

# **Sergeant Major**

## **CHARLES PERRY GOODRICH**

**LETTERS HOME TO FRANCES BOWEN GOODRICH IN CAMBRIDGE,  
WISCONSIN FROM HER HUSBAND, CHARLES PERRY GOODRICH,  
SERGEANT -MAJOR IN THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY 1862/1865**

**INCLUDING AND INDEX  
AND A COMPLETE REGIMENTAL ROSTER  
COMPILED FROM THE MUSTER BOOKS  
IN THE WISCONSIN STATE HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY, 800 STATE STREET  
MADISON, WISCONSIN AND A PICTURE  
OF SGT. GOODRICH USED WITH THE PERMISSION  
OF THE HOARD MUSEUM, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN**

**THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO THE UNKNOWN PERSON, LIKELY A GOODRICH RELATIVE, WHO, WITH  
GREAT CARE, TRANSCRIBED THE ORIGINAL LETTERS, AND DEPOSITED THAT TRANSCRIPTION WITH A  
MINNEAPOLIS BOOK DEALER FOR EVALUATION. I AM THE EVALUATOR WHO LOST THE POST-IT  
CONTAINING THE TRANSCRIBER'S NAME.**

**EDITED BY RICHARD N. LARSEN  
(WITH THE HELP OF OTHERS)  
220 STATE STREET  
OREGON, WI 53575  
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Charles Perry Goodrich was born in the Town of Stockbridge, Madison County, New York on February 8th, 1831, the oldest child of Charles and Clarrisa Goodrich and the writer of the Civil War letters which follow.

Perry came to the Territory of Wisconsin at age 15, with his family, in 1846. He enjoyed working with his father developing the farm in the oak covered hills above Lake Koshkonong which dominates the Town of Oakland and southwestern Jefferson County.

Perry received a good common school education. He had a great desire for knowledge and through reading and close observation he became well informed on practically all matters of general interest.

When he was 18, in 1849, Perry began teaching school near Oakland. He educated himself at night in mathematics and surveying. He always helped his parents around the farm and help guide the younger children.

In 1854 he tried his hand at merchandising and ran a store in Oakland Center but always came home to the farm to help.

On November 30th 1855 Perry took as his bride Miss Frances (Frankie) Del Garcia Bowen of Cambridge, Wisconsin. She was born in Clarkson, Monroe County, New York on December 22nd 1832. She came west with her parents and settled in Wisconsin in 1850. Frances attended Milwaukee Female College for one year and lived in Cambridge prior to her marriage. This union lasted forever. Frankie died of a stroke at age 67 while visiting her son Charles at the farm in Oakland on January 27th 1900. Perry did not remarry.

In the spring of 1856 the newlyweds bought 80 acres of land in the town of Oakland and later added another 130 acres. At peak times he had as much as 95 acres under the plow. He developed a fine dairy herd over the years. Frankie was, in Perrys eyes the finest butter maker in the state. She did in fact make excellent butter. The blue ribbons won at many Wisconsin State Fairs attest to this. An 1878 publication stated this farm was among the best in the county. The farm was their home for 37 years.

In January of 1859, their first son, William B. (Willie) Goodrich was born there, as were sons Charles (August 28, 1868) and DeWitt (June 1869).

In 1860 Perry was elected Justice of the Peace and also that same year was elected for a two year term as County Surveyor. He was said to be a number one surveyor

In October of 1861 Perry joined the First Wisconsin Cavalry and served well and faithfully for three years and six months. He was mustered out in March of 1865 and returned home.

His Brother David joined the First Wisconsin Cavalry in 1864 and was with Colonel Henry Hernden on the expedition which captured Confederate President Jefferson Davis. Several years after the capture David was awarded \$250.00 for the adventure alone with the others members of Hernden's group. Perry was almost three months at home when his younger brother had his meeting with fame and fortune.

For nearly four years, while Perry served his country, his wife, like many other wives struggled with the farm work, and family matters. Often the pay to the soldiers was late, mortgages had to be met, cows milked, winter prepared for, diapers changed all the while often isolated on a farm, with little help available. They served also with courage.

Perry came home to a farm, well cared for and picked up the threads of his life. In 1866 he served as County Surveyor for one term. In 1868 he represented the second district for one term in the Wisconsin assembly. He was a Republican. He also was a lifelong member of the G.A.R at Fort Atkinson (Post 159). He also served as Clerk of the Town Board and as Chairman of the same Oakland Town Board, apparently for many terms.

Perry and Frances' 1878 address was section 31 (Oakland Township Jefferson County with their post office being Christiana, Dane County, Wisconsin.

In 1893 he joined the Hoard Company and moved to Fort Atkinson, WI. He and Frankie left their home of 37 years in the capable hands of son Charles and his new wife Ada Chamberlain Goodrich. (Charles remained at the Valley Dairy Farm in Oakland for 10 years then joining the James Manufacturing Company in Fort Atkinson and worked there for 32 years. He died in 1938 at Fort Atkinson.)

Perry was a lecturer with the firm and traveled to many areas to speak on dairying.

In 1902, at age 71, when most men are resting on their laurels, the always energetic Goodrich, as president of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association was involved in the push to stabilize the dairy prices and to keep oleo out of Wisconsin. He was successful in the endeavor.

Shortly thereafter he formed the Kent Manufacturing Company with co-founder Harry Curtis. They were looking for ideas in producing needed dairying products. Goodrich and Curtis discovered a small blacksmith shop on the dairy farm of David D. James and his son William D. James in Wales, Waukesha County, Wisconsin. The James' had developed an adjustable cow stall with a stanchion that would allow the cow to turn her head, which gave her greater comfort. The cow could also be lined up with the gutter to provide better sanitation.

They got William James and his implement company partner John Olson to join the Kent firm to manufacture the stalls

By 1906, things looked bleak. James had only \$2.50 in his pocket. Henry Curtis, co-founder and vice president of Kent handed the James and Olson team \$500.00. It was the turning point and the James sanitary stall was on its way to success. A catalogue was printed. The firm got another boost in 1909 when the State fair put up a \$9,000 model barn on their grounds with James drawing plans. Sales boomed 30 to 40% a year. By 1912 the company's name was changed to the James Manufacturing Company, home of the James Way line of everything for the barn.

On January 21st, 1921, Warren G. Harding was president elect, World War One more than two years a memory and the Civil War 56 years in the past, it came to pass on a cold Friday evening, about 9 o'clock that Charles Perry Goodrich, 17 days from his 90th birthday, breathed his last in his home on Third Street in Fort Atkinson, Jefferson County, Wisconsin. He had lived in Jefferson County for 75 years.

For the last 14 years of his life, the small, slightly bent but energetic man had been president of the James Manufacturing Company.

He is buried in the Fort Atkinson cemetery on North Main Street with his wife. His Father and Mother are interred nearby. His lifetime friends and business associates share the same cemetery

I discovered Perry Goodrich in a strange way. I was living in New Richmond, Wisconsin, high on the west side of Wisconsin. A good friend of mine, Steven Anderson, a well known appraiser of literature and book marketeer had received from a client of his, a lovingly transcribed series of letters from Perry to Frankie Goodrich. Steve knew of my interest in the Wisconsin units of the Civil War and called me to look over his find.

I brought the gray covered dot-matrix printed papers home, read them and declared them excellent, both in content and interest. I thought they should be published as there is little known of the Wisconsin Cavalry units, from 1 through 4. This was a real find.

Before returning the typescript to Steve I made cleaned up the cover, which was dirty. On the gray cover was a yellow post-it. I threw it away and returned the letters to Steve. Unknown to me, the yellow post-it had the only known name of the transcriber of the letters. I have spent the last 5 years trying to find the "owner" with no success. During this time I have not been idle. I made copies of the original copies, found the above information of the Goodrich family, completed the index of the papers and added the full roster which follows. The roster was taken from the red and blue muster books located at the Wisconsin Historical Society on State Street in Madison.

The two pictures came from different sources. The Hoard Museum in Fort Atkinson found the picture with Perry in his Civil War uniform. The other came from the State Historical Societys' photo department and was enlarged from a composit of the members of the 1868 assembly.

The text in the biography is from Ft. Atkinson newspapers, Jefferson County History of 1878, and Loren Osman's fine biography of W. D. Hoard and a lot of leg work.

The brief story of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry which follows is from the 1960 Blue Book article by Frank Klemmet, entitled Wisconsin in the Civil War, Quinner's fine 1866 book on the Military History of Wisconsin and Love Wisconsin in the Civil War, the Wisconsin Roster of Volunteers, Langkau's Civil War Veterans of Winnebago, Vol. 1 & 2 (Where is 3, David ?) and Joyce Bennett Stemler's "They Went South"

> Cavalry units which served in the West are almost impossible to cover. The First Wisconsin Cavalry was Wisconsin largest regiment in numbers of men.

> They also were involved in more battles than any other of Wisconsin's regiments

They rarely served as a regiment. Nor did the Second, Third or Fourth Cavalry Regiments. Often they didn't serve as Companied. They were brigaded with other companies and served 10 men from one compamy, ten from another and so on.

Records kept by the Company clerk were rarely up to date. With units riding every which way it was dificult to keep up.

The Western units tended to fight more and keep poorer records. They also did not have the media to contend with. There were few reporters covering the troops at the posts which the cavalry called home. One of the Wisconsin Cavalry units, the 4th, has the honor of serving longer than any national volunteer group, from June 21, 1861 to May 26, 1866. A painter from Stillwater, Minnesota, enlisted as a private in 1861, was the Regimental Commander in 1866, James Keefe



## FIRST REGIMENT CAVALRY.

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NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE.	REMARKS.
Atwood, Jesse A	Ripon	Oct. 26, '63.	Prom. Reg'tl Q. M. Sergt. Jan. 1, '65.
Avery, John C		May 29, '64.	Sick at Nashville, Tenn., at M. O. of Regt.
Baker, Russell W		Nov. 17, '61.	Trans. to Co. K, Mar. 1, '62.
Baker, James		Feb. 1, '62.	
Barnett, James R		Aug. 29, '62.	Sergt., 1st Sergt.; com'd 1st Lieut. July 11, '65, not must.; M. O. July 19, '65.
Barnes, Daniel		Nov. 2, '61.	Disch. Mar. 25, '63.
Barnes, Anandus		Nov. 5, '61.	M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Barton, William H	Dakota	Nov. 25, '63.	Drafted; trans. to 5th Regt. V. R. C.; M. O. Aug. 7, '65.
Bean, Phillip	Menomonic	Aug. 29, '62.	Sergt.; M. O. July 19, '65.
Beechwood, August		Dec. 31, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Bennett, David	Mountville	Nov. 24, '63.	Trans. V. R. C. Dec. 28, '64; M. O. Aug. 7, '65.
Bentley, Ward	Ripon	Nov. 18, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Benson, William	Eden	Nov. 8, '64.	Sick at Nashville, Tenn., at M. O. of Regt.
Bosbyer, William	Harmony	Nov. 30, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Brown, Philip		Aug. 15, '62.	Corp.; M. O. July 19, '65.
Bowers, William W		Feb. 12, '62.	Sergt.; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Boydton, Howard	Beaver Dam	Aug. 14, '62.	Disch. Nov. 7, '62.
Bradfield, George		Dec. 19, '61.	Fris. L'Anguille Ferry, Ark.; killed Apr. 28, '64 by accident, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Burwood, Frederick	Ripon	Nov. 18, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Burr, Zerah		Jan. 26, '64.	Fris. Bloomfield Mo.; disch. Nov. 18, '62, disability.
Buskirk, Marshall D.	Concord	Mar. 28, '64.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Calais, William P	Waukesha	Sept. 23, '61.	Drafted; M. O. July 19, '65.
Cameron, William H.		Jan. 26, '62.	Corp.; M. O. July 19, '65.
Church, Harvey E		Sept. 10, '64.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Clark, John B		Sept. 8, '64.	Sick at Nashville, Tenn. at M. O. of Regt.
Clifton, John B.			Disch. Mar. 9, '63.
Cole, Peter		Jan. 20, '62.	Deserted Mar. 13, '62.
Colburn, William	Milwaukee	Aug. 15, '62.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Collins, William		Sept. 20, '61.	Died Dec. 20, '62, Patterson, Mo., disease.
Connor, Richard		Dec. 25, '61.	Deserted July 7, '62.
Craig, Edward		Oct. 30, '61.	Died Oct. 8, '64, Cape Girardeau, Mo., disease.
Crawford, Henry J	Waukesha	Aug. 13, '62.	Corp.; M. O. July 19, '65.
Dallev, E. C		Feb. 1, '62.	Died Oct. 6, '62, disease.
Deconders, James D	Pt. Washington	Aug. 21, '62.	Disch. Sept. 3, '63, disability.
Degan, Patrick		Dec. 5, '61.	
Derrick, Gustave		Feb. 1, '62.	
Dillabaugh, Reuben	Hartford	Oct. 29, '64.	Died Jan. 7, '65, Nashville, Tenn.
Dollar, Peter		Aug. 27, '64.	Sick at Nashville, Tenn., at M. O. of Regt.
Dominick, Fred'k W	Madison	Nov. 30, '63.	M. O. Aug. 26, '65.
Duneturg, John	De-lavan	Jan. 4, '64.	Sick at Nashville, Tenn., at M. O. of Regt.
Downey, John W	Eckhorn	Jan. 4, '64.	Died in Hospt. Nashville, Tenn.
Dwyer, Philip	Glenmore	Nov. 27, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Dwyre, Edward		Sept. 20, '61.	Trans. to Co. C, Mar. 1, '62.
Dye, René	Madison	Nov. 22, '63.	M. O. July 19, '65.
Eschenbach, Joseph		Nov. 11, '61.	M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Farnsworth, John		Nov. 1, '61.	Corp.; pris. Palmetto, Ga.; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.; Vet. recruit Apr. 4, '63; M. O. July 19, '65.
Fellak, August	Lowell	Dec. 4, '62.	Deserted June 2, '63.
Fenhouse, Casper		Nov. 20, '61.	D.v. Scout; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Fitz Gibbon, Patrick		Dec. 19, '61.	Last reg't's Fe. 1, '63, sick at St. Louis, Mo.
Flack, George		Sept. 30, '61.	Disch. Sept. 1, '62.
Flanagan, James		Nov. 5, '61.	Sergt.; pris. Jonesboro, Ark.; disch. Jan., '63.
Foster, Ezra H.		Nov. 26, '61.	Farror; disch. Oct. 29, '62.
Frost, Marvin D.		Jan. 20, '62.	M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Frost, George W	Omro	Nov. 23, '63.	Drafted; M. O. July 19, '65.
Galusha, Calvin B.		Nov. 1, '61.	Sergt., Q. M. Sergt.; disch. Jan. 5, '63.
Gee, Hiram E		Aug. 15, '61.	Corp.; pris. Jonesboro, Ark.; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Goodrich, Delos		Sept. 30, '61.	Died Feb. 20, '64, Stevenson, Ala.
Goodrich, Perry C.		Oct. 19, '61.	Prom. Sergt. Major Apr. 18, '64.
Grady, James		Jan. 20, '62.	Pris. Jonesboro, Ark.; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Hard, Samuel G		Nov. 22, '61.	M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Hargraves, Matthew	Ripon	Jan. 11, '64.	M. O. May 12, '65.
Hartman, George W.	Dale	Nov. 27, '63.	Drafted; M. O. July 19, '65.
Hayes, George	Berry	Oct. 21, '64.	Sick Nashville, Tenn., at M. O. of Regt.
Heck, Jacob		Nov. 11, '61.	Corp.; pris. Bloomfield, Mo.; disch. Dec. 5, '62, disability.
Helder, Herman		Mar. 31, '62.	Disch. Dec. 9, '62.

## FIRST REGIMENT CAVALRY.

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NAME	RESIDENCE.	DATE.	REMARKS.
<i>Sergeant Majors.</i>			
H. Smith Schayler....	Green Bay .....		From Co. I; prom. 1st Lt. Co. I, Sept. 30, '63.
John A. Baker .....	Stevens Point .....		From Co. B; trans. to Co. I, Apr. 18, '64.
Charles P. Goodrich....	Oakland .....		From Co. I; prom. Adj. Jan. 25, '65, not mustered; M. O. Mar. 8, '65, term exp.
Walter O. Hargrave ..	Fond du Lac .....		From Co. M; M. O. July 19, '65.
<i>Q. M. Sergt., 1st Batt.</i>			
Charles N. Hoag .....	Green Bay .....	Nov. 1, '61..	Prom. 1st Lt. Co. E, July 8, '62.
<i>Q. M. Sergt., 2nd Batt.</i>			
Henry F. Potter.....	.....	Oct. 24, '61..	From Co. K; trans. to Co. K.
<i>Q. M. Sergt., 3rd Batt.</i>			
F. Alexander Blood...	Kilbourn City .....	Sept. 18, '61..	From Co. F; prom. 2d Lt. Co. H, Sept. 8, '62; com. not recognized by war dept.
<i>Quarter Master Sergeants.</i>			
Jesse A. Atwood .....	Ripon .....	Oct. 26, '63..	From Co. I; M. O. July 19, '65.
Webster A. Bingham...	Watertown .....	Sept. 16, '61..	From Co. F; M. O. Oct. 31, '64, term exp.
<i>Commissary Sergeants.</i>			
William H. Ramsdale	Berlin .....	Aug. 20, '61..	From Co. D; died Aug. 8, '62, Helena, Ark.
Hiram Calkins .....	Wausau .....	Aug. 15, '61..	Trans. to Co. B.
Horace Hobart .....	.....	Oct. 12, '61..	Wid.; trans. to Co. I.
Eugene P. West .....	Ft. Atkinson .....	Aug. 15, '61..	From Co. A; M. O. Sept. 1, '64, term exp.
Samuel L. Orvis.....	Kenosha .....	Dec. 2, '61..	From Co. A; M. O. July 19, '65.
<i>Hospital Stewards.</i>			
John A. Reed.....	Menomonie....	Oct. 22, '61..	From Co. I; M. O. Mar. 5, '65, term exp.
John R. Deacon .....	.....	Aug. 13, '61..	From Co. C; M. O. Sept. 1, '64, term exp.
Uriah H. Cowan.....	Deceatur .....	Jan. 5, '64..	From Co. G; M. O. Aug. 2, '65.
Burdett H. Phelps....	Ripon .....	Sept. 1, '64..	From Co. F; M. O. July 19, '65.
<i>Chief Buglers.</i>			
Albert M. Townsend ..	Ripon .....	Sept. 1, '61..	From Co. B; M. O. Oct. 27, '62.
Chester H. Smith.....	Midland .....	Aug. 15, '61..	From Co. B; died Apr. 23, '62, disease.
Richard Smith .....	Plainfield.....	Aug. 25, '61..	From Co. A; M. O. Sept. 1, '64, term exp.
Thomas L. Palmer .....	Monroe.....	Oct. 19, '63..	From Co. G; M. O. July 19, '65.
<i>Saddler.</i>			
William T. Gurnee....	Neenah.....	Sept. 25, '62..	From Co. A; M. O. Aug. 30, '65.

## ROSTER OF COMPANY "A."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE.	REMARKS.
<i>OFFICERS.</i>			
<i>Captains.</i>			
		<i>Rank from.</i>	
Thomas H. Mars .....	Kenosha.....	Sept. 2, '61..	Enl. Aug. 15, '61; prom. Major Dec. 31, '62.
Alonzo Holcomb .....	Chicago, Ill....	Dec. 11, '62..	Prom. from Sergt. Major; 1st Lieut. Nov. 20, '62; A. A. A. G.; res. Mch. 28, '64.
Amos B. Hudson.....	Beaver Dam....	Jan. 25, '65..	Prom. from 1st Lieut. Co. H; M. O. Feb. 20, '65; re-com'd May 1, '65; M. O. July 19, '65.



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**1862**

Oakland, Wisconsin

Sunday

January 5th 1862

My dear Husband,

The same day that I mailed a letter to you in answer to your first, I found another in the office from you which I hasten to answer, for I assure you I should be up to the time hereafter. I know you must have thought me real careless, yes, and sick, to delay writing to you above all others, but if you have got my letter, you will see what the cause of the delay was.

We are all pretty well here, but your father ( Charles Goodrich ) is quite low. It is not his cough that troubles him so much as his heart, but he got better. A few days ago he was taken again and the medicine which has helped him before did him no good. He is now confined to his bed most of the time on account of weakness. The rest of the family are well and I guess everyone in the neighborhood is as good as usual.

Oh Perry! How it does make me feel to have you away from home, and know you cannot come back whenever you want to. The longer you stay, the more unreconciled I am to such a long separation. I almost hate every man in the town who can go just as well, and some of them better than you. I cannot possibly help a feeling of contempt every time I think of them. I suppose it's because I want every other man and woman to be as miserable as you and I. You don't know what a consolation it is to me, to know that whatever company you are obliged to be in, you are in no danger of being misled. I know so well what your principles are that I feel there is no danger. How disgusting the company of such men must be to you yet be obliged to be with them day and night, to hear their vulgar talk and songs. I cannot bear the thought. It is so much worse for you than for a great many others.

If there is anything which will tend to humanize or refine, anything near you such as religious meetings or lectures on any good subject, I shall be very glad, for I know you shall attend as often as you are allowed.

Now Perry, when you write, do not deceive me with regard to your health. I must know how you are situated in every respect and be sure to tell me if your cough is well. You must be just as careful of your health as the circumstances will admit. Do not think that every precaution is unnecessary, for you can put up with hardships a great deal better in full health than when weak and sick.

I shall be obliged to shorten this letter, for I have a chance to send it to the Fort ( Ft. Atkinson ), by Curtis if I have it ready in a few minutes. I intended to write this sheet full but must stop.

When I show Willie your picture he wants to know if "Papa can talk to me?". When I tell him "No," he wants to know "Where is long, big Papa?" and then if "Papa can talk to little Willie in his lap?" I must stop, for Curtis is at the door with the horses.

Come home as soon as possible.

From

Frankie

Camp Harvey Kenosha, Wis.

January 11th 1862

Dear Frankie,

Your letter of the 5th was received in due time, and I assure you it is a great pleasure for me to hear from you so often. I hope you will continue to write as often as once a week if you possibly can. I shall write if I can.

We are kept pretty busy now. We drill about four hours a day. Those that have horses spend about an hour twice a day in riding them to water about a mile, cleaning them too. There are about 150 horses here and we are conducted to water by officers in regular order, and made to form twos, fours and platoons, wheel into line and all such evolutions.

'Zach' is getting so that he knows his place and when to go, better than some of the men. I must brag a little about my horse. He is so much more gentle than I expected he would be. There is not one horse in twenty that is as easily managed as he is. He is frightened of nothing, the firing of guns or the beating of drums. When the rest of the horses are rearing and plunging and kicking, he is as quiet and steady as could be wished. It is not an infrequent occurrence that a soldier is thrown from his horse and badly hurt. I am not in much danger of such an accident.

The horses are well fed and fat. They have twelve quarts of oats a day and good timothy hay.

Our company have not got their uniforms yet, though we are told they are here now and that we shall have them Monday. This promise we do not always place much faith in, for every day for the past week we have been told that the next day we should receive them. Some of the soldiers who have been in this regiment two or three months are badly in need of clothing, so much so that they are unable to go out and drill. In one tent there are those 'boys' who have but one pair of pants among them so that when it is necessary for one to go out, he takes the pants while the other two sit in their shirts, or wrap some rags of a blanket around them.

Sunday, January 12, 1862

I commenced this letter last evening, but there were too many trying to see by our one candle that I gave it up until today. It is said that we shall have our clothing; uniforms, undershirts, drawers and overcoats today. We have got our sabers, and the pistols are said to be here and will soon be distributed. We shall soon be armed and equipped for war. We have no horses except those which are owned by the soldiers.

There has been a great deal of talk that this regiment is soon to go to Leavenworth ( KA. ), but with how much truth I do not know.

This much I do know. The Colonel ( Edward Daniels ) has ordered all the captains of the companies to bring in absentees forthwith. I also know it is very difficult to obtain furloughs. He may have ordered them together to receive their pay, which was due the first of January and is expected any day, or to have them ready to move. Which I cannot tell.

If I can get a furlough after I get clothing and pay, I shall certainly come home for I want to see you and Willie. Father I especially want to see for some reason. Since I learned that he is worse, the idea haunts me that I shall never see him again. I am troubled night and day by the thought.

I wrote you before that Morrison ( Joseph H. ) was First Lieutenant, but there has been some contention about it and his election has been decided illegal. A man named ( Charles L. ) Porter was elected in his stead. The business is not entirely settled yet. Morrison has gone to Madison to see the Governor about it. He may be a lieutenant yet.

I have written before about the demoralization of this camp but I have not told half. Others have refrained from writing of the evils of camp life and put the best side out, but I am disposed to. "Nothing extenuates or put down ought in malice."

To the other crimes and vices of the soldiers must be added that of stealing. Unfortunate indeed is the community which has a body of soldiers quartered in their midst. Although there are guards stationed around the camp, there is scarcely a night passes but some of the soldiers either run or bribe the guards and commit depravations on the hen roosts or aviaries of the neighborhood ( taken in camp ). The feathers and entrails of chickens, and empty or broken bee hives are scattered all around the camp.

On man who lives about two miles from here and has paid a great deal of money to get up this regiment, has had \$200.00 worth of bees and honey stolen by the soldiers, and yet, singular as it may seem, the thieves are rarely detected. Only one has been arrested for this crime since I have been here and he is to be tried by court martial tomorrow. If proven guilty, his punishment will probably be severe. He is charged with stealing cigars from a sutlers store. I have had the girth of my government saddle, which was furnished me, stolen. Before I could use it I shall have to buy one with my own money.

Now do not think that soldiers are all thieves and rowdies. It is not so. If 30 or 40 of the worst ones were drummed out of camp we should be a respectable body of men. As it is, we are all distrusted and despised by all citizens living anywhere near here.

This regiment will soon be full. We number now I should judge, about 1,000, and men are coming in every day.

I have not had to cook yet. In most of the tents they cook by turns, each one cooking a day, but in this tent there are two men who are good cooks, and they have done the cooking all the time.

I have done no washing yet and shall not until all my cloths are dirty, then draw new from the government. If I go home I shall take the dirty ones and have you wash them. If I can not go home soon, I shall have to go and do it myself or hire it done.

My health is as good as it last was.

I can think of nothing more at present to write.

Dear Frankie, continue to write often.

Hoping that the war will soon end so that I can be again with you and Willie, I remain your affectionate husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Company I, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp Harvey, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Jan 19th 1862

Dear Frankie,

Your letter of the 15th was received Friday night. It is very irregular that you do not get my letters. I have written one every week since I got here.

You worry to much about my health. I assure you that I was never better in my life. I did have a severe cold but am entirely free from it now. The soldiers here are very healthy, but when any are sick they are taken to the hospital, which is a large building in town, once used as a hotel, where they have the best of care. Every possible attention is paid them by Dr. ( Horatio N. ) Gregory and his assistants. When I first came here there were about 50 in the hospital, most of them sick with measles. There are but 15 or 20 there now. Only one soldier has died since I have been here.

We live very comfortably here. Although the weather has been severely cold, we have not suffered from it in the least. Our tent is fixed up in a better style than most of them. It is as warm as any house. We have a good cooking stove which was furnished us by Mr. Morrison. We have put up berths, something after the fashion of those on boats. We have straw in them to lie on, and plenty of clothes on us so that although our beds are not quite as soft as feather ones, yet we sleep soundly and comfortably.

We have had a great deal of contention and strife in this company about electing our officers. At the first election, William F. Hoyt was chosen Captain, J. F. Morrison, First Lieutenant and William G. Cooper, Second Lieutenant. But the Colonel, having a personal dislike to Morrison, declared his election illegal, went to Madison and succeeded in inducing Governor Randall to refuse him a commission. Another election was ordered and a man by the name of ( Charles L. ) Porter was chosen. After a good deal of noise and talk about it in the company, and in fact, throughout the whole camp, Morrison went to Madison and Governor Harvey, who in the mean time had taken his seat, gave Morrison his commission. Now he is our First Lieutenant. But he does not act as such, as Colonel Daniels has ordered him not to. Morrison talks some of resigning. If he does, Porter, who is one of the Colonel's pets, will probably be appointed in his place.

A great deal has been said here about our being disbanded, also about being sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and a thousand other rumors. You can judge what will be done with us just as well as we can here. My opinion is that we shall not be disbanded, but will stay here till spring, when we will be ordered south or west.

I have not got my uniform yet. Nearly all the rest have theirs. I should have had mine, but others needed clothes more than I did so I gave up my chance to another.

I cannot tell when I shall come home. We have not had our pay yet and I have lent nearly all the money I brought with me, some to Morrison and some to ( Emandus ) Masters, so that I shall not have enough money to come home with until after payday. I shall come as soon as I can, consistent with my own interest for you must know that I want to see you all, especially you and Willie, bad enough. I think it will be greatly in my interest to stay here for awhile longer.

Mr. ( Ed ) Kearn started for home Friday. I made him promise to stop and see you.

I would like to write to Father and all the rest of the folks, but it is so inconvenient writing here that one letter must answer for the whole family.

Tell David ( Goodrich ) and John ( Goodrich ) to write to me.

Mr. McGowan was here a day or two ago and he said Father was better, which I was glad to hear.

I hope you will get all my letters, but you must write me often.

Keep Willie for me, and do not worry about me. I am among friends.

Your Husband, C. P. Goodrich

Camp Harvey Kenosha, Wis.

Jan. 26th 1862

Dear Wife,

The last letter I received from you was written two weeks ago and at that time you had not received any from me for some time. I do not know whether you have had my last three or four letters or not, consequently I hardly know what to write now. It is very vexatious to think that after I have racked my brain to write four pages of fools cap, amid the confusion of a crowded tent, that the mail cannot carry it the short distance of 80 or 90 miles. It is still more vexatious to think that while I am writing you every week, you are worrying because you do not hear from me. I have learned, by way of Alex McGowan, who saw David last Wednesday, that you were well and Father was getting better.

My health is first-rate now. I expected to be home before this time but payday has not come yet. The Colonel ( Daniels ) is absent and has left orders that no furloughs should be given except those who are sent out to recruit. Some get furloughs by promising to recruit and pretending to believe they can bring in a number of men. Mr. ( Emandus ) Masters got one and left for home this morning. I do not feel disposed to resort to any trick or subterfuge to obtain a furlough. I do not believe I could recruit any men now if I were disposed to try. Consequently I cannot obtain a furlough until the Colonel comes. He is expected in two or three days. Do not look for me until I come. I may be home within the week, perhaps within a month and possibly not till the war is over.

I am at this moment informed that the Colonel has arrived. I shall wait with interest the news he brings.

I think the destination of this regiment will soon be settled. The Colonel has been doing his utmost to have us taken into General ( James M. ) Lane's Division.

Now be it known that Colonel Daniels is one of the finest talking men in the country. His tongue is as smooth and oily as can possibly be imagined, and yet, when it suits his purpose, he is a perfect tiger in words. He went to Chicago a few days ago when General Lane was there to see him. Although Lane has got his full quota of men allowed him by the war department, yet Colonel Daniels succeeded in making him believe that we were such an extraordinary set of wonderfully brave men and that he, Daniels, was possessed with such an immense amount of bravery and military skill that General Lane was determined, if possible, to crowd us into his already complete division. They telegraphed Washington concerning the matter but got no satisfactory answer. The Colonel, determined to do his utmost, went to Washington in person, from whence he just returned, with what success we shall probably know in the morning.

I will now venture a prediction, and it will soon be known whether I am a true prophet or not. I predict that we shall not go under General Lane, that Colonel Daniels has affected nothing. If he has, if those who are at the head of affairs in Washington can be interested to alter their plans in the least by such a man as Colonel Daniels, then indeed is our government in weak hands and I shall despair of the Union. Although the Colonel is such a tiger to talk, yet I believe he is destitute of the least spark of honesty. It does not require one very skilled in the knowledge of human behavior to detect his dishonesty and hollow heartedness. I do not believe there are ten men in the regiment who place the least confidence in the word of the Colonel.

Whenever he makes a shuck to us, which he sometimes does, telling what he has done or is going to do for us, or what may expect, the general expression heard from everyone who says anything about it will be "Who believes what that old liar says. He has lied to us too many times already."

What I have just written about the Colonel would subject me to a court martial if it were known here, but I will write what I think, and take the consequences if I cannot avoid them.

An anonymous letter appeared in the Milwaukee News which told a great deal of truth about the doings of this regiment and bore down pretty hard on the Colonel. The writer is supposed to belong to the regiment

and they are on the lookout for him. If he is discovered it will go hard with him. If I can get the paper I will cut out the article and send it to you with this.

The other regimental officers, I believe, are fine men. Major ( Oscar H. ) La Grange is thought a great deal of.

Today six or seven soldiers were tried by court martial for disorderly conduct, stealing, etc. Some are fined a month's pay. Some were made to march before the whole regiment on dress parade, with playing cards fastened to their backs stating in large letters their offenses, such as "chicken thief". One was made to stand on a barrel head in the middle of the camp on this very cold day for an hour with the card on him where all could see. A guard was placed around him, with sabers in their hands to enforce obedience. The boy took it hard, I tell you. He was not the worst one in the regiment but enticed by bad companions. He was detected, while the others, older in crime, were not. Surely the story of "Poor Troy" has its moral.

Tattoo is sounded by the band. The lights must be put out. We must go to bed.

Dear Frankie, write as often as you can. I wish I could come home. I have had but a very short time this evening to write this letter, so you must overlook the blunders, supply words that I left out and spell words right where I have spelled wrong, and good bye dear wife

From your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Monday morning, January 27th. Kearn came last night. Said he saw you. All well. I went to Congregational church yesterday, heard a splendid sermon preached to a large audience. Another meeting was held last night exclusively for soldiers, but I stayed away to write this letter. C. P. G.

HQ 1st Wis. Cav. CO I  
Camp Harvey, Kenosha, Wis.

February 2nd 1862

Dear Wife,

Since I wrote last, I have received two letters from you, one last Monday and the other last night.

I am well and things are going about after the usual manner, so that I have no particular news to write.

I got all my clothing over a week ago. I think I forgot to mention it in my last letter. I think all the soldiers have their clothes now.

The Colonel has not yet returned from Washington. There was a rumor a week ago that he had returned. I think I mentioned it to you, but it was a false one, such as this camp is filled with all the time. There is not a day passes that this camp is not in a perfect turmoil of excitement concerning some rumor which is started purposely or through ignorance. One day we hear on all sides that we are to be disbanded immediately, the next day the story is current that we are to go to Ft. Leavenworth in two weeks. Another day everyone will say all the horses must be sold to the government at the appraisal, or in case the owner is not willing to do it, they must be mustered out of the service. The rumor today is that a telegram has just been received from the Colonel stating that we are soon to have our pay and that horses will be furnished for the whole regiment within three weeks. For my part, I have learned to pay no attention to what I hear in this place, believe nothing and know only what I have actually seen. Even when I see a thing, I make great allowances for deception.

( Emandos ) Masters furlough is out Tuesday. He promised to pay the money he borrowed from me when he returned. If he returns in time, if he pays me, if I can get a furlough, which I shall try to do, and if there are no other ifs which prevent, I shall be at home the last of this week. At any rate, I shall come home as soon as I can, but don't look for me till I come.

We have just come in from a dress parade, and although the weather is cold, it is very pleasant just now. With the whole regiment in uniform we made a fine show. We marched in from the parade at the time of "Away Down South in Dixie" which is a splendid tune. We have a fine band of, I believe, nine instruments, two or three tenor drums and the biggest bass drum I ever saw, which takes two men to carry,-the drum, not the band.

The bugler is playing the stable call. It says "Come to the stable, all that are able", so I must go and water Zach

Good by, dear wife and live in hopes that you will see your husband.

C. P. Goodrich

Camp Harvey      Kenosha, Wisconsin

February 16th 1862

Dear Wife,

I arrived here safely Friday night about six o'clock. Business is going on here about after the same old style. The Colonel has not yet returned and we know nothing of what we shall do any more than we did one month ago.

Zach looks pretty gaunt and has grown poor some since I have been gone. They say he has been very sick, but he eats good now and seems to feel good, although he coughs some yet.

The "boys" seemed to be rejoiced to see me, they shouted, hurrahed and jerked me around generally. The cakes and apples they were particularly pleased with.

I have no news to write so I think I will try to give you a minute description of my adventures in getting here, but first let me say I have nothing interesting to tell, so that unless you have the time that you do not know what to do with, you would do well not to trouble yourself to read it. But it will serve to keep me busy writing a little while, so I will go on.

As I stepped into the caboose attached to the freight train at the Fort ( Atkinson ) I found myself in company with eight or ten other passengers, among whom I immediately recognized Lawyer Sleeper of Janesville. He knew me also and after talking with him a few minutes, I seated myself to observe and listen and study human nature. Sleeper and five or six others had been at Jefferson attending court and were full of fun concerning incidents which had just transpired in the trial of an important case relating to the building of the Hyatt House in Janesville. There was S. Hyatt Smith, a man named Williams, one of the first lawyers in the state. He was employed in the Smith-Royce suit. Andrew E. Elmon of Muckwonago, the "wag of the assembly" last winter, and other lawyers whose names I do not recollect.

Smith, a few years ago, was the president of the North Western Rail Road and proprietor of the Hyatt House, the largest building in Janesville. Now his countenance and actions plainly show that he is but a wreck of his former self, the victim of intemperance. Besides the lawsuit men and myself, there was one other passenger, Henderson of Cambridge, brother to the one that didn't buy John Carter's home.



We arrived at Janesville at 6 o'clock. On inquiry, I found that the train moved on again in two hours and a half, and that no train went early enough in the morning to connect with the Kenosha train at Harvard (IL). I therefore concluded to go on to Harvard that night. While the train was waiting, I improved the opportunity to run up to Mr. Sleeper's, about one and one half mile from the depot. I walked to the door and rapped.

Sleeper came to the door. "Good evening," he said.

"Good evening. Does Mr. Sleeper live here?" asked I, seeing that he did not know me.

"That's my name. Walk in sir." I did so and saw that no one was in but Mrs. Sleeper.

"Have you a son named Edgar?" asked I. They both looked sharply at me. Then he leaned forward, winked his eyes spitefully, rubbed his hand over his face vehemently and answered very slowly.

"Yes, but he is not at home. He's at his father-in-law's. Sit down! sit down! Take a chair."

"Have you a son named Oscar?" Another long and excessively hard wink of the eyes and a furious rub of the face.

"Yes, he is at Durand's store."

"I should like to see him." says I.

"What may I call your name?" he said looking fiercely at me.

"My name is Goodrich." said I carelessly, almost bursting with suppressed laughter at his reaction which reminded me of old times.

