

The  
**Civil War**

Letters of

**David Holton Wood**



**DAVID HOLTON WOOD,  
CO A, 13TH WIS INF**

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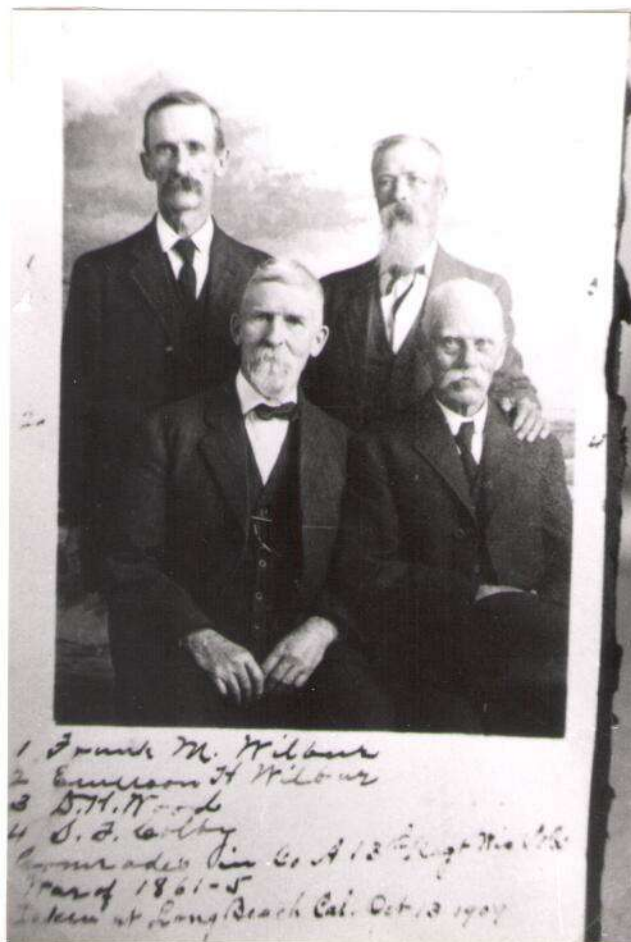
RESOURCE CENTER  
CIVIL WAR MUSEUM  
5400 1ST AVENUE  
KENOSHA WI 53140

Letters written during  
the CIVIL WAR  
by **David Holton Wood**  
to his cousin  
Hattie Sanborn



Compiled  
May 1996

## Civil War Comrades



1. Frank M. Wilbur
2. Emerson H. Wilbur
3. D. H. Wood
4. S. F. Colby

Comrades in Co. A, 13th Regt, Wis Vols  
War of 1861-5

Taken at Long Beach, Cal., Oct. 13, 1909

(from a picture in the possession of Olive C. Rowe)

## Acknowledgments

This booklet is a compilation of the letters written by David H. Wood to his cousin, Hattie Sanborn (Mrs. Hiram Ferris) during and shortly after the Civil War of 1861-1865. It is not intended to be a biography; however, I have included a Memorial Day speech he wrote and presented in 1917 and a few pictures, maps and supplemental material to provide some context and dimension to the letters. The letters themselves create a picture of a young man's character, values, ideals, sacrifices and dreams during a period of intense turmoil in the history of United States of America.

In transcribing the letters, I have tried to retain the spelling and approximate format of the original letters.

Without the role of each of the following individuals the preservation and presentation of these letters would not have been possible.

Hattie Sanborn Ferris, who saved the letters and returned them to the Wood family.

Olive E. Wood, daughter, who retained the letters.

Olive C. Rowe, granddaughter, the intergenerational lynch pin whose curiosity and interest in family history kept knowledge of the letters alive.

Diana Wood, whose interest in family history rekindled interest in the letters and who provided the equipment and facilities for the transcription of the first nine letters.

Walter W. Wood, Jr., for graciously allowing me to borrow and transcribe the letters.

David and Rhoda Ward, for adjunct materials and pictures related to D.H. Wood and family.

Diana and Paul Wood, Jenn and Walt Wood, Jr., and Vance Stice for research assistance, encouragement, enthusiasm and, above all, patient support.

To all of the above and others who played a role but are not individually recognized, many thanks for all assistance.

Nancy C. Crerar  
May 1996

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[No envelope]

Camp Maloney on the  
Osage River 2 miles above  
Ossawatomie, Kansas  
Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Cousin Hattie:

When

I parted with you at the cars as I came away, you reminded me of a promise which I never made to write to you, yet I will act as though I had promised to write. Doubtless you know about our journey to Leavenworth as much as I do. so I will not repeat an account of it, but will write about our journey from L. toward Fort Scott thus far. We started Friday morning Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> which was as cold a morning as we had seen since we left Janesville. We managed to get our knapsacks upon the wagons, which relieved us of a good part of our load, and it was well for us that we did for the ground was covered with ice, and it was all that we could do to keep our feet under us. We marched this day about 15 miles and encamped at night on the premises of an Indian Chief called Johnnycake. We soon had fires started and made preparations for camping, but the teams which conveyed our baggage were very unfortunate, a number of them were overturned, and some of them more than once, so that the wagon upon [which] our quilts and tents were did not arrive until one o'clock in the morning. We did not pitch our tents, but spread our blankets by the fire, laid down in our overcoats and slept well till morning. Saturday we started off in good season and marched on in a better road than we had Friday, though it was still icy and slippery, till we arrived at the Kansas River, which we crossed on the ice, and then waited till the baggage arrived which we had to assist up the banks of river. After the baggage was safely over, we marched till sunset when we arrived at a small village called Shawnee town. We marched about 15 miles this day also and were all pretty tired and footsore when we arrived at Shawnee town where we found quarters in the buildings. Sunday we staid in Shawnee town, resting and cooking meat for the march. Monday morning was a little warmer, and about 8 o'clock we started off again. We marched about 20 miles today and encamped at night in a small piece of woods beside a brook. To night we pitched our tents for the first time since leaving Janesville. We found plenty of long dry grass which we mowed with our knives and used for a bed. Tuesday we were early on the march. It thawed considerably to-day, and we often had to wade through the water, so that our feet were thoroughly wet long before night. We went through a village called Paola and camped near it on a stream called Big Bull Creek making about 20 miles today. Wednesday morning we marched up the creek about a mile and crossed where it was frozen over. The teams had to ford it, the water coming up about six inches on the wagon box. It was quite warm to-day and we had to walk through mud and water all the way. We were frequently in the water over our boots. We marched about 8 miles and came to the Osage river opposite Ossawatomie, where we stopped to lunch, after which we march up the river about 2 miles to find a place to cross. Here half the Regiment, the right wing, crossed on the ice in a place where the bank was so high on the sough side of the river that the ice had not all been thawed. Just before dark the baggage came up and we went over and got our quilts, tents and knapsacks, and hard bread and bacon to last three or four days and brought them over by hand.

The river was now rising very rapidly, so that the other half of the Regiment and the teams could not cross. Between the time that we arrived at the bank of the river and next morning it had risen about six feet. After we had crossed we built fires and brought cornstalks from a field close by for our bed, and after supper pulled off our wet boots, dried our socks and turned in for the night. About half past twelve, we were awakened by the voice of the Orderly calling "Fall in, boys, fall in." We soon were on hand, but it proved to be a false alarm caused by the ice breaking up in the river, which some one had taken for a body of horsemen and given the alarm. We have been laying here for two days now, and shall probably stay here till Monday when it is thought the river will have fallen enough so that we can go on. We have lived on hard bread and meat, since leaving L. but yesterday they gave us some corn meal, and one mess had hasty pudding, and boiled rabbits for supper, two of our mess having caught a couple of rabbits yesterday. We all agreed that this was first rate eating, the best we had had since we left Janesville. This morning the mail for the 13<sup>th</sup> arrived here and not a few of the boys were made glad by the receipt of letters from home. Newman Nash got one in which they said you had been visiting at the Grove<sup>1</sup>, and wished to be remembered to him and to me. Now Hattie if you ever get this I want you to show it to all my relations and friends, and till then that I want an answer to it from all of them. I wrote to Mary the day before we left L. and will write to Mother when we get to Fort Scott. You will doubtless excuse all mistakes and bad writing when I tell you that I began this letter sitting in the tent, but it was so cold that I had to come to the front of the tent into the sunshine, and lay down and write on a knapsack<sup>2</sup>.

The boys generally are in very good health and spirits, though several were left sick in Leavenworth.

Please write immediately upon the receipt of this and tell all my friends to do the same, as I don't get my share of the letters that come to our company.

I remain as ever  
Yours David H. Wood

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<sup>1</sup> "The Grove" - Possibly the town of Emerald Grove, ten miles east of Janesville and ten miles south east of Milton, Wisconsin.

<sup>2</sup> Knapsack - A case of canvas or leather for carrying on the back a soldier's necessities or a traveler's clothing - distinct from a haversack.

(Haversack - A bag or case for carrying provisions on a march - distinct from a rucksack.

Rucksack - A loose flat bag supported on the back by straps over the shoulder.)



[Postmarked from Leavenworth  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Janesville, Wis  
postmark date not legible]

Fort Scott, March 17<sup>th</sup> '62

Dear Cousin,

I received your letter this morning, and I assure you it was very welcome. I had been expecting it for some time, but I suppose it was not owing to delay on your part to answer the letter which you received from me, but to the length of time which it takes for letters to pass between her and Janesville. Our mail matter is from eight to fourteen days in coming from Janesville here, for by the mail route we are a good distance from home. I was somewhat amused (pardon me Hattie) as I read of your working so hard to knit mittens for the 13<sup>th</sup> boys, for your letter reached me on a beautiful spring morning, and now (just after dinner) it is so warm that we are uncomfortable with our coats on. Two hours later, I was called from my writing to fall in with the company and go to the burial of one of our soldiers, a corporal, I believe, from company B. named Miller. The whole Regiment went to the grave for the first time, although this was the seventh one which we have lost since we left home, one, a corporal from Co. A; and four from Co. C in L. while since we left Leavenworth, and another from Co. C. and this one from Co. B. here. There was a good deal of sickness among the boys while we were in Leavenworth, and on the way here, but since we came here they have been more healthy. My health has been excellent since we left home; I have not been excused from any duty yet on account of sickness. For this I feel that I have abundant reason to be thankful, for a sick soldier does not always fall into the most careful hands, and if reports are true those left in L. did not have the best care.

Your account of the Laymen's meetings in Milton and Janesville was very interesting to me, as I have had but very few opportunities for attending a meeting of any kind since we left home. Since we left L. Sunday has been to all external appearances as any other day, until yesterday when we had religious service for the first time in our chapel tent.

It is gratifying to me to know that though far from home, those we have left remember us in their prayers. I think if there is any earthly influence that can induce a person to retain his uprightness of character amidst temptations, it is the thought that those whom he loves at home are praying for him, and are anxiously hoping that he may not fall.

Your letter reminds me that I did complete my account of my Journey to this place. I presume you have heard before this of our arrival here in safety, so, I will only add that we were rather tired and footsore and quite glad to get to our journey's end. Our appetites were so keen that some of the boys complained not a little because they had not enough to eat, but after we had been here a few days doing nothing, our rations were ample, and I have no doubt it was best for us that we got no more than we did. How long we shall stay here I do not know, but I suspect not long. There are rumors here that we shall go to St. Louis but we know nothing about it with certainty. We hear of splendid victories which our troops are gaining all over the borders, and it seems as though the war would come to a speedy termination. I sometimes think we shall be home again this summer. I can imagine what a winter you have had and how the sleigh bells have rung around J. but I have hardly seen a sleigh since we left home. I think you must have had a merry winter. Remember me to Aunt Lizzie and Almira, and to all my relations. How is Laura and what is she doing this winter. In my other letter I forgot to tell you how to direct to me, but you directed your letter rightly.

Cousin David

[Postmarked missing because stamp was removed  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Janesville, Wis  
postmark date not legible]

Notation on envelope in hand of Hattie Sanborn:  
Fr Walter M. Scott, Care of Capt Norcross  
Co. K 13th Reg. Wis. Vol.

Fort Riley Apr 30th '62

Dear Coz,

Just before we left Lawrence, I received your letter and the papers directed to Ft. Leavenworth, but I have not had an opportunity to answer the letter until the present time.

When I wrote you before we were in Ft. Scott waiting for orders to move, and rather expecting to go south to Arkansas, but now here we are about two hundred miles from Fort Scott in an north western direction, expecting now to cross the plains to New Mexico though it may be that our expectations will now be fulfilled as they were before. On the 22<sup>d</sup> of this month we left Lawrence and started for this place, all the other troops at Lawrence having previously left for the same destination. The first day it was quite warm, but the other five days which it required to reach this place were cool and very pleasant to march in.

The first night we camped about twenty miles from L., and the next morning took an early start and went on to Topeka where we were to be ferried across the river. While sitting at the ferry, waiting for my turn to cross the river, I received a very welcome present in the shape of the letter you wrote as a substitute for the other which you feared was lost. We managed to cross the river, and go about four miles farther that day to a small village called Indianola.

The next day we marched about 22 miles. Our Captain led off at a pretty good rate this day, and a part of his company, among whom I was, and some from their companies marched this distance in five and one half hours. We were now in a country where there were Indians, and after supper I went out with some of my companions to a spot where there were a number of Indian graves. By moving a part of the covering of the graves we could see the bows, arrows, beads, &c, which were deposited with the bodies of these warriors. The next day we went about eighteen miles and camped on a beautiful stream called Rock Creek. Just before reaching our camping place we passed through a small village names Louisville, and seeing a sign over a store door which I thought characteristic of a country called "out west" I took a verbatim copy, which I will write here as nearly as I can with a pen

**JOHN.DANIEL.**

**Dry Goods & Groceries.**

I cannot copy it exactly with a pen but you can form an idea of it. This day we also passed through an Indian Mission called St. Mary's Mission. The next day we marched about eighteen miles also, and camped near a very pretty village named Manhattan. At this place we crossed the Big Blue River on a floating bridge, the sandy bottom of the river not being sufficiently firm to build piers upon. The next day (Sunday) we came on to our present camping ground about a mile and a half from the Fort. Fort Riley is the prettiest fort we have seen yet by far. The buildings are of stone and are neat and tasty. I understand this fort was laid out by Gen. Lyon. My sheets is full and I must stop. Please direct to Fort Riley Kansas.

From David

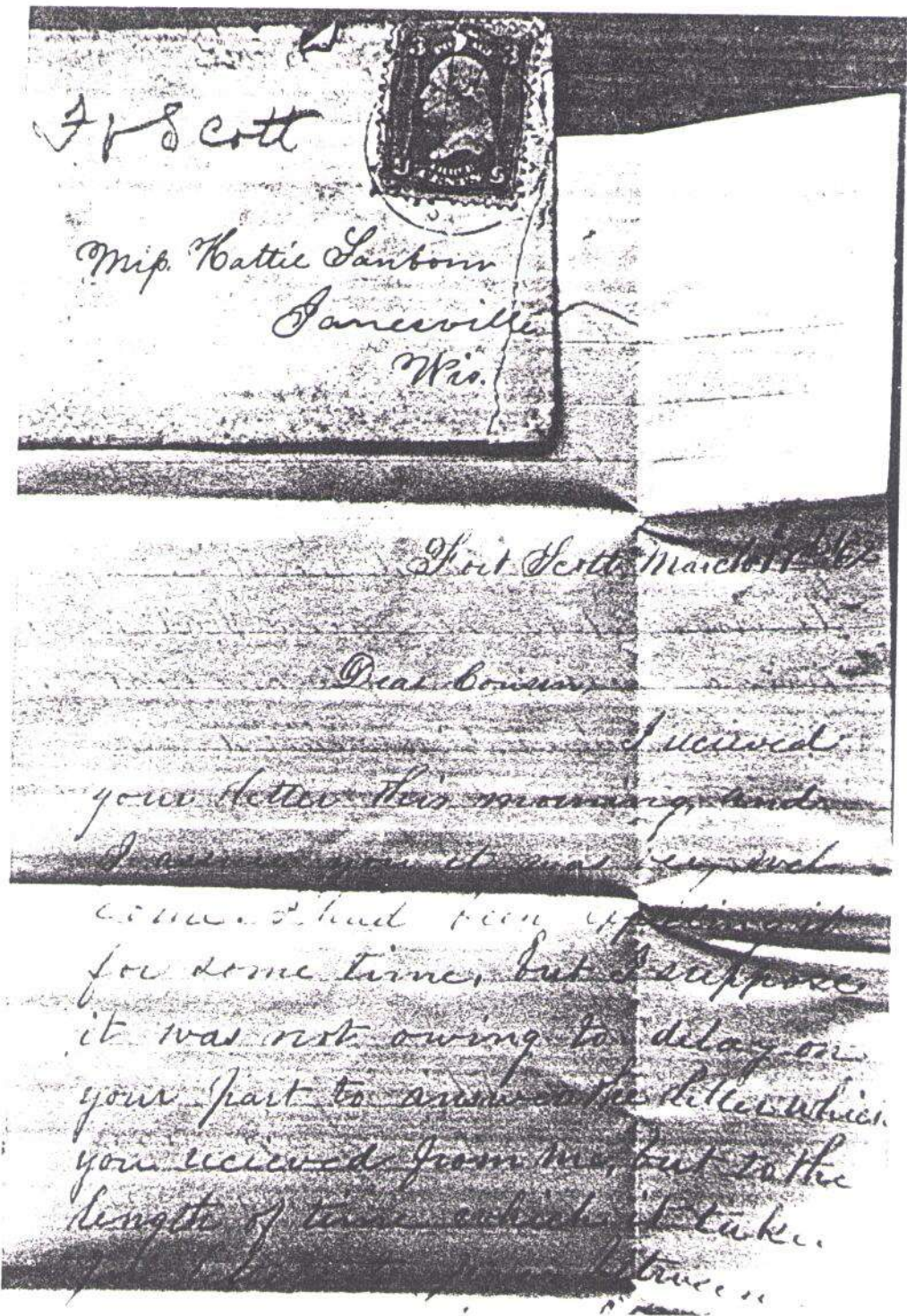
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addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Janesville, Wis  
postmark date not legible]

Ft. Leavenworth  
May 28 '62

Dear Cousin Hattie;

Another letter from you came to hand yesterday and I hasten to answer it. I presume if you have heard nothing of our movements lately you will be surprised at the heading of this, for when I wrote you before we were expecting to be on the road to New Mexico by this time, and I see by your letter you envy us the pleasant trip. But now we are one hundred and thirty miles from fort Riley in an opposite direction from that which we were expecting to take. We had made up our minds that we were surely destined for New Mexico, every thing was ready, a train of about four hundred wagons loaded with provision was already at the Fort, and we were expecting to start in about eight days when word came that in two days we should start for Ft. Leavenworth, and from there go to Tennessee. This was very welcome news to most of the boys for it looked as though there would be a chance for us to do something yet more effectual than marching. We started according to orders on Tuesday the 20th in a beautiful shower which lasted through the day; but fortunately for us it ceased raining before we got into camp, just before dark. I suppose we were about as muddy a lot of men as you ever saw when we got into camp that night, but we soon built fires and dried ourselves and by the next morning we were all right again. During the rest of this march the weather was very pleasant but rather warm for comfort. Our road for about seventy-five miles from Ft. Riley was the same that we passed over in going to that place, we then left the valley of the Kansas River and struck across the country to Leavenworth which we reached yesterday. We are now expecting to take a boat tomorrow morning at six o'clock to go down this river. I suppose that we shall be sent on to the "seat of the war" a place which we have sought in vain throughout the land of Kansas. We have now marched about 500 miles in Kansas in a little less than four months and have now come back to our starting place. But there is a better prospect already, a prospect that we may do something to overthrow rebellion and bring this war to an end. Pray that we may never flinch from doing all we can whatever be the cost. Now Coz I imagine I see you surrounded by your numerous family leafing out instruction for young minds. I think it most or somewhat a task to strai[gh]ten out all their difficulties if they are as many as you represent. Never mind, you may be teaching those who will leave an undying name on the pages of future history. I hope you will keep your word in telling Almira to answer that letter I wrote you. Please direct to St. Louis.

From Cousin David



Envelope and first page of March 17, 1862 letter. All letters reproduced were photocopied from non-flash photographs taken with natural light indoors.

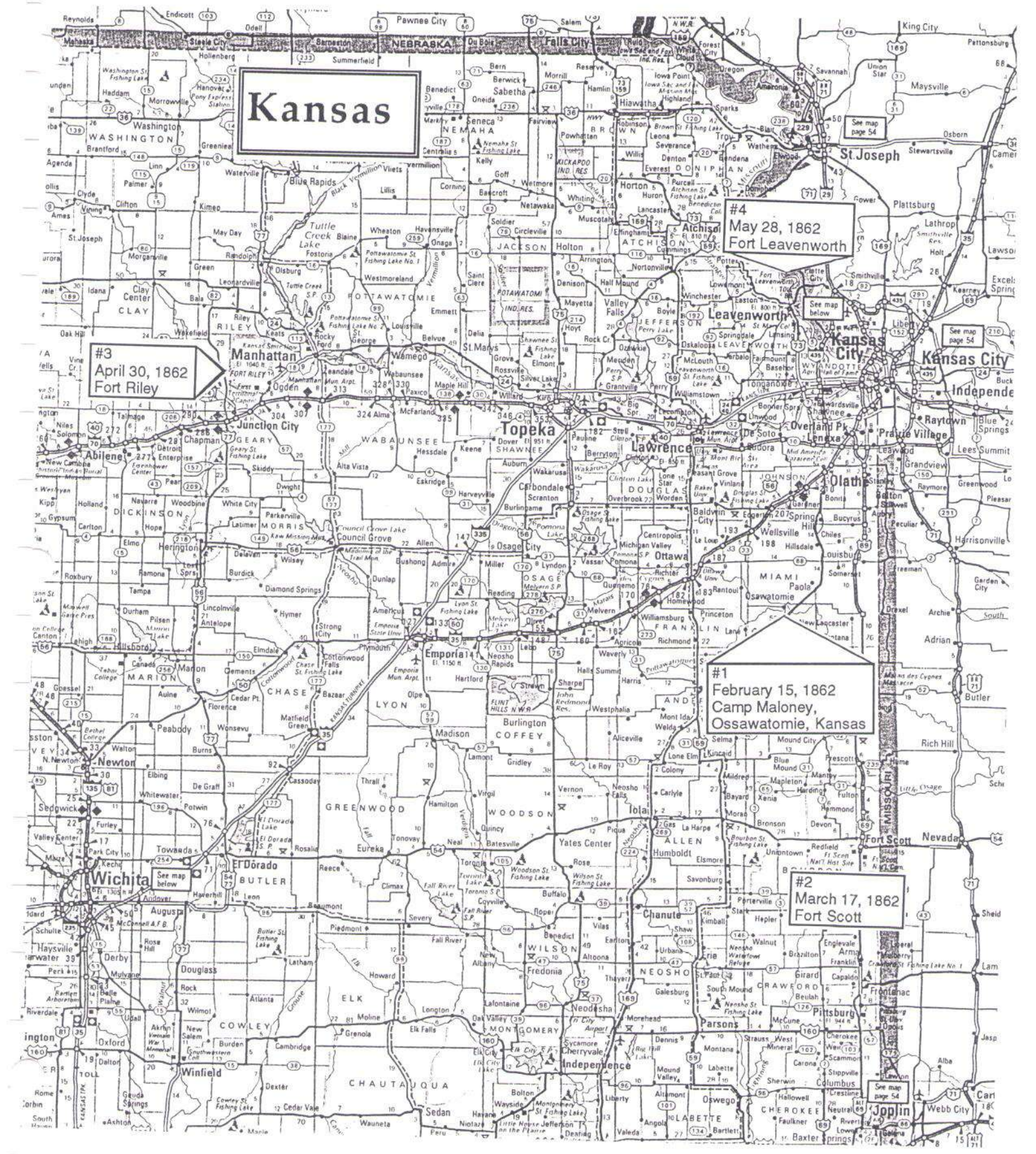
# Kansas

#3  
April 30, 1862  
Fort Riley

#4  
May 28, 1862  
Fort Leavenworth

#1  
February 15, 1862  
Camp Maloney,  
Ossawatimie, Kansas

#2  
March 17, 1862  
Fort Scott



[No envelope]

Moscow Ky. June 18th '62

Dear Cousin;

I received your letter of June 6th, day before yesterday, and now seat myself to reply to it. It seems that you are under the impression that our trip down the river terminated at Cairo, but you will see by this, if you do not hear before this reaches you, that we have gone on down to "Dixie." I will give you a little sketch of our journey from Ft. Leavenworth to this place hoping it may prove interesting to you. About six o'clock, on the morning of May 29<sup>th</sup> we went onboard of a boat which was waiting to take us down the river, and about five in the afternoon we pushed off. It fell to our lot to occupy a part of the upper deck, but as the weather was quite favorable, it was not unpleasant riding as we did. The boat did not run [at] night so we had a chance to see the scenery along the river, which was mostly high banks and bluffs on the side, and bottom lands on the other for a little distant from the river. The third night, just at dark we entered the Mississippi River and laid over, on the Illinois shore for the night. There is a great difference in the color of the rivers where they unite, the Mississippi is comparatively clear above the junction, but the Missouri would be considered rather muddy by the inhabitants of Wisconsin.

There is one good thing about it however; coffee made of the water is very good, and has the appearance of coffee already creamed. Sunday morning early we reached St. Louis, where we remained through the day and until noon the next day, when we started on down the river again. Our boat ran during this night and the next morning (Tuesday) at seven, we reached Cairo where we stopped for a couple of hours, and then went on reaching Columbus Ky. about noon.

Here we unloaded our baggage and encamped on the hill about a mile from the river. Here we saw for the first time, evidences that there was a war in progress in this country. On the top of the hill, were fortifications, built by the rebels but now occupied by the Union troops, with heavy guns mounted commanding the river; at the landing laid the cable which was stretched across the river by the rebels to intercept northern boats, and the torpedoes which were attached to it in such a way that they would explode and destroy boats that should come in contact with the cable; and here and there were cannon and shells laying around in great confusion. On the hill were the remains of a great many log houses, which had been occupied by the southern troops as quarters which they destroyed when they left there.

The third morning we were at C. orders came to be ready to march, and we pulled down tents and got all ready, when we were told to wait for orders to march, so we pitched tents again and waited till about four in the afternoon when the orders were brought to our Colonel, and at five we started with loaded guns, for this place. We marched until a little after eight that night when we stopped in the thick wood which lines the road the entire distance from Columbus here, and made our bed of leaves, the teams being fast in the sloughs some distance behind us. The next day we came on reaching Moscow in the afternoon, but our team did not arrive until noon the next day. Our Regiment has been engaged [sic] in building a bridge when one had been destroyed upon the evacuation of Columbus. Today four companies have started for Union City, about fifteen miles below here to build a bridge then I understand.

I should judge by your letter that you have news of the 13<sup>th</sup> in advance of us, at least your letter brought me the news that we were disbanded, I am almost inclined to think as you do that it was a mere rumor, perhaps a good deal like those we have here, about going here or there, or that this or that has taken place. I was somewhat

surprised to read what you wrote of Almira. What name might she be expecting to bear in the future? My best regards to her, and best wishes for her future welfare. Now Coz, if I get another letter where so much space is occupied with apologies for incorrect writing &c, I shall write a criticism on it and send it to you. I think I have occupied sufficient space, and will close wishing you success and happiness.

Yours,

Miss Hattie Sanborn,  
Janesville  
Wis

D. H. Wood  
13<sup>th</sup> Reg  
W.V.

P.S. I did not intend to slight those whose kind wishes you sent me, remember me to them.

