and heard the copperheads sure enough. They will tell you all about it when they get back to Holston again.

John is staying all night. Every one about the house is in bed but me. While you are sitting up writing letters to Dollie, what do think she is always doing? Writing letters too, I guess, my dearest. I will write, if I sit up all night. Will has suggested a good plan to ascertain whether you get my letters. I am going to try it. I will number all my letters. Then you will know all about it, won't you love? The next letter I send you after Will starts I will number 1, and the next after that 2, and so on all the time. I never thought of that, but it is a good way. If any of them fail, ev'ning, you can tell me, then without any trouble. The boys are going to start back Monday morning early. They thought at first they would start tomorrow, but then they concluded it would be throwing away one day of their furlough. They are all anxious to get back in good time. I hate to see Will go back, unless he were stronger. But I don't tell him so. Since I sat down here to write the wind has raised suddenly, and it is blowing now, as if it would overturn the house every minute. Every timber in it trembles. It scares me. It came so suddenly. I think it will rain directly. Half an hour ago it was calm and sultry. I am always afraid when the wind blows like this. I wish my "peaches" were here. Father got a letter from Matt dated "In camp near Vicksburg". He said they could see the shells bursting constantly over the doomed city. They were fortifying their position on Snyder's Bluff and were working very hard. They were in good spirits. Poor fellows! If the wind would cease blowing so dreadfully I would go to bed. I feel sleepy, but I am afraid to go to bed. It has commenced raining. I must put up my paper, love. Goodly. May heaven bless my own precious darling, always. Good night.

Sunday Afternoon.

I have a few spare moments and I will spend them in writing to my darling. It is a beautiful day after the storm last night. I have been baking and stewing all day. I have cooked a box full of dinner for Will to start with. Bread and butter and cakes and pies and roasted chickens and I.c.p. I am sending you a jar of butter, and two or three portions. I would send you a box full, love, if he could take it, and the weather was such. I am afraid your butter even won't be good when you eat it. I am going to send you a pillow. How you needn't laugh, I don't want your dear head laid on your rough uneven mat, or blanket, any longer. I can't bear to think of it when I lie down on a good bed.

Will is very willing to take it. He says he knows just what "Capi" will do when he gives it to him. He will sit down and laugh till I can almost hear him up here, and say "Well, girl! I never thought you were quite that green," but that won't break any bones. I don't care how much you laugh, pet, as you get the pillow. That and a pair of socks are all I can send you this time, sweet love. It is very little, but you know Dollie's will is good, if she had anything else she could send. I would have hated you a rich sock, but I thought it would be spoiled and then you never liked such things much. I wanted to send some straw berry preserves but Will was afraid the jar would break, and spoil his dinner. We have had company all day. Old Mr. May, and Humphrey, and Mr. Wright, and Mr. Cassidy are here yet. Humphrey looks badly, and he seems half dead with the blues. I don't know what can be troubling him so but there is something I am sure. He looks pitiful almost. He has not been well since he came home. He has not much news from Indiana. He didn't see any of our folks, nor hear anything about them except that Martha has a boy at her house, and father was staying at Sills' the night his house was mobbed. They said he never got out of bed, even during the attack. It was said that Sigler Overworth headed the mob that attacked Scott's house. Will's wife says she can swear to him. They were all blacked of course. Humphrey says they will be well furnished for it. I hope so, but they must catch them first, you know. Matters are worse than they were when I left there, but still he don't apprehend any very serious trouble. They are burning houses and stealing horses. That is the worst feature of it. He says there is a far better state of feeling in Kentucky than in Ind. Thus the copperheads are not even attempting to run a candidate for Governor. He was on the Perryville battle field. Aunt Anne and Emily are coming out here next summer if nothing happens to prevent. Our friends there were all well. Aunt Sally Mc Goughy he thinks could fight a regiment of copper heads, herself. She hates them enough. Jake Givens went home this morning. He has a very bad cough. I fear he will never see home again after he leaves it now. He thinks he is much better.