Rising to his feet and looking furiously at me, then shutting his eyes tightly and distorting his features in a most horrible shape, as if he were trying to swallow some bitter drug, and rubbing his hands over his face as if he meant to rub the skin all off, he said, making a long pause between each word, "What! Not Charles Goodrich's son?"

"Yes!"

"Why? What? Which son?"

"Well now, don't you know me?" asked I, at the same time taking off my cap and neck shawl and giving way to my pent up laughter.

"Why, it ain't Perry? Yes! Well! Ha! Humph! How de do?"

Well, I found they were all as well as usual. I had something to eat, spent an hour or more pleasantly. They seemed very glad to see me, and with their wishes for my welfare, I bade them good bye. After a lively walk I arrived at the depot, just in time for the cars.

There were now but three passengers in the caboose besides the conductor and the brakeman. After we were well under way, we stretched ourselves on the seat for a nap. After some time I awoke. The train had stopped. The conductor and the brakeman had gone. The fire was out and it being a very cold night, I was nearly frozen. I made a fire, got warm and then started out to find where we were. I found we were near a depot. I went there and found upon inquiry, that we were at Clinton Junction, 13 miles from Janesville, that it was 12 o'clock at night and that we were waiting for a freight train to come in from the west on the Racine road. We waited two hours. The train came and we took their freight cars. The load was so heavy that our engine could not pull it. After loitering some time, we left two cars and moved slowly on. We arrived at

Harvard, 30 miles from Janesville at 4 o'clock in the morning. Here the men who run the train took 'supper'. I now learned that the Kenosha Line was blocked up with snow and impassable. The only way I could get back to camp in time was to go to Chicago, then up the Lake Shore Road. Well, after stopping for a few minutes, we again started, ran about two miles, but could go no further on account of the snow and our heavy load. After backing up and going ahead about a dozen times, they gave it up and ran back to Harvard to breakfast at 7-1/2 o'clock. Here they left part of the train and went on with the rest.

But I'm getting tired of writing and I guess you are sick of reading nonsense so though I have not related half that transpired on my eventful journey, said nothing about the beautiful lady that I almost, but not quite, fell in love with, and a great many other things, I will wind up by saying that after being on the cars for 24 hours, long enough to have ridden 500 miles and paying out \$3.50, I arrived safely in camp.

Now Frank, don't be provoked because this letter is not interesting, for I could not help it. All the time I have been writing, the "boys" have been carrying on the worst kind and talking to me all sorts of stuff.

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Camp Harvey Kenosha, Wisconsin

March 9th 1862

Dear Wife,

Your letter of the 28th I received last Tuesday. This is the last one I have had from you. I am well as usual. Zach is nearly well again. He has been gaining very fast for the past week. His appetite is good and he feels as good as ever.

I am glad you are having good luck in selling corn, but recollect what I wrote to you about selling on credit, I would rather not have it sold to Jacobson. Although I do not suppose that it will make any difference in the quantity of whiskey which he will manufacture, yet I would not like to countenance the making of the article, and would rather my corn be used for a better purpose. But I only make these suggestions. You have the control of the affairs, with the advice of Father and David, and you must act your own judgment.

I want you to save money enough for your own use and to pay John Johnson what I owe him. If you have any more than that, pay it to Father.

In all probability, we shall not see each other in less than three years unless the war is over sooner. We are under marching orders now, it was so announced yesterday on parade. The Major also publicly stated that we should go as soon as arrangements could be made for transportation, which he thinks will be done by Tuesday. The order for the moving of the regiment was received by the officers nearly a week ago, but there have been so many false rumors lately that they thought they would keep it secret for awhile. But I have been aware that something was about to be done, for things about the quartermaster's department were being packed up and hauled to the depot marked 'St. Louis'.

We are ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis. It is quite likely that before you receive this letter, we shall be on our way. Still it is impossible to tell with any certainty when we shall go. If I thought we would stay here long enough, I would have you come down here immediately. I would like to see you and Willie once more. It is impossible to get any furloughs now.

Some who enlisted thinking the regiment would be disbanded are sorely disappointed and would like to desert. We are very strictly guarded here in camp. Guards are stationed at the railroad depot to see that no one gets away. Eliot Champriey and Lucas Lent have deserted. The Major says that all deserters must be

brought in. There is a good deal of complaining at being obliged to go without first having pay. Last night a protest was drawn up against going without pay, but the one who was circulating the protest was arrested on the charge of inciting a mutiny, will be court martialed and, the Major says, perhaps shot. All who signed the paper are today required to take their names from the paper or be punished.

I am on guard today, and when I am in the tent, there is so much to do to get ready to go day after tomorrow morning that there is not much chance to write, especially as every other one in the tent wants to write at the same time.

Dear Frankie, we may never meet again. There is no telling what is in store for us. If I fall by disease or the sword it will be with consciousness of having done my duty to my country and I shall never cease to think of and love you and Willie. Forgive this short letter from your husband.

C. P Goodrich

Camp Harvey      Kenosha, Wisconsin

March 13th 1862

Dear Frankie,

Your letter of the 5th came to hand yesterday. Before it came I was getting pretty uneasy at not receiving one. You seem to be still clinging to the idea that we are to be disbanded before the war is over, but you will certainly be disappointed. From the first I have never doubted that this regiment would go into service and I think I have told you so whenever I have mentioned anything about it. How the rumor got out that we were disbanded and receiving our pay I do not know. This camp is full of rumors to which I pay no attention. I believe nothing that I hear and only half of what I see, making allowances of the other half for optical delusion.

When I wrote you Sunday, we were under marching orders to be ready to move on Tuesday morning for St. Louis. Monday we were at work, very busily getting ready, making boxes to pack out things, and many actually packed up everything which they could possibly dispense with until Tuesday morning. Word came that a United States officer was coming to muster all who had not been mustered in. The Major ordered sixty mounted man to be immediately in readiness to go to the depot, about a mile and a half, and escort him to camp.

We were soon ready and with the Major at our head and with drawn sabers, we dashed at a furious gallop through the streets of Kenosha, with the mud about three inches deep. It was mixed with the water of the departing snow drifts which border each side of the streets. Ducks flew over the horses and us in the most beautiful profusion. Arriving at the depot, we found the cars had just passed, but no United States officer had come. The Major was somewhat disappointed, but said he thought he would come on the next train. We rode back to camp at a slow pace with drooping heads. Soon after a telegram was received from the Governor, countermanding, for the present, the order for the removal of the regiment. Of course, all preparations for moving were stopped and the things which had been packed up so were unpacked. There was great excitement and uproar throughout camp. Some were cursing and swearing at being obliged to stay a time longer and others were rejoicing, thinking we should get our pay before we leave.

Tuesday, the next day, in the forenoon a telegraph dispatch was received by the Major that Governor Harvey was coming to see us. Eighty mounted men were ordered under the lead of the Major to escort him to camp. We were fooled the day before and expected to be this time, but to our surprise, we found the governor.

When we were riding along within a few feet of the railroad track on one side and a deep ditch on the other, our horses full of life and animation, prancing gaily along, we met the cars, the old iron horses snorting and

screeching most furiously. Such a frightened lot of horses I never saw before. They reared and plunged frantically, some leaping the broad ditch. Some of the riders dropped their sabers, but the cars passed and for a wonder, no one was hurt or even unhorsed. All we had to do was reform our broken ranks and pass on.

Zach did not appear to be frightened of the cars, but on seeing the other horses 'cutting up', he went in for a share of the fun and danced about pretty lively for a few minutes.

But as the preachers say "Return to the text". We escorted the Governor to camp and we all were ordered to prepare for a review. When the next train came, the United States mustering officer arrived and to our surprise, Colonel Daniels, after an absence of nearly two months, made his appearance.

In the afternoon we were taken out on parade. Everyone who could be got was brought out. I think we numbered about 1,000 and everyone was made to look his best. The day was fine and we made a fine show. We marched along before the Governor, keeping step to glorious music and every man doing his best. When this was through, we were drawn up in a solid body and the Governor made a speech to us. He praised us wonderfully, saying we were the finest body of men in the United States. He told us this was only a temporary delay, that we should soon be in the field and have a chance to fight. He exhorted us to strike for freedom and to strike the rebels hard!

Colonel Daniels replied to the Governor in behalf of the regiment with a short but pretty speech. He praised us, if possible, more than the Governor did. He said he had seen all the cavalry about Washington and found none to compare with us. ( Of course, we believed what he said! ) He also said that the delay was but for a few days and was made at his suggestion so that we might get our pay before we left. At this point, someone in a low voice near me said "Oh! G-d how he does love us!"

Well, the speeches were finished and the review ended. Those were mustered into the United States service who had not already been and the day passed.

The next morning we were told that we should go Saturday and that a few from each company could have passes to be absent two days. Jerome Ward and some others went from this company. Perhaps I might have had a pass but I should barely have had time to get home and turn around and get back again. Therefore I did not try.

When we shall go, it is of no use for me to try to prophise (sic) on whether or not we shall have our pay first, and in fact, I do not trouble my mind about it in the least, for it is of no use. We poor, miserable privates have no calculations to make and nothing to think of, but to do as we are told and to act as a machine and be satisfied with what we receive. This constitutes our duty.

Dear Frankie, I should like very much to come home before we go and see you and Willie and all the rest of our folks, and I shall do so if the opportunity is offered. Tell Father, John and David to write to me. I should be very glad to get letters from them or any of my friends. Direct the same as usual. If we go south, the letters will follow the regiment.

I cannot write to every one of my friends, so the letters I write you must answer for the whole.

Be of good cheer. I shall come out all right and be at home after the war is over and we shall love each other all the more, to pay for our long separation. Write often and tell me all the particulars about Willie and everybody else that I care for. Small matters have great interest to me here. My time for writing is up so good bye. Do not worry about my health. It was never better in my life.

Your husband C. P. Goodrich

Camp Harvey    Kenosha, Wisconsin.

March 16th 1862

Dear Wife,

It is Sunday evening and we are still in Kenosha, but things look as though we should not be here much longer. The calculation is to start tomorrow forenoon. We have been very busy all day today, although it is Sunday, in packing up our things, hauling them to the depot and loading them on the cars. The Colonel says we should start by ten o'clock, but I think we cannot get ready till afternoon. We have got our tents to strike in the morning and our horses to put aboard the cars, which I think will take some time.

I have received no letters from you since I last wrote. I am writing very hurriedly, not having but a very few minutes to write. I thought I must keep you informed as much as possible in regard to our movements.

We have had, for supper, some meat and bread, taken in our hands as our dishes are boxed up. Our breakfast will be in the easier way. We shall have to live on dried meat and hard bread while on the road to St. Louis, which I suppose will be about two days. It seems to me that the horses must fare pretty hard for they will not be taken from the cars during the whole time, though they will be fed. They have been loading the cars with oats and about eight tons of hay.

But I must stop this hurried scribbling as I am sure there is not much sense in it. I have been at work pretty hard loading boxes on the cars. Now the Captain wants I should go this evening, and help take a deserter, who, he is informed, is about three miles from here. The snow is all gone here except the drifts, and has been for about two weeks. The roads, except when it is not all sand, are very muddy.

Mr. Masters wants I write you a few words for him. He says you must never fear for me, for he will watch over me and see that no harm befall me. He says he will do this out of respect he has for you.

I have nothing more to write so once more, good bye.

Your husband    C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton    St. Louis, Missouri.

March 20th 1862

Dear Wife,

We arrived here all safe and well yesterday about 10 o'clock, but I had so much to do that I had no opportunity to write till now.

We are quartered in Benton Barracks, which would be comfortable and neat were it not for the mud which abounds in the greatest profusion. There was a drizzling rain yesterday when we came and it is the same today. The ground is level and clay, and now in rain the worst mud I ever saw. A person is in danger of being stuck fast if he goes out of doors. There is no dodging it and it loads one down so that he can hardly lift his feet. The boys say 'mud' is no name for "it".

These barracks were built last summer under ( John Charles ) Fremont's orders. They cover, including mess houses and a large open space for drill grounds, about one square mile. Several regiments of cavalry are here and also some infantry. We are just outside, west I guess, though it was so foggy and rainy when we came that I could not tell which way we came. The city is about four miles from the steamship landing.

St. Louis is a great city and very compact. Near the river the streets are narrow and the buildings high, generally six stories, so that it looks like one great mass of brick, through which deep narrow allies (sic) have been cut which yesterday, were so filled with smoke and mist that they seemed almost like subterranean passages to which light of day could scarcely penetrate. As we recede from the river, the streets grow wider and the buildings lower so that the aspect is not quite so gloomy. Through all principal streets are railroads which run cars, drawn by horses.

I did think I would give you a regular history of events, that I thought would interest you, which transpired since we left Kenosha, and for that reason I took notes as I came along. But I find it hard to write anything now. There are 90 of us in two rooms about 24 feet square each, and we are trying to regulate things and clear out the mud also.

Last Monday morning we got up early, and began to vigorously to make preparations to leave. At 7 o'clock we struck our tents. This sight you would have been pleased to see. The ropes were unfastened except on one side of all the tents and a man held on to the side where the ropes were loosened. At a signal from the bugler, every tent was pushed over. I think that not more than two seconds elapsed from the time the first tent fell before every one was down.

We worked hard getting our freight, horses, etc. on the cars, and at noon, everything being ready, we started. It took two trains to carry the soldiers and one to carry the horses and freight.

We arrived at Chicago about 3 o'clock. Here the soldiers had to change cars, but the freight ran through. We were marched and counter-marched and marched again all through Chicago, up one street and down another, through the mud and over the pavements, amongst miserable Irish shanties, and then large and stately buildings, with thousands of people gazing at us for three hours till we were nearly tired out.

At last, at dark, we left Chicago on the Alton road. We reached Bloomington, about 130 miles from Chicago at daylight. The cars were crowded to their utmost capacity, so there was not much chance for sleeping. If I chanced to fall asleep sitting upright, a sudden jerk of the cars would bring me to the painful sense of having my head nearly snapped off.

We reached Alton on the Mississippi River about 5 o'clock. It's a beautiful country all through Illinois, mostly level prairies and the richest of soils. Such piles of corn I never saw before. We frequently saw cribs 10, 15 or 20 rods long, over twelve feet wide and as high as the corn could be thrown up. One thing seemed very irregular. The cribs all had no covers on them. Of the hundreds that I saw, but a single one was covered. As we neared Alton the soil grew thinner and poorer, but wheat fields grew aplenty. The wheat looked fine and green covered the ground.

The difference in climate between Oakland and this place is great. Jerome Ward was home just before we started. He said it was good sleighing there. At Kenosha the snow was all gone except for the drifts. Before we hit Chicago, every bit of snow had disappeared. Near Springfield, Illinois we saw men plowing. It was so wet that no one was tilling the ground, yet the earliest trees, such as poplars, are beginning to show a green shade.

At Alton we took a steamboat 'the City of Alton'. We were all crowded onto one boat, 180 horses, 1,200 men besides a great quantity of other freight. It took till ten o'clock to get everything aboard, and every nook and corner from the lower deck, among the freight, to the hurricane deck, was filled with soldiers.

We got under way as soon as the boat was loaded. We ran to St. Louis at two o'clock but stayed on the boat till morning. There was not much chance of sleeping that night I tell you, and those who were on the hurricane deck had a very uncomfortable time of it, for about mid-night it commenced raining.

Here is where I took up my station at first and rolled myself up in my blanket, laid down and tried to rest. The wind blew hard and it looked so much like rain that Bill Bowers started up and went below to see if we could find another place. We wandered all around the boat and were giving up in despair, not being able to find one spot large enough for a man to lie on which was not occupied.

We were standing near the door of the cabin, wondering what we would do next, when the Colonel (Daniels ) came out and told us to come in and see if we could find a place to lie down. We went in and had a little sleep.

At daylight we left the boat. Those who had horses rode and those who had not, walked, four miles through the streets of St. Louis to the barracks.

All along the roads, in Wisconsin and Illinois, we were cheered. Old gray headed men hurraed and swung their hats. Old women with their night caps on, waved their handkerchiefs. Beautiful young ladies waved the Stars and Stripes and smiled on us. Children clapped their hands and shouted for joy. Everyone seemed to be trying to encourage us and cheer us on.

When we came to St. Louis, the feelings of the people seemed to be changed. No one but children noticed us. There was no crowd in the streets as in Chicago, and many who were passing did not even turn their heads to look at us. In only one or two instances did I see the Union flag, and in this great city I saw only two persons who cheered us. One was an old "she nigger" of most huge dimensions. She was swinging both arms frantically and shouting at the top of her voice something which the noise of horses hooves prevented me from hearing. The other was a beautifully dressed lady with a delightful countenance, waving the flag at us from a third story window. I saluted her as well as I knew how. She smiled at me and returned the salute, gracefully.

But my sheet is full. I must close. Write soon and direct to Camp Benton, St. Louis, Missouri.

Good bye. — Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Cape Benton — St. Louis, Mo. Sunday March 23rd 1862

Dear Wife,

Your letter of the 16th was received last night, and I assure you I was glad enough to get it. You cannot imagine how much good it does me to have a good, long letter from you. Yet it made me feel sorrowful to know that it made you feel so badly at my leaving the state without seeing you once more. I do not wonder at your feeling so, for it was such a disappointment to you. You had, all the time, clung to the hope that we should be disbanded and I would soon be at home with you, but I am sure I never gave you and such encouragements.

My health is first rate. I was weighed yesterday. My weight, without an overcoat, is 150 pounds, as much as it ever was.

It is impossible to predict how long we will be here. The Colonel says not more that three weeks. Troops are coming in here from Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri at the rate of one to three regiments a day and are being armed and equipped as fast as possible and then sent south. As near as I can learn, the number of troops here now is about 16,000, including infantry, cavalry and artillery. Of the last there are nine batteries of about 150 men with some four to six guns apiece.

The 13th Illinois Cavalry, the regiment which Nelson Church is in, was here two weeks but left two or three days before we came. They have gone to Arkansas to reinforce General ( Samuel Ryan ) Curtis, where they may be likely to have some pretty hard fighting.

The 17th Wisconsin Regiment came in yesterday and we are expecting ( William A. ) Barstow's ( 3rd WI. Cav. ) and ( Calwallader Colder ) Washburn's ( 2nd WI. Cav. ) cavalry every day. One Missouri regiment left today and an Illinois regiment starts tomorrow. We are being supplied with baggage wagons and other things necessary for moving. The most we are waiting for are horses. A drove of 150 mules was brought in yesterday which we are to use to haul our baggage. All of our boys who are thought competent, will be set at work tomorrow to break the mules, most of which have never been handled. By professing ignorance in relation to such matters, I have got rid of sharing in that disagreeable work.

The soldiers have some hard times breaking these long eared animals. They put a hundred or two in a large yard surrounded by a strong board fence, ten or twelve feet high. Then a dozen or so men with lassos go in and catch the mules, put on bridles and ride and drive them. They have pretty exciting times and many a 'boy' gets laid low in the mud. Not a few get hurt and occasionally one gets killed. In the course of four or five days the mules can be driven in the harness. Six are usually used for one wagon. The driver rides the near hind one and has the rein on the other leaded. They are guided by a jerk of the rein.

Where all the mules come from in this part of the country is a mystery to me. They seem to be ten times as numerous as horses. We frequently see them, two or three or sometimes four, driven in single file. I have seen them driven this way, harnessed to quite a respectable looking covered carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen. But enough about mules.

She that was Ellen Port is here in camp. I saw her today and had a good visit, talking about the folks in Cambridge. She is married to a man by the name of Ward. He belongs to the 10th Illinois Cavalry. While they stay here she calculates to stay with him. Having heard that some Wisconsin troops had come, Ward started out to see if he could find anyone from near Cambridge who knew his wife. He fell in with me and invited me to his quarters. They have a child, fourteen months old. Ellen sends her love to you.

You are puzzled in relation to the rate of interest on that \$300.00 note and wish to have the mystery explained. Now, everything that transpired in relation to buying that farm, even to minute particulars, is indelibly impressed upon my memory. It is as clear to my mind today as though it happened yesterday, and will be until my dying days.

I was reluctantly persuaded to buy the farm, and Zach by the offer of money from Father at seven percent interest, which I could have my own time to pay. How well Zach performed his part you know. Father let me have \$300.00. When I wrote the note, I thought, as a matter of courtesy, I would ask him what rate of interest to put in, although I supposed the matter was settled before I asked him. He evaded the question. I asked again, he hesitated a moment and then said:

"I don't care. What you have in mind to pay?"

And again I asked him to tell me what rate to write in. He still hesitated, when Mother, who was present said: "Why don't you tell him?"

He then said: "You may put in ten percent, though it ain't likely I will take but seven."

From what he said when he first offered me the money, and what was said when the note was given, I did not expect to pay but seven percent, and accordingly, put it so in my book. What Father's object was in having the note written "at ten percent" I did not know then and I do not know now. In fact, it did not trouble me much. I thought he did it so that he could say to others to whom he was loaning money that he had taken no notes with a lesser rate of interest than ten percent. ~~He had~~ told me since that he did not calculate to have me pay that note at all, but this I certainly cannot agree to. I want to pay it all, and more,



too. Father and all the family have been very kind to us and have helped us a great deal, and assuredly, I shall never, with the best of fortune, be able to over pay the debt.

A paymaster here is paying off the troops as fast as possible and I suppose we shall get some pay before long. To make room for another regiment, this whole company has been crowded into one room, about 24' x 24', ( The cooking and eating is done in another room about the same size. ) and we have a perfect babel of voices. For fear that a person should hear himself think, a fiddle, a bugle and a drum is going most of the time. This is to fill the intervals which might chance to be made by those, who, to make themselves heard, are talking at the top of their voices. Add to all this, the dancing with big boots on, boxing, scuffling, quarreling and wrestling and you have a picture of our quarters at all times except when we are on duty or at drill. I nearly forgot to say that for a few hours at night, the men are still, but then the rats take up the chorus and run, squeal and scamper over us, knock over boots and throw down sabers or any other loose article they can move. Anything akin to quietness, I have not known since I have been here.

It has not rained for a day or two, but the weather is quite cold, so that it freezes at night. This whole campground has been thoroughly under-drained so that the mud dries up quickly. It is now quite decent getting around.

Amid all the confusion and jostling about, I have managed to write a long letter, but whether there is any sense in it, I cannot tell. I have endeavored to write the truth and say just exactly what I meant to and no more.

Dear Frankie, keep up a brave heart. Keep Willie for me and write often to your husband.

C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton St. Louis, Missouri

March 29th 1862

Dear Wife,

I have received no letter from you this week. I can think of nothing now which would interest you, to write of, but I feel a great desire to talk to you in some manner, therefore, I will try to write something.

The weather has been warm and spring-like since I last wrote, and I should think vegetation must be growing, but we cannot get a look at the country much more than we could were we confined to prison. I have not been outside the camp since we came here and have only been able to look out and get a slight glimpse of the surrounding country by climbing a tight board fence ten feet high or getting on top of some stable or shed.

This regiment was all paid two or three days ago, except Company "I". We have been marched to headquarters three times to get our pay but have come back each time without it. There is some trouble about it, but we are not informed what. I surmise that it is because our company officers are such blockheads that they cannot make out the payroll properly. We are promised our pay again today, at one o'clock, and I think we shall get it this time. When I get it, I shall send most of it home by express to Fort Atkinson.

Troops continue to pour in here and yet these barracks are not filled. Washburn's Cavalry came in Wednesday and Barstow's came last night.

A sad accident happened to this last regiment while on the way ( here ). The cars ran off the track because of a broken axle, about four miles from Chicago, on the Northwestern Rail Road. Eleven were instantly killed and about 150 were injured, some so bad they will probably die. Some were taken back to their friends,

some to the hospital at Camp Douglas ( Chicago ) and some of the less injured were brought along to this place.

The newcomers say that when they left Wisconsin, the snow was one and one half feet deep. We had a cold rain storm here last week, while it snowed and was very cold up there.

There is no telling when we shall leave here, or where we shall go to. All sorts of rumors are afloat about it, which keeps the boys in continual excitement. There is no dependence to be placed in these rumors and I will not waste paper and ink in writing them.

Last Sunday the whole regiment was marched to the fairgrounds, which is within our camp. We were taken to the building which is represented on the first page of this letter, and our Chaplain, the Reverend Mr. ( George W. ) Dunmore preached to us. ( Dunmore was KIA 8-3-1862 at L'Anguille Ferry, Arkansas )

This is an immense building, capable of holding 10,000 persons. Our regiment of 1,000 looked like a mere handful were inside of it. It is circular in form with seats like stairs descending inward, enclosing an open space or amphitheater in which the soldiers are represented as marching. In the center is a tower of singular architecture, beautifully ornamented which is ascended by means of a winding stairway.

I believe I have never told you how this vast camp is supplied with water for the thousands of men, horses and mules. It is brought from the Mississippi, three or four miles distant, piped underground and forced up by some hydraulic machinery. All we have to do when we want water, is to go the nearest of hundreds of fountains, turn on the faucet, and three fourths of an inch of a stream pours out forcibly. The water comes from the Mississippi, for though the mouth of the Missouri is 20 miles from here, yet, those who know say that the muddy waters of the Missouri keep on this side of the stream till they get below this place.

The water is cold now and does not taste very bad, but is so soily that one cannot see the bottom of a cup when the water is a half inch deep. A great many have diarrhea, probably caused by drinking this water. I have not drank (sic) a pint except in coffee since I have been here.

Drunkenness is pretty much done away with here, for no liquor is allowed within the lines and the soldiers cannot go out and get it. But after all the strictness, some whiskey is smuggled in by women who come in to peddle apples, etc. Sometimes a soldier who is determined to have some, by paying his washerwoman an extra half dollar, will find, on opening his bundle of clothes, all neat and done up, in the center, a half pint of the much desired article.

I believe I will close this poor letter for want of something to write. I will leave it till this afternoon so that if I get my pay, then I can tell you.

Frankie, write often. Tell Father and David and John to write also. You cannot imagine how much a soldier, imprisoned within a camp, does sigh for letters from home friends.

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton, Missouri.

April 4th 1862

Dear Wife,

Your letter of the 27th I received day before yesterday. It gave me great pleasure to learn that you are well and that nothing had happened, for I was beginning to grow very uneasy at not hearing from you sooner.

Now, just as I have seated myself to write and have barely commenced, in comes a man with a monkey, dressed up in a soldier's uniform, and he, the monkey, not the man, is cutting up the most fantastic monkeyshines that I ever saw performed by any animal, either biped or quadruped. He churns butter, plays the fiddle, exercises with the saber and so on. A great crowd is collected around him in which has produced unbounded merriment. He stops occasionally, and in a most comical manner, passes around his cap for money. Small change is thrown in, in considerable quantities. But never mind the monkey. The two companions, the man and the monkey I mean, the latter of which displays much the more intelligence, are moving away and will go to another company to pick from the soldiers the small change, which for the moment, they have plenty of. The crowd is following them, so now while I am comparatively alone, that is with not more than 15 or 20 talking, laughing, singing and dancing men in the room with me, I will pitch in and write as fast as I can.

I am glad that you have sold the corn, but there was not as much as I had supposed. I think you have not reserved money enough for your own use. You had better keep some of that which I sent for, unless you get the five dollars per month from the state. It may be a long time before you will get any more.

By some misgiving, I was overpaid \$20.47. After I had sent away my money ( to you ), I was informed that I should have been paid up to only the first of March, therefore I had been paid the above named amount too much. The mistake was the Captain's, and consequently, he had to refund the money. The fault, not having been mine, it would have been nothing more than fair for him to have waited till next payday for his pay. But of all the men in the world, he is the last man to whom I wish to be indebted. Therefore I took the money I took for myself, borrowed the balance off Alex McGowan, and paid him up. In consequences of this I am almost destitute now, but then, there is not much necessity for using any, except for stationary and postage. Stamps are sold here in camp at an advance of their real value, and not being able to get to town, the price must be paid. I would like to have you send me a dollar's worth of stamps in a letter. They are as good as cash for any purpose.

The weather is warm and very pleasant. Today, as we were drilling in the field, outside the camp, I caught a glimpse of the surrounding country. The trees are beginning to look green. I saw men plowing in the fields. Grass has started considerably, that I think cattle might get their living upon it.

Enclosed I send you my likeness. I thought you would like to have it with my military clothes on. I am afraid it will get rubbed so as to injure it. I see now, although I have been careful of it, there are scratches across the face.

Hurrah! Here comes a man peddling cases for ambrotype pictures. He sells common ones for a dollar apiece. The boys flock around and buy readily. One boy just bought five because he could get them for \$4.50. In ten minutes, he has taken as many dollars, and away he goes, with a smiling face. Next comes a man selling Bowie knives, suspenders and locketts. These sell rapidly, and at least for double their value. The boy who bought the five cases, gets two or three locketts, and seeing that the knives are so very cheap, only \$1.50, buys one against a time of need.

Now comes a man with a rickety one horse wagon in which there are three or four barrels of apples, and drawn by a miserable looking mule, with one of his long ears standing straight up and the other hanging down perfectly limp over one of his eyes. Apples are quite cheap, good nice ones for a cent apiece. I invest the full sum of half a dime, toss an apple apiece to three of the boys near me, and precede to appropriate the other two for my own individual stomach. The boys gather round, and the one whom I noticed as being so free with his money, buys a dime's worth. Throwing them high in the air and scattering them through the crowd, enjoys the fun of seeing the boys scramble after them. Another follows his example, then another and another and so on. The game lasts for a quarter of an hour, the one who commenced it, quite frequently buying. But the apples are all sold and the lap-eared mule moves away to return again tomorrow.

Here comes the orderly saying "Fall in for supper". The men fall in and are marched to the table. Some are growling about the hard bread, the very salted bacon or the muddy coffee, but as a general thing, they appear to be pretty well satisfied.

Just as they got seated, in come two young women, each with a half bushel basket full of just boiled eggs. The boys, full of fun, begin talking all sorts of stuff to the girls, which, though it may be fun for the boys, I think should be death to the girls. I now hear such vulgar talk that would make any decent man blush with shame, but the girls stand it all. They are selling eggs rapidly, and that is all they care for. They have passed the whole length of the tables and about one third of the boys have paid their half dime ( the smallest coin which will pass here ) for which they have each received five eggs, and the girls are gone. The boy who a hour ago was so flush with his money, wanted some eggs "to go with this all-fired hard bread", but his money is all gone and he could buy none, so he is begging off his nearest neighbor.

I have been writing some minutes, occasionally stopping to take a bite from my apple, while the rest are at the table. So I must stop writing, seal up this letter quickly and give it to our post-boy or I shall be "to late to come to supper".

Dear Frankie, I do not always feel in as good a mood as I do tonight. Sometimes I am homesick, but I try to make the best of it. See if Willie knows his "Papa" without being told that it is me. Write often. Good bye.

Your husband                      C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton    St. Louis, Mo.    Tuesday            April 8th 1862

Dear Frankie,

It is not because I have any news to communicate that I am writing now, but because my thoughts are continually turning towards home and I feel such an influence urging me to write and say something to you, that I could not resist it even if I wanted, especially as it is very muddy today so that we have no drilling in consequence of a heavy rain last night and I therefore have the time to spare.

I love home. I always did. I always knew that I did but I was never brought to feel this love so sensibly as since I left home. The longer I am absent, the stronger, the more acute, this feeling grows. And yet, this love, this constant yearning for home, is a great source of happiness to me. After all, it gives me great enjoyment to think of home and I sometimes think that if I could be by myself and think these thoughts undisturbed and uninterrupted, I should be very happy. Every day I long, oh how I long for solitude! Solitude has charms although Robinson Crusoe failed to perceive them. Most soldiers dislike standing out on guard nights, and will get rid of the duty if they can, but the best treat I had for a long time was a few nights ago, while on guard, when all was hushed and silent and the bright stars were looking, smiling down on me, as I walked my 'beat' with measured tread, to think of home without having those sacred thoughts broken in upon by the rough jest of some fellow soldiers or the harsh command of a 'superior' officer. When, after my two hours turn, the 'second relief' came, instead of feeling relieved, I rather felt vexed at having my blissful reverie so rudely broken. I was painfully reminded that, instead of being at home, where I had in mind, for a short time, been in the companionship of those who are dearer to me than life itself and living over again the old and happy scenes, 'the tide of affairs of men', 'the march of human events', and the dispensations of Providence, or whatever the agency may be called, had placed me in a strange land, surrounded by new and strange scenes, among men who are being trained to perfection in the horrid art of destroying their fellows, and in close proximity to the most terrible instruments of death which the genius of a modern time could invent.

Man has a destiny! Reason as we may, there is no getting around this fact. He has a track laid out before him to travel from which he can no more deviate from than if he could create himself. While he seems to act on his own free will, there is certainly, I believe, a higher power that controls that will. But I am getting into deep water and I will talk in a different direction.

Now, Frankie, if you should see a soldier, a man who is being educated to do deeds of cruelty and blood, a man for whom anything is done that can be done, to arouse his vindication, his savage and brutal nature, for such a nature a good fighting soldier must possess. Reading a letter he has just received from home, his bosom heaving with emotion, he quickly turns his back on his companions to hide tears which with all his self control, he cannot repress, not because the letter contains bad news, but because it awakens in his mind fond recollections. Somehow his heart melts and the tears will start. Would you call him weak-minded or cowardly? If so, then here are many cowards and between you and me, your husband is one of the most cowardly of all.

The troops have been leaving every day, till but three Wisconsin cavalry regiments ( the 1st, 2nd and 3rd ), the 17th Wisconsin Infantry, the 15th Michigan, some other parts of regiments, and two batteries of artillery are left, making, in all, I should think, about 6,000 men. The 10th Illinois Cavalry, the regiment which Elden Ward is with, left last week. The last of their baggage went Sunday.

I put this letter by Tuesday, as I supposed I would find a minute, but have been unable to find time to write a word till this minute.

I was on patrol guard all day yesterday and all night. I was obliged to be mounted and riding around in certain places indicated, for two hours. Then for four hours I had to have myself and horse all equipped and ready at a minute's notice to do what ever is necessary to be done. Last night, about ten o'clock, one of the guards was shot and wounded by a secesh enemy. The patrol guards who were not at that time on post, were instantly called out and ( they ) scoured the adjacent country, without discovering anyone.

So you see, there is a little danger, even here. It has been said so by the soldiers here. Every day or two there are rumors of guards and pickets being shot. I have always treated such stories as the creation of some timid soldier's excited imagination, but last night there was no mistake about it. I was on post, about 40 rods from the place at the time. I heard the firing, then in an instant, heard the cry "Corporal of the guard! Number four! Double quick!" in an excited tone. I saw the corporal run. I gave the alarm to the patrol and they quickly started. The corporal soon returned with the wounded man.

The guard was walking his beat, on foot, which was beside a road. A man came along, going in the same direction as the guard. When about two feet from him, the man fired and ran off. The guard had his hand against his side, with the saber at a 'carry'. The ball passed close to his side, passing through his hand.

The 17th Wisconsin left yesterday and also all the artillery except for two small guns. The 15th Michigan regiment has also gone and all the others except the three Wisconsin cavalrys (sic) and a few sick soldiers. So now we have to do a great deal more guard duty than when we first came here.

Only a few soldiers here are very sick, although more than half of them have bad colds. The weather has been, yesterday and today, cold and gloomy. At times it snowed a little.

Last night I received your letter of the 3rd and am sorry to hear that Father is worse.

You asked me a great many questions which I will try to answer as short as possible.

The Colonel I do like some better, that is, I have found some more good qualities. He seems to care more for the comfort of his men and all the officers, but that does not make him an honest man.

Morrison resigns because the governor and all the regimental officers urged him to. Many of the men in the company dislike him. He was afraid that when he got here, he would have to pass a military examination and would be thrown out, which would be the case, because the Colonel does not like him.

Bill Bowers does not seem to feel very bad about going into the service. He is a sergeant. I suppose he was promised the appointment before he enlisted.

None of the deserters have been taken. Two deserted from this company while on the way here. One was left by the cars at Springfield and the other was left in St. Louis. Neither have been seen or heard of since. ( One was Peter Cole, deserted 3-9-1862. The other was Michael Tyrrell, deserted 3-12-1862. )

Zach stood the journey down here well. He did not have a scratch upon him. Some were all bruised upon and some were spoiled entirely. On the boat, they were crowded so close to the engines, where it was as hot as a nigger's nest. Many took cold there and from the effects of the winds and some have since died.

We yesterday got the news of a great battle in Tennessee. If the accounts are all true, it looks like the war is drawing to a close. Not having slept last night and being out most of the time in the cold, I feel very dull today so you must excuse this miserable scribbling of your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton St. Louis, Mo.

April 19th 1862

Dear Wife,

Your letter of the 14th was received last night. Although we have been working hard all week my health has been improving all the time and I feel pretty well. I will tell you now, for I have not dared to tell you before, that for some time I have had a bad cough, by far the worst I have ever had. But I am better now. In fact, I am more free from cough than I have been at any time since I caught cold on first going to Kenosha.

Three men of this regiment died yesterday. One, the chief bugler ( Chester H Smith of Midland ), died of inflammation of the lungs. One was taken suddenly with inflammation of the bowels and died within a few hours. The other was thrown from a horse two days ago and was injured so as to cause his death. He was helping me bring horses. Alex McGowan is in the hospital, sick with the measles. We are not permitted to see him, but Dr. Gregory says he has been very sick but is getting along well now.

We are getting our horses now, at the rate of 100 to 150 per day. Eight companies are already supplied. I, with eleven others, for the past week, have been bringing them from the government stables in the city about one and a half miles from here. It is pretty hard work, to be mounted on Zach, and lead four or five other horses tied together with ropes around their necks, but I have had a chance to get outside this prison of a camp and breathe the free air and inhale the fragrance from the sweet blossoms of apple and other fruit trees. The weather is quite warm and about every other day, it rains. Some of the time while bringing horses it has poured down in perfect torrents. I have an India rubber blanket to put over me and did not get wet and did not take a cold. Today I saw some corn growing near the stables, where some had been scattered, and it was eight inches high. It was growing in a very warm place,

I think we shall not stay here more than two or three weeks longer. It is guesswork, however. It is thought we shall go to Tennessee. Some, however, think that we shall go to the plains in western Kansas, but it is all perfectly uncertain.

Wounded soldiers from Pittsburg ( Pittsburg's Landing or Shiloh ) are being brought almost every day to the hospital in the city. As near as I can learn, about 1,400 of those poor fellows are here now. They are most terribly mangled up, many with their arms and legs shot off. Bill Bowers and others who had seen some of them say it was a most sickening sight.

I believe the battle of Pittsburg was the most terrible one ever fought in America. Many of our troops who suffered the most on the first day of the battle were undisciplined ones who had just been supplied with arms in this camp and had left here but a few days before the battle. Our army gained the victory but at a dreadful cost. I do not believe that one quarter of the sad story is told.