D H W

[Postmarked July 18, 1862, Columbus KY  
 addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Janesville, Wis  
 Postmarked on the back: Received at Cairo, Ill, Jul 20, 1862]

Columbus, July 16<sup>th</sup> '62

Dear Cousin,

On the eve of July 5<sup>th</sup> I recieved [sic] and read with pleasure your letter of the 1<sup>st</sup> instant. Since then I have been so busy that I have not had opportunity, and inclination at the same time to answer, or I should have done so before; I did begin once, though, about a week since but could not finish, and now I will make a second trial. You are doubtless aware that we have left Moscow and are at Columbus again. After completing the railroad bridge at M. and putting the road in order around there, we recieved notice one day just after dinner to be ready at four o'clock to go to the depot and take the cars for this place. We were on hand in due season, but after waiting three days for a train to come for us, we started up the railroad track and marched through, about twelve miles by the track. Since we came here we have been fixing up considerably. Almost every tent in the regiment has an addition to it in the shape of a rough board shanty, the boards for which, have been taken from old barracks used by the rebels. Our tent has the following additions; a plat form in the tent; a verandah, with seats on each side, in front; a kitchen about ten feet square with floor, shelves, and a cupboard, in the rear; and a bedroom and small verandah on one side of the kitchen, so you see we are pretty well off for house room. We are also living well here, in the line of eatables. Our flour we exchange for soft bread at the bakers; and we have drawn corned beef, hams, desiccated potatoes and some tea since we have been here. We also get ice to put into our drinking water, which renders even Mississippi water very refreshing on a hot day. We have for luxuries, blackberries which we can gather in abundance, and apples ripe and green, for eating, baking, and making sauce. There are many fine orchards around here, some entirely open, and others whose owners have left, so that we can get all the apples we want without "jayhawking<sup>3</sup>" them. The weather has been very warm since we came here, but we take things as easily as possible, and I believe the regiment is in very good health, for myself, I have never yet been so unwell as to be excused from any duty. Our Colonel is commander of the Post, and our Captain, Ruger is Provost Marshal. Captain Ruger makes an excellent Marshal, he keeps everything in shape, and pays attention to his business! I was glad to hear through you from Cousin Douglas and I thank you for his business card. I should think he had been prospering in his business for some time, I hope he may succeed well in the future, for he had a hard time, I think, when learning his trade. I hope you will ask him to write to me, as you spoke of, for I should much like to correspond with him. I thank you for an invitation to attend your Literary Social, but owing to previous engagement I shall be unable to respond to it. Please excuse me for neglecting to write a piece for your paper as you urged me to do; I assure you I never wrote a piece for the press in my life. I should like to hear it read, though, but as I said before previous engagements will compel me to be absent. Perhaps I may become a subscriber, how often will it be published? What are the terms? I thought you were having a very quiet time at the North this summer, there are so many gone and so little being done. I judge by your letter that you enjoy yourself hugely, I hope you may continue to enjoy yourself to the end of a long life. Please not delay writing as long as I have done. Remember me to all.

To Hattie

Cousin David

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<sup>3</sup> Jayhawking - raiding. Jayhawker - A member of a band of guerrillas, originally antislavery men, especially in Kansas and Missouri, before and during the Civil War; hence an irregular soldier. See also, Expanded Footnotes



[Postmarked Columbia, KY, Aug 19, 1862  
addressed to: Miss Hattie Sanborn, Janesville, Wis]

Columbus, Aug 15<sup>th</sup>, 1862

Dear Cousin,

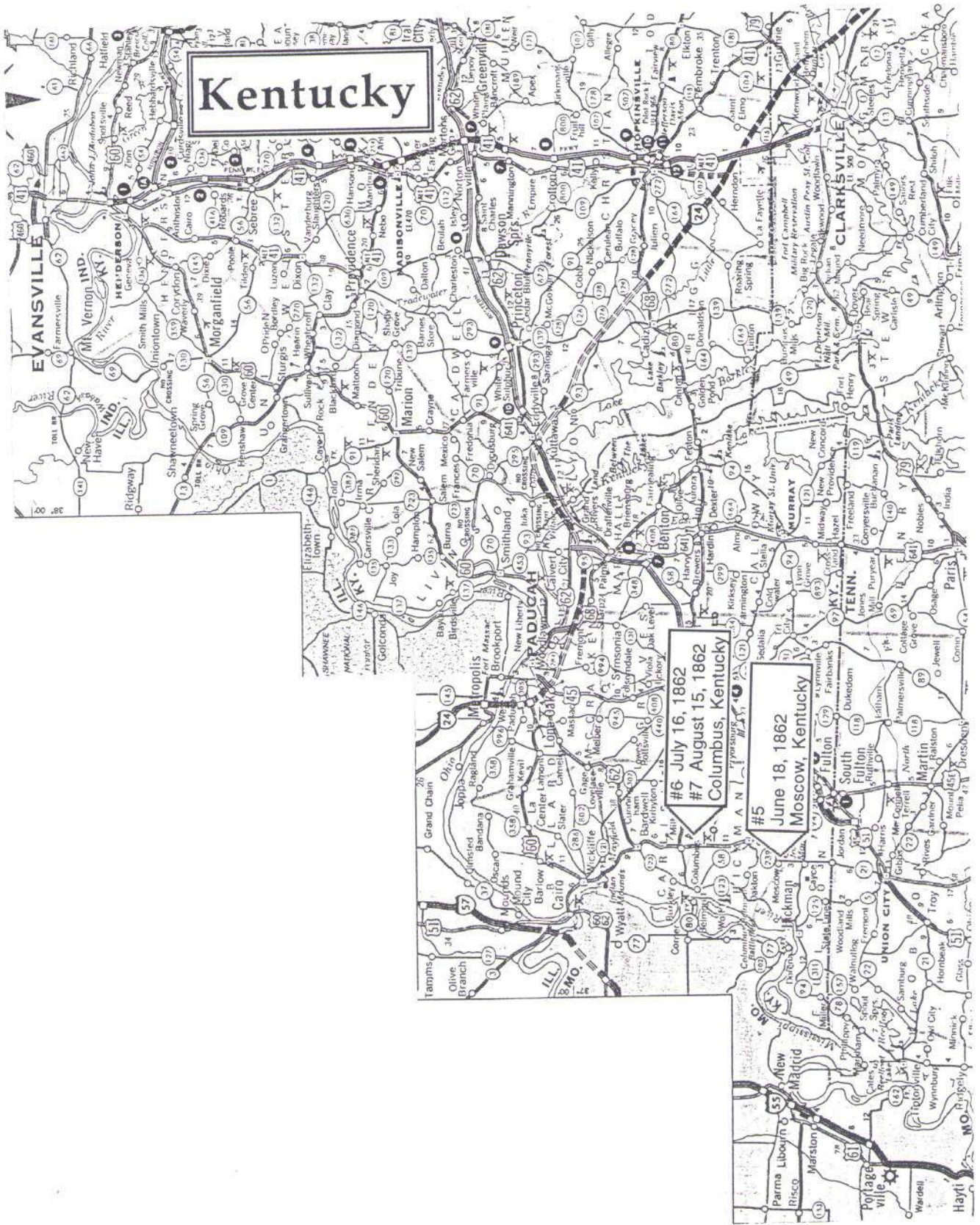
I recieved [sic] a long-expected letter from you a few days ago and I take this opportunity to answer it. Your letter came to hand on the 8th or 9th I think, but since then with guard duty, and a little trip which I took down the river, this is almost the first chance I have had to answer it. We are still following our usual course here, and all is moving along [quietly?]. In your letter you speak of recieving direct intelligence that the 13th was expecting to go into battle soon. This was news to me, though there was at one time considerable talk about guer[r]illas being in this section, but I think there has not an armed rebel been seen within fifty miles of us since we have been here. We have had orders to move down the river lately, but they have been counter manded and we are still here waiting. I presume that we shall move before long however. Last Monday a squad of men was sent down the river on business and it happened to fall on me to go from Company A. We went down by Island No 10<sup>4</sup> as far as New Madrid Missouri. We had a very pleasant trip of a day and a half, our business being to take, or destroy all skiffs or boats that could be used in crossing the river, so as to prevent all communication between the two sides of the river. In passing Island No 10 nothing can be seen to mark it as an important place in the history of this war. It appears like an ordinary island, containing only three or four hundred acres, and is covered with trees and rank weeds which completely hide the batteries.

Aug. 19<sup>th</sup> After an interval of four days I resume my pen to complete my letter. I was interrupted in my writing by a call to supper I believe, and this is the first opportunity I have had to finish epistle since. During the interval I have been on guard twice, and one Monday last to general muster<sup>5</sup>, and now I have just finished my washing, and hung out the clothes to dry, and I hasten to take up the next thing in importance, to write, this letter. Today another of our regiment is to be buried, a sergeant of Co A, (Whitewater Company) whose name I do not know. There are a good many of the boys on the sick list now, but not many dangerously sick I believe. Spending the summer in a warmer climate with different clothing and diet from usual are the houses of this sickness I presume. The weather is becoming cooler now, however, and I think we shall all get hearty and fleshy again soon. Our Band has lately been discharged and sent home, it seems rather de? [dead? dull?] now at dress parade and guard mounting, for our musicians have improved wonderfully since getting their new instruments, and we were sorry to lose them, but economy in the Government demanded that they should go. We are glad to see that the authorities propose to pursue a more effective and vigorous policy in the future, and we hope to see the practical working of the polices soon. Today we hear stories about the rebels being at work below us, the report is that Union City Tenn, is attacked by them. Also that along the river below us they are raising troops and molesting our soldiers I have almost come to the conclusion that to bring this war to an end it will be necessary to burn, destroy and lay waste everything in all of the seceded states, and shoot every man who will not side with the Union. After sitting and thinking about five minutes I have concluded to close this letter, for want of something to write. Accordingly I close by hoping that this may find you enjoying health, and happiness, that the "Evening Star" may have unbounded success, and that you will soon answer this dry epistle.

Yours very truly D. H. Wood  
To My Hattie Sanborn  
Janesville

<sup>4</sup> Island No. 10 - See Expanded Footnotes

<sup>5</sup> General muster - An assembly of troops as for parade or for roll call.



# Kentucky

#6 July 16, 1862  
#7 August 15, 1862  
Columbus, Kentucky

#5  
June 18, 1862  
Moscow, Kentucky

[Postmark: Paducah KY, Oct 14; marked on the back: Received Cairo Ill at Oct 15, 1862

addressed to: Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co, Wis]

Fort Henry<sup>6</sup>, Oct 10<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Cousin;

It is a cold rainy morning, and to pass away time, as well as to fulfill my obligation to write, I have seated myself to reply to your letter of Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> which I recieved on the 4<sup>th</sup> of this month. I had expected it for some time, but the irregularity in the mail at this place, together with a slight delay in writing on your part (which of course was perfectly excusable) explain why it did not arrive before. I think soldiers watch for the mail with greater eagerness than any other class of persons, and if our Post Master (L. P. Norcross) is not on hand the moment a boat arrives, and does not sort the mail in the least possible time, his qualifications for Post Master are severely criticised [sic] by those who expect letters, which includes the whole regiment. On the last boat which arrived here, our new Colonel Wm. P. Lyon, came, and with him another sutler<sup>7</sup> for our regiments. We were all much pleased to see our Colonel, and expect to like him well as he appears to be an intelligent, practical, every-day man. Since writing you last three of our companies A, B, & P, with some cavalry and a piece of artillery, took a trip twenty five miles down the river and twenty miles east into Kentucky. We had a pleasant time, visited two nice villages, dined three times at our own invitation with the inhabitants, and returned without seeing the enemy. Afterwards four other companies went over to Fort Donelson, and three of them with Cavalry and artillery went on some twenty miles beyond, but hearing that a force of the enemy was calculating to come in between them and Ft D. they "about faced" and successfully accomplished what some would call a retreat. They are all but Co. K back again to this place living in quietness. We are living pretty comfortably here now. Our colored cooks do the work cooking and washing, and we amuse ourselves as we choose. Occasionally some of us go into the county and trade coffee to the inhabitants for sweet potatoes, dried peaches &c. The woods supply us bountifully with pawpaws<sup>8</sup>, persimmons, hickory nuts and walnuts, so that we have plenty to eat in this line, and the nut shells around our tent testify that we are not slow to appreciate them. The Presidents "Proclamation"<sup>9</sup> appears to be the thing for the time though I should like to see it go into effect before January. The prospects are a little more cheering at present I think, and I hope the work will progress, so that we may see the end of this war before hot weather again. When this reaches you, you will possibly be settled in your new home at Milton; I hope it will be a pleasant one. I have never yet fallen asleep while reading your letters and I think I could stand a longer one, at least I should like to try it. Remember me to all.

From David

<sup>6</sup> Fort Henry - See Expanded Footnotes

<sup>7</sup> Sutler - One who follows an army and sells to the troops provisions, liquors, and the like.

<sup>8</sup> Pawpaw - [Papaw, pawpaw] The papaya. The oblong yellowish fruit of a tree (*Asimina triloba*) of the central and southern United States; also, the tree.

<sup>9</sup> "Proclamation" - Emancipation Proclamation - January 1, 1863.

[Postmark: Paducah KY, Oct 14; marked on the back: Received Cairo Ill at Oct 15, 1862

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<sup>9</sup> "Proclamation" - Emancipation Proclamation - January 1, 1863.

[Postmarked Dec - remainder illegible, probably Cairo, IL  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Wis]

Fort Henry, Dec 12<sup>th</sup> '62

Dear Coz:

Calling to mind the Golden Rule which bids me do as I would be done by, I seat myself at this first opportunity to answer your letter of Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> which I have before me. I will warn you now, at the commencement, that I have nothing to write and shall have to make a letter of nothing, so you will not be disappointed after reading it. I have taken a pinch of tea (for your thoughtfulness in sending which, accept my thanks) to inspire me, for if I write an interesting letter of nothing, I shall need some inspiration for you will remember how difficult it used to be for me to write in my school days, and how every time I attempt to write proves to me that the difficulty has not yet been outgrown. I often think of my school days, and I almost believe they are the best of a persons life, at any rate they are pleasant, very pleasant, to think of. Ah, how quickly they pass! and as I grow older, to me, time seems to fly still the faster. The last year, which one would think would be a long one to a soldier, has of all my others passed quickest away, so that, in thinking of circumstances which happened before I enlisted I often overlook it entirely. It has been a scene of many changes, and it being a new kind of life to me, it has not been monotonous, but has passed like a shadow.

I hope though, that the causes which have made this life a necessity for thousands, will be removed before the close of the year we shall soon enter. I will hope even when prospects are dull for in imagination I see the time, when with an honorable peace, the soldiers shall return to their homes again. It will be a happy time I think. Last night I was on guard, and it was a beautiful night. A guard of three hours on a bright moonlight night is not so unpleasant after all, for then memory brings to mind old scenes and familiar faces at home, and the time passes quickly.

Dec 15<sup>th</sup> - I have taken, without asking your consent, a short intermission in my writing. It is all right, isn't it? In the meantime we have enjoyed some fine showers, and the rain will contrary to rules, persist in dropping through the roof wherever there is the least chance. We have got used to such jokes, however, and always take them in good part.

The evening on which I commenced this letter, the wives of our Captain and 2<sup>d</sup> Lieutenant arrived here. They are nicely settled in a log house with two apartments, which was previously constructed. Perhaps you will remember our Captain's wife, formerly Miss Sarah Wright of Janesville. Tomorrow morning an expedition starts up the river on a scout, the weather permitting. Our company is not going but we may get a chance before long. Friend Newman wishes me to remember him to you, in return. Please remember this scrawl with a good letter.

Ever Yours,  
Cousin David

[Postmarked Jan 9, Paducah (year and state not legible in postmark)  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co, Wis]

Fort Henry Jan'y 6<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Cousin Hattie;

Your fa-

vor of the 25<sup>th</sup> ult. was received this morning, nevertheless I appropriated both your "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," and in return, most heartily wish you the same for the coming Christmas and New Years day. I will now tell you how and where I spent Christmas, but I must first tell you what happened for a few days previous. On the 20<sup>th</sup> of Dec our regiment, a part of the 83<sup>d</sup> Ill. and the 5<sup>th</sup> Iowa cavalry with six pieces of artillery embarked on four boats and accompanied by four gunboats sailed up the river. That night our fleet anchored in the stream opposite a landing about forty miles above here, and the next morning we landed and went in pursuit of a force of the enemy who had crossed at that place the day before. Thus commenced a march which terminated at the same place six days afterward, the details of which would be uninteresting to you in all probability. But Christmas, I promised to tell you about my Christmas, and so I will. Our camp the night before was on a little stream about a mile from our old village called Camden.

On Christmas morning we were up bright and early, and by daylight were on the move expecting to go to the river, but it afterwards proved that our expectations were not in accordance with our commanding Officer's wishes, at least we did not go to the river. We passed through Camden to the music of the fife and drum, and soon afterward turned to the left and camped on a hill, about five miles from our starting point, and the same distance from the river. That afternoon and night our company was on picket guard.<sup>11</sup> Soon after taking our post a man rode up who, upon being questioned, said he had been out with Dr. Lowe (the father of ~~our~~ the Colonel commanding this expedition) to make some purchases of tobacco. Of course this was all right, but still we couldn't help thinking how nicely the Doctor's presence and business (purchasing cotton and tobacco) would explain some of our strange marching and countermarching. At night when ten of us were out [at?] the outpost a "contraband"<sup>12</sup> came up to us intending to elope if we should advise him to. After hearing his case we advised him to remain with his master for a while believing he would do better than to take his chances with the army. This was my Christmas, was it as merry as yours? The next day we marched to the river, crossed and landed, stood in the rain about half an hour, went back on the boats and staid over night where we took another good soaking, remained at the landing until nearly noon and then the boats started for home again which we reached about three o'clock P.M. It really seems like going home to return to camp after being out on a scout. The day after our return I was on picket guard, and while on post the regiment was ordered off again, and they went off without relieving the pickets so I was left behind for the first time. Their trip was similar to the others, they meeting with no great adventure. They marched about sixteen miles, remained one day and returned, and we are now living in our old style, that is, taking all the comfort we can under the circumstance. I think the past year cannot have passed more quickly with you at home than with the soldiers. To me it is like a dream, still as you say many and weighty events have transpired during the past year, events which will leave never-to-be forgotten impressions upon the minds of all Americans. Here I have been a soldier more than a year, almost a year in the field, and I haven't got shot yet, but am as hearty and saucy as ever, perhaps a little more so, (hearty, I mean of course). I ought to be very grateful to the kind Father who has so carefully guarded me through the year, how carefully I never can realize.

I certainly could not have expected to get through the year with less privations or with better health than I have had.

Henry Payne is with us here. It must have been some other Payne who was taken prisoner whom you read. The tattoo<sup>13</sup> has been beaten, my allotted space is filled, and I close by wishing you, my dear cousin good night.

Write soon to cousin David

<sup>11</sup> Picket guard - A detached body of soldiers serving to guard an army from surprise.

<sup>12</sup> Contraband - In full, contraband of war. That which, according to international law, cannot be supplied to one belligerent except at the risk of seizure and condemnation by the other; hence, U.S., a Negro slave who escaped to, or was brought within, the Union lines during the Civil War.

<sup>13</sup> Tattoo - A call, as on drum and fife, trumpet, or bugle, shortly before taps, notifying soldiers to repair to quarters.

Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1863  
Fort Henry Tenn

Dear Cousin Hattie;

An important event transpired last night; a boat arrived at this place bringing mail for the 18<sup>th</sup>, and lucky!! I got three letters; it's better to be born lucky than sick isn't it! One of them was from Mother, another from Mary and the other - well you can guess the author of that one perhaps. Since writing you last we have been over to see our neighbors at Donelson, and it will probably interest you as much to hear what we saw and did as anything else I can write you. Feb 3<sup>d</sup> soon after dinner our regiment had orders to march as soon as possible to the relief of the force at Donelson, the enemy having appeared to attack there. As you may suppose we soon had our effects packed in our knapsacks and were ready to march. At four o'clock we were on the way wondering if our turn had at last come to fight, and we began to think it had when, as we were midway between the two places, a messenger came back from our advance guard saying they had been fired upon. A little further on, we found the cavalry drawn up in line awaiting us. We halted here nearly two hours, waiting for some artillery to come up, which was absent from the fort at the time we came away, but had since returned, which the colonel thought it necessary we should have with us, as the prospect was that we should have to fight our way into Donelson. While standing here shivering, for it was very cold, we could hear an occasional gun from Ft. Donelson, which finally became a complete roar of artillery, and we thought they were having warm times there. At length Col. Lyon concluded to go on and we advanced slowly but without interruption to within three miles of the fort where we halted until messengers could be sent through to reconnoitre. In about two hours they returned reporting that the road was clear, and that the enemy had been repulsed, and had retired. We then marched on and entered the fort about half past one o'clock, and as all was quiet we were glad enough to turn in for the night and wait until another day for the particulars. The next morning I walked around with some comrades to examine the scene of the fight. The dead bodies of the rebels, and horses, laying one here, another there, and two or three together in another place, bore witness that there had been sharp fighting there. The buildings also were well marked by shell and bullets there being hardly one but had some mark to show that there had been fighting there. During that day there were about one hundred and fifty bodies of rebels picked up, and since then enough more to make over two hundred. The 83d Ill. holding the place lost eleven killed and a number wounded; two artillery men also were killed. You can judge what honor is due the garrison of the post when you see the comparative losses, thirteen on our side and over two hundred on the rebel side left on the field and no doubt they carried away some. It seems that our men, 600 strong and 4 guns were attacked by 4,300 rebels with six guns, about three o'clock in the afternoon. They fought till sunset, our guns were out of ammunition and one had been taken, when, just as the rebs had formed on three sides for a final attack, a fleet of boats with troops came up the river accompanied by gunboats, and the gunboats immediately opened fire on the recess(?) scattering them in a hurry. This was the noise we heard while halting for artillery to come up. I must let this suffice for the fight, and tell you whom we saw. During the night of the 4<sup>th</sup> more troops arrived, coming up the river on boats, and among them the 22<sup>d</sup> Wis Regt. Capt Miles' company is in the 22<sup>d</sup> you know, and I found a lot of boys I used to know, some of them old schoolmates. It seemed almost like going home. When we were ready to return to Henry, Col. Lyon marched us down and we gave them three rousing cheers, recieved the same, and parted, they to go on to reinforce Rosecrans<sup>14</sup> and we to return "home".

Well I guess I've given you enough of war in this letter, and if I don't wind it up pretty soon it will pay you for that sheet of foolscap won't it? Now if you get tired reading this you musn't think I wrote it as a punishment for you, it is to provoke you to write another like the one I got this morning. You must know that I took a great deal of satisfaction in looking at that fat letter before I opened it. I am glad to hear that you enjoy yourself so well at school. I can remember when we used to vie with each other in scholarship, but now I suppose you have got so far ahead that I shall never catch up with you. Well you don't know how hard I am going to study when I get out of this war.

I hope this may find you as well and happy as ever. Please remember me with good wishes to all friends.

From your little (I'm  
bigger than I "used to was" though)  
but devoted cousin  
David

<sup>14</sup> Rosecrans - See Extended Footnotes

[Postmarked Mar 22, 1863, Paducah KY  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co, Wis]

Direct to Ft. Donelson

Fort Donelson<sup>15</sup>, March 11<sup>th</sup> '63

My Dear Cousin,

Your last letter to me was duly received and I take the (almost the first) opportunity to reply to it. I am compelled by circumstances to put in practice the old motto "tit for tat" and write with a pencil, for some slight changes have taken place with us since I last wrote you, and we have been obliged to dispense with some of our superfluities. You will notice by the heading of this that I am not at Ft. Henry, and a few words will explain why I am here. One week ago today we received orders to pack up and move to this place, as Ft. Henry was to be abandoned.

As we were to move headquarters we had considerable baggage to move, more than the teams could take, and part of it was left with a guard, one of whom I chanced to be, until the teams could return for it. The regiment moved just after dark making the trip in the night, but fortunately the night was pleasant and the road good. I remained at Henry until Sunday the 8<sup>th</sup> where the teams took the third load for us, and then accompanied them to this place. We had a rather moist time coming over, as it rained almost continually during the six hours we were on the road. Did you imagine last Sunday, where your "soldier cousin" was and what he was doing. I thought many a time that day, what you were all doing up in Wisconsin, how, at such an hour you were on your way to church, then at service, then enjoying the "rest" for which the sabbath was set apart.

How I long for a quiet peaceful sabbath again. I think it has been nearly or quite four months since I have attended any religious meeting whatever.

March 12<sup>th</sup> - I resume my letter this evening where tattoo interrupted me last for we are so busy during the day that I can not find time to write then. We are busy fitting up one camp, preparing to build shanties, and a thousand other things to make our camp comfortable. It will take us some time to put our camp in as good condition as it was at Ft. Henry, if we should remain here.

How long we shall stay we can not imagine, for a soldier of all men knows not what a day will bring forth. A cousin of Newman Nash Mr. Lyman Whitney has been here two or three days and went on to Nashville this morning. He was just from Wisconsin; and is going to see a regiment which he formerly belonged to.

Boats arrive here much more frequently than they did at Henry. There is a very heavy business done on this river, mostly by the Government. I have limited my space this time to one sheet so, I must close. You would readily pardon me for sending such a looking letter if you could see how I am situated. Tell Laura I send her a bountiful portion of the love which I bestow on all human kind, and accept an equal portion yourself. Adieu for the present, I will try and do better next time.

Cousin David

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<sup>15</sup> Fort Donelson - See Expanded Footnotes



[Postmark: Paducah Ky  
addressed to: Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Col, Wis]

Fort Donelson Apr 30<sup>th</sup> '63

My Dear Cousin:

Your favor of the 22<sup>d</sup> inst. was recieved [sic] day before yesterday, and according to my custom I take this early opportunity to reply. After your ample excuse, for delaying to answer my last letter, I shall not, of course, blame you, but shall trust to your generosity for the future, and I have no doubt that you will give due consideration to my claims. I think a good way to lighten your labors, and get your gentlemen boarders to live "on soldier's fare", would be to persuade them to enlist; there would thus be two objects for you to labor in a good cause. It would afford me much pleasure to test your good will to your soldier friends, by partaking of the "best the land affords" prepared by your hands, but when it will be my good fortune to enjoy that pleasure I cannot tell. I hope your good-will will continue until an opportunity is presented to me.

I have never yet seen or heard Parson Brownlow and consequently cannot imagine your delight at hearing him speak, but I think I can appreciate your description of your return home from this lecture for it has been our fortune to meet with similar experiences. I think you will be able to realize now the hardships faced by the 13<sup>th</sup> since leaving home, for the severest test our patriotism has recieved yet has been a fatiguing march, a camp over night in the wet, or a call once to freeze a little for our country. Of course we have faced all these hardships with fortitude, and taken due credit to ourselves for so doing. Notwithstanding all the efforts we (the 13<sup>th</sup>) have put forth to subdue the rebels, they are still resisting the authority of our government, and, how much harder blows we shall yet have to strike remains to be seen. I think I should be willing to overcome my constitutional aversion to shooting other people, and standing up for other people to shoot at one and take my chance in a battle once, if that would put a period to this rebellion, you see I am still patriotic. But, seriously, I say as you in substance said to me, notwithstanding all the honors of war, all the desolation and suffering it is bringing to our land, and all the sorrow it is bringing to thousands of individual hearts, let it be fought until the rebels sue for peace.