Now, my dear one, this letter is long enough, is it not? It would have been a better one if I had not thought while I was writing part of it, that you would be at home perhaps before I finished it. Then you know I could have told you all of it. Write to me often my love, I shall be so lonesome now, after having Will here for two weeks, and so much company. I am glad he came. If he could stay two weeks longer I think he would be nearly as strong as ever. He can tell you all about how I am getting on. Make him do it. He will start by day light in the morning. He is in good spirits. I want him to go cheerfully. I will write to you again tomorrow, and every day. That is all I can do for my sweet love. Tell me all the news, my pet. I am not going to believe anything, only what you tell me, any more. Good by now. My own precious darling. Your Dollie loves you so much, all the time.

Helms Arkansas June 28th / 1863

My Darling

Early this morning I commenced writing to Mr Cummins of Moravia, but I got studdying about my Volly and quid immediately. They need not think I get any letters from me, unless I owe you, for your good letter. Yesterday morning I got four from you all at once. You dont know how much good they did. It had been three long days since I had any letter from you. And then I wanted to hear from the boys so badly. I was a fraid we would hear of their lying down sick. They are good boys. The people ought to know better than to annoy me so much, especially as he is sick.

Friend May has just come in and asked me what I thought of man getting cold such a day as this (It has been so warm we could hardly live). I told him he must know the ague "Well" says he I have got it by thunder. I turned round and looked at him and he was shaking just about as hard as he well could. His teeth were chattering and he couldnt stene still to save his life. He is going to be very sick this evening. Last night he was mad well, but he thought he would get along without taking medicine. He must have some to morrow.

Poor Jane I have been thinking about her ever since I got the letter she sent you. What will ever become of her my Volly. What a fine nature she has. I were at home I would give half I have god in this world in the way of property to have her with us in Iowa, and I believe we could get her then, if the war were over.

She has a good mind my Darling. She writes the best letters of any of them now. In fact there will not compare with her in any respect. There was father couldn't read my letter - that should not go to John Keyser. But gave credit, and if she never had any opportunity to learn anything either. It makes me so sad to talk about her my Darling. But then you want to know, if I will throw her away. What a question. Do you think I would throw away about the only relative on Earth who loves me and our County. Do you think my Darling I could do it, if I were to try? She better make me feel more like doing all I possibly can to get her away from there. If she don't marry before I get home she must, if she will come and live with me. We could make her a much better girl than she is now. And when will that be my Darling.

Don't be uneasy about my getting into a quarrel with John or Bill Keyser. Neither of ^{them} have ever written to me, and I think there is not the least danger of them writing. If they do, rest assured I will never send them any reply. They are not to be troubled for that. And I don't suppose it will do or would do any good to send any letter either of them might write to Mrs. Governor Norton. She has plenty of men of influence to take care of and deal with. They would be too insignificant for his attention. Jane or Henry one send me a bunch of papers, and among them was a Republican Banner. Had gave an account of the Impolitic Bodies being taken from several of the officers in the County. Will Scott was snatching Commissions for Jefferson Township (at Mrs. Meridian) The rebel murmuring about fifty blacks themselves and went to Scott's house and demanded the books. He gave them up, and they went away without doing any further damage.

The same night, about the same number of men went to Squire Sills house, and demanded of him his books. In place of giving him the book for this year, he gave them the old Book of last year, they did not know the difference. While they were there some young man who was in Sills house started to gun. They fired at him but did no damage. The Editor gives an account of several other Commissioners being interrupted in the County. In some instances the books have been stolen. In others the rebels have given the Commissioners notice to stop their work, or they would be killed. In several instances they had stoped the work but the threat should be carried into execution. Poor degenerated people. Are you not glad you and I are not citizens of that County. We once lived there Volke but we don't partake of the nature of the people who live there now. Their day of punishment will surely come if it don't the end of the Government will come, and with it the doom of all its friends. Poor mean envious fobbl fools Lovers of property, you taking the very course that will destroy all property. But why talk about these things.

You have often said in your letter, that you and I would take over every thing that occurred while you were in Indiana when I get home. I think hardly Volke. It will be too unpleasant for me. I can hear to write about it, but I don't think I can talk to you about how mean they have been. I'll forget them - all but Jan and Henry - if they will me, and I will pay them fully for every thing they ever did for me from the time I was born until now if they will take it.