I believe I have never told you who our 1st Lieutenant is. After Morrison resigned, Porter was appointed in his place but the men hated him so much that the Colonel exchanged him for a lieutenant from another company, by the name of ( Franklin T. ) Hobbs. ( of CO. B and Milwaukee ) He is the best officer we have in the company. He is an old soldier, was through years of regular service in the Florida war. He was in the 1st Regiment three months in all.

I have made miserable work of scribbling off this letter in a very short evening after a hard day's work. Read it if you can make sense of it.

I shall probably pass through many hardships and dangers before I see you, but if I have my health, and I feel greatly encouraged in that, I believe that I shall come out all right. Kiss Willie for me. Good bye.

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Camp Benton, St. Louis, Mo. Saturday evening April 26th 1862

Dear Wife,

Your good long letter of the 20th was received last night. It gave me great pleasure to read it and know that you were well and Father was getting better and things were going on well generally.

My health is pretty good now. I continue to take 'cherry pectoral' yet. I have but very little cough now.

We got the last of the horses Wednesday. I worked nine days in succession leading horses to camp.

We are under marching orders now and will probably go very soon. The first battalion is ordered to go tomorrow if possible, and the rest will be likely to go within three or four days after. Company I is in the 2nd Battalion. Our destination is understood to be Lawrence. I do not know exactly where that is, but I am quite sure it is in this state, near the river, some 180 or 200 miles south of here. What we are to do there or how long we are to stay would be needless for me to try to conjecture.

I cannot write any more this evening for close by me is a 'contraband' of ebony blackness who is singing in regular comic nigger style. He escaped from his master at the taking of Fort Donalson and after being confined some weeks in a St. Louis jail found refuge in this regiment. As I said before, can't write, won't try, throw down my pen, and laugh my hardest at the fool's actions.

Sunday: The weather is very warm today. It has not rained for nearly a week and the mud is pretty much dried up. The whole regiment was inspected in relation to arms, clothing, etc. this forenoon. We all went through the performance of rigging up with clothing and equipment strapped to our saddles and ourselves as though we were going to march, and thus rigged, we drilled for an hour or more. From appearances, I judge

this regiment will get started, not today and perhaps not tomorrow, but I think we shall go in the course of a week.

Under an order from the War Department, all of us who have owned horses were yesterday obliged to sell them to the government at \$105.00 ( the government price ) or send them home or otherwise dispose of them as the government will no longer employ them at .40 cents a day. I have concluded to sell Zach. All the horses were assorted so that each company should have all one color. At the earnest request of us who owned horses, we were permitted to ride our own, notwithstanding, in some cases the color did not correspond with the rest of the company. Company I horses are all sorrel except mine. I suppose I shall get the pay for Zach sometime. The horses furnished by the government are generally good, some of them first rate.

Louis James ( CO I ) is not so good a boy as I could wish. He smart enough but is full of bad capers. He looks innocent, talks innocent, seems very sorry when he is caught in any scrape. He is willing to accept any good advise and promises to do better, but the next day he will be in some other scrape. We had not been in Kenosha a week before he got in the guard house for running the guard, to go to town. I went and saw him, and he pretended that he did not know he was doing any wrong. Then I went to the officer who ordered his confinement, interceded in his behalf and procured his release. After he got his pay, he gambled every night till he lost all he had and all he could borrow. Gambling is strictly prohibited but those who are determined to do it manage to find opportunities.

Alex McGowen is well now. Henry Hart had been in the hospital. He is out now but almost a skeleton. Kearn is obliged to keep sober most of the time. The first day we went after the horses he went and got heartily drunk and lost \$5.00, every cent he had. He was confined to the guard house for a day and has not been drunk since.

You may tell Father that I have today just seen Charles Freeman, Henry Johnson's son-in-law. He belongs to a regiment of infantry from Minnesota that came in here a few days ago. He says he has lived in Minnesota for two years and has not seen or heard from his wife and family for five or six years. He acts just as strange as he always did.

It makes the boys dreadful sore and lame to ride for the first time on our hard wooden saddles, but it long ago ceased to effect me in that way. I am given over to hardness of, that is to say, I have been riding so much lately that the parts which come in contact with the saddle are hard and callous like a shoemaker's knee, so that my perpendicularly might be changed to a horizontal position face downward. One could crack butternuts on me without hurting. One day when going for horses we rode all over the city, crossed the Mississippi on a ferry boat, and had a good time generally. The river was very high last week.

A great many boys get thrown from their horses and some get seriously hurt. Some have never been on a horse's back before. They mount with spurs on. The spurs prick him, he starts to run. The boy, frightened, closed his heels to the horse's flanks. The horse runs faster. The heels are pressed closer till the horse, unable to get rid of the pain, in his desperation makes a furious plunge and throws his rider. Such instances happen frequently every day.

My sheet is full and I must close. Direct letters the same as usual until you know we have moved.

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich



On board the steamer "Northwestern" at the levee  
St. Louis, Mo.

Thursday

May 1st 1862

Dear Wife,

Yesterday when I wrote, we were expecting to start in an hour, but a soldier never knows when or where he is going. They all started from the barracks yesterday afternoon, except companies I and F. We kept ourselves in readiness to start and about eleven o'clock today we were ordered to march and we started accordingly.

We have been riding through the dust, sitting still hours at a time on our horses and getting our horses to and on the boat. We have a fine view of the river, boats and city. The weather is fine and pleasant. The boys are beginning to think we are going to Pittsburg instead of Cape Girardeau because much of the freight is marked 'Pittsburg'. Perhaps they are right. I do not know and it does not bother me in the least. A soldier must march when told, march straight ahead until ordered to "turn" or "halt" and try not to think or question where he is going or what will be the consequences.

St. Louis, Mo. May 2 three PM Last evening I stayed on the "Northwestern" while she was receiving her load till about 8 o'clock. I had laid down on the hurricane deck with my saddle for my pillow, my blanket over me, and my saber, revolver and cartridge box strapped to me. I was thinking that the boat, which was nearly loaded, would soon start and that I would have quite a nice night's rest. Then word came that some of our baggage wagons had gotten into trouble.

One of our drivers had been run over with the heavily laden wagon. His leg was crushed to a pumice and men were wanted to help him in. I with others, was detailed for that purpose and told to make all haste. I left all my clothing, blankets, etc., lying on the deck thinking, "I shall be back soon". I did not have time to see any of my friends to get them to take charge of my things, except that I gave my arms to Lieutenant ( William G. ) Cooper. ( of CO I and Chicago, IL. ) We went and brought in the teams but were too late for the boat. It had gone.

About two o'clock, I managed to get on a wharf boat where I was fortunate enough to get a mattress to lie on. By the way, it was the softest bed I have laid on in months, but my blankets were gone and I had none to put over me. However, I passed the night quite comfortably. I feel a little uneasy about my things, for there is so much stealing going on, not only by soldiers but also citizens. One's things are not safe when out of his sight. If they are lost, I think that the loss should not be mine, for I was ordered to leave them by an officer. We have been lounging around the levee all day in the warm sun, watching the mules and baggage. I have now got into the shade of a building. Amid the incessant clatter of drays and other vehicles over the stone pavement, I am trying to write. When we shall get a boat to take us to join our regiment I cannot tell. It may be tonight and there may be days to wait.

I would like to go about the city, but a soldier traveling about without a pass or papers to show that he is sent on some business, is libel to be arrested by the guards, who are stationed all over the city, and imprisoned.

A guard is stationed all along the levee. To give you a little insight into their doings, I will relate what I have observed in the course of a few minutes this morning.

The officer of the guard today has Lieutenant's strips on. I walk leisurely up to him and enter into conversation. He is very talkative. He is going to do everything right. Everybody must toe the mark. Here come some men in soldier's clothes.

"Halt", says the guard. "What business have you here?"

"We have been wounded and discharged."

"Show your papers." The papers are shown and they pass on.

Here comes an Irish laborer with two old dirty satchels stuffed full, in his hands.

"Halt! What have you there?"

"Only old things."

"Open your dud and lets see 'em."

The Irishman proceeds to open the satchels, but he is not quite fast enough for the officer, who rips out. "Take your knife. Cut 'em out. Don't be all day about it."

The duds are unpacked. They are old socks, a frock, overalls, pants, etc. The officer says "There is nothing contraband there, I guess. Pick 'em up quick and be gone."

Looking up the street we see a Negro with soldier's clothes on. The officer's eyes kindle with rage as he says, "There comes that damned nigger with soldier's clothes on. He has no business with that uniform. He shant have U. S. buttons on. I'll cut 'em off!"

Up comes the Negro. "Halt!" says the guard. "Where did you get them clothes?"

The Negro speaks almost like a human being, "Well sir, I'm in the employ of Major Smith. He gave them to me."

"Don't you know you have no business wearing 'em? Uncle Sam don't have any god damned niggers for soldiers. Cut them buttons off quick."

The Negro, not very frightened, replied boldly, "I shant do that, sir."

"Then I'll do it." The officer took out his knife.

"You'd better not. I tell you, you will get in trouble with Major Smith."

"I don't care for Major Smith or all the cursed niggers in the country." He cut the buttons off, one by one while the Negro stood still. When they were all off, the officer turned to me and with a triumphant air said, "That's the way I serve 'em. How you like to see a god-damned nigger strutting around with U. S. buttons on?"

I replied "I could not see but they were as becoming to a Negro as any man."

He cast a look of contempt at me, turned on his heel and walked away.

I have given but an outline of what was said but it will serve to show you what contempt Negroes are held in by some people here. This officer is a Missourian.

If I can manage to get to the post office, I will tonight send you this letter from,

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

On the Mississippi River 100 miles below St. Louis  
Sunday

May 4th ( 1862 ) 8 AM

Dear Wife,

After two days waiting, we got started from St. Louis last night, just after sundown. We made rather slow progress, for we stopped to discharge and take on a little freight, hand off a bundle of letters or let a passenger go ashore at almost every house on each side of the river, and frequently where it is all woods and not a house to be seen. We passed no towns that I know of. If we have it was in the night. Where we have passed since daylight, the Missouri side is moderately bold, covered with a small growth of timber, interspersed here and there, on the tops of the highest bluffs with evergreen, pines I should think. There is only now and then a house and rarely a cultivated field to be seen on this ( Illinois ) side.

The Illinois shore is low and the land runs level as far as I can see. The surface of the land is not more than two or three feet above the present high stage of water. It is covered with heavy timber, with a clearing here and there, bearing the appearance of having been made within the past three or four years. On this side we see occasionally a field of winter wheat among stumps and girdled trees, which I should judge, by its looks as it waves in the wind, to be knee high.

A dozen of us soldiers are on board. I believe the whole boat's crew secesh, but they treat us very respectfully and seem to look with awe on our sabers and revolvers. We just now stopped in the woods on the Illinois side, at the mouth of a creek, to take on a quantity of corn from a flat boat. Our boys went ashore and scampered through the woods like children just freed from school, firing their revolvers at marks, or any living thing they could see and had fun generally.

I have heard that two of our boys who went down Thursday night, were drowned. It is said that one of them was getting from an ambulance wagon which was on the boat, and instead of coming down upon the deck, as was probably his intention, went into the river. I have not learned their names but I have a little fear that one of them might be one our Oakland boys. One was an ambulance driver and I heard him say that he and some of his friends would sleep in it while going down ( river ).

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

May 5th 1862

I arrived here yesterday and joined the regiment about noon but have had no time to write until this morning. Henry LeFever ( CO K ) of our town, fell overboard on the way down ( river ) and was drowned ( in the Mississippi River 5-1-1862 ).

The story about a man falling from an ambulance into the river was greatly exaggerated. It is true that a man fell from an ambulance as I wrote yesterday, but instead of going into the river, he was lodged upon a projection of the lower deck and not hurt.

This place is 150 miles by river from St. Louis. The town is certainly not as large as Fort Atkinson and I should think not half as large, yet it is said to be the largest town between St. Louis and Cairo, a distance of more than 200 hundred miles. I find that I what have heard and read about this part of the country has given me no correct idea in relation to it. It is an inexplicable mystery to me that such a great navigable river, running through the richest country in the world, should for so great a distance along its shores, be comparatively uninhabited.

I was surprised very much on going on an excursion into the country adjoining St. Louis, at its appearance. St. Louis is one of the oldest and largest cities in the west, extending about ten miles along the river and about three miles back ( from the river ) and contains over 200,000 inhabitants. Yet, on going one mile back from the city limits, the country, although level and the soil good, looks newer than any place I know of in Jefferson County, Wisconsin. The land is mostly covered with timber, brush and grubs, with now and then, a house or shanty, which appears to have been lately put up. Near-by they are building fences, burning brush, and digging grubs. Still, I saw one or two orchards, old large apple trees, even among the timber and brush.

Our regiment is camped about a mile back from the river on high and dry ground in the midst of heavy timber from which the underbrush has been cut. We have good spring water near-by and I think this is a healthy place. We have to live in our tents on the top of the ground which makes us very crowded when we are all in. This seldom happens, except nights.

The cooking and the eating is done outdoors. This does very well in good weather, but when it rains it must be very disagreeable.

Our horses have no shelter. They are tied to long ropes which are stretched a short distance in front of the tents.

Only about 200 troops are here now besides this regiment. Parties of one or two of the companies are out most of the time scouring the country and dispersing bands of rebels, which were called together to annoy the unionists.

Arriving here, I found my things all safe. Masters had them in charge. He had taken great pains to collect them together, for they got scattered over the boat before they knew that I was absent, and he kept them together. He and I stay in the same tent and sleep together. We have been bed-fellows ever since we were in the regiment. Masters health is not very good.

Henry Hart ( William Henry Hart, CO. A. died of disease 7-13-1862 Ft. Atkinson, WI. ) did not go home as he expected. He is here though I have not seen him since I came. They say he is a little better.

I am middling well now and I believe if we stay here long, I shall be as tough as I ever was. I must go now.

Good bye from your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Dunklin County, Mo.

May 22nd 1862

Dear Wife,

Yesterday I received three letters from you dated April 29th, May 5th and May 12th and also one from Lucinda. No mail runs through this part of Missouri and there is very a chance to send letters through. I suppose you are very uneasy at not hearing from me, but I could not help it. It may be a long time before you get this, but I am in hopes to have a chance to send it on the road today so that in time it will reach you. Not a scrap of paper is to be bought in this region. I left all I had at the Cape, not expecting to be gone but two days so I have to tear this off the back of letters to get something to write on.

This country is desolated with war. Not a store is in operation, nor has been for a long time. No one dares to go to town on the river. More that half of the cleared fields are left uncultivated.

I have so much to write, but so little time opportunity that I do not know what to write and what to leave out.

We left Cape Girardeau the ninth and have since been scouring southeastern Missouri, hunting down rebels who were plundering and stealing and laying waste to the country. Sometimes 400 or 500 of us are together, at other times 30 to 40. We rarely get a sight of the enemy, for they generally run before we get to them. We have killed some, captured some and others have voluntarily given up. Among the captured was one Colonel Falin.

Some of our men had a fight with the enemy on the 15th. It was a desperate conflict although but few were engaged in it. The skirmish was in Arkansas, two miles from the St. Francis River.

I am ordered on an expedition immediately and cannot write more.

Lieutenant ( Fernando C. ) Merrill ( CO. D and Jefferson ) is wounded, ( Chalk Bluff, Ark. ) struck by four balls. I am well though. I passed through hardships such as I never dreamed that I could endure. Many a strong men have given out and I stand it, riding sometimes 36 miles without rest or sleep.

Don't be alarmed if you don't get letters from me.

Write often

( The original letter, dated May 22nd 1862 ends here. The following, undated, refers to the dates May 12, 1862 and the week following. Apparently a page or portion of page was missing, or the following is an undated portion of another letter. )

....The enemy had fled, had heard of our coming

Bloomfield ( MO. ) is about as large as Cambridge ( WI. ) and has quite a nice courthouse. The place is nearly deserted, The unionists having been driven out. The secesh had fled at our approach.

At night I was on picket guard. 'Twas hard work to keep awake, I assure you. On Sunday the 11th, we rested. On Monday, the 12th we went off through the swamps on a chase through horrible places. No roads. In fact, there are few wagon roads in the country, for wagons are very seldom seen. We found no enemy in force and returned to Bloomfield near mid-night. I slept till morning, the most sleep I had since starting.

On Tuesday the 13th, we had a dress parade. We marched around town, the band playing its best. We ran up the stars and stripes on the courthouse, and cheered the flag about a hundred times or less and compelled citizens who were there to cheer it also. We fired the cannon a half a dozen times, and made all the display we possibly could.

At night we went off with Company B on another hunt. We went cautiously and still, all commands given in an undertone scarcely above a whisper. Past mid-night we halted in a very dense wood. Without any audible command each one, following the example of those in front of him, led his horse carefully out of the woods and tied him in the bushes. Some stayed to guard the horses while the rest followed the guide to the supposed rebel camp. In an hour or two they returned. The rebels had again dodged us.

The day before, some of our regiment had surprised them and taken their camp, but the men escaped.

Well, we started again, and again chased around through the swamps and woods the rest of the night and all the next day. We took straggling prisoners, as we usually did on such excursions, to the number of eight or ten. At dark we stopped at a farm house, very much tired out, expecting to stay all night. We had just fed our horses when we received orders to march immediately to Chalk Bluff in Arkansas, on the St. Francis River, about forty miles distant.

The rest of the regiment had started at different times during the day. This was one of the longest nights I ever saw. I would frequently fall asleep on my horse but a sudden jerk would wake me. Some of the men slept considerably while riding. One boy who rode beside me slept for miles, sometimes even when his horse was on the gallop. Once or twice he fell off.

At daylight we arrived at Fourmiles in Missouri, about five miles from the ferry at the Bluff. Part of our regiment was already there. Two companies had gone to the ferry. We unsaddled and tied our horses. The men threw themselves on the ground and most were instantly asleep.

In about an hour, word came there was fighting across the river and I saw Lieutenant Merrill brought in wounded. Some of our men were so exhausted they could not be started. We rode at full run to the river. We heard no firing, left our horses, crossed the river, and marched wearily up the Bluff. It was very hot. We went on one and a half miles then met our men, coming back, very tired.

They had defeated the enemy and scattered them to the four winds. They were carrying back the dead body of one of our men. Seven of our men were wounded and were in a house nearby. Dr. Gregory was tending them.

The fight was mainly between our advance guard and the rear guard of the enemy. They were trying to keep our men in check while their main body could retreat. When our two companies came to the river in the early morning, they saw the enemy pickets on the other side. We fired, killing one of their horses. The fire was returned.

In the midst of the firing, Chris Hoxsir, ( Christopher J. CO A ) and ( Pvt. J. O. ) Tuttle swam the river and got the ferry boat. Tuttle was shot through the arm while doing this. Fourteen of our men quickly crossed. They walked two miles and met some forty to fifty of the enemy. Then came a desperate fight.

Our men never flinched a hair. They were so intent on shooting the enemy they had been hunting so long that they became careless of themselves. In short time fifteen more of our men came up and soon after the enemy broke and ran. The rebels had seven killed and thirteen wounded. Our loss was one killed and eight wounded. Two of our wounded have since died.

This result is the more wonderful, when we come to think that the enemy were regular backwoodsmen, while our men had muskets placed in their hands but one week before.

( Solomon H. ) Howard ( CO D ), the one who was killed, was shot through the neck but he kept on loading and firing. The last time he loaded, he was so weak he had to support himself against a tree. As he was capping his gun, he sank down from loss of blood and expired.

An Irishman of Company D was standing behind a tree. A rebel stepped from another tree a short distance from him. Our man stepped out also. They fired simultaneously. Our man was hit with buck shot, one cutting off his thumb and two fingers and hitting him in the side. The other plowed a furrow across the top of his body. ( The wounded listed in Quinner "Wisconsin in the Civil War" were Pvt. Charles Ence, Thomas Tate and J. O. Tuttle of Company A and Lt. F. C. Merrill of Company D )

I will write no more now. It would be the same kind of story, over and over again. For my part, I have not had the pleasure of being shot at, nor have I had a chance to perform the disagreeable duty of shooting anyone.

We know but little here of what is going on in the rest of the country, but I am in hopes that the war will soon end so that I can be at home once more. I may not be able to send letters to you very often, but you must write often to me notwithstanding. Direct to Cape Girardeau.

From your husband            C. P. Goodrich

Bloomfield, Mo.

June 4th 1862

Dear Wife,

Your letter of the 18th I did not get till yesterday. It had been carried all around the country before it found me. Three days ago I received one written by Mr. Masters the same day yours was. He wrote about his health and your being at his house, the same as you did.

We left Hornersville Sunday, June 1st at daylight and arrived here at three o'clock, P.M., the distance being about 70 miles. We came back by a route different from that by which we went down, it being further to the east. For nearly 50 miles the land through which the road runs is almost perfectly level. The soil is somewhat sandy and there are some very good farms and farmhouses, the best I have seen in Missouri. A great part of the land is what they call "prairie", but in Wisconsin it would be called openings, the timber being much the same and full and heavy as ever was in Oakland. This prairie, I am informed, is but a narrow strip. Swamp and heavy timber are on both sides.

When we were coming up, we met, at different times, two or three detachments of our regiment going down. I think there were some going to the very place we had just left. Why we are changed about so, I do not know, unless it is to keep the troops moving all the time through the country to awe the secesh into submission. I do not believe there can possibly be any enemy, in force, in this part of the state. There are though, desperate characters lurking round in the swamps and bushes, playing the part of cowardly ruffians and murderers, waylaying and shooting our men and Union Missourians, whenever they think they can do it without being caught.

Last Friday evening, Dr. (Horatio N. ) Gregory ( of Ft. Atkinson ) was shot and it is feared mortally wounded. ( June 9, 1862 ) The circumstances, I am informed by those who were present, are as follows: Major ( Oscar ) La Grange, with almost 120 men, stopped for the night on this side of the ferry at Chalk's Bluff. Our Chaplain, the Reverend Doctor (George W. ) Dunmore was with them and had a curiosity to visit the "Battle Ground", about two miles over in Arkansas, where the skirmish of the 15th of May took place.

Accordingly, the Major, the Chaplain, and the Dr. Gregory, crossed over with their horses, and rode up to the "Battle Ground". Later they returned, and crossed back over, just at dusk. They were getting off the boat. Dr. Gregory, having led his horse off earlier, was watering him in the river. Seven shots were fired from the opposite side, by some unseen persons. One ball struck the Doctor's left arm, above the elbow, shattering the bone badly, then entered his left side and out at his back. The ball passed through the back part of his lung, and then entered his horse. The horse, a splendid black one, died the next morning.

I suppose the Doctor's arm has been amputated. He is considered in a very dangerous situation. It was ascertained that the men who did this act had followed the Major and his companions from the "Battle Ground" to the river. The enemy did not dare to attack until the river was between them. They have been hunted for but not yet found.

About two weeks ago when we ( Co. I ) were near Chalk Bluff, our captain was informed that there was a musket at a house two miles up ( river ) from us. We always take possession of all the arms and ammunition we can find. The Captain sent Corporal (John) Farnsworth to get this gun. Farnsworth, thinking there might be more honor in the fete, begged and obtained the privilege of going alone. He was accompanied only part way by an unarmed citizen, to show him the house. He went to the house where he found some women, searched for and found the gun. As he was coming back through the woods and bushes, someone cried "Halt! Lay down your arms!" Farnsworth looked around and saw, about 12 rods from him, three men, two mounted and one on foot, with guns aimed at him.

Of course, the corporal was not the boy to surrender or even run when there were only three to one. He proceeded to draw his revolver, the musket he had taken not being loaded. They fired at him and fled. He sent the contents of his revolver after them, but without effect.

Their shots took effect, two in the belly of his horse and one passed through his overcoat, which was strapped to the front of his saddle. The horse was able to carry him to camp but afterward died.

Two of these would-be murderers were taken a few days later, but after taking the oath of allegiance, they were released by the Colonel. Most of our company were very indignant at this. These fiends in human shape cared nothing for their oaths, but kept at their old tricks. They have since been taken a second time and I believe, sent to St. Louis. The Unionists around here say that we northerners are altogether too tender of our enemies. They are perfect savages. They have hung and butchered in cold blood many loyal citizens. The only way to overcome them is to serve them the same way.

It is awful to think of the savage hatred which exists between former neighbors, and not infrequently, relations. Almost every day I hear of men telling of having friends murdered and swearing the most direful vengeance. It has been worse here in the vicinity of Bloomfield than further south where the parties were nearly equal. Down about Hornersville they were all seesech. This is a pretty village but it is nearly deserted of inhabitants. Its courthouse, stores and some dwelling houses are used for quarters for our soldiers. There is a tree within sight of where I am writing, on which last fall three men were hung simply because they were loyal to their government. A few minutes ago I was shown where their bodies were half buried. The marks made by the ropes in the bark of the limb from which they were hung were pointed out to me.

Last Sunday morning, Major (Henry) Pomeroy, the commander here, said he had determined to make an example of three of the worst murderers among the seesech prisoners at this place. They were brought out to the very tree on which the union men were hung. They were placed upon their coffins, caps drawn over their heads and men ready to draw the ropes. Suddenly the Major said they were reprieved. Two of the condemned who were taking on bitterly fell on their knees and blessed the major. The other one, through the whole ordeal, showed not the least sign of feeling. Even when his reprieve came, not a feature moved or a muscle stirred. All the soldiers were called out to witness the execution. I am glad that I was not there, for you know that it is not like me to delight in such scenes. And now I wish to tell you that all the wickedness of our enemies or the horrid stories that are told of them has ever made me feel for an instant the desire to take the life of a human being. I would perhaps not be so if any of my near friends or relations had been killed. Of this I cannot judge. Most of our men have enough vengeance about them. Some of them rave and tear like mad tigers because they cannot have a chance to kill the men who, after the oath, are set free again.

One boy in our company, when he saw the newly made grave of Colonel Lewis, who was killed at the taking of the steamboat at Hornersville, jumped upon it and danced and sang and shouted with all his might. He seemed frantic with delight. It made me shudder to see it. I cannot look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that I should have ever warred with the handful of dirt before me. But if I ever have a chance to fight our enemies, I believe that I shall not flinch or falter, but will take good aim strike hard and do my best. I will do this from a sense of duty, not from a feeling of vengeance.

What I have written on this page in regard to myself is meant for you alone to read. Others may not appreciate it. But you, the only person in the world who perfectly understands my nature will know that I have written the truth.

The weather has been rainy for two or three days. Where there are crops, they look well. One or two fields of wheat near here look first rate. Further south I saw but very little wheat and that looked poorly. I saw a little near Hornersville that was fine to cut. Corn is almost the only grain raised. Some are just planted while some are three feet high. Since we got back here, we have had light wheat bread, the first since we left the Cape. I mistake. I did, two or three weeks ago have a regular meal, the first and only time since I was home last February. I sat in a chair to a table with crockery ware and a table cloth on it. I had biscuits, butter, peach sauce, pie, etc. I would have to relate a long and uninteresting story to explain to you how I happened to get this wonderful meal. If I have time and opportunity before I send this letter, I may inflict on you the whole story.

I have a chance to send it now. Good bye

C. P. Goodrich



Bloomfield, Mo.

June 15th 1862

Dear Frankie,

I do not suppose my writing to you so often annoys you in the least. If it did perhaps I would not trouble you so frequently, but I do wish I could get one from you so as to know how you are and whether you get my letters. The last I received was dated May 26th. You had not then heard from me since I left the Cape. I have written seven letters since then and I do hope that you have received some of them so that you can feel easier in regard to me.

I suppose you feel some interest to know what kind of food we live upon. Lately, in addition to our bread, meat and coffee, we have peach sauce every day, as much as we could wish. Perhaps you almost envy us the enjoyment of this luxury, but when I tell you the peaches are dried, with the skin on and the stones in, looking as much as possible like dried butternuts and have to be stewed up in an iron kettle, I think you would like to be excused from eating a pound or two at a meal. Yet, we soldiers, each meal, manage to make way with a two pail kettle of this "stodge" of peach stones black skins mixed with dirty looking juice. I do not mean to say we eat the stones. We have eaten things nearly as hard, yet I have a slight suspicion that should we do so, there might be a little trouble in the abdominal regions, "bowels yearning" etc.

The upper part of the store in which we are quartered was, a few days ago, vacated by the company which had occupied it. A part of our company, I among the number, have taken possession of the store so that we have plenty of room now. The upper room was used as the Odd Fellows Hall and I suspect it was rather rudely broken into by the soldiers, for their rather nice furniture is here being roughly knocked and tumbled about.

One strange article of furniture I must mention. It is a costly coffin, covered with fine black velvet and trimmed with silver. It contained a white image, made to represent a corpse. I suppose these were used in some ceremonies to make them more solemn and awful. Some sacreligious scamp has smashed the head of the "corpse". This coffin, with the box in which it is kept to save it from being soiled, makes a very convenient seat for us, and on it I have sat while writing this letter. Once in a while, when the boys get full of fun, they get out this coffin and perform around it and try to put some one who has fallen asleep into it. But as a general thing, it is allowed to stay by the writing desk for a seat.

I have heard that Jerome ( L. ) Ward ( a wagoneer ) has gone home on a furlough for fifteen days. I hope you will be able to see him before he returns.

Wednesday, June 18th The weather, which has been hot and sultry, is cooler today in consequence of a heavy thunder shower last night.

Yesterday and last night I was sergeant of the prison guard. There are eleven prisoners confined in the jail, all seotch but one, an Illinois soldier, charged with threatening the life of his Captain.

Among the prisoners is a Colonel, the very Colonel ( maybe Tandy ) Walker by name, under which our Missourian Clifton served and the only secessionist whom Clifton says he likes or whose life he would like to spare. He says Colonel Walker has talked with him since here a prisoner and exhorted him to be a good soldier and true to the cause in which he is enlisted. Three men at a time, besides myself, had to guard these prisoners. They are allowed to go out of doors and walk around. If there is any work to do, such as cleaning up rubbish about town, they are made to do it. Consequently the guards have to be very vigilant.

Twenty-eight men from Company B went to Hornersville a few days ago with the intention of taking the captured steamer 'Daniel B. Miller' down the St. Francis to the Mississippi and then up to Cape Girardeau. They took a twelve pound cannon along to put on the boat. We have four pieces of cannon now, belonging to this regiment, two of which are in this place. A gun is fired each day at sunrise and sundown. It is loaded

so as to make all the noise possible and at nearly every discharge, the windows of the nearest buildings break. Now most of the large lights in the store windows are broken.

Dear Frankie, I do hope I shall hear from you soon, but whether I do or not, I shall continue to write often when I have the opportunity and I hope you will do the same.

Your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

•  
Bloomfield, Missouri

June 25th 1862

Dear Frankie,

I have no news to write, and if I had, I hardly think I would write it, for the thought of you not getting my letters troubles me.

The troops here are doing nothing of consequence, for the reason there is nothing to be done. Last Thursday, our whole company marched thirty miles to where the 3rd battalion, under Major ( William H. ) Torrey ( Green Bay ) is camped on what is called "West Prairie". The next day we marched back again. What we went for I do not know and I guess no one else does. It made me think of "The King of France" who with 20,000 men, marched up the hill and then marched down again.

On Monday, I was sent out in command of five men and a negro, with a team, to capture some cotton from a secech who lives about nine miles from here. We were successful and brought the cotton back all safe.

Today I have charge of all the horses of our battalion, between 300 and 400. It comes my turn to do this about twice a week. For two weeks now, our horses are turned out to graze in a large meadow. We have guards stationed around them to prevent their escape. At night they are taken up and tied to a picket rope and fed corn. My time today is divided between seeing to the guards, watching the horses and sitting on the ground, in the shade writing this letter.

The weather here is warm. About a week ago we had two or three very cool nights. The morning of the 20th, where we camped at "West Prairie", there was a slight frost, not enough to kill vegetation, but it was plainly visible on dry sticks and logs. In fact, the nights have been comfortably cool since we have been here. In the middle of the day, it always seems hot, especially if the sun shines. You must know, at this latitude ( 36 degrees, 30 minutes ) at this season of the year, the sun at noon lacks but 13 degrees of being directly overhead.

We have just had as much turmoil and strife in regard to officers in this company as we ever had. In fact, it has never abated. Some time after ( Joseph H. ) Morrison ( Fort Atkinson ) resigned, Hobbs was appointed First Lieutenant ( Franklin T Hobbs from Milwaukee and Co. B, never officially assigned to Co. I ). When Captain ( William H. ) Hoyt ( Milwaukee ) was thrown out, Hobbs was made captain. We then had no First Lieutenant. After we came to Bloomfield, William LaGrange, Brother of our Major, Oscar LaGrange, was appointed First Lieutenant. This exasperated ( William G. ) Cooper ( Chicago, IL. ), the Second Lieutenant, who, all along, calculated he was entitled to the place. He resigned and left us. Then our orderly sergeant, John Little, was appointed second Lieutenant. The men all like the Lieutenant but hate the Captain ( Hobbs ) and yesterday they got up a petition, signed by all the company that were here except seven, asking him to resign. He was very much chgrined at this operation and it is hard to tell what he will do. He left early this morning. No one in the company knows where he is going or when he will return.

For my part, I take no share in the quarrel. I keep aloof from the strife and always have been without any trouble with any officer.

Dear Frankie, if you do get a letter from me, do write immediately and acknowledge the receipt of it so as to relieve my mind.

Once more, kiss Willie for me.

Your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Bloomfield, Mo.

Thursday

June 26h 1862

Dear Wife,

This morning I received your letter of the 17th, acknowledging the receipt of three of my letters. I acknowledge, Frank, that I was yesterday, in a regular old fashioned fret and had worked myself up into a very unhappy state of feeling on account of you not getting my letters. If I could recall that letter, I would, but it is deposited in the letter box at headquarters, yet I am in hopes that this will go out with it. I do not recollect what I wrote, but if I said anything calculated to give you pain, I beg a thousand pardons and ask you to consider the circumstances and overlook it. I have been thinking of late, till yesterday, that I was learning to practice that very desirable quality of mind known as patience, but I now think that I am now just about the same old 'six pence' after all.

Our regiment is scattered around considerably yet. The First Battalion is camped about twenty miles south from here, the Third about ten miles beyond the First. The Second is at Bloomfield. A few are at the Cape. The Colonel ( Daniels ) is also at the Cape. Company A, in which many of the Oakland and Fort ( Atkinson ) boys are, is in the First Battalion. They have not been with us in a long time and this accounts for them writing home not knowing where I am.

Alex McGowan and Bill Bowers are well. They are two of the most generous, kindhearted, whole soul fellows as I have ever been acquainted with. Alex is much different from what I supposed he was before I became intimately acquainted with him. I am sure they are friends who would do all in their power for me, should I need help, as long as they are with me. Since Masters went, Bill has been my especial confidant. We sleep together and have had some talk of marrying, but Frankie, do not be alarmed. It was nothing but talk on my part for I formed a resolution long ago never to marry a second time.

The more I learn of the history of southeastern Missouri, the more it seems to me that a strange fate has decreed that it shall forever remain a comparative wilderness. In 1811 it was more thickly settled than it has at anytime since then. During that year and the next year it was visited by several severe earthquakes which frightened away the inhabitants. In many places the earth sunk down so that where there was dry land, are now lakes and swamps. In other places the internal force seemed to burst, making a deep chasm and throwing the sand in all directions. I have seen several of the 'sand blows'.

Near Hornersville, where the Little River now spreads out into a shallow lake, and on the very spot where the 'Daniel F. Miller' was captured, there was once, before the country was captured by the 'Shakes', a smart town called Madrid, not the least of which remains to be seen. It is now spoken of as 'Old Madrid' on the Mississippi River. The soil was rich, the county seemed inviting and it soon again began to be settled and was getting in a flourishing condition when, about 25 years ago, the inhabitants were swept off by a pestilence. Those who were not destroyed fled to escape death. On "West Prairie", with its beautiful timbered openings, 25 or 30 miles south of here can now be seen an orchard of old large trees, with forest trees six to nine inches thick interspersed among them. There is not a sign of a house or cultivated field within sight. It is here that the pestilence raged the worst. For the six years past, this region has been rapidly filling and improving. As railroads are being laid out as if nothing had happened to interrupt its prosperity,

this part of the country would soon have been blessed with all the modern improvements, which are certain to accompany an advanced state of civilization.

But a scourge worse than the 'shakes' or pestilence is again spreading desolation over this devoted land. Hundreds are moving out for good and leaving their homes and land. Since we came here the roads are open for trailers, and they are taking advantage of the opportunity to leave, fearing that as soon they are gone, the bloody and savage civil strife will rage with as much fury as ever.

One year and a half ago, Bloomfield was a smart business place. I should think it contains more dwelling houses than Cambridge, yet it has some 16 stores, some of them large ones, all placed in regular order around a pretty square in the center on which there stands a fine court house. The courthouse is the headquarters of our battalion and the soldiers occupy the stores. These buildings are being destroyed and abused by our presence.

Now, Frank, I have written once more. It gives me great pleasure to do so. Oh how much more pleasure it would give me to see you and talk with you and hear your dear voice and see your sweet smile and clasp you and darling Willie once more in my arms. But this cannot yet be. Let us live in hope that the time may soon come when all these dreams will be realized.

I would like to have you send me more postage stamps. Write as often as you can to

Your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Bloomfield, Mo.

July 4th 1862

Dear Wife,

I am again on duty at the guard house but will attempt to write to you on this memorable day. It is uncertain how well I shall succeed. Whiskey is circulating quite freely. I am called upon every few minutes to give the guards some new instructions, help in quelling some row, or take some insubordinate soldier to prison.

We commenced the day by firing at sunrise twenty-four guns in quick succession. Then a pole was raised and a new flag run up. A great many citizens, both men and women are in here from the country around to see and be seen. The citizens are not as shy of us soldiers as they were when we first came here. The first two or three weeks when we were traveling all the time, we did not see a single team on the roads, and not half a dozen men at work in the fields. In fact, we saw very few persons anywhere. The men were skulked away somewhere in the swamps. The women at our approach, scud (sic) into houses and hid themselves as best they could. The children, if they chanced to be away from the house, flew to the woods and hid in the brush like young partridges.

I was amused one day to see two boys who were plowing a field some 100 rods from the road. On seeing us, they left their team and ran as if they would break their legs, to the woods. Though the boys were but 12 or 14 years old, at a distance some of our men mistook them for rebels, took off in pursuit and overtook the boys, who were half dead with fear. Of course they were not harmed.

Now all the men who are in the country are industriously at work and many women are seen tilling the fields that they may raise food for themselves and their children while their husbands are away in the rebel army.

We have just received intelligence of the taking of Richmond. The account says it was the most terrible ever fought in America, that the rebels were roundly defeated and we took 50,000 prisoners. We have heard of Richmond being taken so many times that we place but little confidence in the report. Still I hope it is true.

The paymaster is here and I suppose we shall get our pay within a few days. How much pay I shall get I cannot tell. If I get .40 cents per day for the use of my horse and everything else is all right, I shall get about \$100.