I am willing to bear cheerfully the full position which may fall to me to the expiration of my enlistment if it shall as long (which I hope it may not) to bring this war to an honorable termination.

May 4<sup>th</sup> You see it takes me a good while to write this letter and that shall be my excuse for it being such a poor one. I have been at work for some time on houses for our Captain and 2<sup>d</sup> Lieutenant, and the evenings are so short that before I could hardly begin to write, tattoo would be beaten and, then along comes some one calling "lights out" and we have to shut up shop for the night. But today a heavy shower has prevented us from working so I have concluded to finish up and start this epistle to you. It is now summer in earnest here, the trees are all leaved [sic] out, and the flowers are blooming plentifully. The soldiers here have been superceded [sic] by the darkeys. I have written you about the new fortifications being built here hav[e]n't I? Well, instead of detailing soldiers to work on these, they have taken all the darkeys except officers' servants and set them to working our place, and the way they throw up the dirt compared with our work there, proves that the change is much to Uncle Sam's advantage. Our regiment is unusually healthy at present I believe. I think four deaths have occurred since we came here, three by disease and one a member of company "B" by accidental drowning. Well, I suppose you are satisfied with the length of this, by this time, so I shall put a period to it.

Ever Yours,  
Cousin David

[Hattie practiced the following upside down on the bottom of the letter:

"Dear Coz David  
My dear David  
My darling Coz  
My dear Coz"

[no envelope]

Fort Donelson  
May 29<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Cousin;

After

waiting two weeks or more without receiving any mail, I was gladdened by getting a letter from each you and mother the other morning. I give you great credit and my thanks for your punctuality in replying to my last, and I hope while you are "schoolma'am," leisure spells will permit you to continue to favor me thus. My sickness, about which you were worried, was, so light that I was only obliged to attend at the "sick call" two mornings, and I recovered from it immediately, since which time I have been as "tough" as ever.

I am sorry that the report which caused you to rejoice so heartily over the capture of Richmond should prove untrue. There was some enthusiasm here, but we were waiting for a reliable report before celebrating the event.

I presume before this reaches you, you will have celebrated the downfall of Vicksburg at the North, for it seems to be a well established fact, that that place has fallen into our hands. If this is so it will amply compensate us for the powder burnt, and the rejoicings for naught, over the supposed capture of the rebel Capitol. Indeed I think Vicksburg was the city the rebels could most illy afford to lose, and if it has fallen into our hands with as great loss to them as is reported, it has been a terrible blow to this rebellion, and one from which they will never recover.

How I wish all our armies might prove as successful as Grant's has this spring. Were they so the rebellion would soon be brought to an end, and that with out the aid of "peace men" and "copperheads"<sup>16</sup> at the north who think there is a better way than fighting to save the Union.

I must confess I have not much respect for that class of persons who would sacrifice the honor of their country to obtain peace, nor for those who refuse to support the Administration because it frees the slaves of rebels and receives them into the Union army.

Well Hattie I never shall say anything more about my size. If cousin Lizzie is as tall as you say I am silenced forever on that subject. Does Bub (Abiel) live at your house now? I suppose he does and Charley lives at home and carries on the farm doesn't he? I had a letter from Almira a long time ago to which I replied immediately, but as I have not heard from her since I don't know that she will write to me again.

I think I can imagine many worse positions than that of teacher at Johnstown Center, in fact I am afraid I look at it in such a light that I am not a proper person to condole with you on your misfortune in having engaged a school there. I will, however, as you request me, wish you much joy, and abundant success in your endeavors to benefit and instruct the youth of that place.

I have no news to write you from this place, so, as you will see, I have written at random, touching anything that would serve to fill up the space, so as to give you as good measure as I get. (Perhaps, Cousin, you would prefer smaller measure and have the wheat put through the mill again, eh?) How long we shall remain here, it is impossible to tell, it will be as "Old Rosy"<sup>17</sup> says about that. We are very comfortably situated here at present, and our regiment is tolerably healthy. Please remember me with kind regards to my relatives and to all inquiring friends, and accept the same, with my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness, yourself.

Ever Yours,

Cousin David

<sup>16</sup> Copperhead - A person in the Northern States who sympathized with the South during the Civil War; Democrats who were outspoken in their opposition to the Lincoln administration.

<sup>17</sup> Old Rosy - General William S. Rosecrans

Fort Donelson  
May 29<sup>th</sup> 1862.

My Dear Cousin,

After waiting two weeks or more without receiving any mail I was gladdened by getting a letter from Tedek you and another the other morning. I give you great credit and my thanks for your punctuality in replying to my last, and I hope while you are "schoolmaster" leisure spells will permit you to continue to favor me thus. My sickness, about which you were worried, was so light that I was only obliged to attend at the

[no envelope]

#16

Fort Donelson July 17<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Cousin,

Your favor of June 28<sup>th</sup> was long and patiently waited for, and at last joyfully received on the 12<sup>th</sup> of this month. With the exception of a small mail the day before this was the only mail we had received for three weeks. It has occurred to me since writing the last sentence that it was a little more than true, so I will amend it by saying that it was the only mail I had received for three weeks. I did not intend to tell a falsehood about it, I was generously sharing my sorrows with the others of this command, nothing more. I really don't know what to do, I feel that I owe you a good letter but I am not in a mood to write to night. However it will not do to postpone such business, so I shall do the best I can, and submit it to you trusting that your generosity will not allow you to criticize harshly.

The "Fourth" we spent very quietly here. We had nothing to remind us of the anniversary of independence day except the salute at sunrise in the morning, and an unusual disposition among the soldiers to get drunk. Three days late, we celebrated an event which transpired on the fourth, with much more enthusiasm. I allude to the surrender of Vicksburg. Since then the good news has been coming in "thick and fast." We have received it cautiously, knowing how many false reports are circulated concerning every battle, but enough has already been confirmed to make a glorious record for the Union Army. So much as this we are sure of, the capture of Vicksburg, the defeat of Lee's army in Pennsylvania; the repulse of the rebels with great loss at Helena, Ark.; and the retreat of Bragg<sup>18</sup> and advance of Rosecrans. Besides this we have reports to the effect that Port Hudson and Charleston have been taken, and that Morgan with four or five thousand men have been taken in Indiana. We rejoice heartily over that which we know to be true, and hope that the rest may prove to be so also. May God grant still greater successes to our armies, that our cause may speedily triumph.

Since I wrote you last the 71<sup>st</sup> Ohio regiment has left this place, leaving now but two regiments here, the 18<sup>th</sup>, and 83<sup>d</sup> Ill. We are having a very comfortable time here this summer. Most of the messes<sup>19</sup> have built or are building houses in the place of the tents.

Our mess also busily engaged in putting up a house twelve by eighteen feet in size. We intend to use the one which we live in now, for a cook house.

We get a plenty of new potatoes, onions &c of the citizens, and all the blackberries we want for the picking. Ripe apples are now coming into camp and I presume we shall have ripe peaches soon. You see that our soldiers life is not much like that of those who have won the recent victories. Well if fortune places us in such a position we will not repine<sup>20</sup>. Well Cousin, it has been some time since I commenced this, it is now the 22<sup>d</sup>, but I have been so busy since I began this that I could not finish it until to night. I hope to be able to do better by you next time, so please give me an opportunity soon.

Remember me to Laura and Minnie when you see them again.

Truly Yours Cousin David

<sup>18</sup> General Braxton Bragg, Confederate general.

<sup>19</sup> Mess - A group of persons who regularly eat together; also, the meal so taken.

<sup>20</sup> Repine - To feel or express dejection or discontent; to complain; grumble.

[No envelope; with letter dated Aug. 26, '63]

Fort Donelson, August. 24th '63

My Dear Cousin;

Your wel-

come letter of Aug. 2<sup>d</sup> was recieved about ten days ago (now don't censure me for tardiness in replying, till you read the reason for my delay. At that time we were out on an expedition with the surveyor Capt. Edward Ruger, and as we did not return to camp until last Friday this had been the first opportunity I have had to write you since recieving your letter. Now that is satisfactory isn't it?

We left camp on the 12<sup>th</sup> with ten days' rations and had a very pleasant time throughout. There was one circumstance however which detracted from the pleasures of our trip, and that was the capture of two of our men by the guer(r)illas. That happened thus; on the morning of the fifth day two company C boys who accompanied us strolled away from camp to a house about a quarter of a mile distant, and while there the house was surrounded by guerillas who took them prisoners. Three company K men were but a few rods distant and were fired upon but escaped unhurt. A squad of us went immediately to the house where the boys were taken and followed the guer[r]illas a short distance but as they were mounted we could not hope to overtake them and we returned to camp.

The next day we laid in ambush hoping to entrap some of the enemy, but they did not appear as we hoped they would, and our ambush was unsuccessful. Nothing further of interest occurred during our trip everything passing off as usual.

Last night at dress parade a member of our company John W. Leon was drummed out of camp. He had been tried by court martial for "conduct prejudicial to good order and military di(s)cipline," that is general worthlessness, and sentenced to be drummed out of camp. The military buttons were cut from his clothes and he was marched before the regiment at the point of two bayonets to the "rogues march" when he recieved his papers and was no longer a solder. This was the first case of the kind we ever witnessed, and nearly the whole command turned out to see the performance.

Tomorrow a soldier, a member of Capt Flood's Battery is to be shot at this place. One of his offences [sic] was, aiding rebel prisoners who were condemned to death to escape.

I will postpone my writing till tomorrow and give you a sketch of the execution, if I see it.

[Postmarked Aug 29, 1863, Cairo, Ill  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Johnstown Center, Rock Co, Wis]

August 26<sup>th</sup>

Dear Cousin,  
You

see by the date of this that I have waited two days instead of one before resuming my letter, but I was on guard yesterday and my time was fully occupied. I had an opportunity to witness the execution however. It took place at two o'clock in the morning and almost every person at the fort was present. The prisoner was named Henry McLane, or rather this was an assumed name, and his crime was "desertion and stealing", the offence [sic] which I mentioned before was committed after he was tried by Court Martial. He was apparently as unconcerned as any of the spectators, and during the whole time he did not exhibit any perceptible emotion. In due time the troops were formed and the prisoner rode between the ranks, sitting upon his coffin, to the place of execution. A prayer was offered, and the prisoners confession [sic] was read by the Chaplain of the 83<sup>d</sup> Ill. and he was then blindfolded and seated upon his coffin.

A moment more of awful suspense to the spectators, and the word was given which brought instant death to the unhappy man.

Our camp is all in a bustle this morning cousin, and I am going to tell you some news. We are about to leave Donelson for good. The order has come for us and we shall start for Columbia, on the railroad south of Nashville, in a day or two. I understand we are to go by land (i.e. on foot) and burn one or two villages on the way. Until you hear from me again you may direct letters as before, they will be forwarded. We have got a Chaplain at last. The Rev. J. I Foot received the appointment and is now with us. He has been with us but a few days so we do not know how we shall like him yet, but I hope he may prove to be a good man for the place.

Well, I must bring my letter to a close. I have used more than my usual allowance of space. I hope I haven't tired you, if I have forgive me, no retaliate, serve me as I have you and that will make it right. Kind regards to all.

Faithfully Yours

Cousin David

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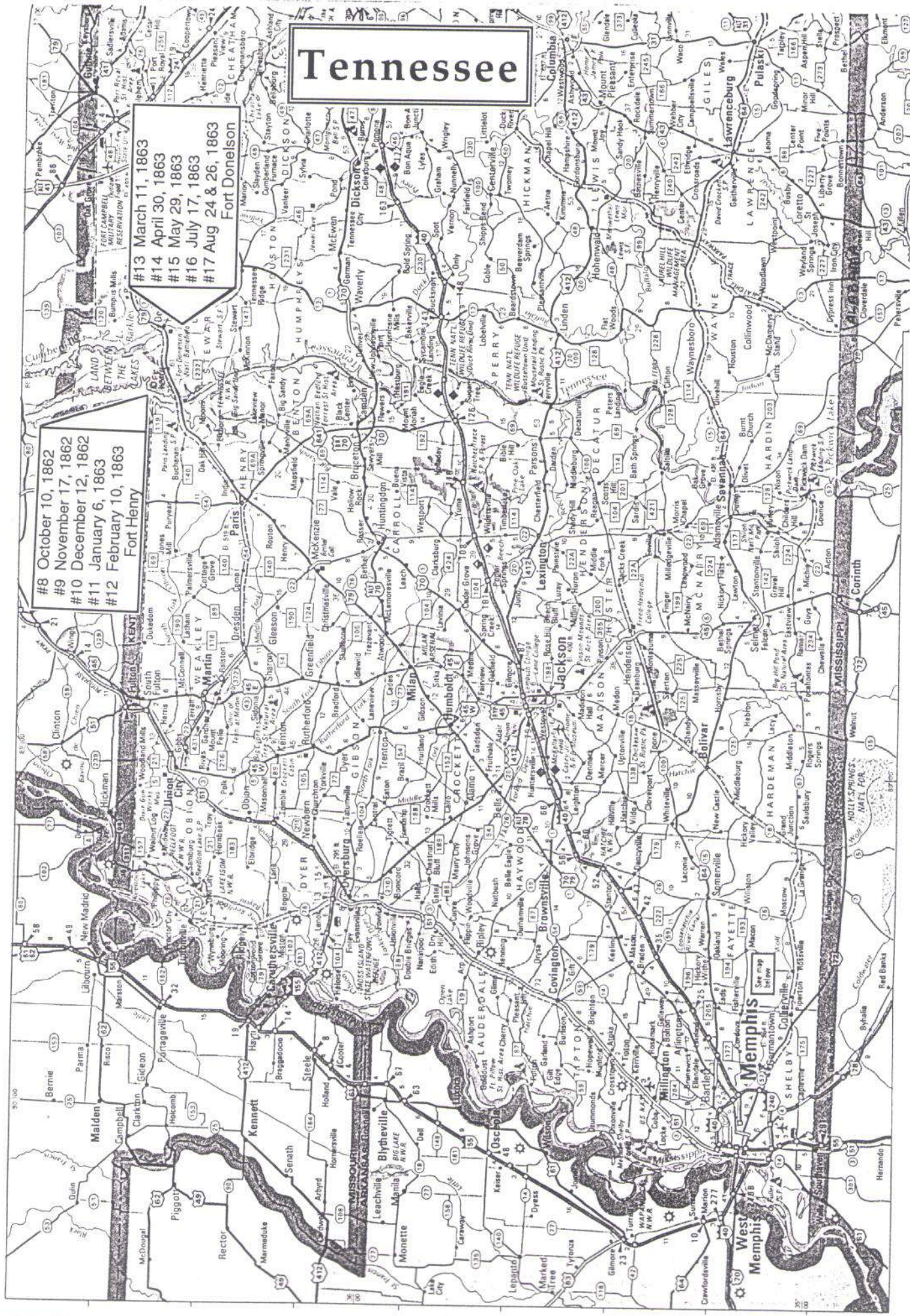
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# Tennessee

#8 October 10, 1862  
#9 November 17, 1862  
#10 December 12, 1862  
#11 January 6, 1863  
#12 February 10, 1863  
Fort Henry

#13 March 11, 1863  
#14 April 30, 1863  
#15 May 29, 1863  
#16 July 17, 1863  
#17 Aug 24 & 26, 1863  
Fort Donelson





[Postmark: Nashville Tenn, Sep 26  
addressed: Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co Wis]

Stevenson Alabama  
September 18<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear cousin Hattie;  
We have at last ceased marching, and are enjoying a rest of --we know not how long duration. We reached this place about dark on the 14<sup>th</sup>, after a fatiguing march of 130 miles from Columbia, where we remained but two days on the way from Donelson here. As you may suppose we were glad to get here for we expected to have a chance here to rest and cleanse ourselves after marching over the dusty roads between here and Columbia, and also to receive letters from our friends at home. Our mail was distributed to us the next morning, and I received thus your letter of Sept 4<sup>th</sup>. A comrade handed me the letter and I was joyfully surprised for I had hardly expected to receive one from you so soon. Ah Hattie, I little thought what sorrowful tidings it would bring me, for I thought my Mother was well and I hoped to receive a letter from her also. It was with sorrow such as I never felt before that I read the letter that told me I was motherless. I had fondly hoped if my life was spared to the close of the war, or the period of my enlistment, to meet my Mother with all my friends when I should return, and I had often imagined the joy of such a meeting but now the chiefest, the dearest of the group has passed away.

I thank you sincerely, my dear Cousin that you wrote me so kindly this sorrowful intelligence and I thank you for your sympathy and Christian encouragement in this affliction. Your words have been a source of comfort to me turning my thoughts from my loss to the world beyond where God's children are at rest, and awakening in me new and more earnest longings to be with them.  
May God bless to our good this loss, and prepare us each for a better world where he shall call us from this, even a home with himself.

Sept 22<sup>d</sup> Dear Cousin; I have been so very busy since I commenced this letter that I have but just got an opportunity to finish it. I have been on guard twice, and yesterday we moved camp so we were busy fixing places to sleep, as we have but few tents and the nights are very cold. I have concluded to stop work until I get my letter finished and then I must go at it again. We were under orders to hold ourselves ready to leave on short notice yesterday as they were fighting at the front and it was not known but we should be needed. We have not heard from there today except that a lot of prisoners were to be sent here; when they arrive I shall be on guard again helping to watch them I suppose. I hope Rosecrans will be successful again, but I shall be anxious about the result until we hear from them again.

We have had very cool weather for some days, so that overcoats have been in good demand. Most of the boys who sent theirs home have been wishing for them. It is moderating now however and I presume we shall have more warm weather yet.

Sincerely yours  
Cousin David

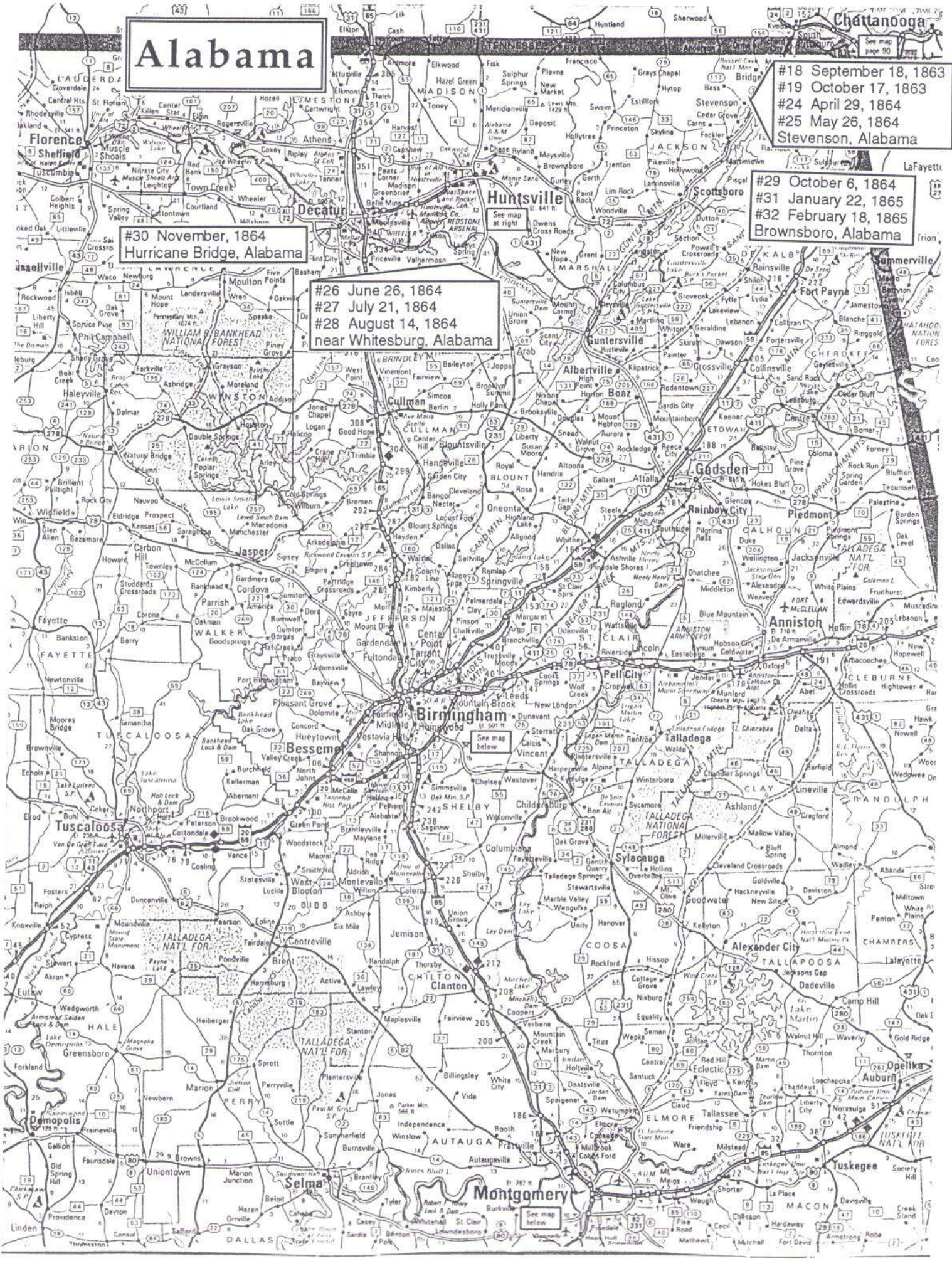
# Alabama

#18 September 18, 1863  
#19 October 17, 1863  
#24 April 29, 1864  
#25 May 26, 1864  
Stevenson, Alabama

#29 October 6, 1864  
#31 January 22, 1865  
#32 February 18, 1865  
Brownsboro, Alabama

#30 November, 1864  
Hurricane Bridge, Alabama

#26 June 26, 1864  
#27 July 21, 1864  
#28 August 14, 1864  
near Whitesburg, Alabama



[Postmark: Nashville Ten, Oct 24  
addressed: Miss Hattie Sanborne, Milton, Rock Col, Wis]

Stevenson Alabama, October 17<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Cousin;

After three days and nights of rainy weather we are once more rejoicing in the light of the sun, and his rays are unusually brilliant, it seems to me after so long an absence. It was during one of these rainy days that I recieved your letter of Oct 4<sup>th</sup>. I had been looking and wishing for a letter for several days, when one morning I recieved yours and one from Oramel.

I found them excellent company for a rainy day I assure you. After being confined to the tent for three days by the rain, I felt very much like taking a ramble for exercise when the sun came out so bright this morning, so I climbed the mountain. Our camp lies at the foot of a little mountain and it is a pleasant tramp to climb it, and once at the top one is well repaid for the labor of climbing it by the beautiful view which the surrounding country affords. The sides of the mountains are rough and stony, and covered with cedar, oak and chestnut trees. (The chestnuts are just getting ripe now, and they vanish before the soldiers more capibily [sic] than even the rebels do). On the summit of the hill directly back of our camp stands an oak tree which has been much used as a look out to view the country below. The limbs grow at convenient distances for climbing, and it furnishes an excellent station from which to view the country to the west and south. Far beneath lies the valley through which winds a small stream; toward the west other hills rise and beyond these still others, which are divided by many valleys. As far as the eye can reach. To the south and west lies the valley through which flows the Tennessee River, and in places its waters may be seen glistening in the rays of the sun. Altogether this picture is very pleasant to behold, far more so than you would suppose from my rude sketch of its beauties.

I wish you could look for yourself, you would be much pleased with the scenery I am sure. This is an excellent place for seeing distinguished officers as they are constantly passing through here. The following Generals have passed through here, or are here now, and most of them I have seen; Hooker, Butterfield, Howard, Schur, McCook, Crittenden, Garfield, Steadman, Mitchell, and Morgan. Gen. Hooker has his headquarter but a few rods<sup>21</sup> from our tent and I see him nearly every day. There is a story in circulation today to the effect that Rosecrans has been relieved and Thomas put in his place, and that Grant takes command of the entire western armies. The boys do not like to lose "Rosey", as all have great confidence in him.

Today (17<sup>th</sup>) is the second anniversary of our enlistment in the United States' service. These two years have sped very, very quickly to us, and yet many who enlisted with us are not with us now. About two tenths of our company have been discharged on account of diseases contracted in the service, and one tenth have passed into another world. It has been nearly a year though since we have buried a man (Co-A), and but one has been discharged during the last eight months.

In answer to your question as to what I think of the doctrines of the Second Adventists I can say but little. When I attempt to discover theories by the aid of reason only I am soon lost in considering things beyond my comprehension, and I find I know but very little of the spirit of man or of its eternal state. Of this I am satisfied, that if I am reconciled to God through Christ I shall enjoy a glorious eternity in his presence, whatever denomination I belong to here, or even if I belong to none, but if out of Christ eternal punishment awaits me though in what form I will not attempt to say. In thinking of the soul and its relation to God one will find many mysteries unfathomable by the mind of man in his present state, but we need not be perplexed by these mysteries, for God's promise is plain and contains all that we need to know.

I find I am writing you a long letter with but little in it so I shall close.

My thoughts upon these matters are very imperfect, and I can write you my thoughts but very imperfectly, but when we enter our eternal home all will be clear, there we shall realize what we can only imagine now.

Well, good bye for this time. My regards to all at your house and all friends.

Sincerely Yours  
David H. Wood

<sup>21</sup> Rod - 5 1/2 yards or 16 1/2 feet.

[Postmark: Nashville Ten, Jan 20 '64  
addressed: Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co. Wis]

Camp Bigney, Edgefield, near Nashville  
Nov 20th 1863  
Evening

My dear Cousin;

Upon considering the question "what shall I do this evening!" I speedily came to the conclusion to write to "Hattie"; and for this conclusion I had two reasons; the first was that I had nothing else to do, and the second, that I recieved a letter from you this morning which ought to be punctually answered. You will see by the heading of this that we are not at Ft Stevenson, enjoying splendid views from the hill-top, nor feasting upon chestnuts (and therefore you will pardon me for telling you, that you can't have any,) but that we are more than one hundred miles distant on a line toward home. It is now nearly four weeks since we left Stevenson. We started from there on the 25th of October, and after numerous delays and accidents, - one of which was, the explosion of a rebel torpedo under our engine while detached from the train, which destroyed the tender, - we reached the goodly city of Nashville, and across the river, opposite there, our pleasant Camp Bigney is located.

Our duty has been quite heavy since we came here; at first it was guard duty each alternate day taking blankets and rations and remaining at the post twenty four hours (standing on post but one third of the time, however) but lately we have been relieved of a portion of our guard duty and battalion and brigade drill have been substituted in its place. Yesterday we had a grand review of the troops at this place by Gen R. S. Granger. We shouldered our knapsacks and marched three and a half miles to take our part in the review, but when we returned just at dark, we were forced to acknowledge that, although reviews were very nice in their way, and afforded excellent entertainment for the General and spectators, we could not appreciate them. By the way, we called on Uncle Sam today, you have heard of Uncle Sam. You would have known where to find him at once, by the large crowd which surrounded the tent where he was, eagerly attacking those whom he called in and who came out in a moment looking very jolly. I worked my way close up to the tent and when I heard my name called I stepped in. He said nothing but began to pick bills out from a huge pile of green backs which lay before him, counting five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty five, twenty six, and he pushed them toward me. I took them, bowed and retired, and our interview was closed for that time. I would like to call upon him often, however. I wish I could go to school at Milton this winter, but it's of no use to talk about it, Uncle Sam can't spare me. I believe I'll go next winter, though; I'll tell them I'm just eighteen and they won't expect me to know too much; and I can make them believe it too for I am very youthful looking and have been called "bub" since I have been in the army. I don't suppose I shall ever "catch up" with you if I live to get home and attend school again shall I?