I believe it will be better for me, and for them too if we
never meet again. At any rate that is the way I feel
now. But still I don't feel, or hold that degree of malice
towards them you suppose. I feel - (not to be egotistical)
above them. I all ways knew more of them than you my
Darling. But every body says they were all better than they
used to be, and that it was a pleasant place to stay. Always
when I heard it, I wondered why it was so. At this time
my love, and at no time, have I ever thought hard of
you, yet I would give almost any amount if you had
remained at Aunt Anna McClarties last Winter. But you
did not, and we will not grieve over it now. In case you
could not have remained there, it would have been better
for you to have gone home. In either case they would have
learned something of our men, would have learned, that
I did not respect traitors, simply because they were
my relatives. But you are at home now my good Dolly
and comfortable too, judging from what you say. That
is the place for you now my love. I will get a long here
even if I do get a little sick, which I hope will not be
the case. As to coming home, I can't say any thing more
than I have said heretofore. No officers who are able for
duty, are getting to go home. I hope the chances will be better
after a little while. - Col. Kirtledge thinks they will be
Godly my Darling
W. F. Reminton

(No 1)

Monday Evening, June 29, '69

My Dearest Love:

Just now while we were eating supper father told me that he and Mr. Christie are going to Albion to-morrow, on some business. In a moment I thought that I must write you a letter for him to mail there. But it must be a short one, very precious, for it is getting dark now, and my work isn't all done yet. I can't sit up very long to-night, for I got up at two o'clock this morning and had breakfast before day, and I shall have to do so again to-morrow morning, if they go. But, my darling, shall have a short letter, if I can't sleep any. I could have written to day, but I felt so blue, and so tired and worried, that I thought I couldn't. Will is gone, dear one, he started just after daylight this morning. He went off seemingly in fine spirits, but I know that he is afraid he will get down sick again. He coughs badly, and he has no strength hardly. He has taken good care of himself, since he came home only once I think he ate two meals but he couldn't get strong. He sneezes so much of nights, too. I am afraid, just that he will go back to you sick. I am more uneasy about him now than I was before I saw him. He is quare afraid of diarrhea than anything else. I have done all I could to make his visit home a pleasant one. He said if I hadn't been here he wouldn't have wanted a quarting. I think he is glad he is glad he come. I know I am. I sent you a few things, love, and you must tell me how you like them - if Will ever gets them down to you. The cheese I sent to you and Will's mess. It is as much as you will all eat at once I think. I don't know who is in Mr. Will's mess - if he told me I'd be forgotten but I know he will like to have something to divide among them. And you are not afraid of cheese much, so I thought he had better divide that than anything else he could take. Did I do right to send it that way, love? It is too dark to write

Lover

This has been a very busy day. I hardly knew this morning how I was to get through it, but I have. I strained up my morning fog, and worked in the garden a little, and sewed a little and wrote a letter to Jimmy - the first I have written to him for a month. And so at last the day was gone, and Night's dark curtain again shrouds the world in its sable folds. Last night I had one bullet, now I am all alive again. It hurt me worse to see Will shot this time, than when any of them went at first. If he were well, I should not feel half so bad about it. He don't concern of its being as lively here now as it is, but I will soon get used to it again. I didn't notice it as much before he came. Father and mother told him "good-by" cheerfully, and so did I, as if he had been coming back in a week. That was best. He expected to get to Heckville to night, and to Helena next Sunday. He can tell you all about me, cooking, and you must make him do it. He can't tell all, either my love. He can't tell anything about how I love my "Beetles," or how bad I want to see him. But he can tell you some things. He can tell you about Koudie, and Mullinax and Teater, and the young cattle, and Papilala &c. I think I shall get a letter from ^{you} tomorrow. I want to hear just a bit and I can, ear. I should be glad, for your sake only, if you could get the major's position. You could ride. I care more for that than anything else. I don't care for the additional pay, love, or the rank. So a man serves his country in a time like this, what need it matter how he serves it, or in what capacity? If you don't get it my pet, don't get the blues over it. Will you? It will come right after awhile. I am sorry love, that I ever dissuaded you from contending with Col. Kitzinger for your rights, from the first. But I didn't dissuade you I think at Heckville, did I love? Not much, I mean. It was Humphrey then. After I went to Indiana I tried to persuade you not to contend with him. But if the Captains can't agree themselves, darling, you ought not to blame him for that, you know. I want you to tell me how it is finally settled, dear one, and all about it. I feel interested in everything that concerns you in any way. Last week I got only two letters from you. I am almost starved to hear right from my dearest. You must not forget your Dollie