Whether I own Zach or not I hardly know. I do know that I protested against selling him at every step and as a consequence, brought down the displeasure of many of the officers on my head. Major La Grange, who was then commanding the regiment, administered to me a severe and angry rebuke for my stubbornness. I would not yield, would not be party to the sale and refused to take any pay for the horse or send him home or otherwise dispose of him, for I firmly believed, and still believe, that I have the law on my side. The pretended order from the War Department for the sale of the horses originated with our regimental officers and that I had a right, according to the express provisions of the United State of America to own the horse which I should ride in the service. I shall soon know how it shall be. The paymasters will, I suppose decide the matter. If I cannot get pay for the use of him and he is not mine, then I will try and get pay for him. The only thing that will go to show I consented to his role is that I had him branded with the letters "U.S.". This I did because I was ordered to. I did it under protest which I can prove by plenty of witnesses.

Another thing I am a little troubled about. You recollect I told you I was overpaid the other payday \$20.40. This amount I refunded to Captain Hoyt on a pretended receipt from the paymaster stating that Hoyt had paid back the money. It now turns out this receipt was a humbug, a forgery and Captain Hoyt never paid back the money. The account now stands against me 'overpaid \$20.40'. The paymaster says if I can satisfy him of the truth of my statement, I shall be fully paid and lose nothing. But that forged receipt has been destroyed and cannot be reproduced. The only persons who were present when I paid the money, Mrs. Hoyt and Lieutenant Cooper, are far away now, I know not where. Therefore it all depends on my word alone and the value which is placed upon it by those who have known me since in the army.

If I get no pay for the use of my horse and have to lose this \$20.40, then after paying Alex McGowan what I owe him, and keeping a little for my own use, I shall have little if any to send home to you. And finally I do not know how I should send it, if I should be so fortunate to get any.

The First Battalion came up here yesterday to get their pay, after which they are going back to West Prairie. I have seen the Alling boys, Hoxsir, Williams and Frank Hart. They are all well.

I think this regiment will not stay in this part of the country much longer. Where we will be sent, I cannot tell. We hear extravagant and conflicting rumors every day, but I think we shall be going further south, into Arkansas probably. It may still be further, possibly into Texas. This much I know! The day before yesterday a large train of provisions and ammunition came in from the Cape, most of which, provisions enough to last this regiment 6 to 8 weeks, is still here loaded on wagons, ready to move when the regiment goes.

I hardly relish the idea of going from here, for Bloomfield is as pleasant and healthy a place as can be found in Missouri. Here we have large and commodious quarters where we are not exposed to rain and storms. Besides, we have comparatively nothing to do. True, we have a great deal of guard duty to perform, but there is no real work about that, and in warm weather it is a perfectly comfortable business. We do not drill, and when off duty, we lie around in the shade, or if we can get permission, go into the country and pick berries, or get apples, which are now beginning to get ripe. In fact, in consequence of the lack of exercise, we are getting to be as indolent and lazy a set of men as can breathe. Many of us, and I fear your husband must be counted among the number, have hardly enough energy to stir, moving around at a snail's pace, dragging our lazy limbs after us. We ought to be thankful, and I believe I am, that we are having so much easier a time than most soldiers. Only think what our army before Richmond has suffered for the past month! I fear if we leave this place that we shall never be so well off again until the war is over and we are again in our happy homes.

The gnats which annoyed us so much a while ago have all disappeared. Musketoes (sic) have gone and the only vermin that trouble us now are wood ticks, which we do not get unless we lie on the ground, and fleas and lice.

It is sundown. **BANG!** goes the cannon and the anniversary of American independence is nearly over. A great many have been drunk, but all is passing off quietly now. No serious trouble has occurred. ( William ) Kern has had his first regular 'bust' since he left St. Louis and is now sleeping soundly.

Dear Frankie, I hope you spent the Fourth of July happily but I don't suppose you have because I was not there to enjoy it with you. Do write often. Write long letters. They are always so good that I always wish that after I had read one that it was longer. Write about everything, about yourself, Willie, Father and Mother, Lucinda and all the rest of the folks who have been to our house, where you have been, about the crops, yes, our crops. Good bye from your husband C. P. Goodrich

It is evening. I thought I had finished my letter, but I shall have to be up some hours yet tonight and I cannot employ myself more pleasurably than by talking to you through the medium of the pen, even if I do not say anything very cunning or interesting.

It has been said tonight that there would be a ball in the upper part of the courthouse. There is now music and dancing. I can hear the squeaking fiddle, the clatter of heavy military boots with the rattling of spurs and shouting and stamping such as usually accompanies a dance where there are no females. The Missouri ladies refused to attend the ball. I think they showed their good sense in so doing.

Frankie, do you recollect how we were employed one year ago today? We did not enjoy ourselves the best. We have anticipated a day of pleasure over on the shores of Ripley Lake. But Death, that great destroyer of human happiness entered the house of our nearest neighbors and cast a deep gloom over our spirits. You stayed with the bereaved family, rendering such comfort and assistance as was in your power to give.

Ah, has not this Fourth been a sad one to thousands of families whose relatives and friends have perished on the battlefield at Richmond.

Our prison has gradually been filling with secesh prisoners till this morning they numbered 30. It had taken but four men at a time to guard them, and it seem to me that they cannot have much courage or they would, some at least, have escaped, especially as the guards are very careless and sometimes go to sleep. But they all stayed, while one of our regiment, who was taken prisoner a few days ago in Arkansas, safely escaped from four guards who were vigilantly watching him. He was condemned to be hung the next day.

Twelve of our prisoners were released today on taking the oath. Twelve more are to be sent to the Cape tomorrow. A rebel spy is among the prisoners. He was caught here in Bloomfield one day this week. Our man ( John B. ) Clifton saw him and knew him. He had acted as a rebel spy when Clifton was in the rebel army.

There is so much going on tonight that I will have to close. We guards have got to go and stay by the building where the paymaster sleeps so he will not be robbed by soldiers made reckless by bad whiskey.  
C. P. G.

Bloomfield, Mo.

July 5th 1862

Dear Wife,

We were paid off today. I received \$105.00 which is all that was due me with the exception of a dollar or two in change which I shall get in a day or two. I had no trouble. My word passes as good in relation to the \$20.40 about which I wrote you yesterday.

I have paid Alex ( McGowen ) the \$10.00 which I owed him. Sergeant Williams of Fort Atkinson is going to the Cape tomorrow morning and I shall send to you by him, \$90.00. From the Cape it will be sent by express to Hopkins of Fort Atkinson, at whose store you can call and get the money if it ever gets there. You will have to pay the express charges, as I have not done so. Write immediately after getting the money so that I may know it is safe.

Do not be alarmed if you do not hear from me again very soon. It is possible that we should go away where I can send no letters. It is late in the evening. I slept better last night. I must go to my hard bed now, so good night.

Your husband,

C. P. Goodrich

Stoddard County, Mo.

15 miles south of Bloomfield 1 o'clock PM Tuesday, July 8th 1862

Dear Wife,

The days of easy comfort, indolence and laziness are passed with us, at least for a while. Yesterday we received orders to be ready to march this morning. We were called up by the bugle at 4 o'clock and at about 7 o'clock we started. The weather is intolerably hot and we are lying here in the shade resting. We have been here two or three hours. Most of the boys, now that they have eaten their dinners of 'cast iron pies' and fed their horses some corn, are sleeping on the ground. I, who has not got the knack of sleeping in the daylight unless completely worn out, have been thinking of home.

Everything betokens that we are started for a long and tedious march. I am well, feel first rate, much better than when lying around doing nothing. One Company, E, is left at Bloomfield with the sick of ours and other companies and the extra horses. We left some of our clothing, overcoats, etc., at Bloomfield. The bugle calls "Boots and Saddles" and we must start.

Wednesday, July 9th: We are at West Prairie, at Major Torrey's camp, on the very spot where, nearly two months ago, I wrote you the first letter after leaving the Cape. For some reason, I always sleep better on the ground in the open air, than in a house. It is not so warm and the ground is not so hard as a floor.

All the effective men in the companies of our regiment are here, I suppose between 500 and 600 in all. It is now 10 o'clock and we are ordered to be ready to start at 12. Our artillery, 2 six pounders and 1 twelve pounder started westward two or three hours ago. This is a beautiful place, much like the grove near Lucius Morris'. The ground is perfectly level, with shady black oak trees and good grass for our horses. I have taken good care of Zach and he is in good condition. I think he will stand a hard jaunt as well as any of them.

July 11th: We left the West Prairie camp on the 9th at one o'clock, headed for Chalk Bluff, ten miles distant to the southwest. We marched slowly, stopping occasionally to pick blackberries which grow in abundance all along the road. Another company went ahead of us so there would be no hindrance at the ferry. We found no reason to hurry. We crossed the ferry at six o'clock. About sundown a serious accident occurred. They were ferrying over one cannon, five or six horses and men, when the boat, being overloaded on one side, filled with water and sank, tipping the cannon, horses and men into the middle of the river, where the water was eight to ten feet deep. One poor fellow, Gardner Streeter, Company C, of Oak Grove, was drowned ( the regimental roster states he died July 9th of disease ). Another was taken out, apparently lifeless but soon came to. The Colonel, Frank Hart and William Davis were aboard at the time, but escaped uninjured.

We camped near the river. The boat is small, only able to carry but eight or ten horses and men at a time. The rebels destroyed the old boat two weeks ago. The work went on slowly, so that, although they worked hard all night, they were not all across at seven o'clock where we started.

We have a train of some twenty heavily loaded mules and six mule wagons, which took some time in ferrying. We started yesterday at seven o'clock going nearly south. At four PM we came to a small place called Scatterville, 19 miles from Chalk Bluff.

Here we found one company of 40 of our men who started at midnight before. They had a fight with the rebels under Captain Miller with 80 men. We completely routed and scattered them. Only one of our men had been touched by a ball, and he only slightly wounded in the finger. After the battle, they found the bodies of three rebels. I now hear they have found three more.

It has been arranged on this expedition that, so as to have each company share equally in the honor of danger, one company should march ahead one day and another the next and so on. Today it came Company I's turn and we started at twelve and a half AM for Gainsville, 18 miles southwest, where it was said there were 500 rebels. The rain was pouring down in torrents and a succession of thundershowers kept up till daylight.

The command of the advance guard was given to me. I was instructed if I found pickets around Halton, to capture them, if possible without firing to alarm the camp. If this could not be done, shoot them of course, then dash with all speed into the town and engage the enemy. We advanced cautiously, keeping a good lookout. About six this morning our guide told me we were near the town.

We found no pickets. We halted then for the main body to come up. Detachments were then sent around town and cautiously posted on every road leading from it. The main body then marched into the town, but our enemy had smelt the rat and skidaddled. It is now afternoon. The weather has cleared up.

July 12th: Last night, at eight, I was sent out with twelve men scouting, and did not get back till ten this forenoon. We had a long, hard ride, did not fall in with any enemy, but we were at one time within a short distance of a camp of about 70 rebels, according to the best information we could get. Being outnumbered six to one, we had a long debate whether we should pick into them or not. We finally concluded it would be more prudent to return and get more men. This afternoon the order was given for me to take out 25 and try what I could do, but just as we were saddled, for some reason, the order was countermanded.

I have just been informed that we are to march soon tonight, two thirds of the regiment. We have already gone on south west. There is a chorus to this letter so I must close. I have not heard from you in a long time. I am well and in good spirits and I will make a fighting man yet. Write often and tell me about the money I sent.

This is a dirty looking letter. It has been wet and mussed in my pocket, but never mind. I guess you can read it for it is from your husband

C. P. Goodrich

Madison, St. Francis County, Ark. Wednesday July 30th 1862

Dear Wife,

I suppose you are getting uneasy at not hearing from me, but it could not be helped. In the future you must not worry if many weeks elapse without hearing from me.



We have now marched over 200 miles from Bloomfield, through the heart of the enemy's country and scouted through and scoured all the country adjoining our route. Our general progress has been slow, yet many of us, myself among the number, have been almost constantly riding. No lives have been lost except those two who drowned in the St. Francis, one at Chalk Bluff and one at Wittsburg.

Our general course has been south on the west side of the St. Francis River, through the counties of Green, Craighead, Poinsettia and St. Francis. We have passed through the count seats of these counties which are in their order, Gainsville, Jonesboro, Harrisburg and this place ( Madison ).

This is a thinly populated country and these villages and county seats are not bigger than Clinton ( WI. ). We arrived here last night from Wittsburg on the St. Francis, about 20 miles above here, where we had stayed a week. The 1st and 3rd Battalion were here at Madison while we were at Wittsburg, and now they have gone ahead again. Where they are bound for I do not know but think we shall join General ( Samuel Ryan ) Curtis who is understood to be 50 miles to the south. This place is 40 miles south and west of Memphis.

Here is the first railroad I have seen in either Missouri or Arkansas and this the rebels have torn up and injured so it is useless. The railroad bridge here which cost \$80,000 was completely destroyed about four weeks ago. About the same time, all the cotton through this part of the country was burned by rebel solders to prevent it from falling into our hands. There was an immense quantity. It seems as though they were determined to ruin themselves. But very little cotton is growing this year, most of the cultivated land being corn.

On the 17th, while we were encamped in the most beautiful grove I ever saw, at Sugar Creek, about 40 miles above here, I received a letter from you and one from Mr. Masters. Yours was a good, long one. You cannot imagine how much good it did me. I have read it over and over and over again and it still seems interesting. When I was at Gainsville, I sent a letter to you but perhaps you have not gotten it. I have not seen Lieutenant Merrill yet but am very anxious to.

It is raining today. I have not much to do, but as much as I love to write to you, I can hardly muster the energy enough to do so now. In fact, to tell the truth Frankie, I am not well. I am poor, weak and feel worn out and today, for the first time since I have been in the regiment I have .....( Letter ends )

Helena, Ark.

August 15th 1862

Dear Wife,

Lieutenant ( Newton ) Jones ( Co. F, Ft Atkinson ) is going to Wisconsin to recruit men for this regiment and kindly offered to take any letters which I might wish to send. As mail communication between here and the north is very much uncertain, I gladly embrace the opportunity to send one to you.

I have written two letters to you since we came to this place, telling what I could about the fight I was in and the disasters we have suffered, the printed accounts of which you will see, will not probably state the case more than half as bad as it is. I think I told you that I lost Zach and all equipment and clothing and possessions except what I happened to have on my back. We were of course, dismounted at the time of the fight and there was no time to get a horse to get away with. One of our company tried and as he was untying him a bullet struck the horse's head and the horse fell dead.

I received your letter of July 29th a few days ago. The last I got before that was June 29th so there must be three or four of your letters at Bloomfield. I have not seen Lieutenant ( Fernando C. ) Merrill ( Co. D of Jefferson ) yet. He is at the Cape I suppose. I am very anxious to see him get the pictures and other things that you sent. I wish I could have had the tea when coffee was so disagreeable to me that I could not drink

it. Dear Frankie, how did you know that I would want tea? I never cared for it at home but here it tastes delicious to me. Where I go I can scarcely ever get any. It is not furnished us but we can sometimes buy it by paying \$2.00 per pound. My health is improving. I have had no fever for about a week. Bill Bowers went to Memphis to take care of the wounded. He was well when he went away. Alex McGowen is here, well.

I can see no prospect of the war ending very soon. The south seems determined to fight till the last. They have everything at stake. There is no one more tenacious or dangerous as someone that does not care. If they are beaten, their property will be confiscated. There is nothing a man will fight for more desperately than his property. They seem, of late, to be rising up with redoubled energy. They have beaten back the great army of the Potomac before Richmond with terrible slaughter. They have retaken Baton Rouge and repulsed our gunboats at Vicksburg. Guerrilla bands, well organized, have suddenly risen up all over the southwest, especially in Missouri and Arkansas. When we marched down through these two states they were just organizing. We scouted around hunted and chased after them but to little purpose. We have no one to give us information but Negroes and they were kept as ignorant as possible, while the guerrillas had friends to inform them of all our movements. When we went "where they were, they were not there." They perhaps, when they found we were coming, moved a few miles into the swamp or behind some bluff and we could not find them. Many a time they might have annihilated parties of us if they had seen fit to do so, but their time had not come.

When our regiment got stretched over a space of about 300 miles, they suddenly rose up all along our track as if by some preconcerted signal and 'wiped out' all the small detachments. When our regiment left Kenosha we numbered 1,140 men. Now we muster here 440.

This guerrilla system must have some head for they rose up simultaneously all over the country. Our troops six weeks ago occupied Little Rock. Now it is in the hands of the rebels. In view of all the facts that I can learn, I see no possibility of the war ending soon. I calculate that if I live so long, I shall serve out my three years.

It may be possible that with the help of the 600,000 new troops which are to be raised, the war may be ended sooner, but I greatly fear the south will be able to meet them with a like number. They have shown a determination and a fertility of resource truly surprising. All the secesh with whom I have talked seem perfectly confident of success in the end and are willing to put up with every privation to obtain it. They say they can and will carry on the war for 20 years in the guerrilla manned, rather than submit. But time will show. I think they must submit sooner than that, but it will cost thousands upon thousands of the best lives in the country.

But I must close this rambling letter. It seems to me that I write miserable letters lately. I can't think of what I want to write. Well, Frankie and Willie and all the rest, once more good bye and if I escape death in the thousand forms a soldier has to meet it, you may expect in about two years to see your Husband and Father,

C. P. Goodrich

Camp of 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Helena, Ark.                      Saturday

August 23rd 1862

Dear Wife,

Again I find myself writing to you from "Dixie Land" but the encouragement to do so is very small, for I have no assurance that you got my letters. I know yours did not reach me. The only letters that I received from you in a long time were dated June 29th and July 29th. You should now direct to Helena. Perhaps I neglected to inform you of that fact, because a few of our regiment are at Cape Girardeau, a few at Bloomfield, which was not taken by the enemy as reported, and a few are at Memphis.

The mail-boat 'Keokuk', while coming down the river three or four days ago, ran on to a snag and sunk at Council Bend. Some 70 lives are reported lost. Of course, the mail was lost and perhaps some of mine was on board.

In my last letter I stated that Lieutenant Jones was going home to recruit men for this regiment. He was expecting to go that very day and I hurriedly wrote a letter to send by him. He did not and will not go. In fact, I came just as near going as he did. The next day after I wrote that letter, Lt. Colonel La Grange ( Formerly Major ) who is in command of the regiment now, sent for me as he wished to see me for a few minutes. I knew not what for. After taking a short time about where I lived he said: "If I can, I mean to send six men back to Wisconsin recruiting, and have thought some of sending you, but," and he looked keenly into my face, "Your health is not good, is it?"

I replied "I have been sick but I am better now."

"Do you think you could do duty there?" he asked.

"I could if I am as well as at present," I replied.

Then looking, I thought, rather mischievously at me, he significantly asked, "Do you do duty here?"

"Yes Sir."

"Then you report yourself for duty now, do you?"

"Yes sir."

"Well" he said emphatically, "If, looking as you do now, you report yourself for duty here, I think you would do duty if I sent you up there. I will send you if I can."

The papers were made out and for several successive days, they were sent to town to receive the only thing lacking, General Curtis' signature. Each time something prevented the messenger from seeing the General. At length Lieutenant Colonel La Grange went himself and attained an interview with General Curtis. La Grange was informed he should send no man out recruiting, that the Governor of Wisconsin ( Salomon ) would send men here to fill the regiment. So you see, dear Frankie, the hope which was so suddenly raised, of spending six or eight weeks home, seeing you and Willie and all the rest of the folks, and not only recruiting men, but what is of more consequence to me, recruiting my health, was suddenly blasted. But I have got so that hopes raised or disappointments suffered have scarcely any effect on me. A soldier becomes, from the nature of his employment, almost perfectly stolid, destitute of fear or any other emotion.

Remember the fight at the L'Anquille Ferry. When the bullets were flying in a perfect shower around me, cutting the leaves and tearing the bark from the trees and comrades falling near me; when I saw their terribly disparting looks and heard the agonizing groans of mortally wounded men, I scarcely felt a pang of feelings. In fact I hardly noticed it.

I had a duty to perform, to load, as quickly as possible, take good aim and bring down a rebel if I could. When four of us were lying hidden in the weeds and the enemy was hunting for us with the evident intention of shooting us, when they were within two rods of us and talking about us and there was some danger of our being discovered, my pulse was not quickened as much as it was playing 'hide and coop' as a child. I do not write to boast of my own fearlessness. It was apparently the same with all the rest. We actually, while we waited, laughed and joked in a low whisper about our situation and prospects.

In the fight our orderly sergeant was shot through the thigh. He fell as quickly as if the ball had pierced his heart. He quickly rose up and Bill Bowers, who was standing close by his side, asked him if he was shot, to which he replied with a genuine laugh to his face, "Yes. I've got it there" putting his hand on the spot.

After the fight, when Kearn was lying wounded on the ground and unable to stir, the rebel commander Parsons, coming near him said: "You men did well. You fought desperately."

Kearn replied, raising his head with a great effort: "This is nothing. There was nobody here but a few sick men. If we'd been well we'd given you hell." This story was told by another wounded man who was lying near.

We have gotten word of Lieutenant ( Charles L. ) Porter. He is in St. Louis now. He was taken prisoner at Jonesboro with seven of his men and released on parole. He says he knows of six of our company who were killed in the fight at Jonesboro. Several more are missing. Porter says they killed seventeen of the rebels before they surrendered, which they would not have done, but they were in the courthouse, had used up all their ammunition and were surrounded by 280 rebels.

The health of our regiment is very bad. There is no use in disguising the fact. I do not think this is an unhealthy place, for in the other regiments there is not much sickness, but with us the effect of exposure and hardships we have endured all summer that is beginning to tell now. ( Check 28th WI. Inf. for their high illness and death records. ed. )

We have had no tents since we left Cape Girardeau, have waded and lain in swamps, slept many a night on wet ground with rain pouring down in torrents and lastly, traversed the whole length of the St. Francis valley, which had been, but a few weeks before, overflowed with water. At Wittsburg, where we were camped in the wood some time, the marks on the trees showed the very spot where we camped, the water had been 20 to 30 feet deep. Although the ground was then dry, there was a disagreeable odor, which with the excessive heat, was very unhealthy.

Of the 440 in our regiment here, 120 reported fit for duty and even those looked poor, pale and sickly. They would not be able to endure much hardship. The disease is almost always ague and fever. There are not a great many deaths. Jasper McCune of Fort Atkinson died a few days ago of dysentery.

I call myself well now. Alex McGowen has but a few hard shakes of the ague but thinks it has broken up now. Bill Bowers is at Memphis and was well the last I heard from him. Kearn and the rest of our wounded are doing well. George Curtis and Frank Hart call themselves well, but they are by no means the strong robust men they once were. Lieutenant Merrill has not yet arrived here.

As for news, the number and movements of the troops here or elsewhere, you know more than I do, for you have the papers to read and I do not very often. My sheet is full so good bye for now.

Your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Camp of the 1st Wis. Cav. Helena, Ark. Monday Sept. 15th 1862

Dear Frankie,

I write at this time to let you know that I am well, and because I know you would like to hear from me often and not because I have anything of consequence to communicate. I have received no letters from you since I last wrote. The mail comes here very irregularly.

The four regiments of cavalry which I mentioned as having gone out into the country last week, returned after three days. They found no enemy in force this side of the White River. Only some small guerrilla bands were heard of. There we chased beyond the White River, our troops getting so close upon them that a few were shot across the river. Our cavalry did not cross ( the river ) but returned.

Yesterday 25 more recruits came in. They are at present, assigned to Co. I for the purpose of drilling, etc. I have more work to do now, having to assist in drilling the recruits. I feel well now and this extra work does not displease me.

Our recruits look and act very differently from the old soldiers of the regiment. Instead of lank and emaciated frames, with long sallow faces, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, moving about in a solemn manner, like so many evil spirits, with slow and very measured tread, with scarcely a smile in their wretched faces, uttering scarcely a word except to growl, grumble snarl or to swear and heap vile curses on the heads of officers, whom they say have been the means of our being in our situation, we see robust, healthy men, full of life and animation, moving about with laughter, jokes and songs, in a sprightly, active manner as if they wanted to do something.

I hope they continue to have good health, and I hope the rest of the regiment, as the weather gets cooler, will be again well and ranked among the "best men ever sent from Wisconsin".

The talk is here now, that this regiment will be all got together soon. One day the rumor is that we are going to Cape Girardeau immediately. The next day the talk will be, those who are at Bloomfield and the Cape are ready to come down here. I hope we shall yet get together somewhere, I do not much care where, soon. Then I shall expect to get the things you sent me, your and Willie's pictures and see Lieutenant Merrill and have my long delayed letters back.

Dear Frankie, I cannot think of anything more to write except to say, Be of good courage, never mind if the crops have failed, for I do not care. I think that I shall be able to send you money enough so that you can manage to live after a fashion. Do not mourn over the loss of Zach, for I do not, although he was a true, faithful, affectionate and noble animal. It is but the fortunes of war, and you and I have been more fortunate than many thousands have, for Willie and Frankie still have their Perry.

Camp of the 1st Wis. Cav. Helena, Ark. Friday Sept. 19th 1862

Dear Wife,

Yesterday I received five letters from home, one from David, one from Lucinda and three from you, one of August 31st and July 2nd letters with stamps and the long wished for pictures, enclosed. Oh, I had a delightful feast in reading those letters. Yours were good, long, interesting ones, just as I like to read and such as no one but you can write. But the pictures were what did me the most good. I cannot begin to describe to you the pleasure they afforded me. I looked and looked and gazed at them. I then did them up carefully and put them away to be taken out in a few minutes and the same performance gone through again. I looked at them so much that I really believe the images are permanently fixed on the retina of my eyes, for when I close them in sleep, they are still seen, only the pictures are transformed living, moving originals. Frankie, I do not like to flatter you, but I must say that I believe you look better than ever before. At any rate, there is no such woman down here.

And Willie, what shall I say of him? There he stands, the perfect picture of health and beauty, with his head a little to one side, looking as bold and independent as a brigadier general. Every feature seems to say "I guess I'll do just as I have a mind to." Oh, how I wish I could get hold of that little rascal. Wouldn't I shake him though, for putting on such a look at his dad. He must know I am way off down here and cannot get at him to make him mind. I reckon I could give him as right smart a walloping as you ever seen or heard tell of.

Frank, how did you ever get that smile on your face transferred to the picture? It seems so natural that I think you're going to speak and say something funny, or else break out laughing. It is the best picture I have

ever seen of you and when looking at it I want to get hold of the original, just as much as I want to shake Willie for his important looks. But it is no good to wish for what cannot be for a long time yet.

The war is not yet ended and no prospect of it's coming to an end very soon. My place is not at home, taking comfort, until the secesh are all whipped out and the authority of our government firmly established once again. Then, and only then, if my life and health are spared do I expect to enjoy the pleasure of home and the society of near and dear friends, with perfect contentment. Doubly will I realize their value in consequence of having been so long deprived of these inestimable blessings.

As usual, I have no news to write of consequence. Our regiment has not been gotten together, though efforts are being made constantly, by our officers, to have it done.

We have had a rain storm for two days duration this week. It has cleared off now and the weather is cooler. Last night was quite cool and some thought, it neared getting a frost.

One of our regiment died last night. That makes twelve deaths since we came to Helena. Many of the sick are getting better slowly, but some who have been the worst off, seem to be past recovery and are getting worse and dying. They are generally the men who were the strongest and had the most robust constitutions. My health is good. To be sure, I am thin as is almost everybody who lives in this climate. I feel well and in good spirits.

David wrote that he wants to carry on our farm next year. I should be very glad to have him do so, for I know he would attend to things as well as any one could. You must have a boy or man live with you to get wood and do chores.

The rumor is again that Bloomfield is taken. This time I think, it must be true. I left my overcoat, one pair of drawers, shirts, satchel socks and some small trinkets, among which was the reticule ( sic ) Mother Bowen gave me there. Some of the goods and clothing were taken to Cape Girardeau. Perhaps mine are there. I can get plenty more clothing but I am told I shall have to pay for it, that is, it will be deducted from my wages. I am well enough clothed now. I have drawn some clothes since I came here to Helena. When I first came here, sick, Leander ( K. ) Allings ( CO. A 1st WI. Cav. ) tore into two, his double blanket, and gave me half of it. Another man gave me a rubber blanket. My horse I do not expect to get paid for and will 'let it ride'. All this loss is suffered for my county's cause, and that, alone, is for me, full compensation.

Well Frankie, this is a large sheet and I have it nearly full. I am getting tired of writing, so you will get no more at present from,

Your husband

C. P. Goodrich

Camp Strong, Cape Girardeau

Saturday

Sept. 27th 1862

Dear Wife,

At last, we are back at the Cape. We left Helena last Sunday at nine o'clock in the evening, and arrived back here Wednesday night at dark. We had quite a pleasant ride and no serious accident happened. Sunday night we ran aground, but got off in an hour or so. Monday night we ran against a snag, but it fortunately struck above the water line so we were on our way again in a few minutes.

Only the 1st and 2nd Battalions came up together. The other boat is expected every day.

I have been very busy, now, drilling troops, fixing up our new and pleasant camp, etc., so I can hardly get the time to write. The day before we left Helena, two of the recruits of our company and a sergeant from

Co. A were shot by some sneaking rebels while on picket. One of the recruits died soon after. The others, though badly wounded, were alive when we left.

Bloomfield is now in the hands of the rebels. All of our clothing, arms etc., have fallen into their hands. They had two or three pretty strong fights there in which several on both sides were killed. The attacks were repelled each time but our troops afterwards evacuated the place.

I wish our regiment were well organized again and we all had arms and horses. I should like then to go and clean out the villains. I have drawn more clothing but do not know whether I shall have to pay for it or not. Yesterday I got a pass and got away from duty in the company. I went to town and found Lieutenant Merrill and had a good long visit with him. He is boarding at a private house, his health being so poor that he is unfit for duty. His wounds are healed but he still walks lame. Every day he has a low fever. He is just able to walk around town a little, but looks miserable.

My health is good, feel lively and first rate. I fly around the boys 'like a hen with her head cut off'. I have sort of a restlessness, uneasiness or anxiety to be doing something, I hardly know what to call it, that will hardly allow me to stop long enough to eat or sleep.

The work we did last summer in southeastern Missouri, wants doing all over again. It seems to me as if I could not content myself to wait till the proper time should come to pitch into the rebels once more.

Lieutenant Merrill says the strawberries worked (spoiled) and burst the can. He had to leave them. I am very sorry for I would have liked to eat them because they came from home. The currants and tea came all right. They will make an otherwise dry meal, relish well. When I have time and feel so that I can keep still long enough to write you longer and better letters, but for the present, good bye, Perry

Greenville, Mo.

October 8th 1862

Dear Wife,

I have waited longer than usual without writing because for several days there has been no chance to write letters to any post office. In fact, I do not know if this one will get on the road to you for a long time.

A day or two after I last wrote, the rest of our regiment arrived at the Cape. On October 1st, we were drawing horses, arms equipment and clothing, for the recruits and for the men in the regiment who had lost those things.

In the afternoon, while this was going on, an order from General Curtis was received at St. Louis to move immediately to this place. Our commander telegraphed back asking for a few days delay, but received a reply "not one moment." Then, I assure you, there was a busy time. We are going to the country swarming with guerrillas, made bold by their recent success at Bloomfield and men must have arms and ammunition. We were to take our camp equipment, tents, except a few for the sick, and everything as if were going to stay.

After an immense hustle, swearing, cursing, horses running away, about midnight we got started. That is, about half of did, the rest being sick or called so on account of the peculiar occasion. We started off in a miserable condition. The new horses were mostly barefoot, some having never before been ridden and now had to have saddles with heavy packs of clothing, etc., strapped to them on their backs. Some of the men were not used to riding horses and some had arms, revolvers, placed in their hands.

We started at midnight on the 1st and though the distance is but seventy miles and we marched a great share of the time, both night and day, we did not arrive here till the afternoon of the 4th. We had a train of 20 six mule wagons, which had never before been harnessed. They caused our slow progress.

A very noticeable feature of this march was the caution with which we proceeded as compared to our former marches. Instead of being scattered all along the road we were kept 'closed up'. If a mule team flared up, kicked over the traces or got balked the whole column was halted till the difficulty was overcome and we all went on together. At night if we camped a little while, the utmost caution against surprise was taken. A place as open as possible was taken. The wagons were placed around in a circle and men and horses were inside the ring thus formed. But half of the horses were allowed to be unsaddled at a time, and every fourth man kept up. He held the horses for an hour or so, then relieved by another and so on. A strong picket force was placed on every road or path by which the enemy could get to our camp.

It was known that Jeffries was hovering about with a guerrilla force of 300 to 400, and our commanding officer, Captain ( Algernon S. ) Seaton ( of St. Paul, MN. and Captain of CO. K. ), had no notion of being caught napping with our new, undisciplined and untrained horses.

*One afternoon we stopped for a short time near to feed. We had just made our horses fast and were going into the field, when a graceless blockhead began firing off his revolver at some geese. Everyone thought we were attacked and you ought to have seen the clarity with which we rushed to our horses. We were beginning to form when the truth was made known, and we went about feeding again. The curses which were heaped upon the offender who discharged his piece were not few, but being a pet, and adjutant's clerk, he escaped without punishment except a slight reprimand.*

The road over which we passed is gravelly and stony and our barefoot horses were in a terrible footsore condition when we arrived here. 12 companies of cavalry and some infantry are here besides us. When we get ready, which I hope will be soon, I suppose we shall pitch into the rebels about Bloomfield.

Greenville is a small town on the St. Francis River, about 45 miles north of west from Bloomfield. I believe it is the county seat of Wayne County.

We have been having some rain lately. It is showering today. One day on our march, it poured down in torrents nearly all day.

I have received no letters from you since we left Helena, but for the past week, I have not looked for any. I think you had better direct your letters now to Greenville, for the mail does not come in by way of the Cape, but by Pilot Knob. I get no newspapers here and know nothing of the doings of the great armies in the East. All I can do is hope that the federals are 'cleaning out' the rebels so that the war will soon end and Frankie and Willie will again have with them at home their

Perry, the redhead.



Addressed to:  
Mr. Perry Goodrich  
Sgt. Major, 1st Wis. Cav.  
2nd Brigade 1st Cavalry Division  
Army of the Cumberland

Oakland

October 21st 1862

My dear husband,

I received a letter from you Saturday the 18th dated Oct. 8th just after your arrival in Greenville, and was the first I have had in two weeks. I had heard before you wrote, that all the men who were able had left the Cape and gone to Greenville. I felt pretty sure when I heard this, that you were among the number that had gone, because you had called yourself well for sometime past when you wrote.

I was sorry to hear this news, very sorry indeed! I know from all accounts, that very few, if any of the men in the regiment were fit for duty and ought not to be called out again until winter, at least. I have heard from a person who has talked with Mrs. Harvey, the late governor's wife, that the condition of the men in the First Wisconsin Cavalry is deplorable in the extreme! She says the hospitals are very much crowded and poorly ventilated and the surgeons are indifferent. She went to camp one day and saw lying around on the grass in the shade of trees over one hundred sick soldiers waiting for the surgeon to give them some medicine. When she asked the surgeon about the sick ones, he replied, "They are not very sick, only chronic dysentery."

Mrs. Harvey is agent for the Southwestern Sanitary Department and I presume she does her duty. She is now in Washington, and I heard, doing what she can to get the Colonel removed from office, and to lay the case of the First Wisconsin Cavalry before the President. I sincerely hope she is successful in getting Daniels removed and having something done for the comfort of your regiment.

I have heard several different times that you are so poor, so emaciated that your friends could never know you. I do not worry about such stories as long as you write me that you are well and feeling well. So you see how much confidence I place on what you tell me. Whenever I get a letter from you and read to begin with "I have no news to write except to say I am well." I feel perfectly satisfied for the time being.

Dear Perry, I sincerely thank God that your health is so much better, that you call it good, while so many other poor boys are languishing on beds of sickness and pain without any prospect of ever recovering! I think the season for diseases caused by hot weather and nuisance of the swamps and rivers must be nearly past, is it not? If so, I shall have less to fear on that score, although there are many other things threatening you on all hands and every hour.

Oh, my husband, if I could only have you at home once more, safe and well, with no danger of your returning to your regiment, I think I should be the happiest wife that ever hugged the breath nearly out of "A brave soldier husband!" Oh Perry, how I do dread to have you go into any more fights! I do not wonder that you feel anxious to begin the work that must be done all over again, inasmuch as it must be done, but the very thought of it drives me crazy.

My love for you is unbounded. For thousands of years, from the time of the Greeks up to now, the essence of human pursuit is the reflection of the love that two people have toward each other. Take heart, my dear husband that your loving wife awaits your safe and quick return.

Frankie

Patterson, Mo.

Tuesday

November 4th 1862

Dear Wife,

On the 19th of October, our regiment moved, with the exception of Companies A and K, to this place about ten miles northwest of Greenville. The next day we were ordered out on a scout from which we did not return till yesterday, having been gone 14 days.

On my return I found your letter of Oct. 2nd and today I received a first rate good long letter dated Oct. 21st ( see above ) but not mailed until the 30th. Oh Frank, these are the kinds of letters that do me good. It seems like seeing you, hearing you talk. They seem so natural.

Alex McGowan is sick at the Cape. Bill Bowers is also there, in poor health. His wife was there with him a few days ago. I presume you got the letter in which I told you of getting the things sent by Lt. Merrill. I should be very glad to get this last lot now, though the clothing, drawers and socks I do not stand in particular need of, as Uncle Sam furnished us with abundant clothing of the best and warmest quality at a cheap rate and of every description necessary except for gloves or mittens for our hands. We have never, as yet, received any. During that last trip, the weather was some of the time pretty cold and our hands suffered considerable for the want of gloves.

The weather is much warmer here in the fall that it is in Wisconsin. On the 25th, when we were some 60 to 70 miles southwest of here, there was a cold rainstorm, which ended with sleet and snow which fell to a depth of 4 inches. After the storm, the sun shone out clear, but the weather was so cold that it was two days before the snow all disappeared. Of course, we had no tents with us, and nights when we were not marching had to be spent on the ground. I stood it first rate and never gained flesh faster in my life.

We started with sugar and coffee enough to last us for the whole time, but with only four days rations of hard bread. When that was gone, we had to get meal off the poor, miserable scattering of inhabitants, and make corn cake. Now, this corn cake was not much like the johnny cake you make. The meal was unsifted. We just mixed meal and cold water together and baked it as pancakes, or took a lump of dough and buried it in the hot ashes until it was cooked. It went first rate. We had no butter, of course. The beef and mutton, which we killed, we roasted on sticks over the fire or cooked in any other way convenient. We lived well.