Now Coz, I am going to give you a short lecture, and I want you to remember my age, wisdom, and dignity, and take it in good part. I shall begin by telling you that you are very foolish to worry so about Josiah, and to make yourself believe that you will never see him again if he "goes to the war." It is, of course, unfortunate for him that he has been drafted, but if he has to go, don't you talk to him as you wrote me about it, but rather persuade him to volunteer, it will be the best thing he can do.

If he must go, send him cheerfully, do not dishearten him. I do not know but I have scolded you a little too hard, if I have forgive me, but I really thought I ought to scold you a little.

Well, I don't know what else to write unless I tell you that I am flourishing finely, that is, I am in excellent health, good spirits, and am getting fleshy. I don't know but you will think I am getting foolish too, I have written such a light letter. I will close by wishing you long life and much happiness, and if sorrow ever shall fall to your lot may you not lack kind and sympathising [sic] friends. Love to Laura and regards to all.

With much respect I am  
Yours truly  
David H. Wood

Camp Bigney, Edgefield  
January 13<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin;

After waiting

and watching very patiently for several weeks for a letter from Cousin Hattie I recieved it, and this was the way it came to me; I was on picket guard yesterday, and toward night the corporal with me went in to camp and when he returned, of course the first question I asked him was "Was there any mail for me?" when he handed me a letter from Mary. I took it and read it, well pleased to recieve a letter from home, where he asked me in a most provoking manner how I would like another letter, and he drew from his pocket your of Dec 16<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> and Jan 3<sup>d</sup>, and making some remarks about "Milton," "fine hand" &c handed it to me. The receipt of two such welcome letters put me in a very good humor, so I forgave him for retaining your letter and making such remarks about it but admonished him never to repeat the offense again.

I could not imagine why so long a period had elapsed since I wrote you last without an answer reaching me, but after reading your letter, instead of reproaching you for tardiness I shall have to thank you for giving me the preference and writing to me while ten others have to wait. I think I realize now "what a good thing it is to be your cousin." Jan 18<sup>th</sup> Like you, Cousin, I was interrupted in writing my letter, and this is the first opportunity I have had to resume it. I don't know whether I can do my letter justice by writing now, for I have just finished a hearty dinner, and besides, I was on picket guard last night and slept but little, but I dare not neglect this opportunity to wait for another. Last Saturday Col. Lyon addressed the regiment on the subject of enlistment as veterans. He did not urge us unduly to reenlist, but wished that all who could would do so, that the regiment might retain its present home and organization. What would you think if your little cousin -- if but -- should reenlist? It is possible that I may yet do so. If I should, I couldn't attend school next winter, nor the next, nor the next, and then I should be too old to attend school or be called but any more. Well, if Uncle Sam calls me again I suppose I must heed him rather than my own wishes or feelings but anticipations of civil life are very pleasant.

The cold weather about which you write visited us here, but not with so great severity as it did you. We felt the cold considerably, but by keeping close to our fires we managed to get along quite comfortably. I hope though, that the weather will be more moderate hereafter.

I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with those members of the 7<sup>th</sup> Wis Battery whom you mention. Please tell me why you ask me about them. I am glad to know that your patriotism leads you to work for the benefit of the Soldiers. I think if I were there I would patronize your Aid Society sometime when they give an oyster supper; would not that be patriotic in me?

I had not thought lately much about the close of the war, but I am encouraged by knowing that it is talked of an expected by you at home. May it come soon. I agree with you that there are very favorable indications of a speedy termination of the war, but it may be some time before a permanent and satisfactory peace is created.

I would like to know who told you anything about those "stripes", I guess you will have to imagine them on the picture you have until you see the original ones, won't that do? Lot's New Year's present was very acceptable, of course. Please give my love to her and all. Tell her I couldn't interpret those blots. She must make characters that I can read. I hope this may find you entirely relieved of that troublesome sore throat.

Yours Ever

Cousin David

[Postmarked Apr 4, 64 , Nashville, Ten  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co, Wis]

Camp Bigney, Nashville, Mar 31<sup>st</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin;

In order

that

you may know that we have reached this place in saf[e]ty and that you may know where to direct your letter that you owe me, I drop you a note from "Camp Bigney" our old home.

We reached this place early this morning in good condition with the exception of the fatigue we always experience in making such a journey.

And now for the way that I came through. You will probably learn before this reaches you that I did not leave Janesville until Saturday morning (and that will account for my not passing through Milton Thursday morning, as I have learned that you expected I would.) Saturday morning I started from Janesville with Mrs. John W. Follensbee who wished to come to Nashville to her husband, and went directly to Chicago, where we waited until Monday noon for the regiment to come on from Racine. At that time they reached Chicago and at 4 P.M. we started with them on the Cincinnati Air Line R.R. for Louisville.

There were seven other ladies beside Mrs. Follensbee who accompanied the regiment, and they with the officers had a separate car, so that for them it was as though they were traveling on a regular passenger train. Tuesday morning we changed cars at a junction where the road branches toward Louisville, and at noon we changed again at Indianapolis, where we waited for about three hours during which time the regiment went to the "Soldier's Home" and took dinner.

Four o'clock found us on this train bound for Jeffersonville, on the Ohio, opposite Louisville, which we reached about half past one in the night.

We remained on the cars until morning when we were ferried across the river and marched to the Soldiers Home in Louisville. Here we remained until about 8 P.M. (Wednesday) where we took a train bound for Nashville, and about five o'clock this morning the return trip of the "Veteran Thirteenth" was accomplished. Arriving here I aroused John Follensbee, and left Mrs. F. in his charge and "made tracks" for "Camp Bigney" where I can be found until further orders. I have written more than I intended to when I sat down but you can credit it on my account and repay when you write if you find anything interesting enough to call for more than your were owing me before. I hope this will not cost you the effort to read it that it has me to write it, for I am not in writing trim after passing three sleepless nights.

Remember me to Uncle, Aunt and Laura and also to all inquiring friends.

Truly yours Cousin David

[Postmark probably April 4, 1864, Nashville, Tenn. - very faded  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co, Wis]

Nashville, April 12<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin;

Seated upon the ground with a box before me upon which are my writing materials, I am thinking what I can say to Cousin Hattie in reply to that letter I received this morning as I came in from picket guard, and which I have just reread.

We have moved camp (the right wing comprising companies A, F, D, I and C) to the opposite side of the river from "Camp Bigney," and are now picketing the whole city besides furnishing quite a heavy train guard between this place and Louisville. In consequence of this move we are not living quite as nicely now as we have been, and we have not fixed up our tents much on this camp because we have been expecting to move again, when we get settled we will soon have things in a little better shape. Let me give you a little idea of the appearance of the tent where I am now writing. Imagine a wedge tent about seven feet long and seven feet high slanting to the ground so as to be about eight feet wide on the ground; in the center a box upon which I am writing, and scattered around promiscuously such articles as the following, two knapsacks, a rubber blanket, woolen blankets, overcoat, dress coat, brush broom, blacking brush, canteen, haversack, candle, old shoes, tent pins, and against the tent pole two guns with accoutrements, (two of my comrades tent mates are on guard today.) Is your imagination vivid enough to produce the picture? If so, include also the music of a violin which Corporal Bemis is playing in the tent to my left.

You may think from my description that I don't keep a very nice house, and that it is not in a very tidy condition now I will admit, but, call again sometime "when we get things fixed up" and it shall look better.

-- I thank you for your promptness in answering my letter, Cousin Hattie, and you will understand that I appreciate it when I tell you that in coming from home as we did, we have a wait for mail until we get replies to letters we write home after reaching here. Yours is the first one to reach me in reply to any that I have written since I came back. I received one from Clive from Waukesha Sunday morning. I answering his letter today I reminded him of his promise to write to you and I guess he will do so.

-- I should be very much pleased to attend your concert but I expect to be on guard concert evening, therefore, I pray thee have me excused. (Aleck Wiggins just looked into the tent and said "You're writing to her are you? just give her my best respects." I don't suppose he knows who I am writing to, nevertheless I introduce him and comply with his request.)

-- Newman and myself spent a very pleasant evening in the society of the Misses Wagner; we sang, played Author's game had pop corn and apples, and a good time, and when we bade them good bye they gave us -- I'll never tell what.-- I am in the dark about "following your advice about writing," you must refer to something I have forgotten, and I can't think whom you wish to be remembered to besides Newman "that other one --what's her name," please speak out.

Newman gave me standing orders to remember him with best regards to "my cousin" and from the way he talks about them every time he sees me I think he means it. My love to my "adorable little friend Sarah,["] also remember me to Minnie and all my friends at M. I would like to write you about four sheets of paper, but I have to make room for Lot, or lose a cousin, and I can't do that.

Sincerely, your cousin David H. Wood



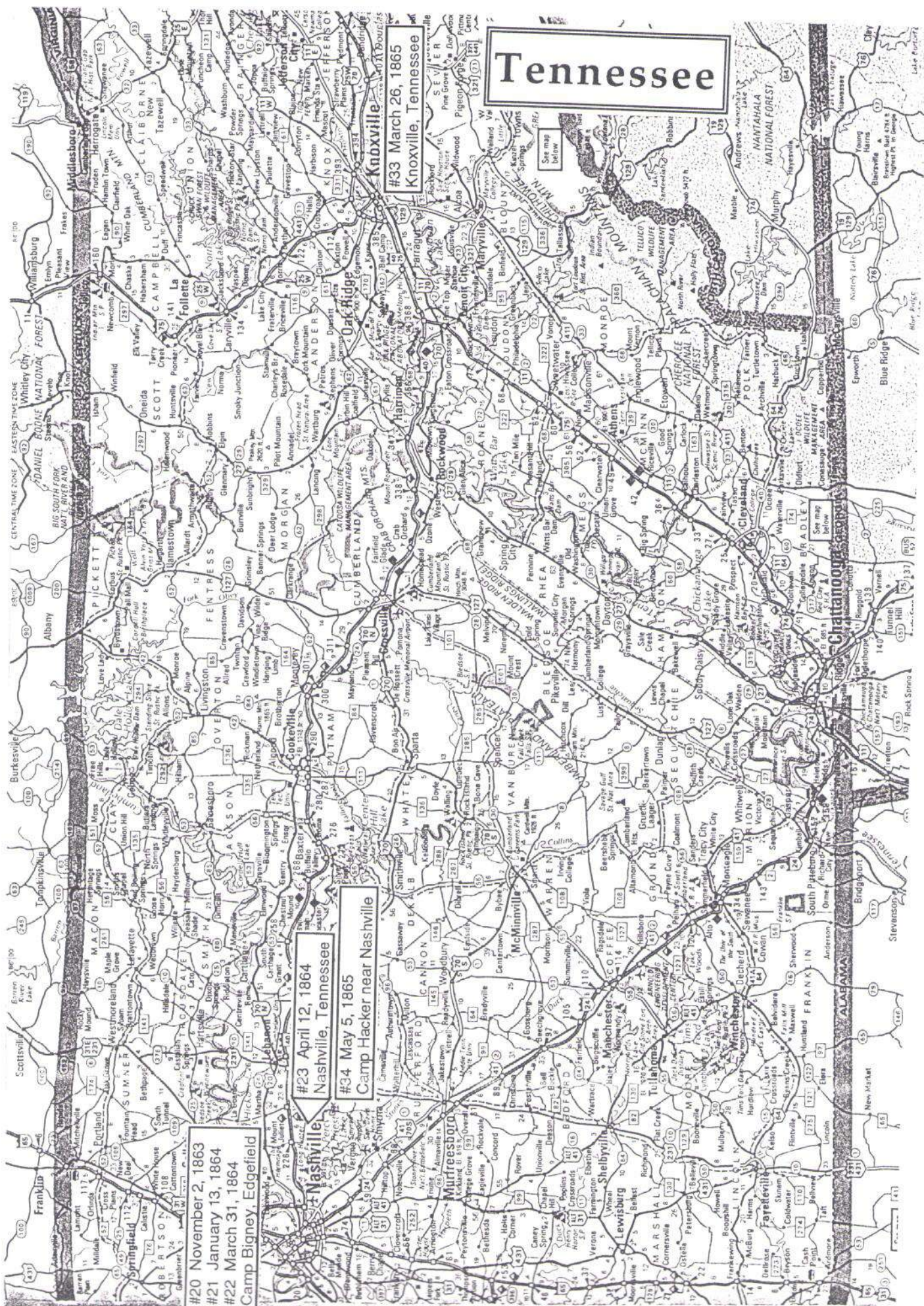
# Tennessee

#20 November 2, 1863  
 #21 January 13, 1864  
 #22 March 31, 1864  
 Camp Bigney, Edgefield

#23 April 12, 1864  
 Nashville, Tennessee

#34 May 5, 1865  
 Camp Hacker near Nashville

#33 March 26, 1865  
 Knoxville, Tennessee





[No envelope]

Stevenson Alabama  
April 29<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear cousin Hattie:

I am going to treat you to a lead pencil letter, but having a good excuse for not using ink I shall not stop to make apologies but let my letter explain itself. Since I wrote you last we have been moving again and are now encamped near where we were seven months ago. This place has changed greatly since we were here; then, the place was filled with soldiers, and trains of government wagons were constantly arriving from, and departing to Chattanooga so that there was a great deal of bustle and confusion around, now everything is quiet, transient soldiers and wagon trains cannot be seen here, and the place has a neat cleanly appearance, so that it is, by far, a pleasanter place than it was when we were here before. Do you remember the oak tree at the top of the mountain from which I used to view the surrounding country? Well the timber has been cleared away near where it stood and there is now a signal station there, we see them making signals from there often. The cedars which covered the base of the mountain have all been removed, also, and used to build huts or to shade the camps; and the large field hospital camp and the old church which was occupied by the Christian Commission have disappeared. Well, some changes have befallen us since we left here last fall; we little thought then that we should make such a journey as we have, and be back here again with an additional two years pledged to Uncle Sam.

Stranger circumstances have happened though, and may again. Perhaps we shall be more surprised six months from now to review the time which shall elapse until that time arrives. I almost forgot to tell you how we came here. We had orders to start at daybreak of the 26<sup>th</sup> inst. to march through and prepared everything accordingly, but after tattoo on the night of the 25<sup>th</sup> the orders were changed and we were sent through on the cars. The right wing left Nashville at noon on the 27<sup>th</sup>, and the left wing at 6 o'clock P. M. of the same day.

The "Corporal Bemis" to whom I referred in my other letter is none other than Dan Bemis whom you saw at Milton. He is absent from the company now at a bridge about a mile from our camp. He is there on duty with Serg't Gibbs, Corp'l Albert R. Smith, and twelve men of our company; your message shall be given him when I see him again.

I am sorry that you have such things to record of my brother soldiers. I feel keenly the disgrace, which such conduct as they, - and our Laura alluded to, - were guilty of, brings upon the blue uniform.

I will not excuse their conduct in the least, but you must remember that there are both good and bad men in the army as well as out of it. Do not suppose that all soldiers act always from right and patriotic motives, but do not judge us all by the actions of the worst.

-- Your letter of the 24<sup>th</sup> was not expected, and when some of the boys told me there was a letter for me I thought it must be from Almira for I had written to her long before. When I saw that it was from you I was reminded of the first one I received upon reaching this place last September. I shall never forget that letter, nor the feelings I experienced when I comprehended the message it conveyed to me, yet whenever I think of it I always feel grateful to you that it was done in so kind a manner.

So you are going to Johnstown to teach again this summer; I hope you may have a pleasant school and great success in teaching. May your sixteen weeks of school, long and tedious in imagination, be, in reality, weeks of great profit and pleasantness both to yourself and your pupils.

Now that you remind me of it, I remember your advice about writing to Point Bluff; have not done so yet though; may possibly in the future. "That other one" I never could have guessed, but your hint gave me a clue and I remember the name very distinctly now, what would you give to know it. I hope, my dear cousin, that you will be able to decipher these hieroglyphics, if you succeed I shall expect to hear from you soon.

My thanks for your promptness in replying to my other letters.

Please direct to Stevenson Ala[bama] via Nashville.

Sincerely yours,

Cousin David

#25

[Postmarked May 31, Nashville, Ten.  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Johnstown, Rock Co, Wis]  
Stevenson May 26<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin;

Your letter of the 13<sup>th</sup> was received [sic] early on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup>, at a blockhouse fourteen miles above here, where I was on duty at that time. When I wrote you last I was at this place, and our regiment was expecting to be assigned to duty in a day or two. A day or two after (Sunday May 1<sup>st</sup>) a detail was sent to our company for two non commissioned officers and twelve men to go to a point fourteen miles above to guard a railroad bridge. It fell to my lot to go with this squad and in about one hour from the time we received notice that we were wanted, we were at the depot, with knapsacks packed and two days rations, ready to start. Half an hour's ride and a little march of three miles, brought us to a railroad bridge with a block house and some little huts near by where, we were told Uncle Sam required our services until "further orders". The spot proved to be a very pleasant one. Our little village and blockhouse stood upon the bank of a pretty stream rejoicing in the name "Crow Creek," near by, was a large spring of clear cold water, and everything was convenient for a little settlement like ours. Here we remained until the afternoon of the 23<sup>d</sup> where another squad of soldiers appeared, who produced the "further orders" and set up a claim to our village. After reading their "orders" we did not dispute their claim, but left them in peaceable possession of the field, and returned to Stevenson as suddenly as we left it three weeks before.

May 28<sup>th</sup> I was interrupted in my writing day before yesterday by a call to dinner, and as that is a call which I never neglect, I laid my writing aside and responded immediately. A few minutes after dinner the Sergt. Major appeared with an order for me to report immediately to Capt. Kummel, in charge of convalescent soldiers at this place. I did so and was detailed to proceed at once to Chattanooga with a squad of convalescent soldiers, and that is the reason for so long a pause in the middle of my letter. (Do you wonder that I cannot write when I am moving about so much, and do not know when I commence a letter but I shall be called upon before I can finish it?) We reached Chattanooga just before dark, and I did not see much of the place that night but the next morning while looking for the Provost Marshal's and the transportation office, had an opportunity to see the famous city which the war has made familiar to all. It must have been a very pretty place before the war, and it still possesses some marks of its former beauty. It lies at the foot of some pleasant looking hills which appear to be placed there especially for its protection; to the south and west stretches a broad wallow, and from the bank of the river below rises Lookout, standing like a sentinel over the city. I should like to visit the place when civil law has again assumed the management of affairs in this part of the country.

-- I called "Dan Bemis" over to my tent this morning, and read an extract from a letter I received from you about the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, to him. He returns his best respects but will not promise to play loud enough to be heard by you. You must excuse him, and lay this to his modesty which will not allow him to play for so large an audience.

I had heard of Ada Richardson's marriage; her husband's name is Wright, and they say he is a copperhead, and the editor of a copperhead paper. Isn't that awful?

The letter which Laura received from me, was written some time before I received yours of Apr 24<sup>th</sup> which I answered immediately, so I shall reserve what you said about "promptness in replying" and apply it to this letter.

On my return from Chattanooga last night I found a letter from Laura written from Logansville.

Don't you think she, too, is a little slow about answering letters? Where do you suppose your next letter will reach me? I'm sure I can't guess.

Cousin David

[Postmarked 64, Ten. - top half of postmark off envelope  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Johnstown, Rock Co, Wis]

Camp near Whitesburg Ala.  
June 26<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin Hattie;

Our

company had the good fortune to get two mails yesterday, and I had the good fortune to get four letters, my lucky star hasn't deserted me yet has it? In the morning, Laura's "gay soldier" of "ruffles and curls" brought the mail up to us from Whitesburg and I received letters from you and Ori: in the evening one of our boys returned from N. bringing another package of mail; and I got two letters more one from Mary and one from Almira.

Since I wrote you last we have been wandering, - travelling in a few miles and stopping a day or two and then going on again, - until we have reached this place. We are now at a point on the Tennessee River twelve miles from Huntsville, and two miles above a place called Whitesburg. Perhaps it might prove interesting to you to learn how we came here, so, for that reason and for want of something better to write about I will give you a little sketch of our doings since we left Stevenson.

Saturday June 4<sup>th</sup> - Left Stevenson at eight o'clock this morning and marched fifteen miles to a village names Belle Fonte. Rainy most of the day and roads in a bad condition: baggage did not reach camp.

June 5<sup>th</sup> Remained in Belle Fonte; trains came up about nine o'clock: very warm

June 6<sup>th</sup> Started early and went into camp just before dark; marched fifteen miles; companies A & D's baggage did not reach camp.

June 7<sup>th</sup> Marched fifteen miles and reached Clayville about 6 o'clock.

June 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> In camp at Clayville. June 10<sup>th</sup> Trains returned from Woodville where they had been for rations; recieved [sic] three or four days mail (nothing for me) and heard of the nomination of Lincoln and Johnson by the Baltimore Convention: everybody suited.

June 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> In camp at Clayville; rainy.

June 13<sup>th</sup> Companies A, F and D left this morning; marched over a very rough road and went only seven miles.

June 14<sup>th</sup> Marched ten miles; company D left us today

June 15<sup>th</sup> Marched ten miles and reached our destination Lover's Landing on the Tennessee River.

From this time until the 23<sup>d</sup> we remained at Lover' Landing, our duty being to picket the river at that point and to patrol the bank a distance of five miles to prevent the enemy from crossing.

Our camp at this place was very quiet, almost lonesome, for we saw nobody, heard no news and recieved mail but once. For two or three days after we went there, a rebel picket came down to the opposite bank of the river and talked with us, but one night they fired across at our camp and after that they were very shy, fearing that we should fire upon them if they made their appearance.

On the 23<sup>d</sup> we left Love's Landing and company F. and marched to Whitesburg, - remaining there one night and the next day came back to our present camp. Our duty here is the same as at our other post, - to patrol the river and watch for any appearance of the enemy. Well, Cousin, it seems to me I have occupied a great deal of space in writing a very little, but if you knew how hot the weather is here, you would not wonder that my ideas are so vague, and that I take so little interest in writing. (I take a great deal of interest in reading letters however.) I am sure I wish you great success in subduing "little rebs," and I hope the dreaded female will exercise a wholesome restraint over their mischievous propensities; I pity them though.

-- When I wrote Laura last I made the proposition to call for her at the close of her school, can't I come out to Johnstown for you also? I assure you it would be very pleasant to me to do so if Uncle Sam would only consent to the arrangement. My regards to Cousin Sate when you see her again. Our address is Huntsville Ala at present.

Cousin David

#27

[Postmarked Jul 27, 1864 Nashville, Ten.

addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Johnstown, Rock Co, Wis]

Camp near Whitesburg, Alabama

July 21<sup>st</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin;

Before me lies your

letter of July 13<sup>th</sup> which was received and read with pleasure day before yesterday. Yesterday I was on guard and this morning my first business upon being relieved is to write you in reply. You will admit, Cousin, that notwithstanding I am very indolent and "supremely selfish," I am usually pretty punctual in replying to your letters, even if I write nothing worthy of being read. I am surprised, though, to think that you did not know that I was so selfish before, for this is an old complaint with me, and not one which I have contracted since I entered the service. In writing today I shall have unusual odds to contend against, for, besides my natural disposition (or indisposition, which is it?) I shall be sorely puzzled for something to write about, therefore, please regulate your expectations accordingly. Since we became fairly established in our camp so that we had nothing but our soldier-duty to employ our time, our life has seemed somewhat monotonous. Our time is employed about as follows: for two days we read, write letters, pick berries, keep our clothing, arms and accoutrements in repair, and occasionally take a trip into the country; and the third day we stand guard. Could you devise a better life for a man who is "constitutionally tired"?

Last week the monotony of our camp life was for a time relieved, and a little excitement created by our making two raids into the Southern Confederacy, and afterward having a "big scare." I did not accompany the first party of raiders, but I heard of their exploits from "reliable" authority. They consisted of detachments from companys A, B, and K, with a few cavalry. Just before midnight last Wednesday they crossed the river at Whitesburg two miles below here and marched until morning over the roughest, muddiest and steepest road ever before trodden by civilized man. At daylight they reached a tannery which they destroyed, and then returned to camp which they reached about three o'clock in the afternoon, and a tired and footsore lot of raiders they were, having marched about thirty miles.

In order to accom[m]odate those who did not accompany the first expedition, a second was planned and I secured a ticket. We were also from companies A, B, and K and we crossed the river about eleven o'clock Friday evening. An experienced guide led us through a forest by a winding road, which seemed in some places to be but a path, until daylight when we found ourselves at a sulphur spring ten miles from Whitesburg. We remained here a short time and returned having captured two shotguns, a revolver and several horses, and scared a few stragglng rebs whom we met by the way. Our scare happened in this wise: a strong force of rebels with artillery was seen opposite Clayville - regimental headquarters - just before dark one evening last week. Col. Lyon immediately notified the companies scattered along the river that they might be prepared, as the rebels were expected to cross the river. Companies A and R joined K at Whitesburg intending to make a stand there. I was left at our camp with a picket to protect our property until the rebels should drive us away. Things were in this condition when our company returned and the affair was explained, for daylight had revealed to our troops at Clayville, that the rebs were blue coated Yankees under Gen. Rousseau who was making a raid on that side of the river. The whole affair was very laughable, but no one could be blamed happening as it did.

Our regimental band stays at Clayville, but our band boys were down to make us a visit a few days ago. Newman is enjoying good health. I intend to write to him one of these days and your message shall be conveyed to him.

You inquire if we have ever been in Alabama before. Stevenson is in Alabama and we were there last fall you know. We are farther south now, or were when we were at Clayville, than we have ever been before. Huntsville is about ten miles from the Tenn. River. It is the place from which we receive our mail at present.

Well, Cousin Hattie, I think I have written a pretty long letter out of nothing, but I haven't the courage to do as you did, read it over, so I shall send it just as it comes from my pen. I hope I shall have something to write about when I write you again.

Very truly yours,

Cousin David

[Postmarked from Nashville, Ten, Aug. 19, 1864  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Johnstown, Rock Co., Wis.]

Camp near Whitesburg, Ala.  
Sunday, Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Cousin Hattie:

Now is the time when I covet a position in the "easy chair" and the privilege of conversing with you face to face, but on account of my inability to place myself there I must resort to pen ink and paper as a medium by which I may transmit a few thoughts to you.

I suppose you have been enjoying what we should name a "quiet old fashioned sabbath" to day; I will tell you how the day has passed with us. At about half past five we rose at the beat of the drum and "fell in" for roll call with arms; a little after six took breakfast, and then wiped our guns, packed our knapsacks, and brushed up for inspection which took place at half past seven. Just after inspection the guard was mounted and the old guard relieved, and from that time until dinner different ones might be seen reading, writing, cleaning guns, lounging, or two or three together talking. This afternoon until now -- half past three -- our camp presents about the same appearance, except that it is more quiet and the proportion of loungers is greatly increased, for the day is excessively warm.

-- There still lingers in my mind a recollection of the sabbath day as it used to seem to me before I entered the service, and I long to enjoy such sabbaths again. It was then prized as a day of rest, aside from the religious privileges which it brought, but here it brings neither one or the other, for our duties are the same upon that day as any other, and the public worship of God is unknown here. Our sabbaths are just such as each one makes them between his own heart and the Almighty.

Your description of your visit to Almira and your old friends at the Grove was very interesting to me; I knew before though, that you were going to make the visit, for Almira wrote me in her last letter that she expected you at the close of your school for the week. I think I can imagine how pleasant it must have been to meet your friends there, and I almost envied you, you mentioned so many with whom I was acquainted.