You would laugh, even, to hear Mrs. Wright-telling about you all. She believes
in the 96th Iowa Inf. She told me yesterday that "society" is a great deal
better in your camp than it is here. She says people need not be afraid of the
soldiers becoming demoralized. They are better than the men at home—better
than they were at home. I am glad to hear all this, my pet. But I was not one
bit afraid. I knew my sweet love too well. They are all asleep, and my
eyes are so heavy that I must quit writing and go to bed. This is such a short
poor letter that I am ashamed to send it, but you will forgive me, won't you?
If I never send you any short letters, you will never know whether you like my
~~long ones~~ or not. I am well to night, and we all are. I am going to number
her all my letters in future, and then you can just tell how many are lost.
You must tell me, love, if any fail to reach you, for I want to know.
We heard to day that the copperheads in Indiana are arming themselves, and
going into camp at Bloomington, and several other places. There are several
hundred in a camp. If this be true, a few regiments of Indiana soldiers will
get to go home on a visit shortly. I don't doubt it at all, myself. And I
don't doubt the result of it at all. If Indiana can stand it, I have no objection
to their "trying" the war there for a little while. It will be a good
thing for our cause in the end. I am so sleepy, my sweet pet. Good night.
Please write to me often, my love. God bless you always. Yours ever Callie

Helena Arkansas June 30. 1868

My Darling

Eight o'clock and I am here at my Desk writing to my good Dollie. Revell is sitting all round, and the boys are all getting ready to go to bed. but I will not go for an hour or two yet. Some nights I don't sleep any until midnight or after, but then when it is not too hot and I have time I sleep in the afternoon of each day. The Lieut. grumbles at me for such habits, but I tell them, it does about as well, to sit up late at night, and sleep in the day time, as it does to sleep all night and a part of each day, as they do. When we were at home, I always went to bed early you know, but when I get back I am going to adopt a different rule. You must sit up and talk to me till my time for going to bed. You shant prepare the bed and tell me I am tired, and must go to bed. If you do we will have some kind of a difficulty. You may think Dollie, you will do as you please when we get to living together again. All this time you are your own boss. but just wait. We will have military law, when I get there. Here we command, and of course we will have to do the same thing when we get home. It will be impossible for me to give up all of our authority at once. What do you think about it Dollie? How do you befrain of me?

This is the last day of the month, and we had, but as it has been mustered and inspected, between ten and twelve o'clock this P.M. It was warm work, but we did pretty well.

Mustard day comes every two months, and it is the intention
to pay, in a few days after mustard, but these times, it is not
often done. The talk is now however that we will be paid in the
course of ten or fifteen days. If we are I will send you some more money
probably two hundred and fifty dollars. You take it and keep it
my Darling. If you need any, use it. It is all yours, until I get
home, and in case I never get there it will still all be yours. No
one else has any right to one cent of it. Should I be so unlucky
as to never get back, all I have belongs to you my good Volli
No traitor shall have any of it. Should such be the case you
will take it and make your self as comfortable as you can, and
be sure and let no disloyal member of father's family have as
much as one cent. Did I have the bad idea that they would ever
live on my earnings, I don't know what I would do, Jane and
Henry are my friends, and sure I'd die I would like them
each to have a present out of what I might leave, worth some
forty or fifty dollars, but none of the rest must have any. Before
I left home I made a will and left with Mr. Mink. In that
I give you every thing Volli, and to that I still adhere. I believe,
up to this time I have never told you any thing about it my
love. But that is the way my business is fixed. You have often
asked what I want you to do if I should not get home. Get me
home if you can, bury me in some nice loyal spot, of granite, plant
flowers over the grave, and then don't forget to go to that spot occasionally
Volli. That is all, except live on what property I leave you. I don't
want to sleep here in the land of traitors. I couldn't rest well any
love. But I think I will get home. The Government will surely be
samed, and I will surely get back to our old home to live with my love

Fate will surely not be that hard on our my love, but less
folk of something else

There is no news from below today. The report was circulated a few
days ago, that Fort Hudson had surrendered, with nine thousands
prisoners. Since then the report has been contradicted, but some
men still think it a fact. I was told this evening that Gen-
Prentiss thinks the report of the capture is true. I am very well
satisfied my self to believe it untrue until I hear more
definitely. These days it do not do to get too much lifted up
over these unofficial reports of such great victories. We will get
them officially soon after they transpire

There is a boat just now passing down. I hope it has a big mail
for us. I sure surely get several letters from you to know my
Dollie.