Nov. 7th        When I had written the above, it being election day, I was called away to help make arrangements for our company to vote in accordance with an act of the Wisconsin legislature. But, after all, our company did not vote for it was all a one sided operation. We could not ascertain, till near sundown, what the republican nominations were, and then we learned only part of them. Not so with the democrats. They had an agent here early in the morning with plenty of printed democratic tickets for every county in the state. You must not be surprised if the majority of votes cast in this regiment are democratic, although I know there are a large majority of republicans. With Company I, who are here, every one who is entitled to vote is a republican.

That night, about 8 o'clock, a messenger came in saying that the 12th Missouri Cavalry, which had left the day before from Cape Girardeau, had run upon the enemy under Colonel Jeffries, 1500 strong. When the 12th Missouri asked for reinforcements, we saddled up and were on our way, 300 cavalry, 2 pieces of artillery and some infantry, riding in some wagons. We marched to Dallas, some forty miles, came up with the 12th Missouri, but found no enemy. We returned, and got back at nine last night.

I would like to write a long account of our 14 day scout, but I am interrupted and broken off so often that I cannot make much headway. Also it has been so long since I have written to you that I am anxious to get this letter off to you as quickly as possible. Besides, this is very inconvenient, writing here, as the weather is cold and raw. It compels us to have a fire in the center of our tent, on the ground, making it smoke horribly. The most compelling reason is I have been in the saddle every day for the past 18 days and doing a great deal of night marching, so that I feel very much like lying down to sleep and rest every minute I can. That is

why I am not writing a long account of our scout. If I were where I could talk to you, I would doubtless spin some long yarns, but as it is I must content myself with telling you some of the places where we went and perhaps some little incidents.

It was ascertained that bands of rebels were collecting together at different points to the south and west of here. We started out with a force of 500 cavalry of the 1st Wisconsin, the 12th Missouri and the 13th Illinois, 2 pieces of artillery and one company of infantry riding in mule wagons, the whole under the command of Lt. Col. LaZur of the 12th Missouri. We went to Van Buren, Barnsville, Thomasville, Alton and Pocahontas in Arkansas, Pittsman's Ferry on the Current River, then around, back by way of Dorephan.

We forded many streams, there being no bridges. We forded the Current River, a rapid stream of clear water some 30 to 40 rods wide, eight times, sometimes when it was nearly up the horses back. The rebels everywhere fled at our approach. At one time it seemed certain we would have a battle, but our commander, in the excess of caution, deemed our force insufficient, and sent for reinforcements. Two more pieces of artillery and 11 companies of infantry were sent out, but while bungling around, the game had fled. At Pocahontas, where the Sentinel you sent me says there were 70,000 rebels, we found they had left 48 hours before.

I must give you one instance of how our commander, who was so cautious and fearful of being drawn into a trap, let the enemy slip away. There was a camp of rebels under Colonel Boone, near the Current River variously estimated at from 300 to 1,000 men. Their exact location was known. It was a deep gorge between two high rocky hills.

On the morning of the 21st we were 20 miles to the eastward of them. At one o'clock in the morning, we started on a rapid march, I supposed we would rush right through and take them by surprise at daylight. We marched 10 miles to Barnsville and stopped and built a huge bon fire of pitch pine rails to warm our silver by. The light of the fire shown up on the sky so that it must have been seen for many miles around. About daylight, some rebel scouts came upon our pickets, killed one, captured one and wounded another.

At sunrise, we started, the 1st Wisconsin under the command of Captain Seaton, taking a different route from the others. We were to come up on the east side of the rebel camp. The Missourians were to come around on the west side and the artillery on the north. Captain Seaton was ordered to time it so as to be there, all in battle array, at one o'clock.

Well, we moved on. When we had gone five miles, we came upon a single rebel picket. He was mounted on a fleet horse and escaped with lightning speed toward his camp. When we came to the Current River, we had a mile to go. Captain Seaton saw that he was ahead of time so he halted there an hour or two. Then we began crossing. When one third were over, I was just thinking that if there were any enemy who wished to fight us this was their time, when suddenly, from the high bluff nearby, the still air was startled by three ominous musket shots.

Everyone supposed for the instant, that we were attacked. It is not surprising there were some pale and anxious faces. But we saw nobody and heard no more shots. We formed a line of battle and moved cautiously forward through the woods till near the brow of the hill overlooking the rebel camp. We were not more than 50 rods from it. We were just far enough back to be out of sight. Here we stayed in silence waiting for the artillery or somebody else to begin.

An hour passed. At length a messenger came and said that the artillery and the 12th Missouri could not get there until three o'clock. Still in dead silence, we waited, till one of our boys, who is always reckless, getting impatient, slyly slipped off and rode into the secesh camp. He found it deserted, the fires still burning but not a man to be seen. We had played into their hands nicely and they had gone.

The thing worked in this way, I later learned. Our great fires at Barnsville were seen at a great distance and attracted the rebel scouts. They hurried back to their camp and reported that our force was coming. They

sent a picket out five miles on the road to watch our coming. When he flew back to camp they all got ready, everything was packed to move, and sent three men back to the bluff above the ford, to see if we crossed. When we began crossing, the three shots were fired as a signal and the secesh quietly marched out of their camp on the south side, thereby avoiding all our men.

This is but one instance where the extreme caution of our commander lost us a good hand. One thing is certain. Anyone who follows under Colonel LaZur's leadership will not be in much danger of getting hurt.

Troops have been collecting at Patterson lately very fast. As near as I can ascertain, here are now about 12,000, all infantry, except the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry and one battalion of the 13th Illinois Cavalry. What they are here for, of course, I do not know, but I rather suspect that an expedition into Arkansas is contemplated.

I am afraid I shall never see the things which you, Mother and Lucinda sent me. I am very sorry, for they are things I would be very glad to have. That which comes from home seems a great deal better than from any place else. And besides I know what a disappointment to you all who are anxious to do something for my comfort to have me fail in getting them. As it is, it is very discouraging for you to send anything because of the uncertainty of my getting them.

Dear Frankie, I hope you have not worried because it has been so long since I have written. I have done as well as I could, and in the future, if weeks or even months pass by without you hearing from me do not be alarmed, but calculate that I am on some expedition or in some part of the country from which letters cannot be sent.

I think I have done enough of this almost illegible scribbling for the present. Bad as it is, I know of one who can decipher it for it is from her husband, C. P. Goodrich

PS About the plow: I have a faint recollection of having some talk about selling it to Curtis for \$5.00. I have no doubt he is right about it. Direct now to Patterson. CPG

Patterson, Mo.                      Sunday                      November 23rd 1862

Dear Wife,

I have received no letters from you lately. The last one was written the last of October. Last Tuesday, the day after I wrote you my last letter, the 2nd Battalion of the 13th Illinois Cavalry came in here from Pilot Knob. Soon after they came, in fact before I knew of their coming, I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of Ned Church at our tent. He is in good health and looking fine.

It was a rainy day and as we had no drill, we had a good long visit, talking over old times; about writing "A Ode" and "Bub Royce's Morning", catching bullheads, political discussions, the Oakland Lyceum, etc. Near night, before interest in our visit abated, in came the orderly saying, "Sergeant Goodrich. You are to take 12 men and go on patrol to Greenville. Saddle up immediately!"

The rain was pouring down with the prospect of a 'beautiful night', but we were soon ready. I went to headquarters and got my instructions and off we started. We had not gone far when darkness set in, the most intense, impenetrable darkness I ever knew.

The road is, most of the way, through the woods, and rather blind. Horsemen who were riding abreast could see nothing at all of each other for the darkness. We had the St. Francis to ford at a point where the opposite bank was high and perpendicular, except in one place, where a narrow road had been cut into the bank. This road was very difficult just at that time, as well as highly important to strike.

Notwithstanding the difficulties we, contrary to my expectations, arrived safely at Greenville with no serious accident and only a slight mishap occurring to yours truly. My horse, as unable to see as I was, walked off a steep bank and rolled unto me, as we came down together, bending my saber into an 'ampersand', but doing me no lasting hurt. I was well of it in an hour.

We found the light of no enemy campfires in or about Greenville, and took possession of the courthouse, which afforded us shelter from the storm. The rain poured down all night and, fearing a rise in the St. Francis, we started on our return at daylight. The river had just commenced rising, but we forded without difficulty. An hour after, a horse, in crossing, had to swim.

The weather has now cleared off but it is very muddy. It is not cold enough to freeze much nights.

Yesterday, we received orders to be ready to march at 11 o'clock. No one could tell where we were bound. It might be 10 miles. It might be 500. It might be north or south, or east or west. No one knew. We were ready in time, had everything packed up and started north. We reached one and a half miles, turned into an open field, and had a review there. Then we went into the woods adjoining the field and camped and here we are and here we shall stay until we move again. This is just an instance showing just how little a soldier knows what is being done with him. The 13th Illinois Cavalry belongs to the same brigade as us.

The socks you sent me are very nice, worth four times as much as those the government furnishes us. I finished running the heel of the one you left at the first opportunity. The dried fruit, butter and tea go first rate. Alex ( McGowen ) and I put our things, 'eatables' in together as common stock. We took in Bill Bowers as a partner and we all eat together of it. We do not try to save it and make it last a good while so much as we would if it were not such a bother when we march.

Private property is not allowed to be carried on the wagons unless it is smuggled on. A man is not allowed to load his horse with anything unnecessary. Clothing and hard bread are all that is considered necessary. How thoughtful you were to send me so many useful articles. The laudanum and ginger I was particularly glad to get, though I am happy to say I have had no occasion to use them since they came. My health is and has been for some time, past first rate. I have no news to write and will close.

Dear Frankie, I feel like exclaiming with you "When will this wicked war end?" and we be a united and happy family once more. The prospect looks gloomy and I cannot bear to look at it. I must live with the present and not dwell on the future. Time will at last wear away the term of my enlistment if it does not end the war. Once more, good bye, from your Perry.

Patterson, Mo.

December 19th 1862

Dear Wife,

It has been nearly two weeks since I wrote you last, but this is the first opportunity I have had. On the 11th, all that were here, except a few sick, of this cavalry brigade, consisting of the 1st Wisconsin, the 4th and 5th Missouri and one battery of artillery started about noon on a westward march. We had a train of ten days' provisions, cooking utensils, etc., and just tents enough to shelter the men by crowding close. Colonel Waring, acting brigadier of this brigade and General ( John Wynn ) Davidson, commander of this division ( Southeast Missouri ) were both with us. The number of men did not much exceed 1,000. Perhaps you think 1,000 cavalry is not much of an army, but they make quite a show, if nothing more. When marching in a column of twos, the way we usually do, and well closed up, they extend about one and a half miles. The train of some fifty wagons will extend it a half mile more. When the road is good, it will take three quarters of an hour for the whole to pass a given point. Persons who are not used to seeing cavalry and are not very

keen of observation, form extravagant ideas of the numbers, usually estimating them from three to five and some times ten times as many as they really are.

Where we are bound is a profound secret, though the impression was with many, that we were going to Arkansas, Pocahontas or that vicinity.

We set out moderately, starting in the morning about eight o'clock, marching till three or four and halting so that we had time to pitch tents, get supper, etc., before dark.

23rd. Having been interrupted, I use the first opportunity to finish my letter. What victories we should have won! What wonders we should have accomplished had not the elements conspired against General Davidson. We poor mortals must ever remain ignorant.

The second day of our march, we crossed Black River at Camp Benton, where a brigade of infantry is stationed on a bridge, lately built by soldiers.

On the third day it commenced raining and continued almost constantly, for three days and nights, making it impossible for the train to move. They worked hard all one day and with the utmost exertions, moved but one and a half miles. We who were mounted had gone on some miles ahead and we had to stay over night without tents or anything to eat. The rain poured down in torrents and our thick woolen clothes were perfectly saturated with water, making their weight almost insupportable. I really believe my overcoat alone, a large thick one, contained more than four gallons of water. So, in these cold wet cloths, and blankets as bad, we had to lie for several nights.

A great many of the men had to help get the wagons and teams out of mud like quicksand. They worked night and day, nights by torch light. When it was so bad the teams could not go, 30 or 40 men would drag out the wagons with a long rope. Many of the men who have been knocking around the world considerable say that, through this cold rain storm, they had the hardest times they had ever seen.

We had advanced only as far as the Current River and when the storm was over, the ten day's rations was more than half gone, and the roads in a horrible condition. The expedition had to be abandoned for a time.

Twenty-five men, one from each company in the brigade, myself among them, were detailed to return to Patterson and move the remainder of the camp there, to Lesterville, the destination of our main body. We got along very well until we came to the Black River. Here we found the bridge had been swept away, the ferry boat bottom up on dry land a quarter mile from the river. We wandered down, then up the river, in search of a crossing place, through some of the most rocky, wild and broken country I ever saw. On the third day, the river having fallen, we succeeded in fording it, and rode through to Patterson.

It was there I commenced this letter, but just as I was fairly into it I was sent out on picket. The next day we came up to the camp of the brigade, two miles east of Lesterville and eighteen miles southwest of Pilot Knob.

I found Leander ( K. ) Alling at Patterson. He gave me the gloves, etc., which you sent. They were just the things I wanted, Frankie, and a thousand thanks for your thoughtfulness and kindness. Leander, with a few more of our regiment is still at Patterson to take care of some stuff which we had not transportation to bring. They will probably be here ( near Lesterville ) in a few days.

The boys are generally well, although they have been much exposed to storm. I was wet through to the skin for three or four days but took no cold and am first rate now. Kearn I left at the hospital at Patterson, sick with fever. His recovery is doubtful.

I forgot to say I have no rubber blanket to protect me from the wet. I lost mine at Langville and have not been able to get another. Not more than half the regiment have them now.

I did not have time to talk with Leander Alling but a few minutes.

I have had no letters from you since the one mailed Nov. 20th. I cannot think what it means.

Since the heavy rain, the weather has been warm and pleasant, with but very little frost. It is a little lower (sic) today. The most winter-like weather we have had yet was in October. We may start again on the contemplated expedition south. If not, you will likely hear often from your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Barnsville, Mo.

Dec. 30th 1862

Dear Wife,

Day before yesterday, I received two letters from home, one from you and one from David, which I was very glad to get, for it has been some time since I heard from home. I am very thankful to David for writing and still more thankful for the nice pair of gloves he sent me. They are just the thing I wanted. Your letter is a good, long one and very interesting to me. Though you seem to think it a poor one, it seem to me, if possible, better than usual. It is so natural and just how you talk. Such are the kinds of letters I like.

It is now the season of the 'Holidays' and I find myself wondering how you and all the rest of the folks at home spent Christmas. In the absence of news or anything interesting to write, I will endeavor to give you some idea how I spent it, which was, incidentally, not entirely destitute of pleasure.

Eleven of us were on picket at our late camp near Lesterville. We were on one of the roads leading to the camp, about a mile out. Three men were to be on guard at a time, two mounted and stationed out about 30 rods from the 'post' and one at the 'post'. These were relieved every two hours. The rest were to be in readiness, with horses saddled, etc. to mount at a moments notice in case of attack or alarm. At night we were to have no fire, no sleep and for the sergeants, but little rest.

Four of us Oakland boys, Bill Bowers, Alex McGowen, Eli Horton and myself, managed to get on the same post. We went out prepared to have a little something extra for Christmas dinner. Alex and Horton brought two cans of oysters. We got some potatoes, a rarity, took some flour and got a woman to bake us some biscuits so that, notwithstanding, we were soldiers in the enemy's country, outdoors, on picket duty, having almost a glorious Christmas. If the night had passed as pleasantly as the day, I think I could venture to say, it was quite so.

Through the day, it was quite warm, so that one hardly needed a coat on. Cloudy it was, and at times a little misty, but not enough to do any hurt. As darkness closed in, that we might have the bitter with the sweet, the rain commenced falling. For the great part of the night it poured down in torrents, accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning, followed by loud peals of thunder. At times the wind blew a perfect gale, tearing and breaking down the forest trees and scattering the shattered trunks and limbs around us at a fearful rate.

But there was no use dodging. Darkness reigned. We must stand and take it and trust to fortune. But hark! Somebody is coming from without. We hear the tramp of horses feet. It is cavalry. We hold our breath and listen.

The sentinel calls out, "Who goes there?"

The reply comes "Vrents mit to countersign."

The sentinel says "Halt! Dismount one, advance and give the countersign."

We hear him alight into the mud and water, then splash and paddle along . As he nears the sentinel we hear a sharp, and to us, familiar click. Then, with the muzzle of a cocked revolver at his breast, he whispers to the sentinel, "Sout mountain" and we hear in a full voice reply "Advance!"

In a minute, a dozen Dutchmen of the 4th Missouri, who have been on patrol, passed in towards camp. And so the dark hours of the dark night passed, warmed with an occasional visitor, 'grand round' for instance, a heavier clap of thunder or a harsher dash of rain. Near morning the clouds broke away, the sun shown out and again the weather was pleasant. No one who has not witnessed a winter rain in the southwest can judge the furry of these storms.

What I have related is a fair sample of picketing here, if we except the Christmas dinner. We were not relieved till noon when we were ordered into camp to march. We then started for this place ( Barnsville ) and arrived the next day. I was on picket again yesterday and last night.

The day before yesterday a train of ten wagons and a small escort were captured near Van Buren, some 20 miles from here, by secesh. It is said that two companies of our regiment had a fight with the same secesh yesterday, but they found them to strong, and our men retreated. This may not be true, but is certain that although a large force of our troops are at Van Buren, bands of guerrillas swarm in the neighborhood.

A few minutes ago a soldier was shot through the head by another one, cleaning a revolver. It happened four or five rods form the tent where I am writing. The man is dying.

My health is good. I can stand to be awake nights and exposed to storms as well as any man. I have not taken cold since last winter, but once or twice, and that was when I slept in a house. I feel somewhat dull today for the want of sleep and am not in a good mood for writing.

Bill Bowers says he anticipates great pleasure after the war is over in coming with his wife, to my house, visiting. He sends his compliments to you and says hopes sometime again, to have a partner in dance. Bill is full of music, feels first rate, makes lots of fun and is the nosiest fellow I ever saw. He is greatly missed when duty calls him away.

Frank, you must write as often as possible. I hope David will write again soon. My sheet is full and I must close. Good bye from your husband,  
C. P. Goodrich



1863

Barnsville, Mo.

Jan. 7th 1863

Dear Wife,

I have just now a few leisure moments which I will improve by writing you a short letter. Enough to let you know I am alive and well.

Most of the troops from this ( General Davidson's ) division are now at Van Buren on the Current River, about twenty miles southwest of here. Only a part of the regiment are here now and I expect we shall all go to Van Buren soon. One company will stay and occupy some buildings here that have been fortified, so that a small force could successfully resist a much larger one if the attacking force had no artillery. When we were at Patterson, a small fort was built there which is now occupied by two or three companies of infantry, the only troops in the place.

( M. ) Jeff Thompson ( CSA partisan fighter and former mayor of St. Joseph, MO. ) is said to be at Pocahontas, Ark. with a force of 12,000. Some of his troops came up this way, probably to reconnoiter, a few days ago. They had some skirmishing with our boys near Van Buren. A battle was considered imminent, but is now supposed the rebels have fallen back to Arkansas.

Milo Jones of Fort Atkinson is here on a visit. He expects to return home soon.

The man who was accidentally shot through the head and supposed to be dying at the time I last wrote you, is, strange to say, still alive, and more strange, is fast recovering. In a short time he will probably be well. The ball, from a Starr revolver of the size of about forty to the pound passed just forward of the middle of one ear and came out just under the other ear. It was a trifle to low to touch the brain. It was thought, at the time of the accident that he could not live five minutes.

I have lately been engaged riding alone, and to outward appearances, unarmed, in the capacity of a citizen to gain information which could not otherwise be obtained, concerning secesh, roads, inhabitants, etc. Oh, Frank, how you would laugh to see me, jogging slowly along, on an apparently old and worthless white mare and dressed up in true Missouri style. I have twice in this rig, been taken prisoner by some of our own boys whom I met somewhere out in the country. Of course, I was released by making myself known ( privately ) to the officer in command.

My captors once were men with whom I was well acquainted but they did not know me. They thought surely I was a Missourian.

A few nights ago, when on this business, for the first time in nearly a year, I slept in a house with a good feather bed. They need not tell me, a soldier, after sleeping a long time on the ground cannot rest good in feathers. I went to bed at eight and did not wake up until seven in the morning, and then I hated to leave the soft bed. The bedstead was of rude and primitive construction, but the feathers were abundant and were none the less soft for having been picked from secesh geese. I did not have to stand picket or horse guard, but old white under a shed, went to bed and let her flicker. I have had some good meals of victuals while around in this way.

I do not have another moment to write but must close and away. Good-bye.

C. P. Goodrich

P. S. Don't let everybody see or hear this last part. It is meant for you. I could not keep it from you.

Oakland

Jan 11th 1863

Dear Husband,

It is Sunday, and with the exception of Mother, I am all alone. David has taken Willie and gone up to Father's. I am improving this time of quietness by writing to you. We are all well as usual, with the exception of Mother. Her health is miserable, and has been all fall and winter thus far. I am sometimes afraid she will never be well again. Dr. Winslow says she has the liver complaint, and is bad off.

I have everything to do now, and as Mother is sick, I still have more to attend to. You know what a miserable hand I am, to get along with the work alone, so you will not be surprised when I tell you I can hardly find time to write. Oh, how it worries me to be so crowded with every kind of work! But of all things, I feel the worst when the week passes and I get no time to write to you! I think of it so much that I can hardly sleep or eat. I feel that I am neglecting my Poor, Dear Soldier Husband, who has left everything which he loved the best, and has gone "far, far away" to help put-down treason and make our country once more a free and happy one. I think of all the hardships you have, and are still enduring, and then, Perry, I find myself saying "How in this world has he lived through so much?" Oh, how thankful I am every hour of the day, that your health is good.

Our friends are having considerable fun with me, about your catching cold when you sleep in a house. They tell me that when you come home, you cannot live with me, unless I consent to sleep doors. They also say I should not think of having a new house, for you will live in nothing but a tent, etc.

I believe I have run off the track, so I must try to get back again. I have received two or three, I'm not sure which, letters from you, since I have written a word, and such dear letters they were too. What should I do, Perry, if this consolation were denied me? I often think that it cannot be possible that my letters are interesting to you, but then I will remember that you said they are, and then I will wonder how they can be. I must talk with you, dear Perry, and am thankful for such a poor substitute.

I was getting very uneasy about you, at the time you were on the march to Lesterville, because I did not hear from you for two weeks. I would have felt worse if I had known just what a terrible time you were having. I think it is so strange that you were not sick after being wet through to the skin, three or four days and nights. I am afraid you will be yet, but I pray not. I believe such exposure would certainly caused bad health when you were a 'Christian' who lived at home. Then again, what a time you 25 men had, romping up and down the Black River, scouting for something to happen, that you might cross over. If there is any hard or dangerous work to be done, and it requires but one man from the company to do it, that man is sure to be "Sergeant Goodrich" every time, I do believe. And I very well know the reason. I will not tell it in so many words, but your friends here at home know that you well deserve the name of "The Honest Soldier".

I wish you would try to get rid of some of the hard and dangerous work you are always called upon to perform. Giles said he saw Chris Hoxsir at the Fort ( Atkinson ) since his return and asked him if he saw you just before leaving and how you were getting along. "Oh, he's doing first rate now," said he "but he was a --d--d sick one for awhile, let me tell you, and he's awful poor now. He stands a good chance of making Lieutenant." I have been feeling very large since I heard this, Perry and to tell the truth, I am actually growing large. I weighed a few days since, 150!

I'm afraid you will not own me for your wife when you come home, if I continue to grow fleshy and homely this fast. Willie is also very fleshy this winter and quite well.

I must speak of the holidays, although there is nothing of interest to speak of, for the reason that they passed off in a very uninteresting manner. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year days we were all at home. We were not invited out, nor did we ask anyone here. We had just as good a dinner as I could get up and then we four lonely ones sat down to it.

Oh Perry, dear husband, if you only could have been at home and eating with us, how very happy we should have been. The dinner did not taste good to me, for I was all the time thinking "Here we are having such a good dinner, in this warm comfortable room, while perhaps poor Perry is off on some tedious march, with nothing to eat but hard wormy bread and no stomach to eat that. Wasn't I glad to read that you had such a good Christmas supper? But what an awful thunderstorm! And to think of its being in the winter too! It's a great mercy that none of you were killed by the falling limbs of trees.

Did you have any butter to go with your oysters and biscuits and were they good? You must tell me when you write again, if you are in a place where the horses get good feed. You see, I feel quite anxious on account of 'Jeremiah'. I don't want him to die for several reasons, one of which is that I hope to see him some day before long, with you on his back, come packing along down the hill. If he is as much of a curiosity as you have described him as being, I should like much to see him.

Dear Perry, are you not out of money by this time? If you are, tell me and I will send you some.

I must tell you, although I presume you have heard of it before now, that Rodell Warne was killed at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. His people are nearly crazy about it. The rebs robbed him of his overcoat, watch and money, after he was killed. Adaline Warne was married, so I have been told, on New Years day, to Bill Smith. The neighbors say he is going to live to Warnes. I guess they will find that he does not fill Rodell's place.

Well, I believe I must close this poor letter, for I can think of nothing more to write. Dear Husband, you must take good care of yourself as you can. I will get you an India rubber blanket just as soon as I can find one, and send it express. You ought certainly to have one, but I don't know where they are to be had. I am very thankful that you have always had such good luck in getting things which we have sent. Dear Perry, good bye. I hope I shall get a chance to write within a week. I will anyway.

Frances D. Goodrich

Camp Waring  
10 miles Southeast of Van Buren, Mo.

Jan 17th 1863

Dear Wife,

I have had no letter from you lately, but I must continue to write to you often, for I know that you and the rest of my folks are anxious to know that I am alive and well.

On the eighth we left Barnsville and moved by short march to this place. On the 10th at night we started on a scouting expedition without being encumbered with either tents or wagons. Nearly the whole of this cavalry brigade were out riding in parties of from 50 to 100, rapidly through the country to the south and west of here to the distance of 100 miles. They have all returned now. The last came in yesterday.

While we were out, it rained two days and then ended off with a snowstorm. The snow is now four to five inches deep and the weather very cold. We had to lie out on the ground where the rains and snow were falling, but it was not so uncomfortable as one would suppose, though our blankets were wet and covered with ice and stiff like sheets of iron. If you could have looked down on us that morning of the 15th as we arose from our beds, covered with snow and ice, you would have shed tears of pity. You would have felt a great deal worse about it than we did, for the boys got up with a shout and a laugh, and although there was some swearing done, the boys were in pretty good spirits. The fact is, a person is bound to have a certain amount of enjoyment and it makes but little difference in what situation we are placed.

In our scouting, we found no enemy in force, but the country is full of straggling guerrillas, who kill or pick up our soldiers when they find one or two in one place. The guerrillas keep them among the bluffs, in ravines, and we only occasionally find them. We took a few prisoners on the last expedition.

I have been riding in the capacity I mentioned in my last letter. On the last expedition I rode 120 miles, a good part of the time alone through a country infested with guerrillas, without stopping to rest but twice and these were but an hour or two at a time. I rode two nights and one day to accomplish it, changing horses once. I think that I shall not ride in this manner if I can avoid it, but will keep on my regular uniform. The danger is to great.

Oh, Frankie, if I were with you I could talk and tell you some strange stories which I cannot write. You may thank God for giving your husband a simple, honest countenance and a voice and manner which makes people believe that what he utters is the truth. I tell you, I have had my nerves and self control put to the most severe test, but I came out all right, or I should not have been here, probably not alive at this stage of the game.

A few days ago, one Frederick ( James S. of Janesville ) from Company D went a short distance from their camp eight miles east of Van Buren. It was in the evening and Frederick only went a few rods to see to some clothes which he had been washing and were hanging out. He was without arms and before he was aware of it, a man rode up to him and presented a rifle to his head. There was no chance to resist and he was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner. Frederick was marched by his single captor off among the mountains some six miles. Here they halted. Frederick laid down, soon snored lustily and pretended to be asleep. His captor sat up watching for a long time. Finally he began to nod and let his gun fall to the ground. Then he was sound asleep. Frederick, who had been wide awake the whole time, got up cautiously, took the gun and blew out the villain's brains, and went back to camp.

This is not fiction but is a positive fact. The captor proved to be a notorious guerrilla chief known as Captain Crow. I have spent some time in my particular capacity in visiting and tracing out the haunts of this same Captain Crow, but he met the fate which he long ago deserved, before I was able to hole him.

*The talk is now that we shall go south soon, probably to Little Rock. Bowers, McGowan and the Alling boys are here, well*

Frank, do write often and direct to 1st Wis., Cav., Army of South East Missouri via St. Louis.

Your husband                      C. P. Goodrich

Thomasville, Mo.

January 23rd 1863

Dear Frankie,

Not having much to do today, my thoughts are certainly at home, of you Willie, Father and Mother, brothers, sister, neighbors and acquaintances. Though I have no news of consequence to communicate I cannot resist the temptation to write. The truth is, I believe I am getting homesick. This war drags along so without any prospect of its ever ending. Until lately I have tried to keep up good courage and a brave heart and as a general rule, endured the dangers, hardships and privations of a soldiers line with cheerfulness, thinking that it was all for the good of my country. I hoped that in a few months, a year or two at most, the authority of the government would be re-established, that peace and prosperity would once more reign, and I would return to my dear home and friends, rendered more dear by long and painful absence, that I would spend the remainder of my days in the enjoyments of peace and quiet, with the consoling reflection that I had served my country honestly and faithfully in her time of great need.

But I am getting discouraged. The prospect is growing darker every day. All these encouraging thoughts are, I fear, the fancies of an over hopeful imagination. The rebellion has now, after more than a year and a half of hard fighting, a stronger hold than ever before. The conviction is forcing itself upon me in spite of myself that the war can never end until the entire country is bankrupt, and a great part of the strong and able-bodied men, the bone and sinew of the country, have fallen on the battlefield, have languished and died of disease in camp or returned home with broken constitutions, both mentally and physically and the land filled with mourning widows and orphans.

Or else, Frankie, we must submit to a disgraceful and dishonorable peace. The last alternative will not, I hope, shall not be resorted to under any circumstances. I want to have the war fought to the very last, till, if need be, the last man has fallen. And I am willing and determined, if I live, and have my health, to help to the very last. Though my heart yearns and aches, with increasing pain each day, till the pain at times seems almost past endurance, to be with the dearly loved ones at home, yet would suffer and fight with the energy of desperation till the bitter end. My health is good, and I am strong, and I hope I shall be able to hold out a long time.

But I must stop writing in this strain. You will say when you read this letter, I have got one of my old fashioned fits of the blues. I acknowledge I have got the blues, but who can wonder at it. There is another thing I came near to forgetting to mention, which tends to increase the malady, and that is I have received no letters from you in nearly a month, the last one mailed December 22nd. Others get letters. Why not I?

As I wrote you in my last, a grand move of this division appears to be a fact. A train of 300 wagons, loaded with supplies started from Pilot's Knob some time ago. On the 18th, we left Camp Waring, and marched to Alton, where we arrived the next day. The infantry and artillery of this division are at that place. The day before yesterday, the cavalry was moved here because forage is more plenty. It rains about half the time and the roads are in horrible condition for wagons to move.

The train of 300 supply wagons and I think 200 baggage wagons, cut into the road so that it was almost impossible for them to move. I do not believe they advanced the wagons more than three miles a day. It was calculated we had supplies for 30 days, but by our present rate of advance, we will not get far in that length of time. I should not be surprised that this expedition, like many a one before, should come to nothing.

We ( the cavalry ) will probable stay here a few more days, while the train is toiling through the mud. Our intended destination is somewhere around the Arkansas River, Little Rock or perhaps, above there, where provisions can be brought to us by water.

24th I have commenced writing on a very large sheet, as you will perceive and I would like to fill it with something which you would be pleased to read. News I have none. Sensible ideas are scarce, and nonsense I do not want to write, so what shall I do in this lamentable case?

I wrote in such a gloomy style yesterday that I must try to write more cheerfully today or you will think that I am getting in a melancholy way, that I am a confirmed hypochondriac and am in danger of fretting myself into a sickness. I do not get the blues very often, but I cannot but think that the prospect for the country is very dark. What's the use of mourning and fretting about it? We try to enjoy life and we make out pretty well. If you could look in upon us sometime when we are not on duty, in the evening, for instance, you would say we are as happy a set of fellows as inhabit this mundane sphere. To be sure, we are huddled thick together in a tent, fire in a little sheet iron stove with but one length of pipe and all the upper part of the tent filled with smoke. In this respect, we are better off in our tents than in any others, for the rest build a fire on the ground and the smoke finds it's way out of a hole in the roof as best it can.

Well, as I was saying, if you could look down on us, in the evening, recollect you would see us all sitting around in a circle, on the ground so that our heads might be below as much of the smoke as is possible, sitting cross-legged, straight legged or in any other way disposing of the legs, for you must know that these, at times very necessary appendages, are a source of great anxiety, not to say annoyance, to our sitting with

the lower extremity of the body resting on the same plane as the heels. Sometimes when shoulders ache, circulation of the blood is stopped in the legs and the feet go 'asleep', one leans backwards and finally lies flat on his back, stretching his limbs to their full extent, not caring if his spurs do tear the pants, or scratch the shins of his nearest neighbors.

Well, you see how we are sitting and lying around.

But, "What of it?", you are asking.

Oh, not much. That is the way we are and we are talking and laughing and having fun. Not so very funny to me though.

Still, I laugh loud and try to be 'tickled' and partly succeed in doing so.

You would hardly think at such times that many of us, especially those of us who have families, were thinking of home and friends hundreds of miles away and laughing to be with them with an intensity of feeling hard to be endured. Yet this is the case with certainly one, while we are talking, telling stories, sometimes, I am sorry to say rather vulgar ones.

You can hear Bill Bowers voice most of the time, high above all others, either talking or laughing at what someone else says. Soon they call on "Old Deacon Goodrich", alias "Old Honesty, alias "Silversides", etc., to tell a story. To get rid of being bothered, he tells one to suit the occasion. Most likely it's one of his own invention. Upon the spur of the moment, perhaps it's the one you have heard me tell about the pen knife, girl, my pocket, etc., in my school boy days. When it is told, they all laugh out loud and long. Bill Bowers almost has a fit. He screams, rolls, tumbles and kicks around in the dirt and ashes until he is nearly exhausted.

When he finds breath and voice to speak, he yells out "Oh, that damn Goodrich! He beats the world!" and so on.

Another says "Here! Take my hat!"

After a few more such exclamations. "Old Honesty", looking silly and sheepish all the time, the uproar subsides and we are all ready for the next story.

Now Frank, do not infer from what I have written, that all out talk is vulgar and nonsensical, for it is not so. We only get on such a strain occasionally. Yet this is more often than I wish. When men, deprived of the elevating and refining influence of female society, we are apt to grow coarse and vulgar.

Sometimes, and not infrequently either, the conversation turns on science, art, history, etc. At such times, Bill Bowers and "Silversides" are apt to get into a heated argument, springing to our feet in the middle of the tent, not seeming to know that our heads are in the upper region, filled with smoke. Bill Bowers is always talking fastest and the loudest. When arguments are pretty much used up, and the parties are as excited as ever and neither side is convinced, Bill will cry out at the top of his voice, "You are the most stubborn jackass I have ever seen. You will never give up when you know you are wrong."

This is generally about the end of the confab, and the two disputants taper down until something else comes up.

These two fellows sleep together, in fact they are together all the time. They may outwardly laugh and scorn each other, when one is away the other acts very uneasy and lonesome. After they have gone to bed you will frequently hear them talking in a low tone for a long time in as boring a manner as if they were married. If you listen attentively, you will observe their conversation is all about home. Home! Past, present and future

or building castles in the air. What will we do when the war is over? How will we visit each other? What will we have to talk about and what good times we will have generally.

Bill is my firm and faithful friend. He has his peculiarities, but on the whole, he is a generous, unselfish and whole-souled fellow. Alex McGowan is another noble fellow. He will never desert a friend in time of danger to save himself. He has courage, top brim. He will never flinch. If I could talk to you, I could tell you of some of the noble deeds of these two Oakland boys which I cannot afford the time to write.

The weather is quite pleasant. We had a few cold and wintry days about the middle of this month. The ground froze to a depth of three or four inches, but soon thawed out and all was mild again.

Frankie, I have worked industriously in writing this long, uninteresting and nonsensical letter, but please give me credit for writing over a long sheet. As it is now filled I will wind up by entreating you once more to write often to your husband  
C. P. Goodrich

PS 25th We ( the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry ) have moved today 14 miles. We are now 2 miles south east of Alton, the county seat of Oregon County. We are to start on a scout in the morning, leaving our tents here. It is calculated we shall be gone five or six days. In what direction I am not able to learn. It is raining steadily today. CPG

West Plains, Missouri

February 3rd 1863

Dear Wife,

Yesterday I received your letter of the 11th. It was a long time getting to me, but I was very glad to get it.

On January 27th, 150 of us left our camp near Alton, under Major Torrey ( William H. Torrey Green Bay ) and went without tents on a scout. We went into Arkansas, within 15-20 miles of Pocahantas. Our business was to collect horses, cattle, sheep, etc. for the use of our army.

We marched down without molesting anything, but when we turned to come back, we stripped the country, driving the cattle and sheep before us and leading the horses. I tell you it seemed hard in some cases to take all the poor people had. Perhaps we would stop at night to a farm owned by a 'widow' with a large family of children ( The man likely was in the rebel army or hid out in the bushes ). After feeding off her corn and burning up her fences, killing hogs and chickens, stealing cups, spoons and frying pans out of the house, smashing up beehives to get honey, and taking away all the sorghum molasses to be found, in the morning we would take away her oxen, cows sheep, and the last 'nag', leaving her without provisions or the means of raising anything for the next summer.

The tears and entreaties of the woman, or anyone else are of no avail with soldiers under such circumstances. Such are some of the necessities and miseries of war. Many of the soldiers think this is a glorious expedition and delight in the robbing and plundering, but to me it is very disagreeable. I have never 'confiscated' the least thing except when positively ordered to do so.

We soon had collected some 200 head of cattle, 100 sheep. Nearly every man had a horse to lead. After the first day of our return trip, we found but little stock worth anything. I suppose the word had been sent ahead that we were taking it and the inhabitants had to run off to get out of the way. When we came near our camp, we met a messenger informing us that the rest of the regiment had marched for West Plains. We accordingly followed and 25 to 30 miles west of Thomasville ( Tape ends )

seen no map in a long time. It is a level country about here. They call it prairie, but it is covered with oaks and grubs and small scattering of timber. The soil is rich, but I think it should be very dry in the summer.



West Plains is the name of the village. I have seen but two or three houses. Perhaps that it all there is for it does not take but a few stray houses in this state to make a village. The greater part of General Davidson's camp is here.

Sunday we all went out on a parade, four regiments of cavalry and some eight or nine of infantry. Our supplies are getting short. We get only half-rations of everything except coffee, sugar and salt. A large train started yesterday for Rolla for more supplies, but it is over 100 miles and it will take two or three weeks to go and return.