Is Walter Scott still in the service? You did not tell me but I suppose that he is and is home on furlough.

I did not hear Mr. Shattuck preach last winter but I saw him twice. He was at the festival on a certain Friday night (you have heard about the festival) and made some remarks, and I met him and was introduced to him at Mr. Cheney's when I went to the Grove the last time. I liked his appearance very much he seemed so frank and honest. I am very sorry to learn that Mr. Irish has lost his sight entirely; I knew that it had been failing since we were at home but thought he might recover it sometime. I had a good visit with him when I was there to see Almira.

Our blackberries are all gone, but we have a very good substitute in peaches and apples. "Blackberries and hard crackers" are very good but do not compare with "maple sirup and warm biscuit;" I think I have met with those articles somewhere in my travels.

I have not seen Mr. Spooner yet, but shall be happy to meet him if he comes to our company.

I did not know Mary Willard, but have heard of the family. Jennie Dickson, I recollect very well and her sister also; please give her my regards. You did not tell me her name now, it is Smith is it not?

David

[Postmarked from Nashville, Ten. Oct. 11 1864  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

Brownsboro Ala.  
Thursday eve, Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> '64

My Dear Cousin:

Your welcome

Letter of the 13<sup>th</sup> of September was received at this place long ago, but it has not remained unanswered until this time without a good reason I assure you.

I commenced a reply soon after I received the letter, but was interrupted in some way and laid it aside, and before I had an opportunity to complete it we were ordered away, -- were gone a week, -- and since our return it has rained so much that writing has been out of the question until to day.

-- Since I wrote you before we have moved about considerably,--have had several excursions on the railroad, one on a gunboat, and one on foot. Our camp on the river near Whitesburg, we abandoned on the night of the first of last month, and marching to Huntsville we remained there until Wheeler's raid was over. Our regiment was then ordered to occupy posts along the railroad east of Huntsville, and it fell to the lot of companies A, F, and D, to camp at this place, which has been home to us since the night of the 14<sup>th</sup> of Sept. We had just got fairly settled here, and matters which Wheeler had disarranged were beginning to move regularly on this department, when Forrest broke the peace again. We were called out on the 25<sup>th</sup> at which time Forrest held Athens, the garrison of which he had captured, and we expected to join other troops and proceed against him. It proved, however, that we were not destined to go to Athens, for we were sent on to Decatur where we remained nearly four days,--during which time we took a trip down to the shoals on a gunboat.-- About this time Huntsville was considered unsafe, and we were posted back to that place, but the next day were sent on to patrol the road toward Stevenson. This lasted us until night of the succeeding day, when we reached Huntsville again, having driven a party of rebs from the track in one place, and repaired it in several places where they had destroyed it.

At H. we learned that, during our absence the rebs had surrounded the place and demanded its surrender, but had withdrawn with but a slight skirmish with the pickets. Other troops had now arrived, and on Sunday the 2<sup>d</sup> inst. we were sent back to our posts, and we are now enjoying our rest with a great deal of satisfaction.

The boys of our regiment have been troubled a great deal with ague this fall, I think that nearly three fourths of our number are unfit for duty at present. Shaking is very fashionable here but I can't be induced to try it yet, and I intend to be an exception to the rule if possible. -- Your "surprise" did not surprise me very much, for I had heard part of it before, -- that with reference to the expected marriage of Almira and Mr. Irish.

I sincerely hope that Almira's lot may be pleasanter than you anticipate, and I shall wish her and her husband much happiness.

I see by the paper that the other affair you alluded to, has already come off; long life to the parties.

Davis and Will Cheney and Charlie Carter are members of company B; I am somewhat acquainted with each of them.

The Cheney boys are both in the hospital at Huntsville sick with the ague, I think they are recovering now. Charlie Carter is a member of the band, he too is on the sick list, though able to be about.

You were mistaken in supposing that Newman was "gobbled". There was a member of our company by the name of Nash captured, but Newman is still with us and well. Well, regretting that I couldn't be present at your picture, and hoping to be on hand next time I will close for this time.

Sincerely Yours

Cousin David

[Postmarked from Nashville, Ten. Nov. 12 1864  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

Hurricane Bridge Ala.  
Saturday, Nov 8<sup>th</sup> 1864

My Dear Cousin;

A few days

ago a letter was received at the company for me, and was delivered to one of the boys to hand to me as he passed this station on the cars, and was by him accidentally lost. It was postmarked Milton, so I had no difficulty in fixing its authorship. This morning a letter was given me which had the appearance of having laid out for a day or two, and I at once concluded it was the missing letter which some one had found and returned to the company. I was a little inclined to feel provoked when I learned that the letter was lost, but now that it has reached me I have got by all such feelings.

-- We are rejoicing in the light of a pleasant day after several days of rain, mist and clouds, and the change is very agreeable to us, for it is dull and lonesome here when the rain sheets us upon our shanties. There are twenty five of us here and we live in little huts built close to the railroad track high from the ground, -- for the ground is low and marshy around us --, and when it rains we re hemmed in pretty closely.

-- The boys with the companies who were well went to Decatur at the time of the fight there (about the 20<sup>th</sup> of Oct) and had quite a lively time. The rebels were around the place for three or four days and shelled it each day I think. Our regiment enjoyed its usual good fortune and escaped without loss.

-- The old soldiers of our regiment who did not reenlist are feeling happy in the prospect of soon being free. They expect to be mustered out of the service on the 28<sup>th</sup> inst. and will probably leave us for Nashville for that purpose on the 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup>. There are sixteen or seventeen of them in our company I believe.

One of those whose time expires this fall is a prisoner.

We heard from the prisoners a spell ago; one of the captured boys wrote to his father in our company. The boys wee all well, had good quarters and rations, and were pretty well provided for.

There are eight, from our regiment, prisoners at that place, five from "A", two from "D", and one from "F".

-- Monday, 7<sup>th</sup> - We had a heavy rain last night and the ground is all overflowed around us. The water has raised so that we cannot get to our Blockhouse<sup>22</sup>, and we have had to shift it up until dry weather. Tomorrow is election day and is looked forward to with considerable interest by us. Of course we shall all vote, and in our company I think it will be a straight "Lincoln and Johnson" vote. If Lincoln be elected, which we are confident he will, we shall look to see what effect it will have upon the rebels, for it seems as if they had been putting forth their utmost exertions lately, with the hope of strengthening the peace party.

-- Davis Cheney started for home on his veteran furlough a few days since. I presume he has reached home ere this. Have you "deed" of him yet? I wish he might have reached Johnstown before you left there so you could have seen him.

I am sorry to hear of Cousin Laura's ill health, I hope it may be nothing serious. Permit me to accompany you and Laura when you call on your new neighbors "Mr. Hayan's people"; it would give me pleasure to do so.

Well, Cousin, I believe I have touched each item I had thought of, and besides have filled my allotted "sheet and a half" so with my best wishes to all, and this hope that I shall have some better ink next time I write.

I am, as ever,

Cousin David

To Hattie

<sup>22</sup> Blockhouse - A structure of heavy timbers, for military defense, with sides pierced for gunfire and often a projecting upper story.

#31

[Postmarked from Nashville, Ten.; date unreadable, stamp peeled from envelope addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

Brownsboro Ala.  
Sunday, Jan 22, 1865

My Dear Cousin Hattie;

I take advantage of the quiet and leisure of the Sabbath to reply to your favor of the 1<sup>st</sup>. The Sabbath is now about the only day which brings both quiet and leisure to me. I have several times lately commenced letters and had to lay them aside because of some interruption and would, perhaps, commence two or three before I could complete one. I had in my portfolio, as I opened it today, a page which I had written for you on Friday eve, but had to leave just as I got fairly to writing. For this reason, you will pardon me if I don't half repay you for the most interesting letter you wrote me on New Years day,--won't you? However, I will endeavor to do the best which circumstances will allow.

-- This has been a dark rainy day, with thick clouds overhead, and thick mud underfoot; not at all like the pleasant New Years on which your letter was written. For nearly two weeks, now, we have enjoyed beautiful weather; having clear, warm springlike days, but cold nights.

-- Well, now that I have got everything ready and have a prospect of a quiet time I hardly know what to write you. There is nothing new or interesting from this place that I can tell you, but each day is like the preceding one, and we have the same circle of duties to perform as each returns in its order, that we have ever had in the military service. The good news which we have had lately, and the "peace" question, have furnished us subjects for discussion in our leisure time, for some days, and most thoroughly have they been discussed. The announcement of victories achieved by our armies, doesn't create so much enthusiasm amongst the boys as it used to when we first came into the service, but still it gives us solid satisfaction to hear of such successes as were lately gained at Franklin, Nashville, Savannah and Fort Fisher. Such, in my mind, are the strongest arguments for peace which can be made to the rebels. The papers which we have lately received have said a great deal about the prospects for a restoration of peace, and the submission of the rebels to the authority of the government. It is evident that the rebellion is becoming weaker every day, and that those who have been the firmest supporters of the Confederate Government are daily losing confidence in it, yet I can hardly believe that peace is so near at hand as some imagine. It seems to me that there is more work yet to be done, and, much as I desire to see a speedy termination of this war, I say let the war continue until the work is thoroughly done. I want to see slavery annihilated, the spirit of rebellion utterly crushed out, and traitors punished as they deserve; and to accomplish these ends I will cheerfully bear whatever burdens fall to me as a soldier to two years longer if necessary.

-- Monday, 9 P. M. This is a cold stormy evening, and now that all has become quiet in camp, I will add a few lines to my sheet before I end it to you. I imagine that in Wisconsin the snow is falling and the wind whistling in a manner that would warn people to keep close to the fire tonight. How I would like to drop down in Milton for a few days; it would seem somewhat like home now that Mary is there, I think; more so than any other place except my tent. Home, now, to me, is wherever I find a shelter, and as my tent affords that it seems quite homelike, especially at such at times as tonight, where I can sit by a cheerful fire inside and listen to the wind and storm without.

-- Davis Cheney returned from his veteran furlough a few days ago; did you see him while in Wisconsin? I remember that you spoke of being at his patent's home while at Johnstown last summer. He will soon be first lieutenant of company "B" in our regiment.

Well my candle is giving me warning to bring this to a close, and as it is the last I have, I must obey. My regards to Cousin Sate, and best wishes to all. Beseech cousin Lot not to disown me till she gives me fair warning, and an opportunity to defend myself. If she does, it shal'n't be because I don't write.

Sincerely Yours

Cousin David



[Postmarked from Nashville, Ten. Feb 21 (no year imprinted)  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

Brownsboro Ala.  
Feb. 18, 1865.

My Dear Cousin Hattie;

Your letter of Feb 4<sup>th</sup>

has been in my possession just one week I believe. Now you will accuse me of being very dilatory in my correspondence, I know, and, in truth, I feel a little guilty about it; but, with many duties to perform during the day, and no candles with which to illuminate the darkness of evening, I really couldn't do any better.

A day or two ago, however, Uncle Sam sent us a supply of candles, and this evening, I am taking advantage of the circumstances to write you.

This is the anniversary of our arrival in Janesville where we went home on veteran furlough, and I have thought many times today of incidents which happened during the time we spent at home.

Pleasant days were they, during which, we enjoyed the life of civilians with a relish which nothing but soldiering could give. We've only got about two years more to serve, and then those who are living will be civilians indeed. How odd it will seem, after five years military service, to have no reveilles to call us upon the morning, no roll calls, no inspections or dress parades, and no cusd reb to handle and keep in order.

I hardly think, however, that the attractions of tent life will be so great as to prevent us from living in a house after any time expires.

There is no excitement in this part of the country at present. The peace talk has all blown over; and we are watching the papers with considerable interest to learn how the war progresses. I like the appearance of affairs much better than when rumors of peace were so prevalent.

I felt satisfied then that the truce had not come for peace and I am now satisfied that the war will be prosecuted with more energy than ever.

With the large reinforcements our armies will soon receive, I feel confident that greater successes than they have yet achieved are to be gained by them.

We are enjoying beautiful spring weather nowadays. The ground is dry, and almost every day the boys are out playing ball, with coats off, enjoying the sport as keenly as did ever schoolboys. Beautiful weather always keeps us in good spirits.

I was at Huntsville a week or two ago, and while there staid with the band boys. Newman is well and hearty. He came down with me when I returned to Brownsboro and staid through the day. I shall not forget your message when I see him again.

I was somewhat acquainted with John Haggart. He was always highly esteemed while with the regiment and I was surprised and pained to learn of his death in the manner in which it occurred. However, I contend that the negro has the same right to defend himself and his family that the white man has, and as Haeston has been acquitted by the jury, I shall believe he was justifiable in doing as he did.

Davis Cheney is not so "quiet sober a young man" as he might be. I think he enjoys a game of ball or a hearty laugh as much as most of us. I think he is a very clever fellow and I like him well. I will endeavor to merit Davis's cousinship by being punctual in the future, but I fear I shall hear from you with reference to my punctuality next time.

Remember me to all

With respect

Your Cousin

David H. Wood

[Postmarked from Knoxville, Ten. Mar 28, '65  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

Knoxville Tennessee  
Sunday Mar 26, 1865

My Dear Cousin;

I take my portfolio in hand, today; in Knoxville, for the purpose of replying to your last letter, which I received last Monday in Brownsboro. It was handed to me in the morning, and in the afternoon we left there, going to Huntsville to join our regiment there, preparatory to the trip we have taken to this place. We were in H. three days before trains were ready to bring us here, and were then sent through as guard for trains loaded with wagons and ambulances.

Three nights and two days were spent on the road, and the morning of the third day found us at Knoxville all safe and sound. The train upon which I rode with a portion of our company, ran off the track a few miles from here, but no damage was done aside from a pretty good shaking up and four or five hours delay for us.

Three or four companies of our regiment have not yet arrived; when they come I suppose we shall start on again to join our corps which is some distance in advance of us. I expect we shall march from here.

I should not be surprised if the troops which are now in this vicinity were sent up the valley to Lynchburg and Richmond. A trip in that direction would suit me to a T.

It looks, too, as though that was to be a part of the great program for this spring; a concentration of troops from all quarters upon the rebel capitol. If this is done the Confederacy gets its death blow.

We are expecting great results from this spring's campaign, and the news we get every day strengthens our belief that the rebellion is fast drawing to a close.

While in Huntsville I saw Newman Nash. He is looking well and hearty. He wished to be remembered to you

I am not situated very favorably for writing so I shall have to make this a short letter. I presume I shall have to do the same with a good many this summer, but I shall try and make punctual replies if they are short ones.

With best wishes to all, I am,

Yours

Cousin David  
Co A 13th Regt Wis V.V.  
3<sup>d</sup> Div. 4th A.C.  
Knoxville  
Tenn

Camp Hacker near Nashville  
May 5, 1865

My Dear Cousin;

For the fourth

time I seat myself to reply to your favor of the 8<sup>th</sup> ult. which was received several days ago. At that time we were moving -- returning from East Tennessee to this place -- and since we have been in camp here I have commenced three letters to you, but fortune has frowned upon my attempts thus far.

It is with some anxiety that I seat myself to the task again, yet I hope to be more fortunate this time.

The poem you sent me -- "Enoch Aidru" -- came to hand while we were at Jonesborough far up the valley - some three hundred and fifty miles from here and a little more than thirty from the Virginia line. I have read the work twice and like it much, though I am but a poor critic of literary productions. Please accept my thanks for it.

-- Since I wrote you my last hasty note at Knoxville, affairs have changed more than we would then have through possible in so short a time.

Then, the Confederacy had its Capitol, its President and Cabinet, and its Armies, and we were just starting upon a campaign which we thought would take us to the heart of Virginia and occupy our time till summer. Now, but little more than a month from that time - the Confederacy is no more; it's Capitol has fallen - its President and his Cabinet are fugitives pursued by our cavalry, -- and its principal armies have surrendered to our forces. The army with which we then started out, is now quietly encamped around Nashville having nothing to do. Surely April was an eventful month in the history of our war.

-- But besides all the glorious news of victory which April brought us, was other news of a different character, which carried sorrow to all loyal hearts; it was of the assassination of President Lincoln.

This news was received by us at Jonesborough, and created at first some excitement, but this gave way to a feeling of profound sorrow.

I think President Lincoln had a greater hold upon the affections of the American People than any public man we have had for a long time.

We have great confidence in his successor, however, and believe he will prove himself a man equal to the time. He has a great work before him, but with the confidence and support of the people he will be able to perform it.

I had a letter from Lot last night dated Feb 25<sup>th</sup>. I had been expecting a letter from her for a long time. I will write her as soon as I have an opportunity.

-- I did not know Andrew Waufle. I noticed the marriage notice of Andrew Waufle and Ellen Airis in the Gazette a week or two ago. I was somewhat acquainted with Miss Airis; she used to attend school at Janesville when I did.

I am glad to hear that Sate Holmes is recovering from her deafness, I hope she may recover fully.

I am in hopes that I shall be able to accept your invitation to partake of warm biscuits before many months but won't you have some "maple syrup" for me, please Cousin?

-- I really can't imagine how my captive at E Grove is, and as I think I am innocent of the "sin of flirting" I will listen with good grace to you lecture.

Well, I have been fortunate indeed, I have been interrupted only once since I began my letter.

Please pardon my delay and write me soon.

As ever

Yours

Cousin David

Co A 13th Wis  
3<sup>d</sup> Reg 3<sup>d</sup> Div 4<sup>th</sup> A.C.

Nashville

Tenn

Camp Haden near Nashville  
May 5 1865

My Dear Cousin;

For the fourth  
time I set myself to reply  
to your favor of the 8<sup>th</sup>  
ult. which was received  
several days ago. At that  
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be made 1 - 4 - 6 - 8 - 10 - 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20 - 22 - 24 - 26 - 28 - 30

brought us, was other news of a different character, which carried sorrow to all loyal hearts, it was of the assassination of President Lincoln.

This news was received by us at Jonestown, and created at first some excitement, but this gave way to a feeling of profound sorrow.

I think President Lincoln had a greater hold upon the affections of the American people than any public man we have had for a long time.

We have great confidence in his successor, however, and believe he will prove himself a man equal to the time. He has a great work before him, but with the confidence and support of the people he will be able to perform it.

[Postmarked from Janesville, Wis. Jun 22, '65  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co., Wis.]

On Board Steamer Armenia,  
Sunday June 18 1865

My Dear Cousin;

Your favor of the 26<sup>th</sup> of May was received some time ago, but I have been unable to answer it until the present time, though I have twice before this attempted to reply to it. I will endeavor to fill my sheet this time, and mail it at Cairo, that you may know that I have not entirely forgotten to reply.

The long quiet which we enjoyed at Camp Harbor was broken early Friday morning by preparations to move. We had been expecting to move as soon as we were paid, so when the order reached us two or three days after pay day we were ready for it, though it came after tattoo Thursday night and required us to move at five o'clock the next morning.

We moved to the railroad in good season, but our regiment did not get away until afternoon. Soon after noon the next day, the train upon which we rode, stopped on the bank of the Tennessee River at Johnsonville, and we left it immediately and embarked upon the steamer Armenia where we now are. A good portion of the remainder of the day was spent in transferring our baggage to the boat, and taking on board supplies for a trip to New Orleans.

About three o'clock this morning the boats containing our brigade began to cast loose and steam quietly down the river. We are now at Paducah, and while the boat is taking on coal, I thought I would improve the quiet to drop you a line for I do not know when I should have another opportunity to do so. We expect to remain on the boat until we reach New Orleans; after that we do not know what our movements will be, though Texas is our supposed destination.

Well, cousin Hattie, please pardon my hasty note, and believe that I would use my best efforts to write you an interesting letter if I were situated so that I could write a letter.

We are now in the 2<sup>d</sup> brigade instead of the 3<sup>d</sup>, please direct to 2<sup>d</sup> Brig 3<sup>d</sup> Div 4<sup>th</sup> A. Co. via Cairo Ill.

Very truly

Cousin David

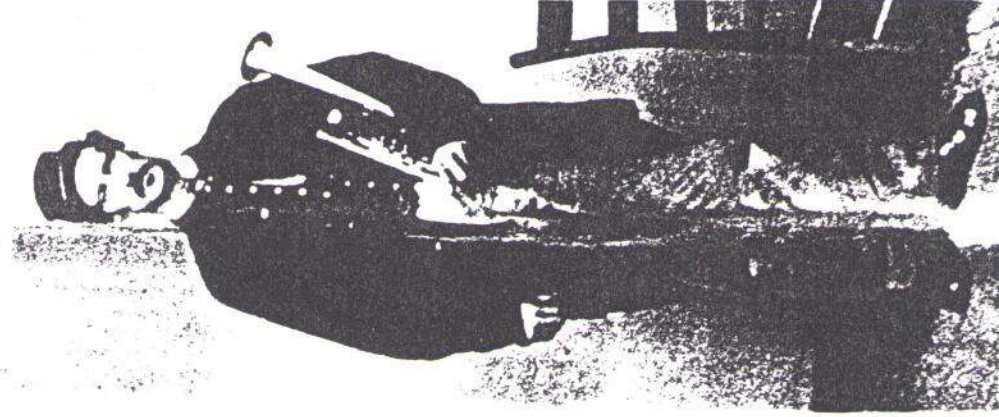
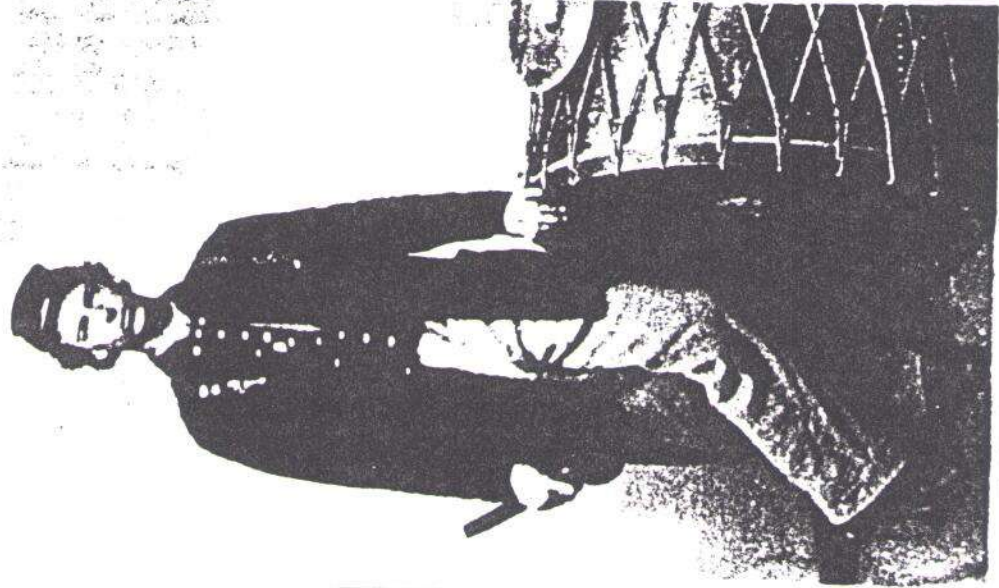
P. S. Our band boys left us for Wisconsin last Wednesday. They all have furloughs of twenty days.

Perhaps you may meet Newman while he is in Wisconsin.

D

# Bands- men

Bands, drum corps or drummers, at the very least, were a necessity in the early days of the war. They helped recruit fighting men for the various regiments, they helped them train and they raised the spirits of the men. Drummers were used, also, in rapping out orders for certain types of maneuvers. Later in the war, when it became a real job to fill up the ranks of fighting men, musical organizations were restricted. The men at right, members of the 13th Wisconsin band, were (from left) H. M. Weaver, drummer; H. C. Smith, cornetist, and Charles Carter, tuba player. The 13th was organized at Janesville.



[Post mark: New Orleans, LA, Aug 21 '65  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Rock Co. Wis.]

Green Lake Texas  
8<sup>th</sup> August 1865

My Dear Cousin;

Your favor of the

20<sup>th</sup> ult was received at this place a few days ago, and read with pleasure. I had been expecting it for some time and feared it was lost, but it followed and reached me safely.

I believe it is a greater pleasure to me to receive letters here than it was when we were nearer home; and a greater disappointment if my name is not called when the mail is distributed.

Mail is not received regularly here, and when it does reach us it is the center of attraction for a crowd.

You will observe that I write you from Texas; yes, we have reached Texas at last and are at present the possessors of a pleasant little sheet of water (Green Lake), and an extensive prairie, conjointly with enormous herds of cattle and numerous alligators, horned toads, snakes &c &c. There is plenty of room for us all, however, and we are excellent neighbors and agree well. There will, occasionally, -- as in other good families -- happen little difficulties, as for instance, when some mischievous soldier wishes to examine an alligator and tames him with his musket; or, some hungry soldier wishes more beef than Uncle Sam furnishes, and resorts to the same means to supply himself, yet these are exceptions, and in the main we are very peaceable.

-- I will tell you of our trip on the Gulf from New Orleans to this place.

We embarked first on the 8<sup>th</sup> of July, on steamship Neptune and proceeded to the Gulf where an accident happened to her machinery which made it necessary for us to return to N. Orleans.

Another ship was procured for us and on the 10<sup>th</sup> we were again steaming down the Mississippi, bound for Indianola on Matagorda Bay. We were nearly four days on the salt water, during which time we had plenty of company in the shape of sharks, porpoises, flying fish and gulls, so we were not lonesome. On the last day before we landed, the Gulf was quite rough, and we gladly welcomed the lighters which came out to take us over the bar into the harbor, for the constant rolling of the ship was decidedly unpleasant to us "land lubbers." The shore here is low and sandy, and we found upon landing that it had a habit of rolling and pitching as did our ship, but it gradually became calmer, and finally quite steady.

We spent one night at Indianola, and the next night ~~night~~ marched through to this place where we have since been encamped. We have had a very quiet time here so far, but shall probably soon move on into the interior. It is expected that our brigade will go to San Antonio but it is not known with certainty yet.

-- I have never seen the Pamphlet concerning your Milton Lodge, and do not know that any has been received in our regiment. If so I have not heard of it.

-- I knew what Newman's intentions were when he went home, but thought I would not disclose his secret. I wish him and his bride long lives and much happiness. He has not returned to the regiment yet.

-- Have you seen Mr. Baren (that's the name isn't it?) yet?

Hoping I shall be able to meet you, Cousin, and converse with you face to face, before long, instead of using my pen,

I am

Yours

Dave



[No envelope]

Camp near San Antonio  
Thursday, Oct. 26 1865

My Dear Cousin;

Your favor of the 17th ult. was received a few days ago and read with pleasure. Tomorrow the mail leaves us, and I will write you this afternoon and have my letter ready for the mail.

The mail leaves here twice a week now, but we receive it very irregularly; sometimes two or three days apart and sometimes ten. You will observe that I write you from the region of San Antonio. We left Green Lake the 11<sup>th</sup> of Sept. and made the long expected and long dreaded trip into the interior reaching here on the 23d. The march was tiresome, but it bettered our condition by bringing us into a much better country than we left. We have a very pretty camp here.

The brigade or the regiment which composed our old brigade are camped together as closely as possible near a small creek.

Near the center of the brigade is a large spring which supplies us with excellent water, though it is not very cold, and timber of various kinds grows plentifully along the banks of the creek so wood is easy to get. Altogether we are much more comfortably situated than we were at Green Lake, and consequently we are feeling proportionately better.

Yesterday the 41<sup>st</sup> Ohio of our brigade left us for home.

They go to Columbus Ohio to prepare their papers and receive their discharges. The brigade fell in and while the 41<sup>st</sup> marched by we gave them three cheers to which they replied lustily.