There is not a good letter, but it is the best I can do this
time. Send me plenty of good letters. They do me a power
of good

Goodly now my Darling I do wish I could see
you this evening, but such a thing is impossible, so goodly
Dollie

M F Vermilion

I can't take time to read it

Tuesday Afternoon, June 30, 1863

My Darling:

I sent you a short letter this morning, and a few more. It was written last night, and I was so wearied and sleepy, that I could hardly write at all. I had been up twenty hours, and I had the blues I think. I feel better to day. Father went to Abbia to day, and mother and I have been alone all day. The house seems very quiet after having so much company. No one has been here since Will started away. Mother is lying down asleep now. She is very uneasy about Will. I saw something up the valley now I thought the other day. But I don't like to see. There is no news, - or if there is, I can't hear it. Father is coming by Scammon to night to bring my mail. I hope I shall get some good news then. I am dreadfully homesome since Will started. I don't think that having him here such a little while, would make so much difference. It spoiled me, I guess. I wish I could hear how he is getting on. I want him to get back before his furlough is out. I think they ought all to be furloughed. When you come, love, I want you to get as long a furlough as you possibly can. Mr. Wright says you can get forty days, he thinks. That would be good. I want to see you so much that I don't know how to wait when I think about your coming. While I think of it, pet, I want to know whether your time counts from the 9th of August, when your company was organized, or only from the time you were mustered into the service at Theobald? Will says it counts from August; but others say not. I hope it will not make any difference, darling, for you will not stay out three years, but I want to know. This war will not last two years longer. What do you think, dear, of affairs in Pennsylvania? Where is the ~~war~~? What do you suppose he is doing? Isn't all of it most strange and unaccountable? We shall know all about it, I suppose after awhile. I hope we shall hear of no more blunders. I am very anxious to hear from Indiana. Matters are approaching a crisis there. I believe one good regiment of Indiana soldiers, could scatter every copperhead camp in the state without

firing a gun. And I hope Gov. Rowson will call a few of his veterans home ^{soon} that purpose. Plenty of them will want to go. The traitors there will steal and burn property, and shoot, from behind thickets, at men riding along country roads - as they did a couple of weeks ago, and fire from the windows into soldiers' houses, but they will not stand and meet a regiment of armed soldiers. They would almost as soon be drafted. Darling, don't your blood almost boil in your veins, when you get to talking about them? Could any punishment be too severe for them? But there is no use in talking about them all the time, is there, dear?

I have got me a pet, darling, what do you guess it is? I know you can't guess it, so I'll have to tell you a little puppy! A cunning little brown and white fellow, named Beppo. Father has one, too, so when you come riding up here some night you had better "hermene of the dogs" or maybe you won't get in. They are both shepherds. I am going to try to bring Beppo up to be a sensible dog. I think he will be, for he is always getting into mischief already, and that is a good sign, they say, for babies, and a very good one for dogs! He's sure to get on, if mother don't kill him, which I am a little afraid she will.

Wednesday Evening, July 1st

Father brought me a good, long letter last night, my love, written on the 15th ult. Your letters are a long time coming of late. For awhile they come in seven and eight days. But I am just as glad to get them, pet, if they are tardy. I love you, and thank you for every one of them. You want me to burn them all. I can't do it, sweet darling. Why should I? You don't know how much I think of them, or how much good they have done me. I promised to do anything you wanted me to, but you shouldn't take advantage of me that way, will you dear? You won't make me do it? I couldn't have lived all this time without your letters. You don't send me as many new ones as I want to read. Not half so many, darling. I want one every day, yet, I want three every day, and you know you don't send that many. I can't burn them, my good love. But if it will please you, I will promise to give them all to you when you come home to stay, and let you do as you please with them, provided you are right good to talk to me all the time, provided you talk to me "lots." If you don't I shall just go off and read over my old letters every day. Won't this do, my pet? I can't promise any more. I know

I will write my new ones from now on. Don't the best in your mind, and then with me. I'll be the best in your mind.