A week ago I wrote you a long letter. I hope you will get it though it is of no great consequence. You asked me about my Christmas dinner. "Was it good? Did I have butter?" First I will say it was good. Butter we had none. I have not tasted butter for a long time. I think not since I ate the last of what you sent me. We had little milk to put into the oysters. The biscuits were good. Perhaps you would not call them so, but they were good enough for a soldier. They were made by a woman near by where we were posted. They were made of flour, water and salt and a little soda, but no buttermilk or sour milk and no shortening. As to Jeremiah, I fear that you will never see him. When we were camped near Lesterville, he was shod, and the blacksmith pricked him with three nails. A few days afterwards, at Barnsville, the shoe was pulled off and the blood ran in streams from the nail holes. He was so lame, that when we left, he could not come, so I left him with Company H of this regiment. Company H has just come up. They led Jerry as far as Van Buren where a regiment is. They turned him over to the quartermaster there. If everything is done all right and fairly, I shall get another horse in his place. I am in hopes to be fortunate enough to do so.

Since I commenced writing this morning, we have been out drilling and rode through the village of West Plains, about one and a half miles west of our camp. It is quite a little town, with a dozen respectable frame houses and many more log ones.

Everything in this part of the country is in the old and primitive style. I have not seen a cooking stove since I left Cape Girardeau. The houses have a large fireplace at each end with large chimneys on the outside made of sticks and mud. The houses have no windows. The light comes through cracks between the logs. If there is not a sufficient hole, one is cut out, with a door to shut it up. Baking is done in kettles and all cooking is done in the old style. They spin and weave their own cloth, raise their own sweetening ( sorghum ) and in fact, live almost entirely within themselves. Once in a while we see a neat frame house, with a verandah, windows and a brick chimney, always on the outside, though.

We are all kept very busy all the time and it is very rarely that one has a half a day to one's self. When we are not marching or scouting or out on picket, we have inspection, reviews and drill. When I write to you I have to snatch a few minutes at a time and write as rapidly as I can. I have had two or three spells of writing this short letter. If I have to sew on a button or mend a rip in my clothes, I have to improve the first opportunity and be industrious and follow the maxim "A stitch in time saves nine." It troubles me the most not to get the opportunity to do any washing. I hire it done when I can.

I am very sorry to hear that Mother Bowen is sick. I hope she gets well soon.

The orders just came in for this company to be ready to march tomorrow morning at six o'clock, with 48 hours rations, without tents. Where we are going or how many are going with us I do not know.

It is bed time and candles are scarce and I must choose to say good bye

From your husband

C. P. Goodrich

Camp near Eminence, Mo.

February 15th 1863

Dear Wife,

Eminence is somewhere in a mountainous, rocky, barren country, away up on the Current River ( perhaps you can find it in the map or perhaps not ) and we, part of the First Wisconsin Cavalry and the Third Iowa Cavalry are camped in a narrow valley, surrounded by hills from 600 to 1,000 feet high, about three miles south of that noted town. We came here last night about sundown. No habitations are nearer than three miles, and no corn and our horses have not had the least thing to eat since yesterday morning at sunrise.

The whole army is moving in this direction, some ahead and some behind us. The supply of provisions is getting very short. Some regiments have had nothing except what they have foraged from the poor scattering of inhabitants for several days. The train which was sent to Rolla from West Plains is beginning to reach us and we will probably have plenty of provisions again.

Afternoon As I had just begun this letter, the order came for us to "saddle up" and go after corn. We went about seven miles over rocks and mountains and packed the corn in on our horses. The army is moving here very fast on the different roads they have taken. When we will go next, I cannot tell. One thing is certain. We will not stay here long, for the country is barren that food for horses and mules cannot be obtained. What can possess people to live in this miserable place, I cannot imagine. There are not ten acres of tillable land to the section, and what there is, though rich, is in narrow valleys from ten to thirty rods wide.

As we were going for corn today, we saw beside the road a dead secesh who had been shot a few minutes before by one of our soldiers. He was covered with his own blood and a few soldiers were standing around him. He had been lying in the brush, shooting at our men whenever he found one struggling along by himself. This is the fashion of all guerrillas or "bushwackers" here. He had been taken prisoner today and tried to escape when he was shot through the head. After we passed him a short distance, we met his wife and 12 year old boy who had been told of his death. They were going to get his body. They were crying and mourning bitterly.

I have not written before for nearly two weeks, there being nowhere to send letters. I received a letter from father on the 6th which I was much pleased to get. I would like to address a letter specially to him but it is hard to get time, so he must consider this, as well as others that I write, as much addressed to him as anyone. I am not particularly pleased to learn that my letters are read '8 or 9 miles' away from home. They are written under such disadvantages that I am well aware they are miserable specimens of composition.

All the boys with whom you are acquainted are well, as far as I know, except Leander Alling. He has had a run of typhoid fever. He is some better and is able to ride along with us, in an ambulance. He expects to get his discharge, as the papers are partly made out. He will probably go home soon.

At West Plains the soldiers are being paid off, but they commenced deserting as soon as they got their pay and General Davidson ordered the paymaster to stop payment. Our regiment has not been paid yet. It is said that 47 of the 18th Indiana left one day, as soon as they got their money, not even going back to their tents.

Since we left Patterson, this army has been kept constantly in motion, scattering and scouting all through the country. Sometimes 10,000 or 12,000 will be in one place. Then in a day or two, nearly all will be gone, one knows not where, until we fall in with them, collected at another place. If we go on a scout, we are constantly meeting soldiers going in all directions and passing soldier camps. Part of our regiment left West Plains on the 4th and I have not seen them since. It is said they went to Rolla. About that time, a large force of cavalry went on a scout to Batesville, Arkansas, where there is a large rebel force under Marmaduke (John Sappington). The rebels were on the other side of the White River, but our cavalry took some prisoners and horses on this side.

On the 7th, 100 of us, under Captain ( Nelson ) Bruett ( CO D, Jefferson ) started on a scout. We went down to Salem, Arkansas, and 18 miles beyond. We turned back on another road and came to West Plains on the 10th, when the last of our army had just left for this place ( Eminence ). We overtook our regiment that night, and since then we have been marching along over bad roads, from 10 to 18 miles per day.

17th Yesterday morning we again took up our march and passed the eminent town of Eminence. I was at a total loss to tell where the town was. On the west bank of the river there is an old house, where I saw some less than a dozen barefooted, ragged, crying children and a woman with a very complacent countenance. Her dress was patched with cloth of different colors and various degrees of dirtiness. About a half mile from this, on the east side of the river there are, on a rising ground, two log buildings in the woods, with no improvements near. One of these is of hewn logs and is two stories high. They appear to be uninhabited. These buildings are in the town and not the ones on the other side of the river. The two story one is a courthouse, and the one near it is a jail.

We marched in a north east direction, 12 miles out, but our baggage did not come up with us. We are waiting this morning for it. There was such a crowd of teams at the river that it took a long time for ours to get out. The whole army was scattered around among the hills, in the ravines and narrow valleys. It will take several days to get them all out, for I believe there is only one place where they can get through. We are going, directly, as near as possible through such country, for Pilot Knob.

There are some interesting natural curiosities near Eminence. There is a cave into which some soldiers went with a lantern some three miles, and did not reach the end.

Pilot Knob, Feb. 20th-2 PM We have just arrived and are waiting on a pretty camping for our teams, which are not far behind. We came by way of Centerville and Lesterville. The cavalry is nearly all here and the infantry is following close by. General Davidson's great expedition may now said to be ended. Since it was begun nearly two months ago, the army has been toiling through the mud. During the expedition, some scouts did not get passed the state line.

It may be asked, "What has been accomplished?" I will mention some things. We have spread desolation in our paths. We have stripped the inhabitants of their grain, provisions, horses, cattle, sheep and burned their fences. Many families were left without enough to give their ragged children a single meal of victuals. Many will surely suffer. Scattered along the road by which we returned are hundreds of dead, worn, tired out and broken down horses and mules. The animals which did stand it and got through are poor and sorrowful looking things. During the last of our march, many of our cavalry were obliged to walk, their horses having been worn down with fatigue. These were often left.

The weather is pleasant and spring-like. The grass in places begins to look green. Winter wheat is growing considerable. In fact it has grown in spells all winter.

We have just been signing four months payroll. We shall probably get pay for that time soon. I shall send mine home by Leander Alling, if I get it before he goes. He is getting better slowly.

This is really a beautiful and fertile valley. We are camped near the center of it. High hills or mountains seem to encircle us on all sides at a distance of from one to two miles. Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain rear their grey heads on the north. The town is quite a village. It looks like a northern one. Many of the houses are built in the northern style. A railroad runs to St. Louis. I have not seen the cars yet, a strange sight to me now. We are to move to Belmont, six miles north, tomorrow. Whether we shall stay any length of time is hard to tell. I think the greater part of the Army of Southeast Missouri is destined to be moved to some other theater of action.

I have just seen ( William ) Kearn. He has been sick all winter and looks miserably now. We left him at Patterson. He has got his discharge and expects to start for home on Monday.

21st We have just been paid for four months. I received \$117.20. I shall send \$81.00 or more home at the first opportunity. I dare not risk it with Kearn for fear that, in his feeble health, whiskey may arrest him and lay him under the sod before he gets home.

A disagreeable cold rain is falling today. It is mingled snow and rain.

We went to Pilot Knob to get our pay. It is two miles north of our camp. Two pretty villages are in sight and close by our camp. They are Ironton and Arcadia. Of all the places I have seen in the south I should choose a situation in this valley in preference to any other. We have not moved today.

It is now said that we shall move soon, perhaps tomorrow to St. Genevieve on the Mississippi.

Some mail has been here waiting for us, but none from you. I had a letter from Nelson Church. He is somewhere here but I have not seen him yet.

Read this miserable scrawl if you can and write soon to your husband, C. P. Goodrich

Cape Girardeau

March 12th 1863

Dear Frankie

Your letter of February 1st just reached me yesterday. When you wrote, you had been sick with a bad cough then. I hope that you are well but if not, you must, without delay, get some of Dr. Caroon's medicine that has always helped you. There must be some back mail that I have not gotten, but it may come around sometime. When we were at West Plains, some of the mail went to Rolla and part to Salem, Ark. That which came yesterday was the Rolla mail. The other is, nobody knows.

The whole regiment is here now. The Third Battalion, when they were at Rolla, were fitted out with new horses and equipment. Two Companies, L and H have carbines of the best kind, breech loading, self-capping, in which are used metallic cartridges. These can be fired with great rapidity and accuracy by men on horseback. I suppose we shall soon get new horses and perhaps new equipment. We have already got what clothing is necessary. All of us got good ( India ) rubber blankets yesterday.

The rumor is still current that Marmaduke has been making his way up in this direction, but his exact whereabouts is not known. Last night about midnight a dispatch came from General Davidson telling us to be on guard. Pickets, for the first time since we came here, were immediately placed on all the roads leading to our camp.

It is said that the Third Battalion and Company B and C of the Second are to start for Bloomfield at two o'clock tonight. This, however, may not be true.

It is not very improbable to project that this regiment will have about the same ground to go over and the same work to do that we had last summer.

They say we are not now attached to any brigade. For some time we were brigaded with the Fourth Missouri. They were all Germans and a constantly increasing jealousy sprung up between them and our boys. Many of our boys hated them so that they were frequently heard to say that they would shoot them as well as any scesesh.

I usually try not to cherish animosity, but I have a grudge against some of the Fourth Missouri. They once took me prisoner and brought me in with some butternut. They shut us up together though I took the officer to one side and told him confidentially who I was and tried to express matters. I was not believed and

received only threats and abusive language in return. I was not released until Colonel Warring, who then commanded the Brigade, happened to hear of me and what I claimed to be. He sent for me and after a few minutes talk, was satisfied and let me go, with some flattering compliments after I had imparted what information I had obtained on my expedition. Several other times I have been arrested by union forces, but never before had any difficulty in speedily convincing them I was all right and was allowed to go on my way. These Dutchmen were either arrogant fools or else meant to be mean because I belonged to the First Wisconsin and they hated us. I am inclined to believe the latter opinion. But enough of this. I cannot particularize for it would make a very long story which I hope to relate to you some time verbally.

By your writing, I see that you are worried, fearing that I go into too much danger. You ought to know that I am not endowed with any great amount of courage or daring, but I am pretty cautious in looking out for myself. Besides this, I shall probably never go on such expeditions again. The Colonel told me to begin with that he would send me out no more in this way unless I was perfectly willing to go, and knowing all the risks, willing to take them. At first, I was rather drawn into the business by degrees. It was not really intentional on my part. If I am asked to go again, I shall probably be able to fix up some excuse so I will not appear dishonorable or cowardly. Do not be worried any more on that score.

Some months ago, the brigade arrangement was changed and we were joined to the Third Iowa Cavalry. They are fine fellows, all Americans, eastern men or their descendants. ( Oscar H. ) La Grange ( Green Lake ) has been promoted to Colonel commanding the Brigade. Major ( Henry ) Pomroy ( Ripon ) was promoted to Lt. Colonel and Captain ( Thomas H. ) Mars ( Kenosha ) to Major. All these officers are with us new.

March 13th There was, for a wonder, some truth in the rumor that part of the regiment would march last night. Company E went, but none other. Orders are just this minute issued that we will have no drill today for we are to march tomorrow. Where we are going the orders do not say, but it is supposed to be Bloomfield or in that direction.

It is now morning, and I hope I can get time to try to write more of this letter today. But perhaps I shall be so busy that I shall have no time.

It is so. You must be content with this for the present.

From your Perry

Bloomfield, Missouri

March 19th 1863

Dear Frankie,

I have just finished writing a letter to David. The last I wrote to Father just as we were starting for Cape Girardeau, and for fear that he may feel slighted I forthwith proceed to address one to you, my best, truest and dearest friend. Although I have no news to tell you, you will indubitably be made acquainted with the contents of the other letters. I am very glad that David is going to stay with you this summer. I have felt a great deal easier with regard to affairs at home when I heard he was living at our house and taking care of things. I know that it must be a great deal more pleasant than it was last year. David is just beginning in the world for himself and deserves to be well paid, and I want him to be paid well. I have written to him that he should manage things in his own way, have a share of the product, and take pay by the month or by the year, as he pleases.

I received two letters from you yesterday, dated the second and the seventh and one from David dated the eighth.

I think Lieutenant Merrill has been rather flattering you on my account. I am not orderly sergeant, but third sergeant or first duty sergeant. The orderly, quartermaster and commissary sergeants are above me. When the orderly is absent I act in his place. I acted as orderly from the time of our fight at L'Aquille Ferry till the winter and then occasionally since then. That is why Lieutenant Merrill came to be mistaken as to the prospect of my being made Second Lieutenant. That is all imaginary.

It is true that our Captain Porter, who was taken prisoner and paroled on the Second of August has not been with us since. He has offered his resignation, which will probably be accepted. Then I presume that First Lieutenant ( William W. ) La Grange ( Ripon ) will be made Captain. We have a Second Lieutenant, John Little, who is a drunken Irishman and has not sense or judgment enough even when sober ( which is when he can not get whiskey ) to do everything just as he is told and no further. Besides this, every boy in the company knows that he is the most arrogant coward that ever lived. He had to be helped off the field at L'Aquille where he never fired a shot or gave a command. I am in hopes that his days as lieutenant are short. Things seem to be working in that direction. Then there will be two vacancies in the company, but there are several in this company who would be favored over me. I am not a particular favorite of the powers that be in this regiment. Our orderly, ( Henry P. ) O'Conner, Fourth Sergeant ( Edward D. ) Town ( Ripon ) and perhaps Second Master Sergeant ( William W. ) Bowers, would be preferred over me. Frankie, I am not ambitious for promotion in the least. I am high enough and as satisfied as when I was a private. I did not ask to be or wish to be a sergeant ever, objected to my appointment and was urged considerably by our then Captain and others before I would accept it. I tell you, in my views it is no honor to be a man with a high military title. To say that a man is a Major, or a Colonel or a General is not saying that he is an honest husband or father. On the contrary, it is strongly insinuating that he is exactly the opposite of all these equalities. I have formed this opinion because of my acquaintance with military men.

Company B and M have arrived this afternoon and now our regiment is all together.

You are worrying that if we have another summer campaign in this hot climate you dread the consequence because so many were sick and died of disease last year. I do not think it will be as severe on us, who are now accustomed to the climate and this kind of service as it has been. The officers have learned better how to manage the men and preserve their health. We shall probably not go all out this year as we did last, without tent to shelter us from the heavy dews and the foul night air of the most unhealthy part of the country, the valley of the St. Francis.

Tattoo has sounded. The roll has been called and my 'companion' must make the bed, and we retire for the night to our hard couch.

March 20th ( Henry ) Alonso Francisco ( Co. F, Ft Atkinson ) is here, very sick with diarrhea. He is naturally of a very strong constitution, but was sick of the complaint nearly all last summer. Last fall, after he had got very low, he obtained a furlough, probably just in time to save his life. He returned looking very healthy just a short time ago and joined our regiment at Rolla. But he cannot live long if he stays with the army. There are some constitutions which cannot stand soldiering. It agrees with me physically very well. I am well and so are the rest of the boys. The weather is warm and pleasant, the fields are beginning to look green, and were it not for the war the farmers would be busy beginning to cultivate the land. As it is, only now and then have I seen a man at work.

It is rumored that our arms have been successful at Vicksburg. I hope that it is so. ( though the hope is a faint one and against reason ) that the war is beginning to end so that I can begin to look forward to the time I shall once more be happy at home with you and Willie, never again to leave for any length of time. Kiss Willie for me and write soon to your Perry

PS Bill Bowers has not heard from his wife for a month. He is worried about her. If you know anything about her, tell it when you write. CPG

Bloomfield, Missouri

Friday March 27th 1863

Dear Frank.

I feel somewhat dull and sleepy today for I was on picket last night. For this reason I am excused from drill or other duty for the rest of the day. Besides all this it is raining hard now, so I have an inclination to stay in the tent. Therefore, upon due consideration and deliberation, I firmly resolve to begin a letter to you, my beloved wife, not however knowing when it will be finished, for I have not much news to write and am not in trim to make any fine rhetorical display. You are beginning to say, "Perry is hard-up for news if he has to begin a letter in this manner and nonsensical way." Well, if you don't like this style, I will try hard to please you and in order to do so, will countermarch by the right flank and march to the rear about 40 rods, then wheel by platoons and come up in a different shape.

Three days ago, I believe it was, Major Torrey started from here with 340 of his regiment, prepared for a three day scout into Arkansas by way of Chalk Bluff. These men he took were all splendidly mounted, armed and equipped. Early this morning a dispatch came from Major Torrey, saying that he had not been able to get his horses across the St. Francis River, but he crossed with 400 dismounted men, 70 Missourians who were stationed at the Bluff in addition to what he had before. They marched some eight or ten miles and met a strong rebel force. They had a skirmish with the army's advance in which four secesh were killed, but none of ours hurt. Torrey had good reason to believe that the enemy were advancing with a greatly superior force and considered it prudent to fall back to where his horses were.

A small reinforcement was sent this morning consisting of 100 men and two small brass howitzers. Torrey thought that Marmaduke, with his whole army and some 5,000 differently armed men were but 18 or 20 miles behind Chalk Bluff. We have rumors today of two other skirmishes between the scouts and the secesh to the south and west of here, but I have learned no particulars.

By the way, we of the Second Battalion are probably not called upon to scout as the others because we are not very well mounted.

Yesterday, the Fourth Missouri Cavalry marched for Cape Girardeau where a part of them are. I am informed they are ordered down the river to Tennessee. Our boys are glad to see them go. I, too, am not sorry at the prospect of not seeing them again.

Now, I have told you all the military news, put the enemy to flight in this direction, so will I. Platoons left! About wheel! Fours right! column left! Get around to a starting point again in a new direction.

I wish we could have as early springs in Wisconsin as they do here. The woods are beginning to look green already. Peach trees and wild plum trees are in full blossom. They look beautiful. Some peach trees were about as early as the fifteenth.

I am well and so are the boys. I will not say at this time that I wish I was at home, that I want to see you and Willie and the rest of the folks, for I have said it so often that it must be an old story, so I will keep up with a 'dreadful' thinking and say nothing.

I believe I have nothing more to do. The ground is all clear. I am master of the field, so I think I will bring up my reserves and camp for the night on the battlefield, lying on my arms, with the expectation of resuming the fight tomorrow. I hope to begin by drawing my steel blade and, oh fiddlesticks!

March 28th Morning, night, dark and rainy, has passed with nothing to be seen of the enemy. They have evidently retreated rapidly during the night. I believe the best thing I can do is divide up the squads of about 20 each and follow on after the enemy. We will pick up stragglers which they have left behind in their rapid flight.

So here comes what I pick up. I slept alone last night. Bill Bowers was on picket. He, being Second Master Sergeant, was not obliged to go, but he volunteered in Sergeant Town's place. He must have has a disagreeable night for it rained, poured down in torrents, nearly the whole time and it is misty now. This volunteering to do work is poor business in my opinion. It does not pay. It played out with me some time ago. I do, cheerfully and without grumbling, what I am ordered to do and noting more.

I have had no letter from you for some days. I am expecting one the next time the mail comes in. Bill got a good, long one from his wife yesterday.

But few men are in camp now. Most of them are out scouting about the country somewhere. What are here have been on guard duty of some kind most of the time.

Here comes Lieutenant Little saying in a fierce tone with his Irish brogue "Come on boys. Every one of yas and have yer harses are to report yas to Major Mars."

"But the mud is all wet on these horses and we cannot clean it off till it dries." someone suggests.

"Don't make any difference. Go to work on yer harses and work until recall if yers don't want to be marched up to Major Mars." says Lieutenant Little in terrific tones.

Now poking his black hair, curled mustache, red face and bleary eyes into our tent door and seeing me alone, writing, he says in a wonderfully softened-down and circumspect manner, "Sergeant Goodrich! Yer see that the men go to work on their horses until recall."

"Ah-ha." I answer as I look up, then resume writing.

Now Patrick Degan, (CO I) about half drunk in the next tent calls out, John! Lieutenant! Come here" and he shakes ominously a canteen towards him. Lieutenant Little's stern features relax into a grin and he goes into the tent, while I keep writing. I am thinking, one or two more drinks of peach brandy will quiet him down for quite some time.

Whew! the sun shines and there goes Lieutenant La Grange, off on horseback, with a new coat and shoulder straps on, splashing through the mud to show off a little, I suppose. Wonder if he thinks he makes a good appearance. I think he is the awkwardest looking man I have ever seen Maybe I had better try to describe him. He is twenty-one years of age, light hair, no whiskers, and but a little beard. His face is of a yellowish color and somewhat rough and pimply. His cheeks are fat and full and protrude over the cheekbones and under the eyes so that he looks as though he had been poured in the face until it had been swollen so as to partly close his eyes. He is 6' 4" in his stockings, his shoulders stooping. When he walks, his long legs seem to twist around in all sorts of shapes. When he rides, his legs are either bent in a zigzag shape, something like a rail fence, or else they are straightened out, sticking forward at an angle of about 45 degrees. His body is bent in the form of a rainbow, and when the horse trots, they spring at every jolt in a very comical manner, something like taking half of a hoop up by one end in one hand and jabbing the other, forcing on around, then quickly raise the hand and so on.. You can imagine how it would spring. Notwithstanding his uncouth appearance, he is a pretty fine fellow and a very good officer and pretty generally liked by the boys. He is a very quick businessman and has a good education.

I believe it will not pay to chase up stragglers any longer, so I will have the bugle sound the assembly and we will go back to camp Bloomfield. And so this winds up. It is all you get for the present.

From Red headed Perry

28th Evening I, in company with one companion have been having a fine ride in the country this afternoon. We have ridden fifteen or twenty miles. We went out for fun and we have had lots of it. I tell you, when a man does not have liberty to do as he pleases in a long time, he enjoys it amazingly. We had a good



meal of victuals, stopped at more than twenty houses, talked and joked with the women and the girls and have gotten back to camp at sundown, just the minute our pass is out feeling fine. Oh, soldiering here is not without some pleasure after all. The mail came. Bill has a letter and I have none. CPG

Camp of the First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

May 15th 1863

Dear Frankie,

We are still here with little to do except make an occasional scout and do picket duty. There is no enemy in force anywhere in the state. Half of our company has been on patrol in town for a week or more. They will probably be kept at that duty while we stay here, if they continue to conduct themselves properly. It is much easier and pleasanter for the boys than scouting and picketing.

The troops all left here a week ago except companies from the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry and the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, the 1st Nebraska and the 32nd Iowa Infantry.

Jerome Ward and his wife and Mrs. Bowers are living in a pleasant house on the outskirts of the town and not more than a quarter-mile from the camp. Bill ( Bower ) has the privilege of staying there nights. I go over there occasionally when I can get a chance and spend an hour or two very pleasantly. I was quite unwell for a couple of days last week, and I went to Jerome's. They would not hear a word of leaving until I was well. Mrs. Ward said she promised that she would take care of me if I was sick, and she commanded me to stay. So, rather than disobey orders, I stayed nearly two days and one night, till I felt pretty well again and returned once more to camp.

Lieutenant Little's resignation was accepted about the time I returned from Wisconsin. He is, out of the service, but is lying about town, drunk nearly all the time.

This brings me second in command of the company, so I have to do orderly work and Lieutenant Little's work in a measure. Considerable of the time, Lieutenant La Grange is absent, and I am in command of the company. This throws too much work and responsibility on me for \$17.00 a month, I think. I have been thinking seriously of going into the ranks on this account. If I thought the business was to run, in this shape, for any great length of time, I should certainly do so.

The weather is warm and fine and everything is growing rapidly. Strawberries are getting ripe. We had some firm ones at Jerome's the other day.

Within the past few days we have heard all kinds of stories about the war. First we heard that ( Joseph ) Hooker had gained a great victory, then we heard that he was terribly defeated. Next we heard Richmond was taken, then it was disputed. Finally we don't know anything or believe anything.

I have not heard a word from home since I left. I am getting anxious to know how you all are, Father especially, as he was so low when I came away. Earn came here a few days ago from Ironton. He is very fleshy, for him, but he says he is not well and does not do anything. He says Leander Alling is in Ironton yet. He saw Nelson Church there just before he started.

The paymaster is here, paying off the troops. Our regiment will probably be paid two months pay within a day or two. If I was sure we would stay here all summer I would have you come down and stay, that is, if you wished to. But everything is so uncertain that I do not believe it is best to risk it. Bill's wife ( Bower ) has not got a school yet and I think it is doubtful about her getting one. The difficulty is getting a house to teach in. There are so many refugees from the country here, that every house is full.

I am well and so are the rest of the boys. I have no news to write, and feel so dull and thick headed that I should not be able to write it intelligibly if I had. So you must excuse this short letter and write as soon as you can to

Your Perry

Camp of the First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cape Girardeau

May 30th 1863

Dear Frankie,

A sudden change has come over our prospects. We are soon to bid adieu, perhaps forever, to southeast Missouri and enter upon a new field for action. Two days ago we received orders to move to Tennessee, probably to join ( William Strake ) Rosecrans in the vicinity of Nashville. Five companies, ours not included, were to go today, and the rest were to wait two or three days longer. I am just informed that none shall go till tomorrow, when there will be boats enough to take us all. We shall all go together. I do not know whether it shall be better or worse for us to go to Tennessee. We have been having an easy time here lately. When we get there, we shall probably have a chance to do some real fighting.

Bill Bowers has been sick with fever three days. He is some better this morning, but he certainly will not be able to go with us tomorrow. Now that he is sick, it is fortunate his wife is here to take care of him.

I do not see the news covering the war as very encouraging. There has been hard fighting and many lives lost on both sides, but no great advantage gained, as I can make out. I do not believe that Vicksburg is ours yet. Just this minute an orderly from the Colonel comes to me and hands out a paper. I take it and read it. It is an order for us to be ready to embark onboard a steamer at daylight tomorrow, bound for Clarksville on the Cumberland River. The orders instruct me to do certain things, which causes other things to be done, etc., all of which will keep me pretty busy today, so you must excuse me if this letter is suddenly wound up by a peculiar flourish of the pen in subscribing myself, Your Perry

Huntsville, Alabama

July 16th 1863

Dear Wife,

I wrote you about ten days ago, when we were at Deckard, Tennessee. We left there on the 6th and have been moving, most of the time in a southern and southwestern direction. We passed through Winchester, Salem and New Market, arriving here the day before yesterday. We have seen nothing of the enemy lately. Two divisions are here now, under the command of Major General ( David Sloan ) Stanley.

Huntsville is a beautiful town of, I should judge, five to six thousand inhabitants. The streets are broad and thickly lined with large, wide spreading shade trees. In it's suburbs are some very elegant residents. The surrounding country is delightful and very rich and has the appearance of being settled a long time. In fact, all the country we have passed through since we came to Kentucky is good, except for the northern part of Tennessee which is somewhat rocky and barren.

We are subjected to a much more severe discipline than we were in Missouri. We are on the march, and no one is allowed to fall out of the ranks to get water or for any other purpose, without permission from the General. In a column of five to eight miles in length, he cannot be everywhere present to give permission, if he were so disposed. If one does fall out, he is in danger of being dismounted and performing a days march on foot. No soldier is allowed, on pain of severe punishment, to enter any house. When we are encamped in

any one place a day or two a chain guard is thrown around the camp to prevent soldiers from going out. Pillaging, taking chickens, meat or anything else, except by the authority of someone who has a right to order it, is severely punished. It is very difficult to get a pass to get out of camp.

All this strictness is right and necessary. In the army there are so many undisciplined and evilly disposed men to prevent our army from being converted into a marauding rabble, scattered all over the country, committing the most brutal and disgraceful outrages. Another thing is done which would seem unnecessary now that we have no enemy here. We all have to get up at three o'clock every morning, saddle, form a line of battle and stand to horse until it is broad daylight. But this is a good thing. It gets the boys in the habit of having their things arranged so they can saddle up without difficulty in the darkest of nights.

If our regiment had practiced this last summer, it would have saved us from being cut to pieces at L'Aquila and other places. When we were in the neighborhood of the enemy, we kept saddled, and in line, all night. The boys grumbled terribly about the strict discipline, but it does them no good. It does not bear hard on me, but rather suits me, except in one particular. All this country is covered with blackberries, every fence and roadside and vacant field is literally black with the largest, finest and sweetest ones I ever saw. They have been ripe about two weeks, and all this time I was doomed to ride along within a few rods or even a few feet of them to get only, now and then, a little taste of them where there bushels and could be picked by handfuls, had one the opportunity. Others who were reckless, would slip out of ranks when we are halted, or sneak out of camp, and get their fill. You know I am a great lover of berries, and my desire for them now, on account of the days food we have, I suppose is ten times as strong as when I was at home. I did not propose to take any illegally or dishonorably to gratify my appetite, but I have been exceedingly annoyed at the state of the case, and at last, grew desperate. This morning I determined to have some berries at all hazards, even if I had to practice a little deception to do so as the season for them is fast passing away. I must have some before they are gone.

At our present camp the spring at which we get water is outside the guard-lines, and those going with pails or canteens are allowed to pass out for the purpose of getting water. I told the lieutenant that I would like to go out and get some berries. He said it was difficult to get a pass. I told him I needed some.

He answered, "Go ahead then."

Accordingly, I swung a canteen over my shoulder and put on an honest face and went toward the spring.

The guard thought, "Twas all right. He looked clearly at me but said not a word.

I went on beyond the spring nearly half a mile, when I found plenty of delicious berries, of which I ate until I was filled, satisfied. Then I saw a thicket nearby and sat me down in the dense, cool shade, where, all alone, undisturbed, I mused, pondered and thought.

I thought of the country, the prospects of the war and I thought of home, as I do every day, and almost every hour. It is strange how strong the affection for home is. Truly "there is no place like home." Other affections are weakened by time, grow and at last die out in forgetfulness, but the love of home and the loved ones that make home a happy place never weakens, never grows cold.

As I mused, I thought of this fine country, made in a measure desolate and wretched by a horrible war. I tried to look through and if possible, see the end of the war, and although I do not mean to be easily elated, I almost dare to hope that the end is not far in the future.

I believe there is no doubt that Vicksburg, with all its garrisons, is ours, and that Lee's army, although not annihilated, has been roughly handled and may yet still be worse off ( Gettysburg ). It is reported that ( John Hunt ) Morgan made a raid into Indiana, and has been captured with his whole command of 5,000. We know that ( Braxton ) Bragg has been driven from Tennessee with a loss of cannon, stores and thousands of prisoners. As I thought of all these successes, my heart in spite of myself, beats quicker at the thought which

would crown itself into mind, that I might after all see Frankie and Willie and the rest of those I love before the snows of another winter enshrouds the fields and prairies of Wisconsin in a blanket of white.

My health is good. All the boys are well. Bill Bowers is not here yet. I had a letter from him a few days ago. He had been very sick but was there ( Cape Girardeau June 21st ) and better and calculating to start soon for the regiment. Bill's wife has been sick at the Cape with intermittent fever. Ed Town has not returned from the furlough though it was out 18 days ago.

I have no letters from you since the one dated May 31st, nearly seven weeks ago. What does it mean? I have a letter from David and one from Lucinda. Perhaps you have not directed rightly. You might direct to Huntsville, Alabama, though we probably shall not be here when you get this.

Confederate money is getting nearly worthless. It takes from \$50.00 to \$75.00 of it to buy a pair of boots. A pound of bacon is a dollar, a paper of needles, \$1.50 and other things in proportion. Down here they do not consider our money much better, so its nearly impossible to buy anything, that is, it would take a fortune to buy nothing, should you happen to need it. I get along well, for I do not need it. Even up at Nashville, our boys paid \$11.50 per pound for smoking tobacco in greenbacks. Here they do not pretend to buy it for it is \$5.00 per pound. They steal it if they can, if not they go without, for we left sutlers behind long ago.

I believe I have scribbled enough for the present and so good bye, Frankie and do write often to

Your Perry

PS July 18th I have had no chance to send this letter so I will make a little addition to it.

Day before yesterday, a scout went down to the Tennessee River, ten miles from here, and found three or four regiments of rebels that had fortified themselves on the other side of the river, to dispute the passage of any federals who attempt to cross. I had not supposed any rebels were so near. Yesterday General ( John Grant ) Mitchell went down with a force, taking one or two pieces of artillery to wake them up a bit, which they did pretty effectively. Our shells soon knocked their fortifications flat and the rebs backed away from the river.

Our men then returned. Four companies of our regiment were yesterday at the time of the fighting, down near the river, foraging for corn, cattle, sheep, etc. The country between here and the river is most splendid and such fields of growing corn I never saw before. It almost looks like one vast corn field extending in many places as far as the eye can reach. I began to think I had got into the fields of an Alabama farmer I once heard of, who had resolved to have no outside roads. The corn looks well and the earliest is getting ready to roast. Old corn is pretty scarce.

One would think in passing through the country, that it was inhabited entirely with negroes. Most of the white men are in the southern army or have fled at our approach. The white women and what few white men who are left hate the Yankees so they will not deign to show themselves, to look at us as we pass. At every plantation swarms of slaves of both sexes, of every shade and color, of every degree of raggedness are collected in groups or perched on fences. They show their ivory and give other unmistakable signs of delight. Not infrequently we see a sable old wench, who has raised a large family of children who have been sold away from her, with tears streaming down her face, shouting "Bress de lawd! Bress de lawd! De lawd be praised!"

Many of the planters around here have grown immensely rich from the unpaid labor of these poor people. It costs but little more to keep them than so many pigs. They are few on the corn, and bacon made from it, which grows here so bountifully. They are clothed in garments of their own manufacture, so there is little expense. Formerly, they did get a little salt, but for two years past, it has been so scarce, the negroes tell me they have had none. Barley meal and water makes their bread.

Where we were foraging yesterday the owner is said to have been worth, before the war broke out, a million dollars. Most of the planters have moved their valuables, gold, silver, silver plate, etc., of which the negroes said the owners had a large quantity, beyond the Tennessee River. They have also taken thousands of their best horses, mules and cattle with them.

A negro brigade commenced organizing here. Darkies are flocking in by the dozens every day eager to fight for their own liberties and the liberty of their race.

Prices of goods here have fallen wonderfully. 450% in the last three days. The merchants all hate the Yankees supremely, and hate to acknowledge our money good for anything, by taking it. Self-interest is bringing some reluctantly, to see that greenbacks are good. They are beginning to take them at something near their real value. Instead of \$1.50 for a paper of needles or a lead pencil, they now can be gotten for the modest sum of 25 cents each. Many still stubbornly hold out, refusing to take our money at all.

The news today is that ( John Clifford ) Pemberton has surrendered ( at Vicksburg ) with 14,000 prisoners and that Lee has been badly whipped again. I hope it is all true, for if it is, the South cannot hold out much longer. They were badly discouraged before their last defeats.

I am in first rate health, but I feel uneasy in mind in not hearing from home. CPG

Camp near Fayetteville, Tennessee

July 25th 1863

Dear Frankie,

I received your letter of June 26th on the 20th of this month. It must be that there are several of your letters somewhere that have not reached me yet. The last I received before was written in May. I wrote you a long letter last week when we went to Huntsville. I hope you have got it. Mail communications with us is not very regular or frequent.

We left Huntsville on the 20th with General Mitchell's Division, arriving at Fayetteville on the 21st. General Stanley went out with his division somewhere else, but I do not know where. Why our forces fell back from Huntsville, I do not know, unless it was to get supplies more conveniently.

We are on a railroad, and I understand it is in operation to Winchester, some 25 miles east from here. We are having a pretty easy time of it just now. Not much to do and plenty to eat. We have full army rations of most things now and the strictness of discipline has been greatly relaxed within the last few days. No camp guards around us. The men are allowed to go out and kill hogs, get potatoes, roasting ears, apples, which are beginning to get ripe, or almost anything else we want. We are living as good as anyone could wish to. It seems wonderfully good to us after our long time of hard work and short rations.

I have no reason to complain any more on the blackberry score. I have all that I can eat every day and have to go but a short distance for them. We still have to get up before daylight and remain in line for about an hour every morning.

Rebel scouts are frequently seen lurking about our camp. Yesterday I was out picking berries and unarmed, contrary to my usual custom, and came within a few rods of five rebels. Luckily I was not perceived by them. Three days ago, two men of Company D left their posts on picket, and went out into the country. They were taken prisoner by a squad of rebels and later paroled. The General does not recognize their paroles as legal and to punish them for their neglect of duty, has deprived them of the privilege of bearing arms. He has sentenced them to cook and do drudgery for their company for their term of service.