The 19<sup>th</sup> Ohio will also leave us in a day or two to return to citizen's life.

We are glad to see our neighbors going, and are patiently waiting for the day which shall see us doing likewise, but that is yet in the uncertain future.

-- Capt Steele arrived here from Wisconsin two or three days ago. I think he told you the truth when he said we were "impatient" about being detained in the service.

Military life has no charms for us in times of peace, and now that the war is over, we are anxious to return to citizens' lives at the earliest moment consistent with Uncle Sam;s will.

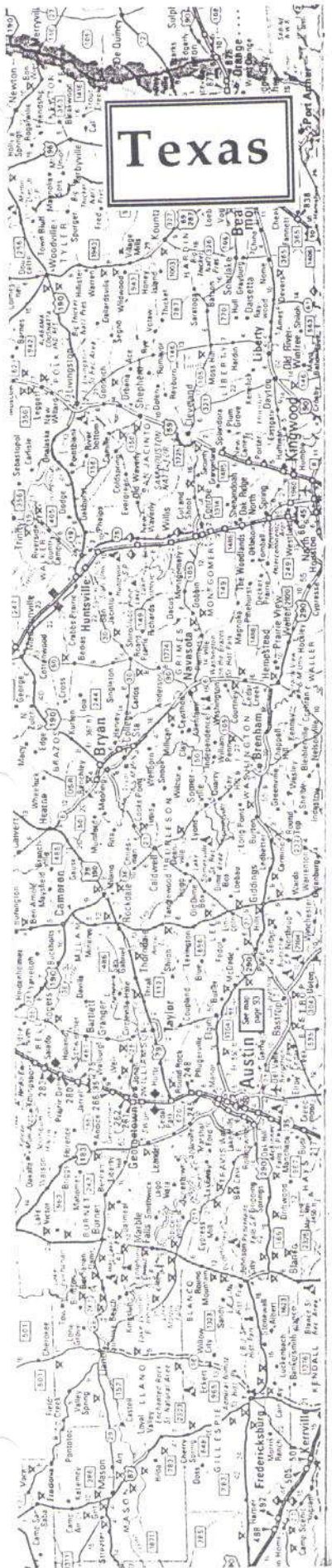
-- I am glad to hear that Uncle has purchased a home in Milton, and I hope to visit you there sometime. I hardly think our plans for attending school this winter will work; at least, I see some serious difficulties in the way of my being there.

-- My partner is getting supper and I must close; pardon my short letter. Senator Howe's address has not reached me yet, I shall look for it every mail.

My regards to Lot and Ada H.

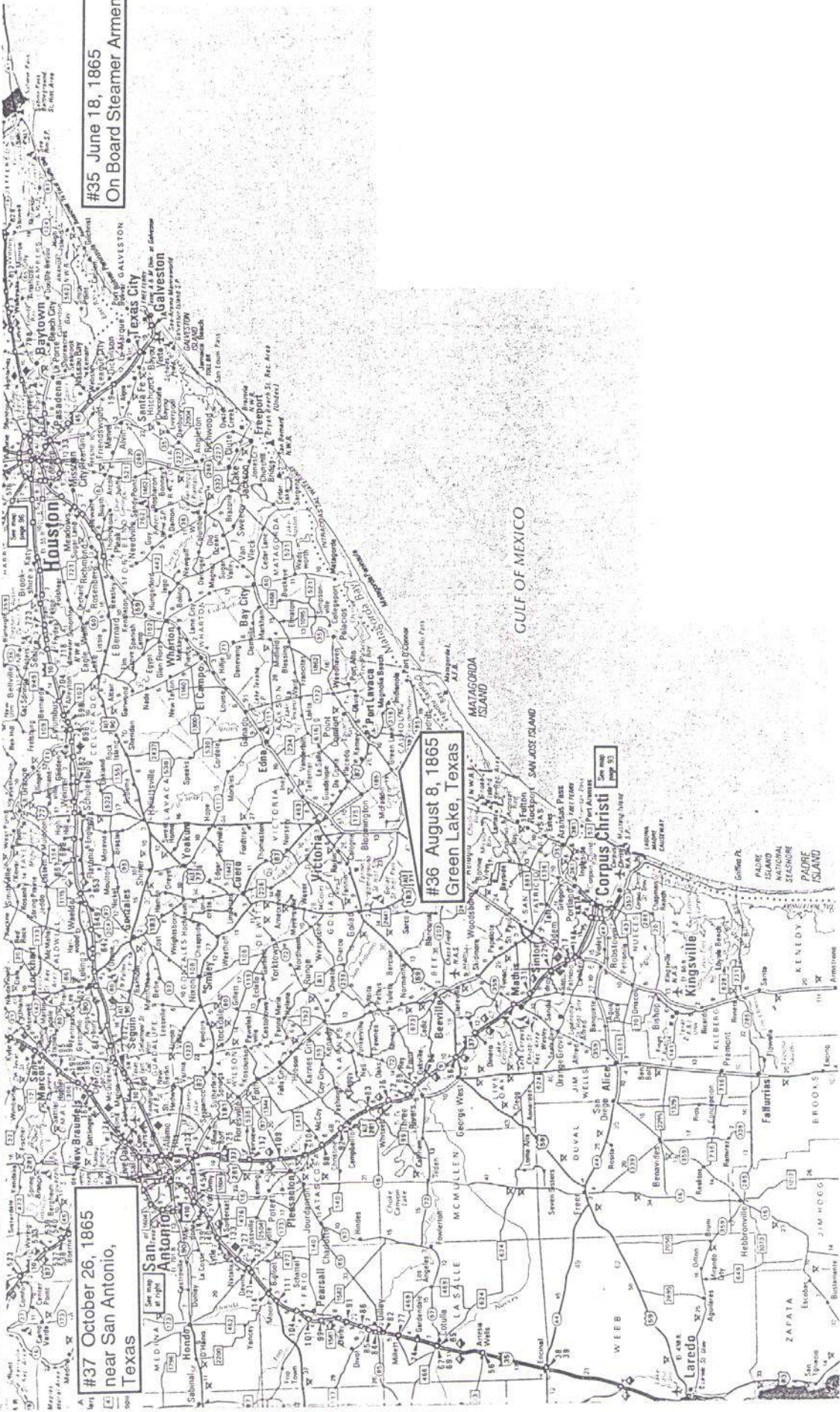
Ever Yours

David



Texas

#35 June 18, 1865  
On Board Steamer Armenia



#37 October 26, 1865  
near San Antonio,  
Texas

#36 August 8, 1865  
Green Lake, Texas

Corpus Christi  
See map page 33

GULF OF MEXICO

MAJAGORDA ISLAND  
SAN JOSE ISLAND  
KING ISLAND  
NATIONAL ISLAND  
SEASIDE ISLAND  
PADRE ISLAND

FALLURIES  
ERODAS  
KENEY  
ZAFATA  
LAREDO

[No postmark  
addressed to Mr. David H. Wood  
Co. A. 13 Reg. Wis. V.V.  
2nd Brig. 3 Div. 4 A. C.  
San Antonio, Texas]

Wrightstown, Wis.  
Nov. 21, 1865

My Dear Cousin,

I rec'd your

kind letter last Friday; my reason for not writing before I will soon make apparent.

On Friday morning I engaged to come to Wrightstown to teach school this winter; and according to engagement I was to come on Saturday.

Since writing to you, we have had a great deal of sickness; we have all been sick except Mother; Laura was the sickest and sick the longest; she had bili[<sup>o</sup>]us<sup>23</sup> fever, for a time we feared she would never be any better, but when I left home she was able to sit up an hour a day, and in my letter of this morning, she writes that she was dressed yesterday, so she is gaining fast; but she will not be able to teach, this winter.

I did intend to teach, where I here taught during the past year, but there was some misunderstanding about it, and I got slightly vexed and would not teach, so Elder W. wished me to come up here, as they had telegraphed for a Teacher.

Friday afternoon I went to J.; the cars left me so I went up to Mary's and Mr. W. took me home.

Saturday afternoon I left home at half-past one, took the Chicago & North Western train at West Milton at 2, P.M. in route for W. The last familiar thing I saw was Lake Koskonong, and I watched its blue waters as long as I could see a glimpse of them through the trees, then settled down for a good-----

I arrived in Wrightstown at 11 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Hanks met me at the Depot, and as soon as the train had gone, we went up to the house.

Mr. Hanks talked as fast as he could to keep me from being homesick. It was so very dark that I could tell nothing of the place I was in that night, so the next morning I had not a little curiosity to know what kind of a place I was to live in for four long months. I raised my curtain and looked out, but I could see nothing, except dense forests of pine and birch. I found that I was in a log house, but it was a very pleasant log house. After a breakfast of buck-wheat cakes and Maple Syrup -- won't you have some of it -- we had a very pleasant chat, and then went out for a little walk, for though it was Sabbath morning there were no preparations made for Church, such things are unknown in this civilized(?) community. After walking a short distance we came to the hill at the foot of which is the village of Wrightstown, situated on the Upper Fox river; the scenery on both banks of the river, is so new to me that I really enjoy it; the trees are very large pines and the forest all around us is very dense and very high. The river is twice as wide as Rock river, and the water is not clean you can not see below the surface at all. Now I suppose you will expect a magnificent description of the place and its inhabitants. As for the place, words fail me it must be seen to be appreciated and it requires more than an ordinary understanding to do it even then. As we came to the bridge I noticed a sign up, which read like this

\$2 Fine for ~~dr~~ ridin  
g over this brige  
faster than a walk,  
or for drawing log  
s or timber there u  
pon the bare plink

This our enlightened community.

(Tue)

Last evening I spent in the Telegraph office with Mrs. Hanks the operator, and we had a chat over the wires with Charlie Porter of Milton; he told me that the 13 had been mustered out and were to be in Madison the middle of Dec; it was the best news I ever heard. I am so sorry I cannot be at home to welcome you, with the rest, I can't wait four long months before seeing you. Every body will be so glad to see the 13 Reg. I will lay this letter aside as I don't know where to find you, if I send it.

[Letter unsigned, from Hattie Sanborn. Enclosed with the letter, two flyers for Public Sessions: one for the Ladies Literary Society and one for the Philomathean Society. Both are liberally annotated with comments about the quality of each presenter on the program. nc]

<sup>23</sup> Bilious - Of or pertaining to the bile; suffering from or resulting from excess of bile or disordered functioning of the liver.

*Albion Oriundo, Clarus Lucernus*

# PUBLIC SESSION

OF THE

## Ladies' Literary Society,

### MILTON ACADEMY,

Monday Evening, Nov. 13th, 1865.

#### PROGRAMME.

*PRAYER, BY MRS. J. E. JACKSON.*

ROLL CALL.....  
 SALUTE.....  
 ESSAY,—Life's March.....  
 POEM.....  
 ORATION,—Wound.....  
 CHRONICLES.....  
 PAPER,—"Literary Star".....  
 MUSIC,—*"Make your Home Beautiful."*  
 PHILOMATHEAN DELEGATE.....  
 COLLOQUY.....  
 VALEDICTORY,—Work While the Day lasts.....  
 MUSIC,—*"All Hail the Reign of Peace."*

#### ADJOURNMENT.

VEEDER & DEVEREUX, Printers, Jamesville.

# NIL DESPERANDUM.

## PUBLIC SESSION

OF THE

## Philomathean Society,

### MILTON ACADEMY,

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 14th, 1865.

Commencing at 7 o'clock, P. M.

#### PROGRAMME.

PRAYER.....  
 SUBJECTS.....  
 SALUTATORY ORATION.....  
 ESSAY, Our Battle Flags.....  
 ADDRESS, "Honor must give the Devil his due".....  
 ORATION, Justice may sleep, but never dies.....  
 POEM, The Harp of the North.....  
 ORATION, The Nineteenth Century.....  
 Delegate from the Ladies' Literary Society.....  
 PAPER, "Philomathean Independent".....  
 Delegate from the Badger Society of Albion Academy.....  
 VALEDICTORY, Do Nations Die?.....

#### BENEDICTION.

VEEDER & DEVEREUX, Printers, Jamesville.

Mr. Lucile W. Howell  
Co. A 13. Reg. Wis. I. 4  
2nd. Brig. 5 Div. 4. A. B.  
San Antonio Texas

Wrightstown, Wis.

Nov. 21. 1863

My Dear Cousin,

I rec'd your  
kind letter last Friday, my  
reason for not writing before  
I will soon make up to you.

On Friday morning I engaged to  
come to Wrightstown to teach school  
this winter; and according to engage-  
ment I was to come on Saturday.

Since writing to you, we have  
had a great deal of sickness, we

Picture of Hattie Sanborn's writing.

Janesville, Wisconsin  
Saturday, 6<sup>th</sup> Jan 1866

My Dear Cousin Hattie

Your favor of

Dec 31 was received at this place two or three days ago; and read with pleasure. When I wrote you last I hardly expected to receive another letter from you, for I thot that before you would write again we should be home and I should see you; but now that I am at home your are away, so we shall have to resort to the pen as a medium of communication as before.

I need not tell you that I was very glad to get home again, and that I had no tears to shed over the close of my military career.

To be sure, it was a little lonesome for a few days, everything was so quiet, but I am becoming accustomed to it now, and think I prefer it slightly to a soldier's life. Shall I tell you of our trip homeward?

We left our camp at San Antonio early on the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> of November and commenced our march to the Gulf. The weather was cool and pleasant, the roads excellent, and we made a rapid march averaging a little more than twenty miles a day - to Indianola where we were to take ship. At Indianola we met a slight drawback; there were three regiments before us and no ships to take us to New Orleans, so for six days we lay upon the beach with a "norther" blowing down upon us taking it coolly and waiting patiently(?). Our time came at last, and on Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup> of December our regiment with the 65<sup>th</sup> Ohio embarked on Steamship Rappahannock and was on its way to New Orleans. Four days and we had passed the rough waters of the Gulf, and were recovering from our sea sickness, of which, nearly all had some experience during the voyage. The morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> we landed a few miles above New Orleans and with but a day's delay we were steaming up the Mississippi River on a boat bound for Cairo. Each day now brought us further into the land of cold weather. Cold winds and some ice we found as far south as New Orleans, but no snow until we reached Cairo. We reached that place early on the morning of the 21<sup>st</sup> and just after noon were upon a train and on the move again. A ride of fifty hours upon the cars brought us to Madison -- home it almost seemed -- everything looked so familiar and the citizens so different from the "natives" of the south. It was Saturday afternoon (23<sup>d</sup> Dec) when we reached Madison, but, hurrying through our business, some of us who lived in Janesville took a train on the road which runs through Beloit, came down as far as Footeville and got home in the middle of the night.

Returning to M. on Wednesday the 27<sup>th</sup> we received our final payment and discharges, and were soldiers no more.

Since that time I have been running about loose enjoying my freedom hugely. One day I spent at Milton, of which Lot told you. I wish you had been there.

I haven't been to the Grove yet, but shall probably go there next week.

I hardly think I shall get as far as Wrightstown, thanks for your kind invitation, though. Mary is owing you a letter, says she wished I would write for her, but I think this will be sufficient for this time.

Yours

Cousin David.

[No envelope]

Janesville Wisconsin  
Monday 5<sup>th</sup> Feb 1866

My Dear Cousin Hattie:

I wonder what you are doing up at Wrightstown this evening! If the circle at your stove is as quiet as ours is here I think we'd better have a chat or we shall all fall asleep, so, taking it for granted that you agree to my proposition I'll speak first and then listen for your answer. Cousin Emily sits in our rocking chair dozing, sister Mary in another "ditto", little Nettie has gone to bed, and Mr. Walker is as still as a mouse except when he turns the leaves of the magazine which he is reading, do you wonder that I must do something to keep me awake?

-- It has been quite cold here for several days, too cold to be much out of doors so I sit in the house and read and play with Nettie. The play part suits Nettie finely but she insists that I shall play with her all the time and not read at all. This evening it is clear, cold and starlight. Every star seems to be shining its brightest, and some of them twinkle as merrily as though it is pleasure to them. I should love to be out watching them but for the warning which Jack Frost has painted on the window panes, and on the latch and hinges of the door. A troublesome fellow is Jack Frost, sometimes, notwithstanding all the good he brings us.

-- I found a letter waiting for me the other day when I got home from Milton; a letter from William. He is at Little Rock still and is enjoying good health with the exception of a chill once in two or three weeks. He says he will do his "best to come home by the middle of April", -- only for a visit, however as he expects to "settle in Arkansas." I have answered his letter, and am daily counting the time which will elapse before the middle of April.

-- Cousin Norman went from here to the Grove last Tuesday, returned Thursday noon and went to Milton on the 1:30 train. I have not heard from him since, but presume he has completed his business and returned to Sauk eve this.

-- Mr. Gough lectured before the "Young Men's Association" last Wednesday evening, and I had the pleasure of being one of his audience.

I had never listened to him before but his lecture was full as interesting as I had anticipated. I saw quite a number of the Milton folks among the audience, but I do not know whether Laura was there or not. Mr. James E. Murdock gives a "Dramatic Entertainment" before the Young Men's Association tomorrow night at Lappin's Hall. will you go?

Well, cousin, I believe I have had my say so I will keep silence and listen for your answer. When shall I hear it?

Dave

[No envelope]

[The middle section of the letter has been cut away and all that remains is the top with the greeting, a few sentences on the top back of the page and the closing at the bottom.]

Janesville Wisconsin  
Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> March '66

My Dear Cousin Hattie:

A day or two ---

-- drawing so near its close, and at the prospect of soon returning home after a four months sojourn in the wilderness. Mary invites you -- and I heartily second the invitation -- to visit us in Janesville upon your return. Why can't --

---

Ever Yours  
Cousin Dave



# Wisconsin



#38 November 21, 1865  
Wrightstown, Wisconsin

#50 August 13, 1872  
Milton, Wisconsin

#39 January 6, 1866  
#40 February 5, 1866  
#41 March 1, 1866  
#49 March 18, 1868  
Janesville, Wisconsin

See map below

See map above

See map above

[No Envelope]

Cresco Iowa  
9<sup>th</sup> April 1867

My Dear Cousin;

I take

an early opportunity to write you from the wilds of Iowa. Oramel and I are now enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Walker's home near Cresco. We left Janesville on the 8:30 train instead of the 1:30 as we intended when we were at Milton, so we did not meet you at Milton Junction. We were recompensed in part, however, by meeting Cousin Laura and Nell Waterman on the cars at J. when we started and we accompanied them to East M. bidding them good bye there as we took the train from Milwaukee. There were several delays, -- occasioned by the track being out of repair, -- before we reached P. Du C. [Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin] so that we were too late to take the train at M<sup>c</sup>Gregor [Iowa] that day. In consequence of this we had to resort to a hotel after crossing the river, to pass away the time till the next morning.

Having had some experience in travel yourself, you can doubtless imagine the feeling of travelers in a strange place confined to the hotel by a pelting storm of rain and snow for a day, so I will say no more of our stay in M<sup>c</sup>G. The next morning was bright and beautiful and we went on our way rejoicing.

After the first few miles we passed through a beautiful prairie country the entire distance to Cresco. It is much like Rock Prairie, but is a little more rolling.

At the depot we met Mr. W.-- fortunately for us -- and so avoided a walk of 2 1/2 miles through mud and water. Walker and Mary live in a little cottage in an oak grove a snug cosy [sic] little place I think, Nettie has grown a great deal during the last year. We all went up into Minnesota, and staid [sic] one night visiting some relatives there, and, as might be expected in that cold state, were caught by a snow storm. We returned to Iowa in safety, however, and am now eagerly watching to see the snow disappear.

I will enclose a picture, as I promised when at Milton.

Hoping to hear from you soon at this place

I remain your devoted cousin

Dave

P. S. Mary sends love; was surprised to hear that you had gone north again.

D

[No envelope]

Burlington Iowa  
7<sup>th</sup> May 1867

My Dear Cousin;

I had a rare

treat Saturday night; I received three letters through the post office. One of them was from Hattie, one from Mary, and other -- well I shan't tell you from whom that came. Your letter was sent to Cresco and followed me to this place. You see I have been wandering since I wrote you from C. Oramel and I remained there nearly two weeks making a good visit, and finding business dull there I came back as far as McGregor with O on his return to Janesville, and then came down the river. I did not know where I would stop but tho't inasmuch as I had started out I would explore a portion of this western country before I returned to J. I took passage first for Dubuque about ten o'clock in the evening. I had had some experience in steamboat riding as a soldier, but I assure you there is a vast difference between a passenger and a soldier on a boat. Formerly upon the approach of night I had been obliged to spread my bed upon deck with no roof above me but the starry heavens, but upon this occasion I had the privilege of lieing [sic] upon a nice carpet upon the cabin floor with my overcoat for a pillow, or "in lieu thereof" I might have had a whole chair. Ruminating upon the pleasures of travel, thinking of absent friends, building air castles and dozing, I passed the night, and morning found me at Dubuque. This is the Metropolis of Iowa. I walked all over the town read the signs, gazed in the windows at the goods, went in all the joiner shops and talked with the workmen, clim[b]ed a high hill and took a long look at the city and river, became convinced that Dubuque wasn't the place for a young man of my enterprise and ability, and the next morning left. I next found myself in Davenport. That I was there was not surprising, but that it should take two steamboats and a railroad to take me there might seem strange, nevertheless such is the case. That I am now in Burlington is sufficient proof that I did not remain in Davenport; but it is a long step from one place to the other and between them lies Muscatine which I must not slight. One beautiful day I landed from a boat at Muscatine. It chanced to be Saturday, and being a respecter of the Sabbath day I remained there until the Sabbath had passed, but when Monday came I set my face southward again. When next my feet touched terra firma it was night and I was in Burlington. I escaped uninjured from the crowd of hotel runners who swarmed the levee, and went unassisted to a hotel and to rest. The next day I went out in a brisk shower and found a firm who kindly permitted me to work for them in consideration of a trifling pecuniary reward. I immediately concluded to go to work and remain as long as my money lasted. Perhaps you think that because I honor B with my presence it is the best place I have seen in the west. I have been in worse places. I was once caught out in a severe thunderstorm, I like Burlington better than that.

I have a real pleasant boarding place at a house kept by an old widow lady and her daughter. There are two other gentlemen boarders besides myself.

Well Cousin I think I have written you nonsense enough for once so I will close hoping I may hear from you promptly,

I am as ever

Yours sincerely

Dave

Box 3

Burlington  
Iowa

[Postmarked May 30, Burlington, Iowa  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Green Bay, Wis]

Burlington Iowa  
24<sup>th</sup> May 1867

My Dear Cousin Hattie

Your fa-

vor of the 16<sup>th</sup> inst is before me. The perusal of it afforded me great pleasure. If you would write me every time you had to keep unruly scholars after school, I should be selfish enough to wish that you might have many of them.

I was quite interested in your descriptions of Green Bay. I think there is one point of resemblance between G. B. and Burlington; it is in the sidewalks. You will, therefore, understand me when I say that I sincerely sympathize with you in your trials from that cause.

The planks in the sidewalks here, besides being loose are full of augur holes just the size of the heel of one's shoe, and further, when wet they are as slippery as ice. One rainy day not long since as I was coming to my dinner, the sidewalk suddenly passed rapidly from under my feet and rose up against me. My fellow boarders accounted for it by the fact that it passed the door of a beer saloon near there. If that was the cause, I am in favor of abolishing beer saloons forthwith.

So there are mosquitoes in Green Bay are there? and promise of a great many more to come? I recollect being once in a place where there were mosquitoes, and if I remember rightly I don't like them. These, with the sidewalks, are two very serious objections to G. B. in my mind and I fear will affect the prosperity of the place.

It would afford me unspeakable pleasure, dear Cousin, to accept your invitation to join my voice with the voices of yourself, Miss Butz and Miss Decker around your piano. I always enjoy singing or listening to music with a keen relish, but since leaving J. I have sung but little and heard no music except at church. I hope sometime to sing with you again, though I may not meet the other members of your trio. Perhaps I may meet you at Milton next year, you know I make it a point to visit M once a year.

I'll tell you why I remain in Burlington; it is disinterested benevolence toward the inhabitants of the place. I stopped here accidentally, you know, but found that they needed just such a person as I am to give character and stability to the place, and therefore I remained. The people, as I get acquainted with them, are beginning to understand and appreciate my unselfish devotion on their behalf. What a satisfaction it is to one to be appreciated isn't it?

About that letter; it was from -- now you won't tell, will you? I won't have anybody know it for the world, and I haven't told anybody but you. It was from -- she, I won't tell any more about it, so there.

I had a letter from Mary to night. They are all well at Cresco. Nettie is going to school now. Mary sends best wishes to you.

Oramel returned to Janesville after we visited Mary, and is there now. He has finished his apprenticeship and is now jour workman at the old place. Well, Cousin, I must close my letter for I keep good hours now. I am trying to get up mornings to read a little before breakfast, so I retire early, that is by ten or half past ten. I am reading Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy. Do you read much this summer?

I used to hear some talk about a man they call Jeff Davis but I don't take much interest in him now.

I remain

Yours ever

Dave

[Postmarked June 12, Burlington, Iowa  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Green Bay, Wis]

Across the top of the envelope:

P.M. will please deliver immediately as the children have all got the hooping cough

Across the bottom:

Care of A. L. Chappel, Esq.

Burlington Iowa  
11<sup>th</sup> June 1867

My Dear Cousin;

I was

made happy last Friday night by the receipt of two letters; one from yourself, and the other from the same person from whom that other one came about which I told you; you remember don't you? After such a sacred pledge that you would never disclose the name of the writer, I shall repose unlimited confidence in you. I feel assured that there is no truth in the old saying "Woman cannot keep a secret["], and I shall correct anyone who repeats it to me after this.

Your letter brings forward several important questions, the first of which is "why boys can't behave themselves as well as girls["]. The premises are so evidently true, that I will not stop to argue, but the reason why might puzzle a philosopher. It must have been such an one, who made the remark, -- after in vain endeavoring to account for their conduct, -- "Boys will be boys". Perhaps a part of their mission is (like that of mosquitoes) to teach us lessons of patience.

I pray you, dear cousin, deal kindly with them; beneath all their ugliness there may be the seeds of true nobility of mind and heart which, by your care shall grow and bring forth fruit abundantly.

You give me a glimpse into the inner life of a family of your acquaintance at Green Bay. It has never yet been my fortune to meet such a family as that of Dr. E or of Mr. H. if I should it might change my views of humanity. My experience has been this: as a general thing I like people better after an intimate acquaintance, than first impressions would warrant. Of course I find disagre[e]able qualities in all, but underneath all these there is a vein of genuine good will which enlarges with acquaintance. Tell me, is not this the way you find people generally?

In less than three weeks you will be in M. listening to the exercises of the "Philos" and to cousin Laura's singing, eating strawberries, and enjoying yourself generally. It would afford "cousin Dave" great pleasure to meet you there on the "glorious Fourth", but as he will, probably, not be there, please eat a strawberry and discharge a fire cracker for him. The people of this burgh are not as yet making any preparations to celebrate the 4<sup>th</sup>. Should they do so it would consist principally of drinking lager beer, I presume, as a good proportion of the inhabitants are Germans. By the way if my only "salvation from lager beer" is by joining the Good Templars, I fear I am a "goner" for I don't believe there is a lodge here.

When you write me next, will you please tell me, if you care, what wages are paid in Green Bay to house carpenters. I have here an old bachelor acquaintance, a carpenter, of "roving inclinations" (like myself), and his eyes are directed toward Green Bay at present. It has been represented to him as the paradise of mechanics, so I tho't I would ask you the prices and tell him.