I shall cry when you burn them, even if you are going to stay with me. Why, dear one, I couldn't burn them even for all the money in the world, nor even because you want to. I will do anything else for my "Peaches." Many a time I have been so uneasy and troubled about you that I have been sick, and almost crazed, and I would get a good cheerful letter from you telling me that you were well, and that you loved your Dollie, and thought about her all the time, and - could I burn it, say our love? That is not like your Dollie. Taylor's wife throws his letters on the floor and stamps upon them. That may do for her, and for him; but your Dollie loves you, and loves your letters, and everything that is yours. I have some where in eighty now, and I wish I had two hundred. They are safe, darling, from any wicked touch till you come home. And then I am going to coax you to be good, and just burn your own letters, and leave mine alone. These are mine now, you know. You gave them to me. I lay one of them on my pillow every night to bring me sweet dreams. Don't you be thinking any more about such things, my dearest. Will you, now? I am glad you have found such a good old cook. I hope he will get up something good for your dinner every day. You will get fat, then, won't you? I am glad you get enough fresh fish. Do you like it as well as ever? I do wish I could be there to dinner with you sometimes. You must eat a piece for me every day. I have never had any since I left Mrs. Francis, and she didn't cook it well. We have had some very nice salt fish this summer, but they are not so good as the fresh. You must watch "Doctor Robinson" and make him be clean. I don't want you poisoned on dirt. When the war is over, darling, I want you to bring me a good negro girl to do any rough work when we go to house-keeping again. I would rather have one than white help, a great deal, if I could get a good one. And then I think it is right for every body to keep one who can, till some provision is made for them by the Government. I have heard plenty of people up here wishing they could get one or two. Julia May said she wanted to get two as soon as they get their farms back again. As we went to Indiana you know she "wanted to kill" every one we saw. How people do change in this world! I have not changed about it for I always wanted one. What do you say about it, my love? May I have a contraband?

I got my papers last night, but there is nothing special, or satisfactory in them. I don't understand matters in Pennsylvania at all. I fear no one does, but the rebels. It is said the "powers that be" are not uneasy, and that Hooker will soon be heard from. I listen to hear of a desperate battle soon very soon. If we only had thirty thousand men to throw into Richmond now, while it is left defenceless almost. Oh, if we only had them! If Hooker is worthy of the confidence that has been placed in him he will never let the rebel army recross the Potomac only as flying fugitives. But I am fearful of the result. His army has met with so many defeats and misadventures that I am afraid to hope great things of it any more. What was Hooker doing at Frederickicksburg to let the rebels slip past him, or around him into Maryland and Pennsylvania? But we don't know anything about it, my love, only that the rebels are there. We must do now, as we have so often done before, wait with what patience we can, and hope for the best. I have no late news from Vicksburg. There is a report that Grant has been repulsed again at Port Henderson with terrible loss. And that they were going to storm the works again with a forlorn hope of forty thousand volunteers. But you already know all this, my darling, so I need not write it to you.

Father saw Dr. Jones yesterday and talked with him about Will. He said it took all they could do to save his life, when he was sick. I am so afraid he will get down again when he goes back. I know he is not able to do much duty yet, but he will do it. He is a good fellow, dear, and I want him to live to come home again. I like him better, I believe, because he likes you so much. He does like you, darling. He says there are not many such men, and the more he sees of you, the more he thinks so. He never could anything for you, he says, till he worked at Woodside a month you know once and found out that you were a "real good fellow" but still he didn't know that you were half so good a man as you are. I told him he didn't know yet how good you are. He said "Well, he didn't blame me for liking you pretty well." I guess he don't. And he couldn't help it, if he did. But I must quit writing, my pet and help mother get dinner. There is no news up here, not one bit. One of Lucy Hancock's brothers was killed at Vicksburg the other day, and another badly wounded. Write to me often, love. And write long letters. I love the long ones best. I want to write to you this week. I have never answered her yet. Keep in good spirit, my precious one. We will be happy together sometime, won't we? We are all well. Be careful of your health, my own love. Good-by. Your affectionate Dollie