Day before yesterday one of the 4th Indiana Cavalry was found dead, hung to the limb of a tree a short distance from camp. I suppose he had been pillaging and plundering from the citizens and passing counterfeit ( typescript ends )

Fayetteville, Tennessee August 3rd 1863

Dear Wife,

Your letter of July 22nd and mailed on the 25th reached me in Winchester on the 30th. Mail can come quick and it is very strange that it is sometimes so long. I was very glad to hear from you once more and I only wish I could get the letters which you have been writing for the past two months.

July 26th All of the cavalry left this place and marched to Salem. On the 29th we went to Winchester. On the 31st we were paid two months pay and on the next day, started back and arrived at Fayetteville ( here ) last night. When we left here no one knew what it was for, nor where we were going. It seems very singular that from 8,000 to 10,000 cavalry should move 35 miles with bags and baggage and take everything, then come right back again just to get their pay. Why, when the paymaster with an escort of a few hundred men could have come to us with but little trouble. Yet, this was all we got, except starvation for our horses on the way, going and coming and it is presumed that it was all we went for. I suppose these mysterious movements are all strategy, so it must be all right.

My two months pay amounted to \$64.40. I received orderly's pay. I was appointed in May. As I was acting in that capacity I was not notified of the appointment and did not receive my warrant till a short time ago. *The first time I have of sending money with any fashion of safety I shall avail myself of it.* The cars are running now to this place, but no express office is here. Besides the road runs a long way through enemy country and trains are frequently captured or robbed.

Bill Bowers has not gotten here yet. I had a letter from him dated July 21st, stating he was at Memphis, hoping to be sent here soon. His health was good. Lieutenant La Grange is sick with bilious fever and has been for several days, so I have plenty of business on my hands. This is my excuse for not writing more letters and longer and better ones.

The weather is intolerably hot, yet the health of the army is generally good. I am well and so are the boys of your acquaintance except Eugene Alling. He is not very well, is threatened with fever, though he able to mope around.

What the intended movements of this army are is impossible for me to grasp. Why we do not push on to Chattanooga and Atlanta and still further down, I cannot see. Perhaps it would not be good policy to do so, and have them raise an army in our rear. It has been reported and extensively believed, that Bragg is now in Kentucky with an army of 70,000. Many thought we were going back there when we left this place a little over a week ago. A short time ago, a train with several hundred pack mules with pack saddles, and everything ready for use, were brought down here. This looked as if an expedition east over the mountains was intended, where they would be much more convenient than wagon trains. The mules have been distributed among the different companies, but no move has yet been made. Now our baggage wagons have come up. We will have no use for pack mules where we can use our wagons.

Today is the anniversary of the most bloody and disastrous conflict in proportion to the number engaged of any of which I have had a part. It was the fight at L'Anquille, one year ago, but I forebear to say more. You have undoubtedly heard enough about it.

It seems after all, the whole Southern army is not yet quite all whipped out. True, Lee has been beaten at Gettysburg, but he occupies his old position beyond the Rappahonock and is as able to hold it as ever.

Charleston is not yet ours. Our troops have made their desperate and bloody assault on Fort Wagner and each time have been repulsed with serious loss. Still taking it all around, we are gaining ground, although we have some more time till the end. We have some foreign intervention and our government makes some great blunders but the end is not yet but a long way.

Dear Frankie, do not think that because I have written to you less frequently of late that I think of you and Willie or home less frequently. You cannot tell how I long to be at home at work on my farm as I used to be. Were I there, I should probably now be harvesting, at work very hard, doing ten times the physical labor than I do now, but I should have comforts, regular meals and regular sleep, which I do not now have. This is not what I think of. I should be in the society of those I love, be more contented, get rid of this almost constant heartache or longing or what ever it is called.

I am very busy today. I have had to make out about half a dozen reports to different officers of everything concerning the company for the last year. I will close now for the present hoping soon again to hear from you.

Perry

Fayetteville, Tennessee August 10th 1863

Dear Frankie,

I am pretty busy today as a move of this cavalry force seems to be in contemplation. We are getting everything fixed up, horses shod, etc., to be ready to march tomorrow. Where we are going, as usual, I have no idea.

The Lieutenant ( William W. La Grange ) is yet very sick. He has for several days been starving in a private house in town. He has got a furlough and will start for home today. His younger brother is going with him but I fear the lieutenant is so sick he will not reach home alive. It makes me have the blues, somewhat, to think I must have the command of the company, probably for some time. Others may like to exercise authority over men, but I do not and never did.

Yesterday my heart was made glad at the sight of Bill Bowers, but the pleasure was not in the least increased when the physique of Kern presented itself to view. They both arrived yesterday and are in good health. Bill's coming will be a great help to me for he will attend to his business ( quartermaster ) so that it will need no looking after on my part, which has been necessary while he was absent. Sergeant Town acts as orderly now. As matters are now arranged I do not have as much to see to as I did for awhile.

Some officers and men are to be sent from this regiment to Wisconsin to assist in bringing conscripts down to the field. Sergeant Marcina ( P. ) Stone is going from our company. I shall have him go out and see you if possible. I mean to send \$60 or \$65 dollars by him to you.

I received no letters from you since I last wrote about a week ago. Eugene Ailing is getting better. The rest of the boys from our part are well. My health is first rate.

This was as near as I can tell pretty much of a standstill at present. I am not in the mood for writing a long letter. Besides that, I have not the necessary time. You must try and contend with this short one from  
Your Perry

PS It is afternoon and I am not so busy as in the morning when I commenced this letter for I have got things straightened out pretty well. Mail does not leave camp till four o'clock and as costly as letter paper is here ( from 3 to 5 cents a sheet ) it seems a pity to waste money to send blank paper, even if what I write amounts to nothing.

A scout of 500 men, half of them from this regiment, just returned from a five day scout. They have been down to Huntsville and vicinity. They report no rebel force this side of the Tennessee River. They found only a few rebel scouts and brought in a dozen or so contraband Africans.

The weather here is the hottest I have ever experienced. It exceeds the heat last year at Helena ( Ark. ) It makes one feel languid and lazy, but when I get up energy enough to move I am as strong and as able to do as much as ever. It is so hot that I cannot walk 40 rods without the sweat dripping from my face like rain and my woolen shirt being perfectly wet through. I do not know how high the mercury in the thermometer gets, but I am sure it is up to blood heat every day.

Well, I have another clean page of paper, which will never do. For some reason or other my ideas are all clogged up or played out. I am somewhat in that fix that you have seen, when persons who feel constrained by politeness or fashion to say something when they have nothing to talk about. Perhaps you have seen me in that predicament and can recall what an awkward appearance I made. I cannot write about politics, do not know much about war matters anyway, do not feel the least bit poetical, could not for the life of me get off into the sublime with high flouting language and pile on agony. If it would bring me an everlasting fortune, I could not say anything. Now I suppose you think it very strange that your husband down here at war cannot write some news, something interesting, to you way up on cold old Wisconsin.

The news is "Hurrah for the Union! Up with the stars! The First Wisconsin Cavalry! Down with the traitors! Three cheers for Old Abe!, etc., etc., etc.

Frankie, do write as often as you can, now won't you, to                      Your Perry

Larkinsville, Alabama

August 15th 1863

Dear Frankie,

We marched from Fayetteville on the tenth, and reached Huntsville after two days, then moved eastward, keeping near the line of the Chattanooga railroad until we arrived at Larkinsville this forenoon. This is on the railroad, about 45 miles from Huntsville and twelve miles from Bellefont. For once, since I have been a soldier, the officers have told us what they suppose our intentions to be for a short time to come. They tell us we shall probably remain here two or three weeks. We shall have a chance to recruit our horses some, for here is plenty of green corn, and it is mature enough to be pretty good feed.

I cannot help but express my admiration of Huntsville and vicinity. The country is decidedly the best I ever saw. with such rich, fertile and easily cultivated land, together with beautiful rows of timber, and all finely watered by innumerable sparkling springs, flowing as clear as crystal and of icy coolness. The city is heartfully located and well laid out. The buildings are not very good generally, many of them being old, are showing the marks of time, but they are some of the most splendid that I ever saw, orinated with every kind of flower and shrubbery and fancy work.

You ought to have heard Sergeant Town ( He has quite an eye for the beautiful and has seen a good deal of the world ) going into exactitudes about the city and surrounding countryside. He declared that here was where he would live if he was only rich.

I forgot to mention a spring, where a stream of the purest water, fully as large as Koshkonog Creek at Cambridge ( WI. ) just boils right up on nearly level ground, close to the city. Here are the water works that supply the town. At every corner there is a pennstock, and by putting one's hand on an iron handle, out will gush a stream, two inches thick.



When Ed Town was telling how much he would like to live here, I was reminded of what is said of the Creek Indians who once lived here. Long years ago, the tribe was wandering around in search of better hunting grounds. Coming to this area where they were enchanted with its loveliness, they chanted "Ah-La-Bah-Mah" which is said to mean "Here we rest". The name of Alabama has come from the poor Indians who have been compelled to leave this fertile country for an almost barren desert, to give place to a race, pretending to be civilized, but which in some respects, are more barbarous than the savages themselves.

The country between Huntsville and here is more broken. The hills are very rocky, almost mountains, but the valleys are broad and rich.

Our company, my company I must call it now, is nearly all out on picket this afternoon. Alex's son ( Adam J. McGowen of Jefferson ) and half a dozen others are taking it pretty easy. Alex is fixing some "succotash" for supper, on which we expect to feast. Since the Lieutenant left, Bill Bowers, Alex, Ed Town and I occupy his tent. We are a pretty agreeable company. Seems good to have a tent while on the move. For some five or six weeks, I believe I told you, we had no tents, except small shelter ones carried on our horses, because we had no teams to haul them or any other baggage with.

All the boys of your acquaintance are well and also myself. I have told all the news I can think of. The mail goes out in a few minutes so I close.

Perry

Headquarters First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Larkinsville, Alabama

August 26th 1863

Dear Frankie,

Yours of the fourth was received about a week ago. I have not written you since, but wrote to Lucinda three or four days ago. It seems to me, by your letters, that not half of mine reach you. I know I only get one from you in a long time. It is discouraging to write when one is, all the time, thinking that it is liable to be for nothing.

You see that we are making quite a long stop for the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. We have a great deal of guard and picket duty to do but very little scouting.

I have been out but once. Two companies of us went down to the Tennessee River the day before yesterday. There was a rebel force of about 1,500 on the other side. We saw their pickets across the river, and talked with them. They said they were tired of the war and were of a mind to come over and give themselves up, if we would parole them.

A scout of rebs comes to our side ( of the river ) occasionally, but they are very careful to keep out of our way. Occasionally they pick up some of our men that straggle. A few days ago, they nabbed four of our men, belonging to the band of the 2nd Indiana.

The cars run here daily from Nashville by way of Stevenson.

We have plenty of green corn here to feed our horses. Some of it is getting quite hard and our horses are doing well on it.

I have got a good horse yet. I traded the other day for a southern horse that has no "US" branded on him. He is a good six years old horse.

When I commenced this letter two hours ago, I thought I would have time to write it, but as soon as I had written "Dear Frankie", I received an order to make out a 'description roll' for a six soldier patrol. Then I began again, and wrote a few more lines, when I stopped to make a report of the horses in the company. And so I have been bothered all the time. Now with a dozen men around me all talking at once. The loudest is Bill Bowers. I declare, he is the noisiest fellow I ever knew.

This country abounds with peaches which are now ripe. We have had all we wanted to eat since we have been here, though they are getting rather scarce now, inside the pickets. So many soldiers will make anything scarce in a little time. We are not allowed to go outside the pickets. At least a company must go out together.

Oh Frankie! What I wouldn't give to stretch out my arm long enough and sit down in your house a bucket of delicious peaches. I eat a peach a day. How little Willie would pitch into them. I imagine I could see the little darling eating them and wonder where such good things come from. I do not suppose he ever saw a peach or ever heard the name. I don't suppose Frank would eat many. No, she doesn't like such things much.

I have no news to write and I got discomfuddled and knocked off the track by the pressure of business when I first began, so that I am in no mood for writing anything else. Marcena Stone has not been sent to Wisconsin yet, and I don't know as he will go. I have not had the chance to send you the money yet. If there were any certainty about letters going through, I would enclose it and send it that way. I do not believe it better to risk it in my own pocket, though a great many soldiers get their pockets picked.

Bill is hurrying me to get some water for supper so good bye once more from Perry

On picket, six miles west of Chattanooga Thursday September 24th 1863

Dear Wife,

It has been a long time since I have been able to send you a letter, and also a long time since I have heard from you.

Yesterday, while I was standing in the line of battle, on this side of the river at Chattanooga, I was told, if I had a letter, it could be sent. I scribbled a few lines that you might know my life and health were yet spared while thousands have been hurled into eternity or maimed or crippled for life.

I suppose it will be of little use for me to attempt anything like a history of this last campaign, for you no doubt, know more of it than I do. I presume you even know more of what we have been doing during the past four or five days than I do who have been here all the time. All I know is just what I see, and that is but little.

To sum it all up, Rosecrans outflanked Bragg, crossed the river and was getting pretty well around to his rear with some of his forces and Bragg was compelled to evacuate Chattanooga. Bragg received reinforcements, turned upon Rosecrans, whose forces were somewhat scattered in the mountains. After four or five days of hard fighting drove him back to Chattanooga with considerable losses, where Bragg has made his stand and will probably be able to maintain his position.

All the cavalry train, the sick and wounded have been brought to this side of the river, as they would be only a hindrance and in case of a defeat, will be safe. The cavalry will, I think, be placed up and down the river to prevent the enemy from crossing. I do not think that Bragg will make a general attack very soon. There was occasional firing yesterday and it began early that morning again but nothing like a battle.

If I can get time I will try to tell you a little of what I have seen and consequently know. First I will say that it is little, for of late, so much dust has filled what little that could be seen. It has not rained for a long time and when a column of cavalry is moving at a rapid pace, the air is perfectly filled with dust, so as to make it impossible to see. It is like the darkest night and nearly stifles both man and beast.

On the 31st of August, we left Larkinsville, the land of peaches and apples, and for a while, our days of ease and comfort were to cease, though little did we expect what was in store for us.

September 2nd, we, three divisions of cavalry, one division of infantry and thirty pieces of artillery, crossed the Tennessee River near Stevenson on a pontoon bridge, built a day or two before, eight rods in length.

For a week we were climbing over mountains and scouting through rich valleys, in a southeastern direction, the cavalry in advance of our train, slowly toiling after us.

On the 9th, the head of our column descended into a valley in Georgia at the little village of Alpine, some 40 miles south of Chattanooga. The advance brigade here had a fight with a brigade of rebs who disputed our further progress. The rebs were put to flight. We lost four killed and fourteen wounded.

For four days we stayed in this valley, scouting about some, while our train was toiling up the mountain behind us.

On the 13th, the train had just begun descending the mountains. That day, our division went out to Summerville and beyond, some 14 miles east of Alpine to the Little Black Warrior River. Here we found the enemy. After a little firing across the river, we returned and marched back rapidly. The next morning, early, we began the ascent up the mountain. The train turned back and as the last of it came up the mountain, the head of our column passed down. These movements were very mysterious. Why this sudden backward movement, no one could tell. We had toiled hard to get to Bragg's rear, but were now anxious to get out of it. We hoped it was all right strategy, but feared not. Now we move in the direction of Chattanooga.

We skirmished a little on the 18th and on the 19th we heard the roar of a fierce battle at a creek, 14 miles south of Chattanooga. A body of rebels with two pieces of artillery attacked our rear. The 1st Wisconsin and the 2nd Indiana dismounted, charged them and put them to flight. The 1st Wisconsin had one wounded and the 2nd Indiana had one killed.

As we got near the scene of the main battle, we met a continual stream of ambulances, loaded with wounded besides scores of the less wounded hobbling along on foot, all getting to the rear, out of the way. The fight continued that day till after dark, when both armies rested on nearly the same ground they had occupied in the morning. Our loss that day was estimated at 2,000 killed and wounded.

On the 20th, the fight was resumed about ten o'clock, and soon raged with great fury. As usual our cavalry was found in line, in the rear. The roar of the battle gradually grew nearer. We moved our line back and in a little while back again and so on. We hardly knew what it meant, but feared what proved to be the truth, that our men were being driven back. As night drew nearer, we just got right up and traveled our best. We soon suspected what for as we heard the rebels thundering in our rear. The fact was they had defeated Sheridan's division on our left, broken through the lines and cut us off from the main army.

We marched that night, somebody knows where. I don't, till two o'clock. The rebels followed us sometimes. They took our hospital with the wounded that we left behind. Some say they burned the hospital, wounded and all, but I do not believe it.

21st We got up and marched toward the enemy, our regiment in advance. Company I was deployed as skirmishers, feeling our way very carefully. We skirmishers kept our eyes peeled and I tell you, after going about three miles, we discover the enemy skirmishers, moving about as careful as we, about 40 rods from us in the woods. We exchanged a few shots with them, then fell back a little and formed a line of battle. The

enemy formed their line about one half mile from ours. In this way we laid all day, with only an occasional shot being fired, neither party being anxious to begin the fight. We could, all the time, hear the roar of battle four miles distant on our left. We kept in the same position all night, but always quiet.

At four the next morning we were rounded up quietly. We silently got into column on the road and moved to the rear. Just as the last of our cavalymen left the camp, the bugler went to the side nearest the rebs and, just as daylight began to appear, broke the stillness, by vigorously sounding reveille.

That day we went straight to Chattanooga and came near being cut off once in a mountain pass, but the 5th Wisconsin Battery got into position just in time and held the rebs in check until we passed. Then the battery has a narrow escape in getting away from the rebs, as they came pouring down upon them in overpowering numbers.

When we got to Chattanooga, we found that the trains and cavalry were crossing the river as fast as possible. I for the first time, realized we had been badly whipped. The infantry was at work with all their might, throwing up breastworks. They appeared in good spirits. I thought it was only to cover our retreat and that the next morning would find all of Rosecrans great army holding, so the rebs could not get on this side.

The rebs crowded close around the town and then shelled among us where we were crossing. You cannot imagine my feelings when I fully comprehended our disasters. I felt that when I started out to cross the river, I should like to turn and rush among the enemy, and cut and slash and fight till I died.

I think now they will not take Chattanooga. I just heard the rebs have just made an assault on some of our works this morning and were repulsed with great slaughter. We could hear the firing plainly. It is that firing I spoke of in the beginning of the letter.

25th The enemy is fortifying in front of the town. Last night by moonlight, they made another furious assault on our works. It lasted from nine to one o'clock. They were repulsed with severe loss.

Our horses are getting poorer. They have had almost nothing to eat for a week and have been saddled for all that time. Many have given out and died. We have a great many dismounted men. My horse is in as good a condition as any I know of. The country around here is completely stripped of forage.

The weather is quite cool lately. We had severe frost about a week ago.

Frank, will this war never end? I am getting dreadfully discouraged, but I will not write in this style since it does no good. I wish I could hear from you. It has been more than a month since I have had a letter.

Bill Bowers was in a hospital sick, at Stevenson, through a great part of this campaign, but he joined some ten days ago.

I believe I have written about as much as you wish to read at one time from

Perry

PS Lieutenant, not Captain La Grange, resumed command of Company I today. I am very glad of it. Please send me one dollar in stamps CPG

Camp of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Bridgeport, Tennessee ( Alabama )

September 30th 1863

Dear Frankie,

Yesterday and the day before I received two letters from you, one dated the 12th and the other supposed to be written the 8th. They were very welcome indeed. You cannot imagine how much good your letters do me. I was getting really homesick and disheartened. I had not heard from you in a long time. Our troops were being defeated and driven back, no prospect of the war ending enduring for a long time, I was tired and worn out with continual riding, watching and loss of sleep, until, although my health was good, I had gotten so discouraged and disheartened, that I cared but little what happened to me. Your letters have cheered me up, got my mind into a different train of thought.

The prospects concerning the war are not so very bad after all. It is true that Rosecrans has been compelled to fall back some, but the loss in men is probably no greater than the enemy's, yet he has doubtless lost more artillery. Yet taking the whole campaign together, we have been the gainers. Rosecrans has got Chattanooga and Bragg cannot drive him out of it. When we get good and ready, we will make another advance with, I hope, better success than before.

Since I began writing, the magazine in one of the forts near here blew up with a terrific explosion. Now the shells that were thrown around with their fuses ignited are bursting in as quick a succession as a bunch of lighted firecrackers. It seems as though we are in the midst of a heavy battle. We shall probably know in a few minutes how many were killed and wounded by the explosion. There must be a great many.

I wrote one letter to you on the 23rd and another on the 25th, in which I tried to tell you something of what we have been doing. I hope you will get through them although they are poor specimens of my scribbling.

This division of cavalry left Chattanooga on the 26th and arrived here on the 28th. It is thought by some that we are going down near Huntsville to guard the river. We must have new horses before we can be worth much as a cavalry regiment. The horses have fared very hard lately, sometimes going two or three days without anything to eat and sometimes nearly as long without watering, it being unsafe to get either feed or water. My horse stands it very well. I have taken all the care I could of him. He is one of the kindest and best dispositioned horses I ever saw. He almost drew tears from my eyes to see him when he was nearly starved. He looked so wistfully at me and he seemed to ask in his own language so earnestly for something to eat. I am getting to think a great deal of him and have named him after myself, Charlie.

Captain ( William ) La Grange has been nominally in command of the company for a few days, though we scarcely ever see him. He will, I think, soon go to Company D, which he is to command. I hope they will give Company I to a commissioned officer. No other company in this regiment has ever be commanded by a sergeant for one quarter of the company's existence. It is not right. Everyone should have pay for the work he does.

I have made some inquiry into ( Joseph ) Henry Saunders. He was orderly sergeant of Company H and died last fall ( 10-6-1862 ) at Cape Girardeau. He had a horse that died at Patterson last winter. Captain ( Lewis M. ) Smith, ( Summit ) of his company, wrote to Mrs. Saunders, stating the facts and sent her the saddle and other equipment by express. I do not think Saunders widow has been cheated in the least, for Captain Smith is one of the finest and most honorable men in this regiment, although altogether to fine a man to be a good officer.

I saw yesterday a "Wisconsin Chief" for July. It contained a letter from Father and Brown's reply to it. Such confabs may do very well to occupy one's mind and pass off a little time when he is not able to do anything else, but as a general thing not much is to be made by pitching into an editor, especially Brown. He knows how to use abusive language equal to anyone.









We have not been paid yet but are expecting it tomorrow. The paymaster is very slow. It has taken him about a week to pay off two regiments, but I think he is nevertheless, sure.

It is expected that this cavalry division will move soon to Sparta, a small town about 35 miles northwest of McMinnville. We shall probably start on Monday, day after tomorrow. The Colonel has made out papers for sending twelve men from this regiment to Wisconsin recruiting. Bill Bowers is among that number. The papers have been sent on to headquarters in Chattanooga for approval. When they return approved, if they ever do. Bill will start for home. I really hope he will go.

Yesterday and the day before, General ( William T. ) Sherman, with about 25,000 men passed through here towards Chattanooga. The 18th Wisconsin was with them. Sherman's men think they are invincible, saying they have never been whipped and never will be. I think they will soon again have a chance to show their fighting qualities. It must be we are getting an immense army together at the front. Something decisive must certainly be done soon. It does not seem possible that it can be delayed much longer.

We are not in fit condition for active service yet. True, we have had some new horses and equipments lately. This regiment got 50 of the horses we brought down from Nashville. At least one third of the regiment is now dismounted. No forage is brought here by railroad. We have to get it in the country where the getting is scarce. Our horses are faring badly. I trade horses occasionally with the view of preventing myself from running out of the article entirely. The horse I have now, a four year old, was so wild and vicious that several different ones who had tried him were unable to do anything with him without endangering their lives. I've had him for a week and am getting him pretty well broken in. He is getting quite tame and gentle now that he finds I will not hurt him. He is the smartest and finest horse I have ever rode since in the service.

I like the business I am in now much better than commanding a company. I don't like to order others and never did. I hope it will never again be my duty to have command of a single human being.

They said that Wisconsin has elected the Republican ticket by a large majority. I believe but four copperhead votes were cast in this regiment. We who went to Nashville for horses were marching election day and did not vote.

Dear Frankie, I wish you would write a little oftener so I know how you and Willie are. I hope that you are not sick, but are as well as your Perry.

Headquarters, First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Alexandria, Tennessee November 23rd 1863

Frankie,

It is just one month ago today since I received a letter from you. Others get letters often and I get none. What does it mean? Are you sick? If so have someone else write and tell me.

On the 16th, our division marched from Winchester, reaching Murfreesboro on the night of the 18th. On the 19th, our regiment was paid. The next day we again marched, arriving here at Alexandria on the 21st. It is thought that we will stay in this vicinity for a considerable time as there is plenty of forage in the country for our horses and nothing for us to do in the existing state of affairs. Our horses have been hard worked, then starved at Winchester. No cavalry can be profitably used at the front if there is a scarcity of forage. I can see no reason we should not stay here or in some other locality that has not been completely overrun and desolated by the army, until we get somewhat recruited or something turns up which will make it necessary for us to again be on the move.

Before leaving Murfreesboro I sent \$140.00 by Captain Pettibone to Nashville, there to be expressed to you. I could not send you as much as I had hoped, as I got no pay for my horse. The paymaster 'understood' an order had been issued to the effect that all horses owned by enlisted men must be sold to the government and turned over to quartermasters. No money shall be paid for the use of such horses. I am inclined to think that his 'understood' in the matter is a mistake, for I have not seen, nor know any one who has seen such order. All orders from the War Department are sent to these headquarters and filed in this office. No such order is on file here now. I have the hopes that yet, on some future payday, I will get the pay for the use of the horse. Still, the paymaster might be right. He surely ought to know. However, I have done very well by bringing a horse into the service, let the case be as it may.

Frank, I believe I have had just as good a dinner today as you have had. Company I was on picket yesterday and last night, which in fact, may in a measure account for it. The dinner consisted of a fine turkey stuffed and nicely baked, biscuit and butter and applesauce. Perhaps you think our boys cannot cook turkey good or make good biscuits, without anything but camp dishes to cook in. Well, it may be they cannot. I do not know as they cooked these. It may be they found them all ready cooked. I never inquired, but turned to and ate to the best of my ability. Our mess consists of Sergeant ( William ) Bowers, Commissary Sergeant ( John ) Farnsworth, Sergeant ( Marcena P. ) Stone, now the Company Commander, Corporal ( Alex ) McGowan and myself. It so happens, very mysteriously, that we quite often have a good meal, consisting of something besides army rations. Sometimes it is paid for, and at a high price too. Sometimes it is 'confiscated'.

Bill Bowers is a good cook and some of the rest of the mess are good at furnishing materials, what women call "good providers". You will notice that though I work at headquarters, I still board with my company. I do not have to go with them on picket or guard, foraging or scouting, and am exposed to storms only when the Regiment marches. I get my regular night's sleep and a good tent in which to write in the daytime and a good stove in it.

We have just learned the result of the draft in Wisconsin. Eleven from Oakland and David ( Goodrich ) escaped! Good luck so far but I fear the next draft in January. E. A Masters is among the list of drafted men. ( Emandus A Masters served in Co. I, 1st WI. Cav. in 1861/1862 and was discharged ). I feel rather sorry for him for his health will not likely be good, but he is no better than a thousands of others and it will be no worse for him to go.

Frank, I wish you would write a little more often and tell David and Lucinda to write. I believe I wrote to them last. I should think Father might write once in a while. I do not write very often to each one of my folks, for being near together, I calculate that what I write to you that is of consequence for the others to know, you will tell them.

You don't know how much good it does to get a letter from home. I think of you and Willie every day and nearly every hour and a week without hearing from you seems like a long time.

Time moves slowly with me, but it wears away at last. I have but eleven months more to stay. It seems like a long time, but we must be patient. At last it will end and if my life be spared I will then be with loved ones at home. I hope never again to leave there for any length of time in this world. I hope the war will be over by that time, so that our country will not call away from Frankie and Willie their

Perry

Oakland, Wisconsin

Sunday

Dec. 6th 1863

My Dear Husband,

Today David went over to the office and brought me a letter from you dated November 23rd. I was very glad to see a letter from you because I had had none the week before. But after I read it I found very little to give me pleasure except that you have such a comfortable business and that day had been eating such a good dinner. So I concluded that you must be well, although you did not say as much. But what I refer to as giving me little pleasure is the manner in which you addressed me, "Frankie". Never before in writing to me have you failed to write "Dear Frankie" or "Dear Wife". I also noted the whole tone of the letter is very cool.

Now how do you suppose I felt after reading the letter all through? You are saying, I suppose you felt it was just a rebuke and that you had been a very naughty, wicked wife for not writing more often and so did not deserve to be called "Dear"? Yes, I thought that I had done wrong, but it was unintentional. I never meant to let a week go by without writing to you, but sometimes it seems almost impossible to write.

I felt like crying my eyes out, but would not because I gave up such foolishness long ago as very unprofitable employment. Now Dear Perry, whenever you write to me again and wish to give me a scolding, for anything, no matter what, or write anything which you or I would rather no one else should see, you certainly would not want a third party a reproach from you to me, I make the request and consider it my right that it shall be put in a private letter for no one else to see but myself!

I have stood for two long years without complaining, the aggravation of having my letters from you opened, read and commented on. If any one happens to be there, you know where I mean, before I see them at all. If you would enclose anything of that kind in another envelope and write: Francis Goodrich-PRIVATE, there certainly ought to be no chance of its being opened except by me. It could be sent in the same general letter which you always have written. But enough of this for the present.

We are all enjoying our usual health. I never was healthier in my life. Willie is in robust health both physically and mentally. He does not like to learn of me a tale, and I do not like to compel him for fear of making him hate books. How I do wish we could live near a school house so he could go to school. He is a very smart child, Perry, even if he does belong to you and me.

Sometimes he is rather fractious and tries to have his own way, but so far I have been able to manage him without much trouble. I wish you could have the management of him and I believe you will before many more weary months have passed and gone.

I will give you one specimen of the many strange questions which Willie asks me from time to time. He has got it into his head from what he hears that Republicans are all very good men and Democrats vice versa. He also thinks God is very good, of course. So he asked suddenly one day, "Is God a Republican?" I was somewhat surprised for a minute but I answered, "Yes, Willie, I think so."

I just asked him what I should tell Pa for him. He says "Tell him I want him to come home. I want a Pa to love me. I want him to take me on his lap like Willie Ives Pa does him. Tell him I've been a good boy and helped uncle David and Johnny clean up the wheat. Uncle David said I was the smartest boy in Oakland for such a little boy. And tell Pa to bring me a live pony when he comes home, and I will always be good!"

Anything which he sees anyone do or hears of it being done, he will surely try his hand at. One day last summer, while Nel's ( Nelson Church ) wife and little boy were staying at the ( Senior ) Churches, she came here on a visit of two or three days and brought Sammy with her. He's a very bright little fellow, a year younger than Willie. Well, Lettie and I were very busy visiting on day, and had forgotten all about our boys for quite a spell and begun wondering where they were. We both started out to look for them and soon heard voices in the garden. So I said, "Come on, Lettie. Let's go see what they're up to." So we went very

slyly along until we got where we could see and hear everything. Now Perry, What do you think they were playing? You can not guess, of course so I will tell.

They had picked off all the big seed cucumbers, cut off the blow end, dug out the inside and called them 'cannons'. Then they would fill them up with soil and throw it, yelling 'BANG' at the top of their lungs. Pretty soon Willie walked out a little ways from the row of 'cannons' and looking back at Sammy said, "Come on, Boys. The rebels have skedaddled and we've got Port Hudson"! I tell you, it was a laughable sight, and Lettie and I, being only human, and weak at that, came near having spasms.

Well, I have written enough about Willie for this time, but not because there is nothing more to say. The theme is inexhaustible.

Monday, December 7th You see, Perry, I did not finish this letter yesterday, because I expected to see Bill Bowers today. I wanted to tell you he had been here. So here goes.

Bill and his wife and Libbie A (Flint) Wilson came here this forenoon and stayed till after dark, so I sat down this evening to tell you about it. I knew they were coming so was looking for them. There was a rap, and I went to the door. I gave Bill my hand and said, "How do you do, Mr. Bowers?" What do you suppose he said and did. He gave my hand a pretty tight grip and somewhere on my face bestowed a decided smack and exclaimed "How are you, Frank?"

I can tell you, my formal greeting stood back rather shamefaced in the shade after this and stayed there the remainder of the day. We all had a very good visit and talked ourselves nearly crazy. Bill has a great deal to tell in praise of you, Perry.

After they had been here quite a while, all of a sudden Bill spoke up "There! I came darned near forgetting a part of my errand here! Perry said: 'Now Bill, you must surely go and give Frank a good jawing for me for not writing more often.'"

What a message for a husband to send home to his wife when they so seldom have an opportunity to hear from each other in this manner! But I will try and not feel bad about anything you have said and written. I had a very good visit and found out that you were very much respected and thought well of by the officers of the regiment. Dear Perry, I feel very proud of my brave husband! I thought it couldn't be possible, but that you would be appreciated sometimes or another in the regiment.

I will write again within a week and in that time shall go to the Fort ( Atkinson ) and get the money. Tomorrow, I think. I am in a dreadful hurry.

Good bye

Frankie

Camp near Kingston, Tennessee

Dec. 12th 1863

Frankie,

The last letter I have written you is still in my pocket. I am in hopes to send it soon and will make a little addition to it.

The supply train came up to us on the 7th and in the afternoon of the same day we commenced our march over the mountains and arrived here at Kingston last night. We shall not probably stay here more than a day or two as forage is very scarce.

We hear various and conflicting rumors. One is that Burnside has had a fight with Longstreet and captured all his artillery and one third of his men. Another is that General (William Thomas Harbaugh) Brooks with the 2nd division has defeated rebel General (Joseph) Wheeler's Cavalry. Still another rumor is that Longstreet is now in Knoxville and moving in this direction and that we are getting in a pretty tight spot.

I have so much to do today that I cannot write but a few lines. We have just as much work in the office, reports to be made, whether we are marching two thirds of the time or staying in camp all the time. When we do halt and set up our desk we are obliged to improve every minute to do work that we have been obliged to neglect on the march.

I am well and so are the boys.

Perry

and then I shall have a good deal of things to do in the morning. I shall have a good deal of things to do in the morning.

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Camp of the First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Mossy Creek, Tennessee

January 9th 1864

Dear Wife,

It has been a long time since I have written to you and equally as long a time since I have heard from you. Little or no mail communication has been had since we have come to this immediate front.

On the 14th of December, we left our camp near Kingston and marched east, passing through Knoxville on the 16th. On the 17th we arrived at Strawberry Plains, the place where the East Tennessee crosses the Wolfstien River. We are now face to face with Longstreet. A short time previous he had been badly beaten at Knoxville and had fallen back to this place. During the few days following there was some skirmishing in which, however, our brigade did not participate. The enemy then fell back further.

On the 23rd, our cavalry forded the river to follow them up. My horse was very sick at the time and unable to go. For the first time since I have been in the service I stayed behind the regiment with 28 men of the 1st Wisconsin who had not serviceable horses. The next day, for several hours we heard the heavy roar of artillery to the northeast and you cannot imagine how uneasy and out of place I felt to be behind while my comrades were fighting.

On the 31st, in the morning, I heard that two days before there had been a severe cavalry fight, that our regiment had been hotly engaged, had lost some in killed and wounded, but had not driven the enemy. My horse, being better, I could stand it no longer, and immediately packed up and in the midst of a cold dreary rain storm such as is known only in the South in the winter, I pushed out alone to find the regiment and share their fortunes.

After a ride of 18 miles through the most tenacious mud ever seen, I found them three miles east of this place. Everything was quiet. The enemies pickets and ours were but a mile apart but there seemed no disposition to bring on an engagement. Things have remained in this state ever since I came out here.

On the 3rd, we moved back to this place. We frequently see the pickets of the enemy while we are foraging and occasionally parties from both armies meet and have a brush, but no extensive fighting is done.

But very few supplies reach us here and we have to live almost entirely on the country. The rebs destroyed the bridges across the Wolfstien but the federals are rebuilding them. They will soon be done and we will have railroad communication.

The weather this winter has been very mild until the 1st of January. Since then it has been nearly as cold as any northern winter. Today the ground is white with a slight covering of snow, the sun shines clear and bright, but the wind blows sharp and cold from the northwest. We have no tents except shelters made with our rubber ponchos laid on slanting poles as rafters. I am sitting on the ground in front of a fire built of green logs with my face begrimed and blackened by smoke and ashes. My eyes are bleary, red and watery from the same cause. I am trying to write with fingers so cold and numb that I can scarcely make legible quail tracks.

I have had nothing to do in the adjutants office since leaving Kingston. The regiment's desk and papers were left in Knoxville and have not been brought up since. I have no duty to do but take care of myself and my horse. I go out foraging from four to nine miles almost every day. When we do get our desk, I shall have all the work I can do for some time, doing the neglected work.

It is uncertain whether you will get this letter soon or not but you must be getting very anxious to hear from me. I will send this to Knoxville at the first opportunity and in time it may get to you. I have never learned yet whether you received the \$140.00 I sent to you on the 20th of November.

East Tennessee, though tough and mountainous, is a rich, fertile and healthy country and much more thickly populated than I thought it would be, more so than Middle Tennessee or Kentucky. At least this is the case in the parts I have traveled.

Tennessee abounds in evergreens of every description. In some places, especially on the eastern slope of the Cumberland Mountains, I could scarcely realize it was winter, the woods and nearly the whole face of the earth looked so green. The trees are pine, cedar, hemlock, etc., mixed with a thick growth of rich, dark green shrubbery of laurel and holly bush. Many of the trees not evergreen, such as ash and hickory are rendered green by the trunks being mantled with deep green ivy and branches covered with parasites, mistletoe boughs.

We get no news of what's going on in the world anymore than if we were in prison. I am well. The boys are all well. I do not know if I have written anything you can read or understand, but my fingers are so cold that I must give it up as a bad job.

Tell Willie he must be a good boy and mind his mother and help her all he can. Tell him Papa will be home sometime and will get him a horse and saddle, so he can learn to ride like a soldier. But my constant prayer is he may never have to go to war. This is also the prayer of his father and your husband.

Perry

PS January 10th This morning the mail came in, bringing lots of letters but none from you. What does it mean? The last was dated November 21st. It makes me feel downhearted and homesick. I got a long letter from Bill Bowers, which under the circumstances would give me great pleasure, but it only adds to my misery and disappointment to think that a letter from him could reach me and none from you. Bill's letter was dated December 23rd. He mentioned about just visiting you. I suppose I ought to write to him today but I think I shall not. I have no heart to. I do not know as I shall write to anyone else again.

What we are staying here for, doing nothing, with the men living on short rations and half of them with bare toes sticking out of their boots and other clothing sadly dissipated, is more than I can tell. They 'say' and have been saying for two weeks that Longstreet is surrounded and cannot get out, that Hooker is to the south of him, Sherman is in Bull's Gap and someone else is in the Cumberland Gap and we are on this side. All we have to do is hold him to it until he surrenders. They 'say' a few days ago he offered to surrender if his men could be immediately paroled and allowed to go.