Hoping I may hear from you again ere the close of your school

I remain

Ever Yours

Dave

[Postmarked Aug 5, Burlington, Iowa  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Milton, Wis]

Burlington Iowa  
Friday 2<sup>d</sup> August 1867

Dear Cousin,

Before me lies your

letter from Milton, and beside it a half written reply dated the 23<sup>d</sup> ult. You must excuse my long delay in writing you. During the warm weather that has prevailed since your reached me, I have felt so weary after work, that my ambition has been unequal to the task of writing a letter. For a few days the weather has been cooler and I have been feeling better, so tonight I will talk with you. It did me good to read your letter with its account of the doings in M. and the enjoyment you had experienced since your return home. You were always in raptures upon returning home after an absence of a term. What combination of faculties is it, cousin, that gives one such a disposition? Tell me and I will cultivate them (if such I have) at once, for I shall be coming home sometime. -- As for Burlington, it still flourishes. Its history is that of any of the thousands of little cities that dot the surface of our great republic. Labor and recreation, sorrow and joy fill the records of each day. A day or two ago a young man, a giant almost in physical strength and of no ordinary intellectual attainments, died by his own hand in the county jail, while suffering with delirium tremens.

-- Today several car loads of excursionists have been here from Monmouth, Gaylesburg, Young America and other places in Illinois. We heard the music of their band some two miles in the country where we were working on a school house. By the way, when we graduate at the country school house we have one to build in the city. When that is completed I think we shall be fitted to build an academy or college. Yesterday the colored people had a great celebration in this city in honor of the proclamation of emancipation. Negro suffrage, and woman suffrage seem to be the great political questions now. That the negroes will eventually have all the rights of citizens granted them can hardly be doubted.

What do you think of woman suffrage? Both sides of the question have able defenders, yet I think public opinion is fast coming to that point when it will give woman the vote.

Possibly since your letter reached me, you have attended the State Teachers Association and visited St Paul and Minneapolis with the party of excursionists. If so, you will tell me of your trip in your next, will you not?

I am sorry to hear of Douglas' misfortune in possessing an ill tempered wife. He needs the wisdom and patience of Socrates.

Do not anticipate a like fate for me and thus make yourself uneasy. I am yet on the safe side you know. Again asking you to excuse my long delay, and to write me soon I am

Yours

Dave

[Postmarked Sep 18, Burlington Iowa  
addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Green Bay, Wisconsin

Burlington Iowa,  
Monday, 16<sup>th</sup> Sept 1867.

My Dear Cousin Hattie;

I have just re-  
rused your letter of Aug. 26 which has been in my possession several days. I fear you will not consider my conduct, in delaying to reply for so long a time, either "kind" or "cousinly", but will rather interpret it as intended to give you your "just deserts" This, I assure you was far from my intention. The delay is rather to be attributed to that old thief Procrastination, who is notorious the world over as a time stealer.

Your letter awakened in my mind a train of reflections, some of which were pleasing, some sad. Were you able to place yourself in my position, you might, perhaps be conscious of very similar thoughts and emotions. Do we not possess this power, cousin, of losing self, and becoming conscious of the thoughts and feelings of another, for a time? It seemed to me, as I read, that I could enter into all the experiences of your vacation and realize the emotions which each would excite: that I could see you, and know exactly your feelings when the "sad good bye" was said, and could go with you to your destination and see you by the letter table writing, the feeling of sadness not entirely gone and tinged with another, akin to homesickness.

No, coz, I cannot wonder, after the "most excellent reasons" which you mention are weighed, that you are very happy when you go home, and that you feel an inexpressible longing for something you have not, when away from home. I believe you appreciate your home while you still have it; my own, I never appreciated till it had gone from me. For your recipe for happiness, I thank you. I intend to test it sometime. Let me give you my opinion of the matter very briefly, for the subject is too great to be but touched in a letter. Human ties are very dear. The bonds which arise from the relations of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and husband and wife, are oft times dearer than life itself, and are the source of great happiness. But these are all temporary, and sooner or later will surely be broken; and when broken, there is left in the heart a void, dreary, and desolate as Sahara. God's love for his children is pure, tender, and infinitely great and enduring. Our love for Him may be the same tho' less in degree. The happiness, therefore, arising from it is pure, unalloyed, and enduring. It is measured only by our capacity and eternity. Bring persuaded of these things, I believe, I feel, I know that there is a joy, better, greater, than earthly things can bestow. Do not understand, by this, that I lightly esteem the bonds of relationship or friendship; far from it. I would that these were held more sacred; but I desire to give them their true weight by comparison with an unchangeable standard. Were I talking with you, I could say much more upon this subject, but this shall suffice for my letter. -- I am pleased to be made acquainted with your family at G. B. Were I a believer in first impressions I would tell you that I should like them all with a single exception; but I am not, so I wait, reserving likes and dislikes till further acquaintance shall develop them. I hope the mental and moral attainments of your "large" "fine looking" man, may correspond with his physical growth. I once heard a lecture on phrenology make this statement "To be a great man, a man must be a great animal", that is, a large body is essential to greatness of mind. To the young man alluded to, the field is, therefore, open; but any ambition which "little five footers" may have in this direction is blasted as by an early frost. In view of this fact, I caution you to be moderate in your expectations of little people.

When I commenced my letter, Cousin, I had no connected thoughts in my mind, but I said, I will write them as they come, and my epistle may perhaps "turn out a song, perhaps, turn out a sermon". Be that yours to judge, as it is please accept with the kind wishes of

Cousin Dave

[No envelope]

Burlington Iowa  
14<sup>th</sup> October 1867

My dear Cousin;

It becomes the priv-

ilege of your Burlington correspondent to address you again this evening, in reply to yours of the 30<sup>th</sup> Sept. As for local news -- political matters furnish the main topic of conversation now-a-days. The state election was held last week Tuesday, but full returns have not yet been received. I think the state gives quite a handsome majority to the Republican candidates. The principal issues were upon the taxation of government bonds and the suffrage question. I attended a political meeting the eve before election, and the two principal speakers of the evening advocated universal suffrage. The current of public opinion is setting in that direction, and I think the day is not far distant when white men will be but a minority of the voting population in many of our northern states. We are enjoying most delightful autumn weather now; days of such beauty as no month but October can boast, and nights that vie with the day in brightness. I read, years ago, in the works of a traveller in the east, that the moonlight in Egypt seemed to be brighter, clearer, richer, than in any other part of the world. If so the perils of a sea voyage and pains of sea sickness, would be but a small price for the pleasure of beholding it. I used then to wish, and the wish is not yet entirely outgrown, that it might be my fortune to see that land sometime, and many others on both sides of the great waters. I think travel can not be overrated as a means for enlarging the mind, and bringing it into sympathy with humanity; for giving new and broader conceptions of the plans and purposes of God respecting men, nations and the world.

-- Have I told you before, that my readings and reflections this summer have confirmed me in the belief of predestination? Not alone of the salvation of men, but of all events whether great or small. That this involves mysteries in comprehensible to the mind of man, is evident, but for me to doubt it, would ~~would~~ be to doubt the character of God, as revealed in the Scriptures.

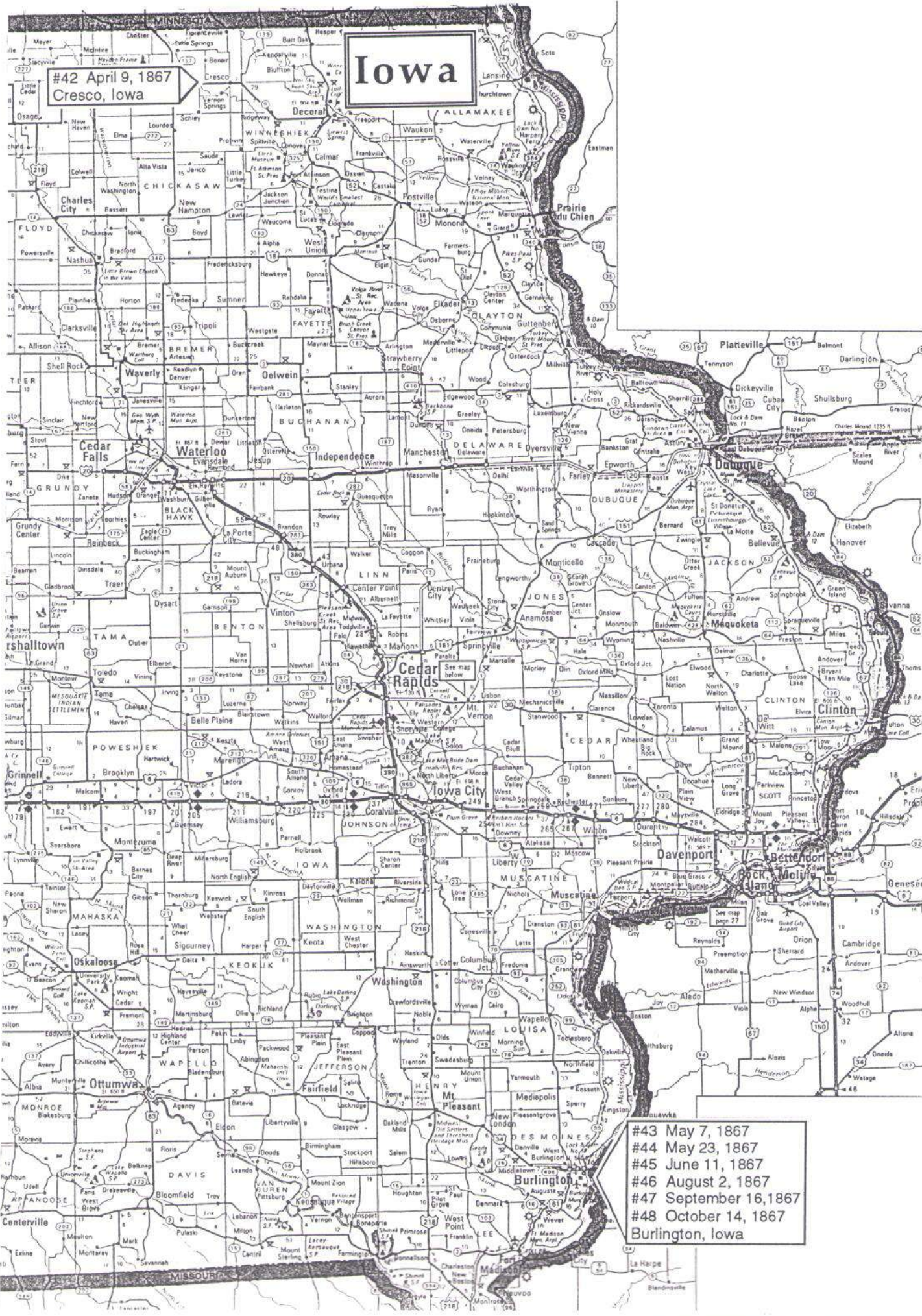
-- And here I must allude to an idea suggested by your letter; it is this: that the Almighty, by his providences educates men for the station which they fill. Prosperity, adversity, the possession of loss of friends, and each circumstance of life, gives an experience which nothing else could, and by these experiences are we taught. The world's a school and men are pupils. As these instructions do not cease to be given during life, is, then, the next life the end for which we are created? or does the period of scholarship continue thro' eternity?

-- That you are not the person (of your family at G. B.) who impressed me "unfavorably at first," is evident from the fact that my first impressions of yourself were experienced several years ago; and I have, before this, told you of the girl who was in every room and closet in the house and had inquired the name of each member of the household before she had been there five minutes. Do I exaggerate the facts, cousin? I receive letters from Mary about once a fortnight. All are well at Cresco. Who directed your last letter to me, Hattie? I hardly knew whom it was from.

Yours

Dave





# Iowa

#42 April 9, 1867  
Cresco, Iowa

- #43 May 7, 1867
  - #44 May 23, 1867
  - #45 June 11, 1867
  - #46 August 2, 1867
  - #47 September 16, 1867
  - #48 October 14, 1867
- Burlington, Iowa

[Postmarked Mar 25 Janesville Wis.  
Addressed to Miss Hattie Sanborn, Green Bay, Wisconsin]

Janesville 18<sup>th</sup> Mar 1868

My Dear Cousin;

Three weeks, or more, have elapsed since your letter was received. They have sped quickly, and, do the best I could, I could not find the time when I could answer cousin Hattie's letter. When you know that we were keeping house, and that I had just begun to work at my trade at the time we heard from you, you will not wonder at this. We took possession of the old house on the 7<sup>th</sup> of February, and since then have passed thru all the experience which attends new beginners at housekeeping: "all", did I say, no not all, for Ett authorizes me to tell you that she has not yet had the "blistered fingers" or the "burnt face". That she has not had a "heavy heart" at times, I dare not say, but if she has, I think it may rather be attributed to a cross husband than to ill success at cooking. Really cousin, I think we have got along famously, and I wish you could have been here when we begun, I would have been willing to have you laugh at our expense.

24<sup>th</sup> I seize upon a leisure spell to finish the letter commenced nearly a week ago. We are rejoicing in beautiful spring weather, and the songs of birds, such as we seldom get at this time of the year. March came with snow and wind, but this lasted but a day or two when the tide changed and the sun swept off the snow and thawed the ground. The ground has not dried so quickly in the spring for several years. Farmers are now sowing their grain and plowing, new buildings are springing up, and everything indicates that we are upon the threshold of another busy summer. How the seasons fly. They seem to pass the eye like the spokes of a fast revolving wheel. While we try to single out one, another takes its place; one merges into another, and the identity of each is lost in a vague whole. I cannot realize that I have arrived at the age of manhood, but find myself looking forward to the future as I used to do when a lad.

It is stated that the period in which man possesses his physical and mental powers in the highest degree, lies between the 25<sup>th</sup> and 45<sup>th</sup> years of his life. If this is so, I cannot doubt that, at least in age, I am standing in the place for which I used to long when a schoolboy. But I will quit this strain before I get into it, and tell you of the nice thunder shower which has come while I have been writing; of my tired girl who has been home to see her mother today and who is sleeping while I write this letter; of the strawberry bed which I am preparing and which my girl is going to set out with plants which her father brought up; of the comfort which we take in having so pleasant a little home of our own, and then sending a large portion of our love to Laura and a basketful or two to yourself I will stop till I hear from you again.

Dave

[Letter to Miss Ella L. Case, Elkhorn, Wis from Hattie Sanborn Ferris - wife of Hiram Ferris]

Milton  
Aug 13, 1872

My Dear Ella,

I believe we do not need any introduction now for I judge that cousin of mine has made us acquainted as much as we can be until we meet. I have long been anxious to meet you, and now I wonder if it remains for me to set the time of our meeting. I presume cousin David has spoken with you with reference acting as brides maid at my marriage if it should seem best to have them. We have decided to be married in church the evening of the fifth of Sept. and we desire that you and David shall stand with us.

I shall wear white muslin, white gloves and slippers. I do not think you will need to procure any white slippers and I hope it will not put you to any trouble or expense to prepare yourself for the occasion. You can dress here, of course cousin will see that you are here in time for that. Aside from the pleasure it gives me to know that I am to have my dearly beloved cousin and his chosen one to stand with me is the earnest desire to become personally acquainted with that one, which may be gratified then.

Please let me hear from you. If there is any thing you wish to know do not hesitate to ask all necessary questions.

Take good care of yourself, that you may be well for I desire that the occasion may not be without pleasure to you. I am feeling very tired this morning and find myself scarcely able to write, so I trust you may pardon the poor quality of this letter and accept it with much love from your

Sincere friend  
Hattie Sanborn

## Officers of the 13th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers

Colonel	Maurice Maloney
Lieutenant Colonel	J. F. Chapman
Major	T. O. Bigney
Adjutant	W. Ruger
Quartermaster	Platt Eycleshimer
Surgeon	J. M. Evans
Assistant Surgeon	Drs. Horton and Lord
Chaplain	H. C. Tilton
Sergeant Major	W. M. Scott
Quartermaster's Sergeant	I. B. Dutton
Commissary Sergeant	Gage Burgess
Hospital Steward	S. S. Wallihan
Leader of Band	S. B. Clemons
Drum Major	J. Berrie

### Company A

Edward Ruger, Captain  
Lewis F. Nicho's, 1st Lieut.  
Milton Bowerman, 2nd Lt.

### Company B

Edwin E. Woodman, Captain  
Jas. L. Murray, 1st Lieut.  
George C. Brown, 2d Lt.

### Company C

A. H. Kummel, Captain  
Daniel Lamoreau, 1st Lieut.  
John T. Fish, 2d Lt.

### Company D

E. W. Blake, Captain  
Simon A. Couch, 1st Lieut.  
N. D. Walters, 2d Lt.

### Company E

Robert H. Hewitt, Captain  
E. F. Warren, 1st Lieut.  
S. S. Rockwood, 2d Lt.

### Company F

F. F. Stevens, Captain  
S. S. Hart, 1st Lieut.  
F. Crotzenberg, 2d Lt.

### Company G

A. N. Randall, Captain  
H. M. Balis, 1st Lieut.  
E. W. Taylor, 2d Lt.

### Company H

J. L. Pratt, Captain  
C. S. Noyes, 1st Lieut.  
Robert Glover, 2d Lt.

### Company I

J. H. Lauderdale, Captain  
N. H. Kingman, 1st Lieut.  
H. Carroll, 2d Lt.

### Company K

Pliny Norcross, Captain  
J. H. Wemple, 1st Lieut.  
A. D. Burdick, 2d Lt.

From "The Wisconsin Volunteer"  
newspaper published at  
Leavenworth, Kansas  
February 6, 1862

## Speech by David Holton Wood - May 30, 1917 - Orland, California

Nearly three years before the memorable address to which we have just listened, was delivered, and a little more than fifty six years ago the life of the nation which our fathers had founded and "dedicated to the proposition that all men were created free and equal," was threatened with ~~destruction~~ by internal foes who held a restricted view of the equality of men and in order to preserve it's existence it was necessary to resort to arms. In response to the different calls of the President nearly two million men voluntarily offered their services in defense of the country they loved, and the government they believed to be in the right. The decision reached after more than four years of bloody strife justified their faith in the righteousness of the course for which they took up arms. When the war had ceased through the exhaustion and surrender of those who had drawn the sword against the Government, thousands upon thousands of graves of Union soldiers covered the battlefields of the South, and other thousands of isolated graves more in the cemeteries of the North where sick and wounded soldier had gone home before yielding up their lives. There it was that those who had lost husband, brother or son, sought to give some expression of their sorrow, and affection of the service rendered by those who filled these graves, and the suggestion of General John A. Logan that a day be set apart yearly for decorating these graves with flowers was accepted by general consent. Soon the practice was enlarged to include the resting place of those soldiers who had died since the war, and those also of the soldiers of the regular army and the Cuban and Philippine service, and today the cemeteries of our land are filled with men, women and children with their tribute of flowers for the soldier dead. Why this tribute to the soldier dead? First we his living comrades pay our tribute to his unflinching loyalty that made him endure hardship, privation and suffering through which the bonds of comradeship were forged. Then the spontaneous and grateful tribute of those who are beneficiaries of the sacrifice which he made, and in which we are all numbered. It is fitting, therefore, that on this day we take a brief retrospect of those sacrifices which have made our nation strong and great, and mark with flowers the resting places of those who have made them.

Comrades of the Civil War - no more for us the weary march with musket and knapsack; no more the lonely sentinel's beat; no more the whistling [ ] bullet or the shrieking shell. By these tokens we learned the tender significance of the word comrade. But it is our privilege still, by counsel and practice, to inculcate that spirit of patriotism and loyalty and integrity in the rising generation which we desire them to process.

Men, women, youths, children of today out of Orland, it is for you to "highly resolve that," to the extent of your influence, "government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth," but that this Government shall extend its beneficent influence beyond the bounds of oceans, a barrier to the aggressions of monarchs and a counselor and champion of the weak and struggling peoples seeking for a longer liberty, until the nations of the earth shall all be confederated in one great brotherhood of harmony and helpfulness.

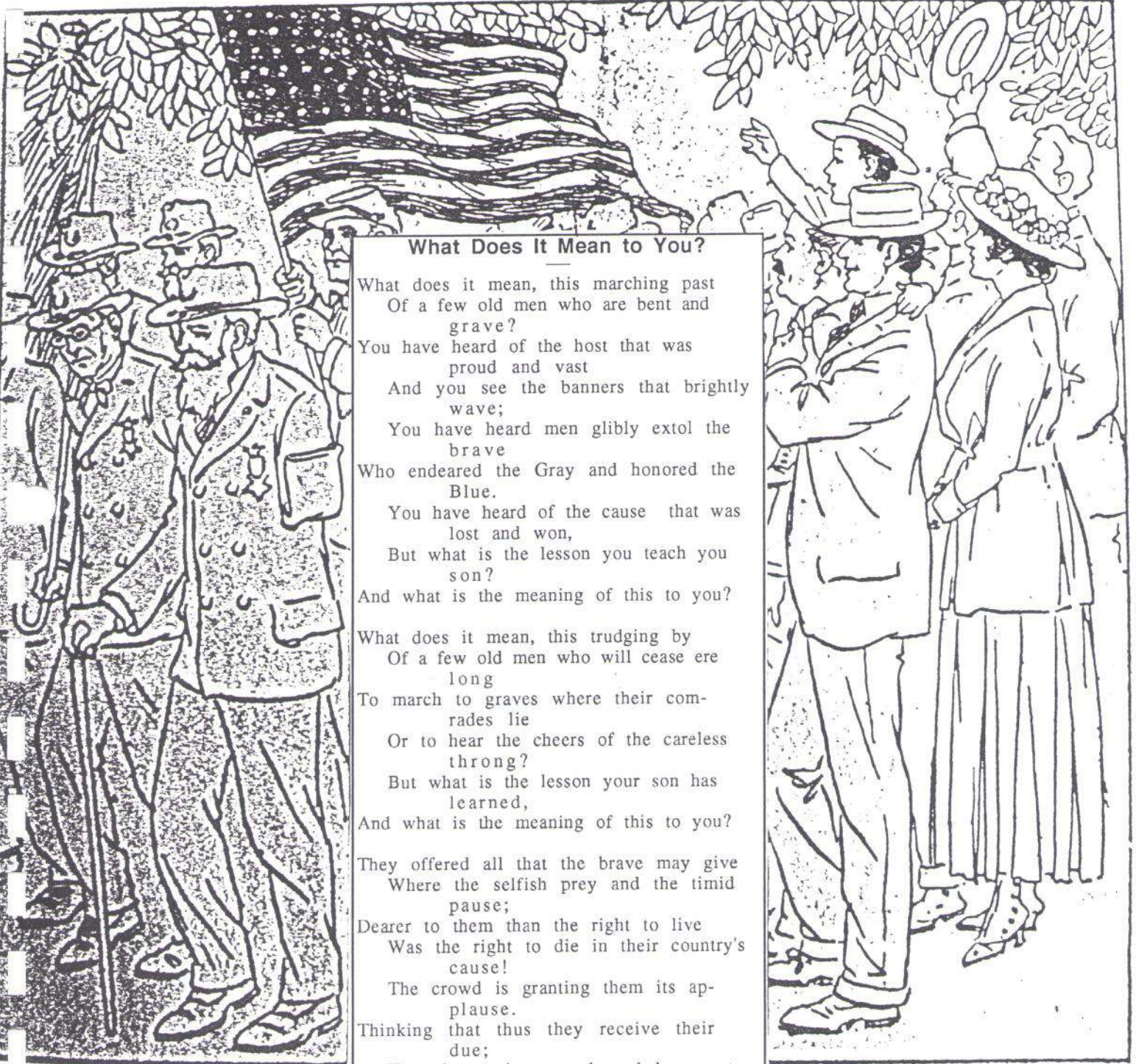
Masonic Cemetery Orland  
May 30, 1917

# Wessington Spring Republic

THE LEADING PAPER OF JERAULD COUNTY FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

WESSINGTON SPRINGS, JERAULD COUNTY, SOUTH DAKOTA, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1919

## Memorial Day



### What Does It Mean to You?

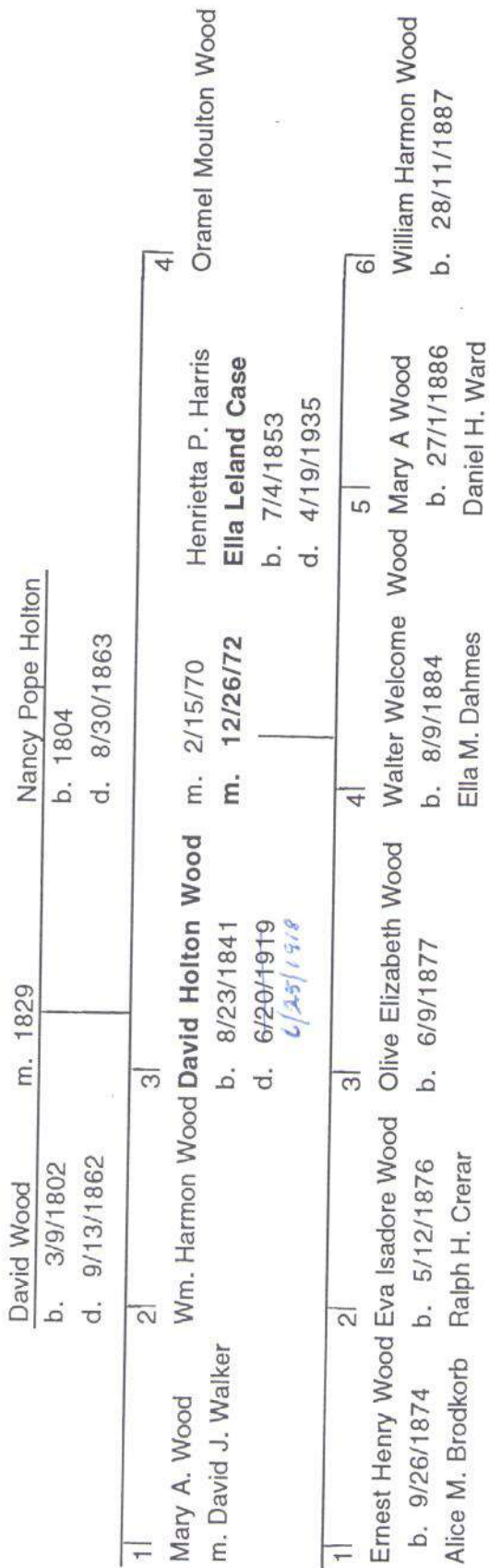
What does it mean, this marching past  
Of a few old men who are bent and  
grave?  
You have heard of the host that was  
proud and vast  
And you see the banners that brightly  
wave;  
You have heard men glibly extol the  
brave  
Who endeared the Gray and honored the  
Blue.  
You have heard of the cause that was  
lost and won,  
But what is the lesson you teach you  
son?  
And what is the meaning of this to you?

What does it mean, this trudging by  
Of a few old men who will cease ere  
long  
To march to graves where their com-  
rades lie  
Or to hear the cheers of the careless  
throng?  
But what is the lesson your son has  
learned,  
And what is the meaning of this to you?

They offered all that the brave may give  
Where the selfish prey and the timid  
pause;  
Dearer to them than the right to live  
Was the right to die in their country's  
cause!  
The crowd is granting them its ap-  
plause.  
Thinking that thus they receive their  
due;  
They have given much and have not  
complained.  
But what is the lesson your son has  
gained,  
And what is the meaning to you?

-S. E. Kiser.

### Brief Genealogy of David Holton Wood



Extract of two letters by Olive E. Wood  
Written to Olive Crerar Rowe

August 1961

**RE: D. H. Wood and the Civil War**

Thank you for the clipping and the pictures and map of Wisconsin regiments during the Civil War. You have marked two places where the 13th took part. They were not in any great battles, but I remember father's telling about their being at the 2nd battles of Forts Henry and Donelson on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers where they come so close together. He also said they were sent to Chickamauga but got there too late to take part in the battle. Their lot was burying the dead.

Our Ontario paper has been running some articles on the War but they have been on the eastern battles and the 13th did not get that far east.

Did I write you that I had father's discharge papers which I have given to Welcome as he is the only one of the boys left. When father was 62 and began to draw a small pension - \$12.00 per month, I believe - he got a couple of discharge statements that could be used in case he lost his discharge papers. If you would care for one of those I could send it to you and Mary could have the other. I have been looking over father's box of Civil War pictures, comrade's letters & a box of letters that father wrote his cousin Hattie Sanborn - later Mrs. Hiram Ferris. No doubt you have heard your mother speak of Cousin Hattie. I think she was married and living in Chicago at the time father & mother were married. Father kept in touch with them while he lived and while we were living at Orland Cousin Hattie sent father a small box of letters that he had written her during the war. I think Cousin Hattie was a daughter of Father's Aunt Kate who was a sister of father's father, Grandpa David Wood.

Father hoped that some day mother and I would get around to read the letters but we never did. As I am the only one of the family that belongs to the Woman's Relief Corps I have naturally been interested in this Centennial. Our Corps has given \$1,000.00 the past 2 years toward the Centennial Fund which is to build a place at Springfield, Ill. to house mementos and biographical & historical articles of the Civil War.

When you were out on my back porch washing do you remember seeing a galvanized box on top of the cupboard where I kept my soap & washing powders? Father had made the box when he was in the store at Alpena in which to keep valuable papers, etc.

Father had kept all his war papers, pictures of comrades and their letters and also a number of letters, cards and pictures from Brother Joseph Dutton who went to the leper colony on Molokai, Hawaii in 1876 to take charge of the colony and Father Damien when he contracted the dread disease. Brother Joseph was formerly Ira B. Dutton of Janesville and a member of Company B 13 Wis. Volunteers.

After we moved to Orland father read an article in the veteran's paper, the "National Tribune," about Brother Joseph. Father that the article wasn't quite correct so he wrote to the Tribune and gave his name and address. It seems Brother Joseph also took the National Tribune and he read the article and wrote father. They corresponded as long as father lived and afterward Brother Joseph wrote mother occasionally. He remained with the leper colony till his death.



You spoke about Axel's being interested in anything of a personal or family significance. If I can give him any information I would be glad to do so. I presume the Janesville Gazette would have articles about the 13th but the only one I know living there is Cousin Mary Jackson Congdon and she is living in a rest home and is about 90. Mary wrote Cousin Olive Jackson Clark at Clovis and she answered Mary's letter and sent her sister's address. She said Mary's daughter Josephine lives in Janesville but is not very well.

While Mary was here in June I got out one of father's letters to Cousin Hattie and we read it. The letter was written in January 61 and they were in southern Missouri then. We did not get around to read anymore then. I am looking over some of his old diaries now. I found in the 1870 diary where father's first wife, Henrietta (Etta) Harris died in February. Father wrote of sending papers to Mary Wood Walker, Ora & William. He seemed to be at Little Rock, Ark. then. In the 1872 diary he mentioned marrying mother at Grandpa Case's on Dec 26 at 8 p.m. Several years ago I had looked at the diaries and sent the 1874 to Ernest as it spoke of his birth at Northfield, Minn. on Sept 16. I also sent the 1876 to your mother as it spoke of her birth on Grandpa's farm near Elkhorn, I believe.

I have spent most of my time & space writing about the Civil War Centennial and allied subjects so now I will change....

April 13, 1961

...While there I read an article on the "Real Cause of the Civil War." I believe it was in the "Washington News Week". The writer seemed to think that the North was largely to blame for the war. This is the Centennial year so there will be a good many articles on the war. In my last letter to Alice Sandstrom I mentioned that it would be 100 years on the 21st of September since father enlisted. In her letter which came at Easter time she seemed surprised that father served over four years. She wants me to write a little history of father's life. He was 20 years old on the 23rd of August so was just past 20 and his father had died shortly before he enlisted. He left his widowed mother with Uncle Ora who was 15. Aunt Mary Walker was married then but lived in Janesville, I believe. Father's regiment was sent down to Arkansas in January 1862 in unheated cattle cars. I believe father got home once on furlough to see his mother, but she had died before he was mustered out in December 1865. His regiment was one of the unfortunate ones sent down to Texas after Lee's surrender. The politicians in Washington were afraid Texas might go back to Mexico. Father's older brother William had gone south sometime before the war and he was drafted in the southern army. We had a little old leather covered trunk that was Uncle William's. It had the letters W.W. in white on it. I gave it to the Salvation Army last fall.

When Mary was back there visiting you folks in 1948 I think she said you drove up to the Blue Mound Cave and stopped at Madison either going or coming. You visited the museum and saw the relics from the Civil War. Mary spoke about seeing the stuffed eagle "Old Abe" that was the mascot of the 8th Wisconsin regiment. Father's regiment, the 13th Wisconsin, and the ...

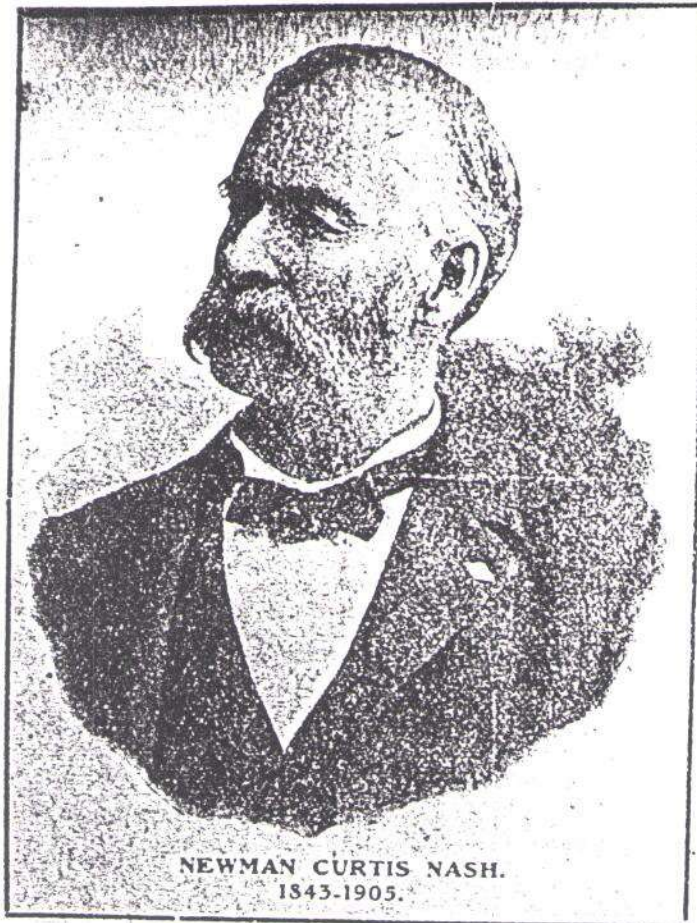
## THE ORLAND UNION DEATH OF D.H. WOOD

WELL KNOWN CITIZEN AND VET-  
ERAN OF CIVIL WAR PASSES  
AWAY WHILE IN EAST

David H. Wood, who for the past nine years had resided in Orland, living with his family on Bungalow Row died on Wednesday, June 25th, at Lane, South Dakota. Owing to the telegraphers' strike word was not received here by his daughter, Mrs. D. H. Ward, till nearly a week after his demise. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and daughter, Miss Olive, had gone to South Dakota, leaving here on May 20th. During the trip, which proved a rather hard one for Mr. Wood who was then in feeble health, he took a severe cold, and this, coupled with his other ailments, proved more than he could rally from, and he lived only four weeks after arriving. His death occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Crerar at Lane, S. D., and the remains were interred at Wessington Springs, about seven miles from Lane.

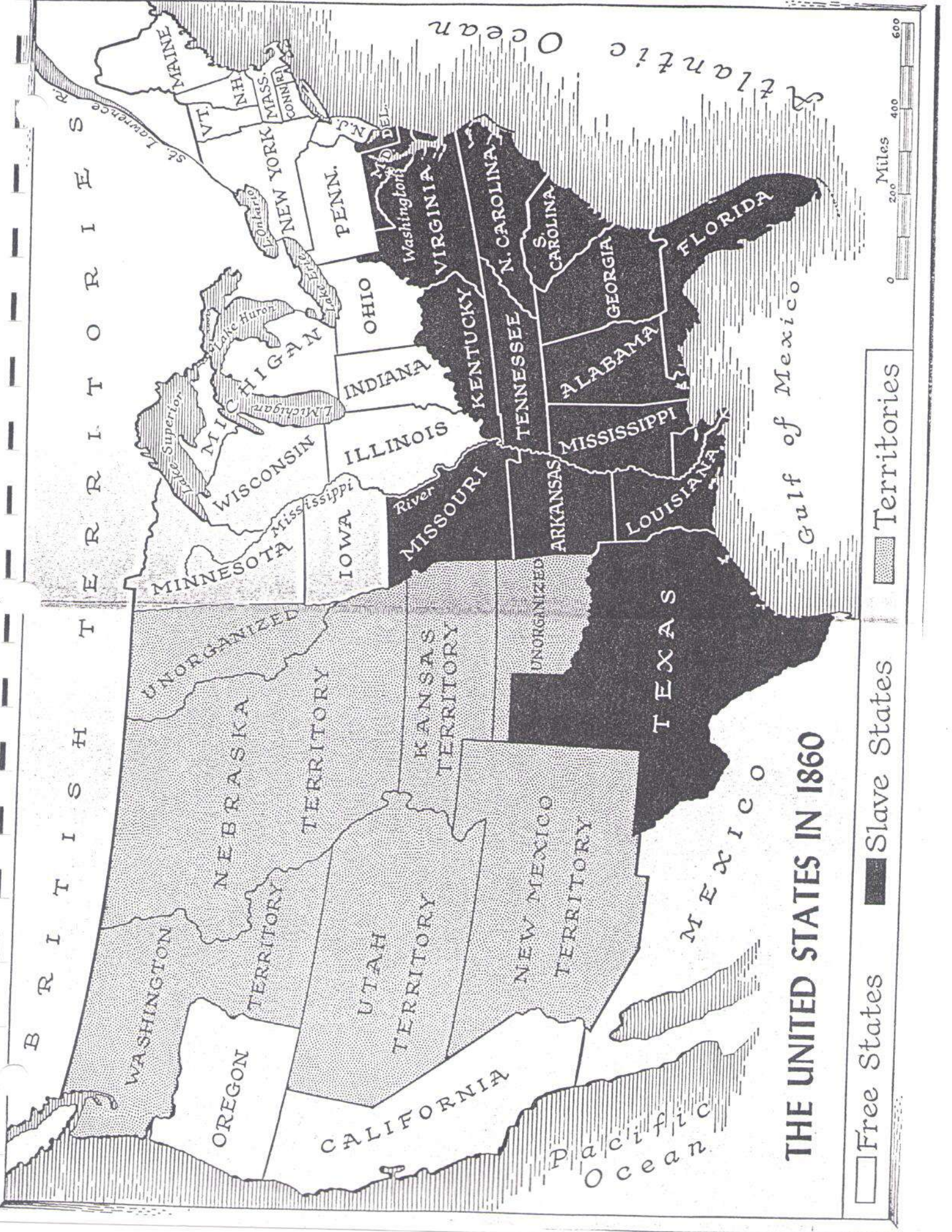
Mr. Wood was born on August 23, 1841, in Vermont, where he passed his boyhood days. When a young man he moved west to Janesville, Wisconsin, where shortly thereafter he enlisted in the Union army in the 13th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and fought for four years, till the close of the war. Returning to Wisconsin he resumed his work in civil life, and in 1872 was married. In 1883 he moved with his family to South Dakota, where the home was made till nine years ago, when they came to California, buying property and establishing a home in Orland. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, of whom five are left, with the surviving wife to mourn the loss of one who was loved in his own home as he was respected by all who knew him. The children are Mrs. R. H. Crerar, of Lane, S. D., Ernest H. Wood, of Wessington Springs, S. D., Dr. Welcome Wood, of Brazil, Mrs. D. H. Ward of Orland, Calif., and Miss Olive Wood, who with her mother was with him at his death.

The plans of Mrs. Wood and Olive have not been definitely made, so far as word from them has told, but it is believed by the family that they will probably remain in South Dakota during the summer, returning to California before next winter.



**Newman Curtis Nash**  
**1843-1905**

**T**he Senior editor of this paper, who has been for more than a quarter of a century identified with its publication, has been removed from the activities of life. He had been identified with South Dakota and Lincoln county interests for more than thirty years, and before coming here he served his country throughout the Civil War. As a citizen he always stood fearlessly for those policies which seemed to him right and just. He was many times highly honored by his fraternal and business associates. He was a lover of his home, a devoted husband and father. He led a strenuous life. In his Death the family suffer an irreparable loss. His demise was due to internal cancer. Death came at 12:05 o'clock in the morning of February 8.



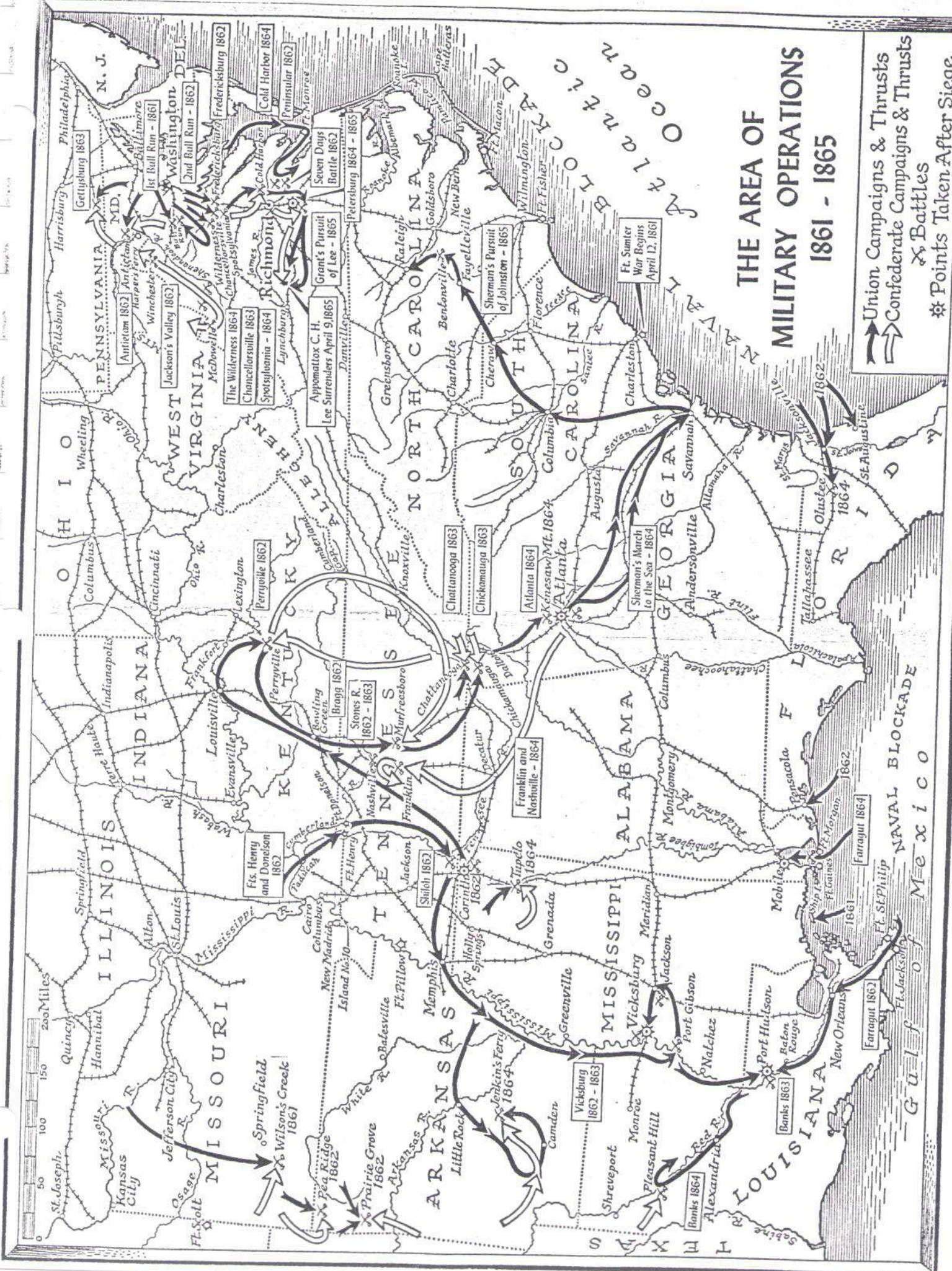
# THE UNITED STATES IN 1860

- Free States
- Slave States
- Territories



# THE AREA OF MILITARY OPERATIONS 1861 - 1865

↗ Union Campaigns & Thrusts  
 ↘ Confederate Campaigns & Thrusts  
 ✕ Battles  
 \* Points Taken After Siege



## CHIEF JUSTICE DIES

Man Well Known in Janesville Passes  
Away at Home of His Daughter  
In San Jose, California.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

San Jose, Calif., April 4.—William P. Lyon, 25 years supreme justice of the circuit court of Wisconsin, died here today of illness incident to old age. He was 91 years old. In the



JUDGE W. P. LYON

- At His California Home.

civil war he was colonel of the 13th Wisconsin infantry and for five years he was a member of the Wisconsin board of control having been appointed by Gov. La Follette. For the last ten years he has resided here with his daughter, Mrs. J. O. Hayes.

## Expanded Footnotes

### Jayhawking

The Kansas-Nebraska Act created the Kansas Territory in 1850. The North and the South struggled to determine whether Kansas would enter the Union free or slave. By the mid 1850s James Montgomery lead a band of Free Soilers in raids of retaliation against Proslavery elements in Missouri. Montgomery's men brought the word Jayhawkers into common parlance; the jayhawk was a predatory bird native to Ireland that worried and toyed with its prey. Raids and outraged continued on both sides. Eventually as Kansas became a free state and Republican political strength grew Montgomery made a peace offer. He would suspend all jayhawking activities in return for a guarantee that neither he nor any of his men would be arrested for past crimes and all Proslavery men driven from Kansas would be kept out. The legislature quickly passed an amnesty bill which Montgomery graciously accepted. His second condition was declined and he continued to raid into Missouri. Raiding between Kansas and Missouri continued until the end of the Civil War.

### Fort Henry

Heavily supported by Foote's gunboats, Grant steamed up the Tennessee River to a point approximately seventy miles northwest of Nashville, and hit vulnerable Fort Henry. Grant's force of 25,000 men had little to do, for the seven accompanying gunboats battered the fort into submission from the water. Confederate General Lloyd Tilghman, having only 5,000 men, surrendered on February 6, 1862.

### Fort Donelson

Following the fall of Fort Henry, Grant moved his forces overland to Fort Donelson and forced its surrender on February 11, 1862. The fall of this fort broke the Confederate hold on two rivers of great importance to Union plans, the Tennessee and the Cumberland. Totals in both engagements: Union, 280; and the Confederacy, 2,000. In addition, the Confederacy had 11,500 men captured when the forts surrendered.

### Island No. 10

Formerly an island in the Mississippi about forty miles below Columbus, Kentucky, near the Tennessee line. It has been washed away since the Civil War. There was formerly a line of islands lying below Cairo, Illinois, which led directly into the heart of the Confederacy. The island received its name from its position as tenth in this chain from north to south.

It was fortified by the Confederates early in the war, under the direction of General Leonidas Polk. It was manned by about 7,000 Confederates under General W. W. Mackall (under Beauregard) when Commodore A. H. Foote of the Union navy bombarded this island for three weeks, using seven gunboats.

This forced the surrender of the island on April 7, 1862. Polk evacuated as many of the Confederates as possible, under direct fire of two of Foote's gunboats, using a group of river transports to accomplish the task at night. Most of the Confederates were pursued into the swamps, and over 6,000 prisoners were taken, in addition to large quantities of ammunition and supplies. Federal losses were extremely light.

**Rosecrans, William Starke (1819-1898)**

Union Major General. Born in Delaware County, Ohio, and a graduate of West Point, 1842. Rosecrans resigned his commission in 1854 to practice engineering and enter business. Shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, he became a regular army brigadier general and served with McClellan in western Virginia, winning the Battle of Rich Mountain.

Under Grant, in Mississippi, Rosecrans was successfully able to command troops in 1862, with victories at Iuka and in the subsequent defense of Corinth. He was promoted to major general in 1862. He succeeded Buell in Kentucky, and fought at Stones' River, one of the bloodiest battles of the war. He conducted a skillful campaign in the summer of 1863, near Tullahoma, Tennessee, and forced Bragg back into Chattanooga. He then proceeded to maneuver Bragg back out of the city, and took over the area.

The Confederates overcame his thinly manned defense line at Chickamauga in September, 1863, and his army was bitterly crushed. Because of this defeat, he was relieved of duty and saw very little active duty thereafter. He remained in the service until the end of the war, but resigned his commission in 1867.

A Concise Encyclopedia of the Civil War Compiled by Henry E. Simmons, 1965



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### Regiments

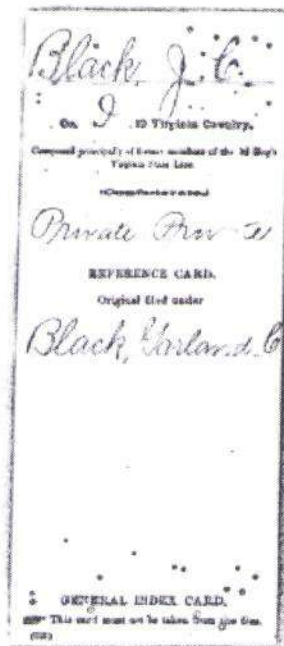
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### Letter Numbers

**Detailed Soldier Record**

Click on the question marks for help with this form.

<b>David H. Wood</b> (First_Last)
<b>Regiment Name</b> 13 Wisconsin Infantry
<b>Side Union</b>
<b>Company</b> <input type="text" value="?"/> A
<b>Soldier's Rank_In</b> <input type="text" value="?"/> Pvt.
<b>Soldier's Rank_Out</b> <input type="text" value="?"/> 1 Sgt.
<b>Alternate Name</b> <input type="text" value="?"/>
<b>Notes</b>
<b>Film Number</b> M559 roll 33



The information for the Soldier Records on this site was taken from a *General Index Card* like this one. (SAMPLE)

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

743

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE.	REMARKS.
Smith, Albert R. ....	La Prairie. ....	Sept. 14, '61.	Vet., Corp., Sergt.; prom. Q. M. Sergt., May 31, '65.
Smith, Horace C. ....	Magnolia. ....	Sept. 19, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Smith, Duane C. ....	Center. ....	Feb. 27, '64.	Pis. Flint River; M. O. May 29, '65.
Spencer, John. ....	.....	Sept. 23, '61.	M. O. June 13, '65.
Staves, John H. ....	.....	Sept. 28, '64.	D. s. h. Feb. 21, '65, disability.
Stillman, Clark G. ....	Milton. ....	Nov. 1, '61.	Wagoner; disch. Oct. 3, '62, disability.
Stoddard, I. Truman. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 21, '61.	M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.
Strong, Edgar J. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.
Summerville, Thomas. ....	Jefferson. ....	Dec. 11, '63.	Deserted July 24, '65.
Tesch, Frederick W. ....	Watertown. ....	Sept. 18, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Tesch, John. ....	Watertown. ....	Jan. 6, '62.	Vet., Corp.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Tesch, William. ....	Watertown. ....	Feb. 27, '65.	M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Thatcher, Albert R. ....	Milton. ....	May 11, '63.	From Co. K; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Thompson, Francis E. ....	Johnstown. ....	Sept. 18, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Thompson, Thomas. ....	.....	Sept. 27, '64.	M. O. June 13, '65.
Timby, Edward P. ....	Shopiere. ....	Dec. 22, '63.	M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Trotter, Robert. ....	La Prairie. ....	Dec. 6, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Trowbridge, Alpheus S. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 14, '61.	Vet.; prom. Sr. 2nd Lieut. Co. L, 1st Wis. H. Art., Aug. 24, '64.
Valentine, Richard B. ....	Plymouth. ....	Sept. 23, '61.	From Co. G; wnd. by guerrillas, Aug. 29, '63; dhd Jan. 13, '64, Waverly, Tenn., wnds.
Vantassel, Allen. ....	Bradford. ....	Sept. 4, '61.	Trans. to V. R. C., Feb. 6, '64.
Warren, Nelson. ....	Bath, N. Y. ....	Sept. 5, '61.	Died Aug. 2, '62, Columbus, Ky., disease.
Weaver, Hiram M. ....	Magnolia. ....	Sept. 14, '61.	From Co. B; Vet., Musician; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Whittlesey, John E. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 4, '61.	Disch. May 28, '62, disability.
Whittlesey, David H. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 4, '61.	Sergt.; died Apr. 19, '62, Lawrence, Kan., disease.
Wiggins, Alexander, Jr. ....	Janesville. ....	Dec. 23, '61.	Vet., Corp., Musician; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Wilbur, Emerson H. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 4, '61.	Vet., Corp.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Wilbur, Francis M. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 12, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Wilcox, Thomas A. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 4, '61.	Vet., Corp.; M. O. Dec. 15, '65.
Wood, David H. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 23, '61.	Vet., Sergt., 1st Sergt.; 2nd Lieut., Oct. 3, '65, not mustered; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Wright, William M. ....	La Prairie. ....	Sept. 12, '61.	Deserted Apr. 18, '61.
Yager, Christian. ....	La Prairie. ....	Oct. 16, '61.	Vet.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
Yates, Isaac F. ....	.....	Nov. 21, '61.	From Co. K; M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.

A, 13th WI

Reenlisted as a veteran. He was promoted several times, finally to 2nd Lt. on Oct 9, 1865. He mustered out of the Army on Nov. 24, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY "B."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE.	REMARKS.
<b>OFFICERS.</b>			
<i>Captains.</i>			
		<i>Rank from.</i>	
Edwin E. Woodman. ....	Monroe. ....	Sept. 16, '61.	Enl. Sept. 9, '61; Act. Eng. and A. I. G. of Brig.; M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.
Jason W. Hall. ....	Janesville. ....	Jan. 6, '65.	Enl. Sept. 9, '61; Vet., 1st Sergt.; Sergt. Maj., Sept. 1, '63; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>			
James L. Murray. ....	Beloit. ....	Sept. 16, '61.	Enl. Sept. 9, '61; A. A. Adj. Gen. of Brig; M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.
Davis H. Cheney. ....	Johnstown. ....	Jan. 6, '65.	Enl. Sept. 16, '61; Vet., Sergt., 1st Sergt.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>			
Geo. C. Brown. ....	Janesville. ....	Sept. 16, '61.	Enl. Sept. 9, '61; M. O. Nov. 19, '64, term exp.
Frederick C. Buten. ....	Fulton. ....	Feb. 21, '65.	Enl. Sept. 10, '61; Vet., Corp., Sergt., 1st Sergt.; M. O. Nov. 24, '65.