They 'say' as soon as Longstreet is used up, this army will push on to the proximity of Richmond. Lee will soon have to come, then Bragg and the war will suddenly be ended. All this is fine talk and would do a fellow lots of good if he could only believe it. We have heard just such kind of talk for the past two years and still the war rages with unmatched fury. The armies are still fighting on the same ground they were two years ago. God only knows when it will end. I have got the blues today and I am looking on the dark side so I will stop.

CPG

Camp six miles south of Dandridge, Tennessee January 24th 1864

Dear Frank,

Long before daylight this morning I learned of an opportunity to send a letter and hastily penned a few lines to you, but now I have some time to spare and will take it more deliberately, and if not interrupted, endeavor to write a longer and more intelligible letter, though I may not have a chance to send it for a long time.



Day before yesterday I received five letters, two from you, one from Father and one from David and one from Bill Bowers, all for part of December. They did me a great deal of good even if they were old.

On the 14th we left our camp at Mossy Creek, and marched ten miles to Dandridge on the French Broad River. I think this was the left of the enemy's line and the right of our line. During the next two days our forces were being massed at this point.

On the 16th, Colonel Wolford marched out with his division of infantry to feel out the enemy. He was met by a strong force and driven back. The cavalry were out and engaged in some skirmishing. Our regiment lost one mortally wounded. The enemy rested in line for the night within half a mile of our camp. Before morning they drew back a half a mile further.

On the 17th, we kept saddled and on the look out till a little past noon when the enemy was found to be advancing in line of battle. Our brigade, consisting of the 7th Kentucky, the 2nd and 4th Indiana and the 1st Wisconsin were ordered out to oppose them. Our regiment went out at a smart trot, meeting the enemy on the same ground where the skirmishing crossed the night before. We rode within fair range, some 60 rods, and under a heavy fire of musketry, three quarters dismounted to fight on foot, while the other quarter took care of the horses.

Here my horse was shot, before I had time to dismount. We went off in a twinkling and rushed up the hill at the rebs who were on the edge of a piece of woods and pretty well sheltered. We pressed on while the bullets played all sorts of tunes about our ears.

Many a brave man fell. Here Captain La Grange fell with his thigh broken near his body. He was two or three rods in advance of his men, urging them on. The rebel line began to wave and our boys sent up a shout of triumph.

At this point the rebel cavalry, we had been fighting infantry, made a dash to the front of us, charging down upon our lead horses. The 7th Kentucky, who were posted on our right, mounted to prevent any movement of this kind, broke and ran in the wildest confusion. The 2nd Indiana were placed back as a reserve and the 4th ( Indiana ) had not yet got up so we were alone. We feared we would be surrounded and we fell back. Just in the nick of time, the 2nd ( Indiana ) came up and charged on the rebel cavalry, who were after our horses, and drove them back.

The 4th ( Indiana ) came up and dismounted. We, the 1st Wisconsin, rallied on them and we again rushed to the onset. As we came over the brow of the hill, we found the rebels number greatly increased. At this point we saw a column of infantry march up and wheel into line four deep. They poured into us a fire that no single line of dismounted cavalry with short cravings could withstand. We broke and fled in dismay. The rebs chased us and yelled like demons. ( Col. ) La Grange and Major Torrey exerted themselves to the utmost and rallied the men, preventing a perfect rout. The rebs fell back to their first position and we took up one about 80 rods from them. By this time night had come on and the firing ceased.

The rebs built fires but we did not. As silently as possible, we made a low breastwork of rails and laid behind them with revolvers thinking, let them come and we'll show 'em, Jackson style, but they did not come.

At the time they charged on our horses there was a perfect mixture of rebs and federals together with frightened horses running around at their best speed. It is strange we lost as few horses as we did except for those that were shot. They went straight to their last camp, and though we had been there but one day, most of them were found standing in the very places they had been tied.

Our regiment lost 32, three killed, 15 wounded and 14 missing. We had several rebel prisoners.

To the right of our brigade, a brigade of infantry was engaged. How they made out I do not know, but judging from the firing, they had to fall back.

I supposed on the next day we should have had a terrible battle. We had doubtless twenty thousand troops there who had not been brought into the action for some reason. But little artillery had been used.

After we had laid behind our breastworks for three hours. Nearly freezing, we quietly marched away to our last camp. I fortunately had on my overcoat, which I was tempted to throw away during the fight when I was sweating and panting from sheer exercise. We got on our horses. I took one belonging to one of the missing men. We moved out to New Market. I soon found that the whole army was falling back, what for I could not imagine. We surely had not been whipped. It must be some strategy.

It began raining. The ground had been frozen for several days and was now breaking up. The roads were awful.

We got to New Market at daylight. Troops were pouring in from Mossy Creek. We crowded on and crossed the Wolfstien. Where could we be going? Nobody knew, but on through the drenching rain and horrible mud we slowly moved until dark, when we camped within ten miles of Knoxville. We then cooked some meal we had with us and ate with a ravenous appetite. We had eaten nothing since the morning of the day before and we had been fighting or in the saddle all that time.

The next day, the 19th we went on to Knoxville and crossed the river. Since then we have been marching back and forth and lying around in this vicinity. We passed through Sevierville on the 21st. We are on the left bank of the French Broad River and the rebels are on the right bank. Since we have been here, we have captured 27 wagons and mule teams and quite a number of prisoners. Anything comes this side of the river gets nabbed.

It seems the infantry and artillery fell back no further than Strawberry Plains. On the 21st we heard heavy firing in that direction. It is said the federals were so hard pressed there they burned the bridges that they had just completed with such great labor.

This is the second time since I have been in the service that I have been completely cleaned out of all that I possessed this side of Wisconsin except the clothes on my back. I am disposed to take the thing philosophically calling it the fortunes of war and not mourn over it in the least. Instead of grief at the loss of my horse, although he was by far the most valuable animal I ever owned, I felt rather a feeling of relief that he was gone and I would not have him to look after and care for. Horses in the army are such very uncertain property. I had managed as well and sharply as I could, traded many times and had a splendid animal. But he is gone so let him rest in peace. He was shot in the right shoulder and also in the left leg, making him unable to go on at all.

Frankie, you must not be worried if you do not get letters more often for circumstances sometimes render it impossible. If we ever get into a regular camp, and have our desk, I shall have to work very hard and will have no time to write letters for a while. Papers that I made out at Sparta and Kingston but did not have the opportunity to send are lost and will take a week of hard work to make them out again.

I believe I will do no more miserable scribbling today. I guess you can read it because it is from your

Perry

( Milton ) Sherman ( CO. I, 1st WI Cav. ) and Charlie ( Charles R. ) Dodge, ( CO. A, 1st WI Cav. ) of Fort Atkinson were wounded on the 17th, Sherman but slightly. I do not know how bad Charles is. We are near Sevierville.

On the 25th we marched back toward Knoxville and camped about four miles from this place and 22 miles from Knoxville. We were told that we should probably stay two or three days. The wagons came up with the

regiment desk and I went to work in earnest yesterday. But a little before sundown the bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles" and we were soon riding at a breakneck speed back on the road we came. Seems the rebel cavalry had followed up and were about seven miles from here. We came up near their line of fire. It was dark then. We kept maneuvering about till near midnight and then fell quietly back to this place. Our horses are all saddled and in line and have been since daylight. We can hear constant firing in front showing that skirmishes are going on. We shall probably have a chance to fight sometime before night.

The 28th 2 AM At nine yesterday morning the advance was sounded and our brigade marched out. We soon came to the rebel lines and began skirmishing. The 1st Brigade was already engaged on the right where the firing was pretty heavy. The rebs fell back slowly and we followed up. Continual firing was kept up but without much effect, the firing being done, for the most part, at a safe distance. Near night we pressed them harder.

Colonel La Grange, with the 4th Indiana, charged on and took a rebel battery of two guns. Lieutenant Colonel Leslie of the 4th Indiana was killed in this charge. Colonel Brownlow crowded his regiment, the 1st Tennessee, too far ahead and some 400 rebs got in his way. Colonel La Grange ordered about forty of us with Captain ( James M. ) Comstock, ( Co. M, 1st WI Cav. from Summit ) to charge on them. We did so furiously and the whole pile ran like a flock of frightened sheep, leaving several dead on the field. Our loss was not large. I do not know how many. I have heard of none of the 1st Wisconsin being hurt. The 1st Brigade suffered worst.

We are to march at three this morning. I cannot guess which way. It is near daylight. We have not moved yet. Mail is going out now.

Good bye CPG

Camp of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry near Maryville February 1st 1864

Dear Frankie,

I believe I have sent you a record of events up to the morning of January 28th. About eight that morning we left our camp near Savierville and again marched toward the enemy. We went about 16 miles and came up with them near Dandridge. Their retreat the night before had been precipitant but they were now ready to receive us.

We attacked them and they fell back about a mile to where they had already selected breastworks in a well chosen spot. Here was the trap they had laid for us. The position was such that we could not use artillery and we could not flank them. A brigade of our cavalry dismounted and attacked their works but could not dislodge them.

Colonel La Grange told General ( Samuel Davis ) Sturgis that he wanted them driven out and that he ( La Grange ) could do it. It was then, about sundown and General Sturgis said he had just gotten orders to fall back to Knoxville and it would be of no use. The fighting lasted about two hours. Our loss must have been considerable. The 112th Illinois ( missing ).

We immediately started back and it was near morning before the whole force got back in the camp they left the morning before.

Since then we have been getting to this place, coming by a circuit around to the left which took us among the highest, wildest, roughest mountains I have ever seen. We got here last night and are resting today.

The First Wisconsin was but slightly engaged in the last fight and none got hurt. Our movements seem mysterious and a great many rumors are afloat in consequence. Some say that we were being cut off and had to go through the mountains to get out. Some say the federals have evacuated Strawberry Plains and the rebels are close around Knoxville again. Another story is they have possession of K. P. already. I believe nothing and know nothing but hope everything.

I received a letter last night from Nelson Church dated September 6th. He was then at Brownsville, Arkansas and about to begin the siege of Little Rock.

For the last ten days we have had mild and pleasant weather, no frost in the ground, roads in most places getting pretty good and men mixing maple sugar. This morning it has been raining quite hard but it is warm.

Afternoon I commenced this letter with a pencil on a small dirty scrap of paper, but have since gotten more paper and some ink. Having some leisure today I will try to spin the letter out a little longer. The weather has cleared off since this morning and it is now warm and pleasant. Grass will soon start if it continues so warm.

I believe I will relate an incident which occurred during the fight on the 27th connected with Colonel ( James P. ) Brownlow, the 1st East Tennessee Cavalry. This Colonel was a young, boyish looking fellow, reckless and daring, full of fun and getting into all sorts of scrapes. He was almost worshipped by his regiment who are more like a mob than a well disciplined regiment. He wears a Scotch cap, the pattern of old Telfers, tipped up sideways on his head, which makes him a very conspicuous person. I believe I told you in my last letter about his pressing ahead to far and two rebel regiments getting in behind him and about forty of us Wisconsin boys charging and chasing the rebs.

Well, after we had chased them at the very top of our horse's speed. This charge was made in column on a main road, packed hard and we went at a flying rate. After two or three miles we were ordered back, but the Colonel could not be found. He was going at it like a mad man with a few of his men with him, away ahead, chasing the now thoroughly routed foe. In his eagerness he had left hundreds of the rebs behind him but on and on he flew on his powerful steed. His own men were growing fewer and fewer as they were left behind in the chase. Many a rebel fell before his unyielding pistol till the shades of night drew on. He found himself alone with one rebel whom he had taken prisoner.

He thought it now high time to return to our army and being well acquainted with the country, left the main road thinking to avoid the rebels. They traveled a short distance and stopped to rest.

Says the prisoner, a Texan, "Colonel, am I your prisoner or are you mine?"

The Colonel answers, "Well, I reckon your mine! I took you!"

"Yes, but we are surrounded by Southern soldiers and you cannot get out" says the Texan.

"But I have got a start on you," says the Colonel, "I have your arms and your life is in my hands!"

After talking a while, they agreed on a compromise. The Colonel agreed to give the Texan his arms and protect him against and federals they should meet. The Texan promised to help the Colonel in rebel camps. By this time the chase had ended and the rebels had gone into camp with the Colonel in their very midst. The Texan was true to his promise and led the Colonel through the rebel camp, pretending he had a prisoner he was taking to his own command.

When they parted, the Colonel gave the Texan his gold watch and chain. If the rebels ever catch Colonel Brownlow he will never get away alive. I have told you the story as it goes. You can call it truth or fiction as you please. This is certain. Many of the 1st Tennessee were taken prisoner and some killed. The Colonel did not get back till the next day.

You and Father wrote that Bill Bowers praised me for bravery. Father seems to be afraid I am too reckless and he cautions me against exposing myself to danger for the sake of being called brave. The caution is needless for I am not daring, impetuous nor bloodthirsty and have not the least desire for glory or military fame. I simply wish to do my duty and nothing more. I hate a sneak, a shirk or a coward and would not like to act the part of one by lagging behind when there is anything to be done. My old lamp of caution predominates and I do not rush ahead any further than a strict regard for duty compels me to. In times of greatest peril, I have always had all my wits about me. I always feel the confidence that the bullets will miss me and I shall come off safe. I hope my friends at home will not be worried about that which does not trouble me in the least.

One thing in connection with this I must own up to. When I have been retreating, with the enemy close behind, sending a shower of bullets after me and yelling "Halt! Surrender, you damn Yankee Son of a bitch!" as they did on that day in Dandridge, I have felt a creeping sensation in my flesh at the thought of having an ounce of lead driven into me from behind. My presence of mind has never forsaken me. It saved me on that day when others were taken who were not in as precarious a situation as I was. When hard pressed I slipped to one side and let the rebel pass me.

They are getting the mail ready to send away and I must close. Kiss Willie for me and tell him his Papa thinks of him every day, and hopes to find him a good boy when he gets home. From your husband,

Perry.

Camp 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Near Maryville, Tennessee

February 2nd 1864

Friend Bowers,

Your favor of the 1st and 6th of January came to hand a few days ago and also one of December 7th. It seems you had not heard from the regiment for a long time but you probably have gotten letters before this. I wrote last to you while we were at Mossy Creek. We left there, I think on the 14th of January and went about ten miles to the southeast to Dandridge on the French Broad River.

On the 16th we had a skirmish with the enemy in which one of Company L was killed ( Ile C. Brail ). Our forces were being massed at this point. ( Gordon ) Granger's corps came in that day and a great deal more of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Everything seemed to indicate we were to have a heavy battle soon.

On the 17th, the enemy moved up in line of battle within three quarters of a mile from our camp. Our brigade was ordered out to meet them. We went at a brisk trot, the 1st Wisconsin in advance, up within 60 rods of the enemy and under murderous fire, prepared to fight on foot. We charged up the hill at the rebels, but the 7th Kentucky on our right broke and ran. The rebel cavalry came down with a rush, around to our right, upon our lead horses. The 4th Indiana Regiment had not yet got up and we were surrounded by four times our number. At this critical moment, the 2nd Indiana came up mounted and charged the rebel cavalry, which fell back as rapidly as they came up.

The 4th Indiana now came up and dismounted. The 1st Wisconsin reformed and they both together pitched in but the number of rebels had greatly increased. ( Wade ) Hampton's Legion had joined them and we were met with a line of infantry four deep, having greatly the advantage of position. No single line of dismounted cavalry could withstand them and we again fell back.

The 1st Wisconsin suffered more than the other regiments in this engagement. Our losses were 32 killed, wounded and missing, 3 killed, 15 wounded and 14 missing. Charles Dodge and Milton Sherman were

wounded, the latter slightly. Captain La Grange, while two or three rods in advance of his men, urging them on, was shot in the thigh, shattering the bone. His life was despaired of. At one time, just before the 2nd ( Indiana ) came up a great many of our boys were prisoners. ( Samuel G. ) Hard and ( Henry ) Wilson had surrendered their arms and ( Marvin D. ) Frasy and ( Nathan R. ) Woodworth had just agreed to surrender when the 2nd charged in and they all escaped. Lieutenant ( Thomas ) Bateman was taken off half a mile but he pretended to be wounded, said that he could walk no further and they let him go. Sergeant ( Charles C. ) Townsend, Company C, is a prisoner ( Not listed as such in Regimental records ). My horse was shot from under me when we first came up. Of course, I then went in on foot. I lost everything I possess in this part of the world except the clothes on my back. I expected on the next day we would have a heavy battle. Our brigade and a regiment of infantry had been engaged while 20,000 men were close at hand, but for some reason they were not brought in.

That night the whole army commenced falling back towards Strawberry Plains. We have heard there has been some pretty hard fighting at the Plains and that the rebels were repulsed. Our cavalry fell back clear to Knoxville, across the river and went on the east side to within a few miles of Dandridge again. All the movements seem mysterious but they no doubt were meant for some good purpose.

For several days we maneuvered around the vicinity, keeping a close proximity to the rebels. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th of January there was considerable fighting. On the 27th, we drove the enemy some ten miles. The 1st Wisconsin took an active part, charged in furiously and scattered them in a perfect rout. That day Colonel La Grange led the 4th Indiana in a charge on a battery with two guns and took them. Lieutenant Colonel Leslie of the 4th ( Indiana ) was killed in that charge.

The next day we rather got the worst of it. The rebs laid a trap for us. After fighting a while, they fell back to where they had thrown up a breastworks. The position was such that we could not use our artillery. Here I saw as many as 30 of one regiment, the 113th Illinois, who were wounded. Our regiment was not much engaged here.

While in the midst of the fight, General Sturgis, Chief of Cavalry here, was ordered back. From that time till the night before last we were marching to this place, by a circuit to the left which led us among the highest, roughest, wildest mountains I have ever seen.

The rumor is again that Knoxville is in danger, and that the rebels are within four miles of it.

I have been able to give but a meager sketch of our doings for the lack of paper. The weather for two weeks past has been mild and pleasant. I will enclose to you letters mailed at Washington. I have some old ones for you from our friends in Wisconsin which you have probably seen. I shall keep these till you come, unless you direct otherwise. I am well and so are the boys.

Yours truly, C. P. Goodrich

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Maryville, Tennessee

February 7th 1864

Dear wife,

I hardly know what to write this evening for I do not know if you have received all my previous letters. The latest of yours that I have received is dated December 13th. I have written quite often lately and endeavored to give a somewhat connected record of the stirring events in which we have participated. I dislike to write the same thing twice over and will therefore assume you have read all my previous letters, the last of which

was written, I think, on the 3rd of this month. I have not much news to relate now. We have remained in this camp ever since.

Three days ago we got our regimental desk and since then I have been very busy. It has been write, write, write from morning to night. I have been at it all day today and am taking this way to rest myself. I have got a good clean sheet of paper, a good pen and ink, a desk to write on and a box to sit on, circumstances which do not usually attend my letter writing.

Forage is getting very scarce here and the talk is that we march tomorrow, I do not know where. Wolford's Division has left us, they say, for Kentucky. General Sturgis has gone, also, I think, to Kentucky.

Word reached us today there are 400 recruits for this regiment in Nashville. Sergeant Town is there. They say he is coming back with a Lieutenant's commission. This may not be true. Major Torrey is to start for Nashville tomorrow to get the recruits fitted out and equipped and then bring them to the regiment. There is a bare possibility that when they come, which may not be for a long time, they will bring that trunk of things that you and others took the trouble to send to us. I do not think we shall ever see it.

I had a letter from Bill Bowers dated January 6th. He said that Oakland had filled her quota, consequently there would be no draft. I am glad of it for I think David will not be as likely to enlist. I want to have him stay ( at home ) until my time is out and then if the war is not over and the country needs men, I think it would be no more than fair to have him take my place in the army. If he does not see fit to do it then I feel it my duty to re-enlist. For the present, I feel his place is at home. I do not forget that David wanted to enlist in my stead in the first place and would have done so if Father had given his consent. "But what ever is, is right" the poet says and I believe it is in this case. At least, there has been one man to take care of the two families. If David had enlisted first, I am pretty sure that I could not long have stayed at home, contented, but would have enlisted also. I still try to hope that the war will be over by the time I am out of the service, though the end seems further off than it did two years ago.

I was much pleased, while reading one of your letters, to see how indigent you were toward Zeek for talking disrespectfully of soldiers in general and me in particular. But Frank, the miserable, selfish, lying coward is not worth minding. He can talk as provoking, insulting and mean as anyone in the world when there is no one to hear him but harmless persons, women and children, old men or cripples, but you may be sure he will talk a different style when the soldiers get home. Many a returned soldier has become reckless and careless in regard to human life and familiar with scenes of blood and carnage. There would be no better fun than to blow out the brains of the sneaking, cowardly copperhead. In doing so the country and the world would be rendered a lasting benefit.

I would not do it, you know, for I am not bloodthirsty like some men and I care but little for his talk. Besides this, consideration for his family, if nothing else would prevent me from doing so praise-worthy an act. Perhaps you think this strange talk from me, but the fact is, I think it just as praise-worthy an act to shoot a rebel or a traitor, one who is using his influence to overthrow the government, in Wisconsin as in Tennessee or Virginia. And I believe, moreover, the law of the land would exonerate me from all blame as long as the victim at the time was talking treason.

I have written enough tonight. Must go to bed, on the ground, and be ready to march in the morning. Good bye from  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Motley's Ford, Tennessee

February 12th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I received your letter of January 31st yesterday. It was a good, dear letter but I have felt downhearted ever since reading it because you were feeling so badly about not hearing from me. It seems strange that letters cannot be carried through. The last of yours before this was dated December 13th. Of course I know you did not let more than seven long weeks pass without writing to me, but your letters have not reached me.

From what you write I cannot make out what you have heard from me since November 23rd, before Bill Bowers left, while we were at Alexandria. For a while after that I did not write very often for I had no opportunity to send mail, but I recollect of sending letters to you and to Bill Bowers, both when I was at Kingston about the 14th of December and also when I was at Mossy Creek in early January. Lately I have written very often to you and once to Father. It is very discouraging to write letters and never know whether they have reached their destination.

I have endeavored to give you a slight sketch of our doings, our march over the Cumberland Mountains and our battles in East Tennessee, how our regiment lost 32 in one engagement and I had my horse shot out from under me. Now I suppose you will never hear of it for I have no desire to write it over again for it would probably never reach you.

I suppose you have written to me how much more I owe Father but it has done no good. I wish you would tell me again about it and also tell me you got the five dollars per month from the state now. I wish we could get out of the forsaken country and go some place where there would be some certainty of mail communication, although this is the healthiest country in America. I do not know a sick soldier. My health is first rate. I have not had the least bit of cough for two or three months since I got over the cold I took last fall at Nashville.

I wish you would have David or someone else inquire of some lawyer who is posted on the war claim matters. What is necessary for me to get the pay for all the horses I have lost or if I can get paid for them at all? No one here knows anything about it. If you can find anything about it, let me know.

On the 9th, we marched some 20 miles to this place ( Motley's Ford ). It is about 30 miles south of Knoxville on the Little Tennessee River. Since we have been in East Tennessee we have drawn but very little government rations, and have lived almost entirely on the country. We get flour and meal and have to cook it. I have not seen any hard bread for months, have almost forgotten how it looks.

We have had very pleasant weather this winter, freezing some nights but generally thawing out day-times, except for two weeks in the forepart of January which was very cold, much like a northern winter. It came rather hard on us for we had no tents and have none yet. It is not as hard living in the open in cold weather as one who has never tried it would suppose. We build up large fires of logs and make a shelter of rubber blankets laid on slanting poles, with one end on the ground which serves to break off the wind in some degree.

We have had no fighting or seen anything of the enemy for about two weeks. The inhabitants of East Tennessee are nearly all for the Union and have been from the first. They suffer a great deal. When the rebel army comes, the men flee into the mountains. They cannot take their families or property with them and they are left as prey to the ruthless soldiers. When our army goes the men can go home. We burn up their fences, take their horses, cattle and grain. To be sure, the government pays them, but at a small price. What good does .50 cents a bushel for corn do when we take all there is in the country and they cannot get it for any price. In consequence, they are starving.



When we left Sevierville, hundreds of citizens came with us. They said the rebs would follow right up and either press them into their service or hang them. They said a short time before we were there, they hung 15 union men on one limb. When we were fighting in that part of the country, scores of citizens turned out with their rifles and pitched into the thickest of the fight. Here were neighbors arrayed against each other, each thirsting for the other's blood. Many an opportunity was presented for the cleaning up of old scores. After the war is over, it will be a long time before the people here will have peace. Almost every man has someone marked for killing.

I still have to be very busy in the office

I believe I will scribble no more seeing that is so very uncertain that this ever gets to you. From  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Motley's Ford, Tennessee

February 20th 1864

Dear Frankie,

This evening I have just received one of your long delayed letters, dated January 4th 1864. The one of January 31st came about a week ago. I also received a letter from Bill Bowers tonight dated February 2nd. He was expecting to be ordered back to the regiment in a short time. In your letter you have given me the figures in relation to that note. When I have leisure I will see how much is yet due.

I am very glad you went over to Mr. Horton's and had such a good visit with Bill ( Bowers ) and his family. I tell you Frankie, Bill is one of the best and finest friends I have got and his friendship is of no small value. He is a good talker and takes every opportunity to put in a good word for his friend. It is a peculiar trait of his character that he will defend a friend at all hazards, at all times, in any place, on all occasions and in any circumstances. I might quarrel with Bill and he gets angry and furious as a madman, calling me all sorts of names, none very bad after all, but in the next minute should anyone assail me by word or deed, he would take my part instantly and defend me as earnestly and furiously as he is capable, heaping the most vile epithets in the English language on the head of him who would distract from my character or impute to me evil notions for my actions.

Frankie, you almost envy Bill his happiness at being at home and the thought that I might have come in his place if I had tried. I wish you would not feel so for I do not believe the Colonel would have sent me. He knows Bill is worth twice as much as me for recruiting purposes. Besides this, I had a furlough last spring when he had none. And still more, Bill's health was very poor and had been for some time and I thought it would be beneficial to him to go north. I was in good health and did not stand the ghost of a chance of being detailed, so considering these circumstances, you certainly cannot blame me for using what little influence I have, getting him detailed. You know of course that I would be as glad to come home as anyone.

You need not give yourself any uneasiness about my re-enlisting at present. It is quite probable that I shall serve during the war but I am in no hurry to pledge myself for another three years. There will be plenty of chances to re-enlist after my present term has expired and I have been home, should the country then need men. If the country does not need my services, I could not be hired for \$500.00 per month.

We have been having very cold weather for about a week. It is more moderate tonight. It becomes rather tough to live out of doors without even that poor substitute for a house, a tent, but we are all well, fat and hardy. I think we will do well enough after this for the cold weather must nearly be over. There is not a tent in the regiment. All the officers have to take the cold weather the same as the privates. Our place of business here at headquarters is under a shed made of canvas, laid out on poles, supported by four crutches. It is all

open on one side. In front of the open side we have a large fire of logs. Where there is no wind or it blows from the right direction, we get along quite well, but if it blows toward our institution we are deluged with smoke and ashes. This is the case about half the time. We have the adjutant's work pretty well done up now so that I am not so much hurried as I have been.

We have had no fighting in East Tennessee since last month that I know of. There is rebel cavalry near Maryville. Our scouts see them nearly every day but no collisions take place. Our cavalry has all gone from here, I know not where, except one, McCook's Division. Forage is getting scarce and we shall have to move soon. We have no wagons and have to bring in our forage on our horses. Today we had to go out 11 miles.

Today I went out with the foragers, got permission to, leave the command and scout around on my own horse. I had a good ride, all by myself, had a good dinner of corn bread and milk and about sundown, got into camp. I had corn and corn blades enough to feed my horse for four days, having ridden about 30 miles. One who had never seen such a thing done would be at a loss on how to pack so much on a horse and leave room for the rider to sit on a saddle. "Necessity," they say "is the mother of invention." and it has caused soldiers to invent some odd things.

Four days ago, 450 men of our brigade, a hundred from our regiment, under the command of Major ( Nathan ) Paine went out on a short scout over the mountains in North Carolina. It was said that part of a rebel regiment was there conscripting the citizenry into the southern army. Our men have gone there to break them up. We have heard nothing from them since they left.

The wind blows up the smoke into my face and flares my candle badly, making my eyes ache trying to see and worse, that my idols ( glasses ) are befogged, so I must, after sending a kiss to Willie, bid you good night and will wind up, simmer down and take off for the present.

From your husband  
Charles Perry Goodrich

PS To Miss Francis Del Gracia Bowen Goodrich

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Motley's Ford, Tennessee  
February 21st 1864

Dear Frankie,

Last night I wrote you a letter which will go out in the mail this morning, but I have got a fit on for writing again, so here goes

How long the two opposing armies are to occupy this part of the country in common is hard to predict. It is said a heavy federal force is coming up from Chattanooga to Loudon to reinforce us. Apparently we are about to drive Longstreet from East Tennessee. I think it is high time something of that sort is done.

The paymaster is here and we shall probably be paid soon. Only two months pay is due us now. At the end of the month, four months will be due us. I shall try to get paid for the use of my horse up to the time he was shot. The account is charged on the payroll and will be on every payroll until I get paid or I see myself an order from the War Department forbidding such payment.

For want of something better, I will write of my adventures yesterday in the country. Lieutenant ( Justus ) Williams ( CO. A, Ft. Atkinson ) was in command of the foraging party, about 150 men. After we had found forage, about 11 miles up the Tlicoce River, the Lieutenant gave me permission to go out by myself, where I please.

I left the main road we were on and took a somewhat blind bridal path, which wound around through the hills and over rocks for a mile. I found myself by a log house, near a brook in a deep, narrow valley, surrounded by hills so steep and high, that the sun did not shine for more than six hours a day at this time of the year. I found the house occupied by two women and a dozen children from the ages twelve years downwards, indefinitely. The husbands of each of the women were soldiers, one in the northern army and one in the southern army, yet they seemed to live together with the best of feelings, although their husbands were arrayed with deadly weapons against each other.

The women had seen but a very few soldiers. They said they had been obliged to work hard in the corn fields all summer and fall to get something for themselves and the children to eat. One said someone told her that the soldiers would take all the provisions in the country and the citizens would have to leave or starve. She asked me how the war was going. Of course I could not tell her but I encouraged her to hope for the best. She said she did not care where they went to if they only would let her "old man" come home, and go with her and the children. The poor woman's eyes filled with tears.

I inquired how far it was to a certain mill. One answered "It's about a mile and a half but I could not tell the road for I have never been thar."

"How far is it to Motley's Ford?" I asked.

"Why, good Lord, I could not tell ye. I have heard the name but I do not know where it is."

"Haven't lived here long, I suppose?" I asked.

"I was raised right yer."

"Don't you ever go away from home to see the country and visit?"

"Oh, we go visiting, but it's powerfully thick settled here so we don't have to go fer."

Poor simple woman. More that 30 years old and she did not know there was another place in the world except what she had seen from her front door. I left this place and went on.

After riding sometime without any adventure worth mentioning, I thought it was time to get forage and make my way toward camp. I saw a barn with some corn and blades in it and was about to get some when the proprietor, a widow of fifty came out and said, "You are not going to take any of my fodder, are you? When the rebels came through here, I told them that was all the fodder I had, and they didn't take nary a bundle of fodder no an ear of corn, and all you northerners have done the same thing., haven't tuck nary a thing."

I next saw a barn filled with fodder. I went into the house and found a man and a woman, quite intelligent looking folks. The man was a guide for our forces in this part of the country and knows every path and mountain pass. He is acquainted with all the officers and privates in the brigade and regiment. He went armed all the time, even when sitting quietly in his own house. He had a Colt revolver in his belt at his side. I said to him he would fare hard if the rebels got to him.

He said, "I know it, but that they would have killed me anyway for the part I took for the Union at the first, so I thought I would do them all the hurt I could."

He is in danger of being waylaid and shot by some of his rebel neighbors at any time. He is a very intelligent and brave man and I hope he will come out of this all right, though I fear he will not. Of course, I stayed and had a good dinner and a good visit and went away without taking any of his forage.

The letter ends at this point.

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Motley's Ford, Tennessee

February 21st 1864

Dear Frankie,

The mail went out this morning and I broke off suddenly my letter to you in the midst of a story. I sent it without even putting my name to it. The story was of no consequence so it did no harm. I might have said at the bottom, "Concluded in the next number.", but I did not think of it. It is one of my principles to finish anything I begin, so now comes the sequel, though very short.

I stopped at one more house. There, as usual, was a woman and children. I wanted to buy some potatoes, molasses and butter but she had "Nary a bit to spare." I saw some chickens running about the house and asked her if she couldn't sell me two or three.

She answered, "No. I cannot spare any. I sold three to some soldiers and asked them for a quarter apiece. They gave ten cents. I did not know anything about small money and did not know the difference till a man told me they was only ten cents. The rebs drove off my husband to war and the yanks have taken all my cattle and hogs. All the stock I have left on the farm are three miserable sheep."

She had some corn and a little fodder left. I did not like to take any of it but could do no better. I reasoned to myself that if her stock is all gone, she would not need the forage. I packed on a load and came into camp.

The people here are the same race as those of southeast Missouri, and they talk very much the same. The climate is so much healthier that they look much better. Instead of being lean, lank and sallow, they look strong and robust. The people are not as ignorant as some of the examples I have given. Some are intelligent and educated.

The land on which we are camped is owned by a rebel colonel named Parker. He owns several acres of splendid land here on the river bottom. When we came here he had a great deal of stock and corn. His fine house is said to be splendidly furnished. He has two fine pianos in it and everything else that could be wished for one to live in ease and luxury. His wife and two daughters are refined, educated and pretty good looking. His property is fast melting away, the stock is gone, the fences burned up and corn fed to our horses. Soldiers are camped close around the house. The nice door yard fence is broken down and burned up. The ornamental trees and shrubbery are broken down or have the back gnawed off by horses. He will get no pay for all of this for he is a rebel in arms against the government.

One thing has been done which is shameful. Some unprincipled thief broke into an unoccupied room and stole over \$5,000 of silver plate. It is singular how such an amount could be conveyed without exciting an alarm. It is strange that no trace of the thief or property can be found.

I said many of the ladies are refined. They are in some respects, but the best of them 'dip snuff' and chew tobacco. A few days ago I saw two young ladies who were pretty good looking, one of them really handsome. I was almost in love with her at first sight and determined to get into conversation with her if possible and see if she was as intelligent as she was beautiful. As I was fixing something in my mind to say, she began puckering up her rosy lips in a manner that seemed to me to invite a kiss, and to tell the truth for an instant, had the almost uncontrollable desire to give her one. But alas, I mistook the meaning of the mysterious working of those pretty features. She turned her face to one side, and what do you think? She squirted out from that pretty little mouth a stream of tobacco juice six feet from her, very much after the manner of the bar room loafer. The charm and admiration was suddenly turned to disgust and I walked away thinking "suppose I had kissed her. Wouldn't that be something sweet though."

I have hastily figured out on that note ( to Father ) the amount due at the time of the last endorsement, ninety-six dollars and eighteen cents.

22nd Major ( Nathan ) Paine came in this afternoon from his scout into North Carolina, having been gone six days. The boys are all back safe. They completely surprised the inhabitants and brought back thirty-eight prisoners, five of them officers who were confederate soldiers home on furlough. They went ten miles beyond Murphy.

23rd The weather is warm and pleasant. We have marching orders for tomorrow. I think we shall only get a few miles to where the forage is more plentiful.

Yesterday a scouting party of about forty rebels came from the direction of Maryville to within sight of our camp. It made quite a stirring among us. Our men were nearly all out of camp, some foraging and some scouting. What there were of us left in camp were saddled up quickly and ready for them. They evidently only came to see and not to fight, for they moved away immediately, our boys firing a few shots at them.

At the same time Lieutenant ( Justus ) Williams was out with seventeen men toward Maryville to see what he could. Some apprehension was felt for him, but about eight in the evening he came in with all but three Company I men, whom he had detached from his main force. He had avoided a collision with the enemy because his force was so small.

The three missing men did not come in till today. We were all sure they had been killed or taken. It seems the three went on to Maryville, saw a rebel force there, then turned to come back. The citizens told them they would surely meet the rebs. After coming about two miles, keeping a sharp lookout, and just rising over a little knoll they caught a glimpse of Lieutenant Williams men. Each party took the other for rebs. Williams men fired, fortunately hitting none. The others skedaddled into the brush, made a wide circuit and stayed out all night. The three got into camp about noon to tell of their hair-breathed escape and wonderful exploits. They were most crestfallen when it was proven to be a certainty that they had run from our own men.

Madisonville Feb. 25th Yesterday we marched from Motley's Ford to this place, a distance of about twelve miles. We are now about twenty miles south of Loudon. The mail came in today. I was in hopes of getting a letter from you but got none.

The weather is beautiful. The roads are getting hard and dry. As we came along yesterday, men were plowing in the fields, generally with one horse or a mule and a shovel plow such as we use in corn. Some have commenced making gardens.

(Letter ends)

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

March 13th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Yesterday our division marched from Calhoun to this place, a distance of twelve miles. I, with about 300 of our brigade who were dismounted, came down here on the cars. I am not quite dismounted, for I have the same horse I have ridden since the fight at Dandridge. He was pretty poor when I got him and hard service has not improved him. To make it easier for the horse, and with an eye to my own comfort, I let one of the boys lead him, while I was drawn along over the crookedest railroad I ever saw, by a horse that never tires at the surprising rate of ten miles an hour.

Cleveland is quite a town. It does not have that old, dilapidated, forsaken looking appearance to the degree of most of the southern town I have seen. Unless a very urgent case requires it, I do not believe we shall leave this vicinity for active service, until we get new horses, new arms and new equipments and the new

recruits that are now at Nashville. We have a pleasant camp on the railroad where we can get supplies of government rations. We have commenced once more to live on hard bread, coffee and sugar.

The mail has come once more and again it has failed to bring any of your letters.

A few miles, 20 or 30 below here near Dalton, two great hostile armies stand opposed to each other. Before long, some move will be made which will bring up a great battle on nearly the same ground that has drunk the blood of thousands of brave men. Otherwise one of these armies must fall back and I do not believe ours will have to retreat.

14th Evening. This morning, thinking that I would take a look around town, and at the same time shirk off my share of the office work unto a fellow clerk, armed myself with the proper pass to prevent being arrested by provost guards or patrols, walked off briskly to town, nearly half a mile distant. The place was thronged with soldiers. Officers with gay and dashing uniforms were at every corner and on every street. Our officers, who have been in active service look rusty and weather-beaten beside them.

The country is full of soldiers here and they say it is so all the way down to Dalton and Chattanooga. I wandered around town to find something interesting but failed. All business is at a standstill save that which pertains to military affairs. The stores and public buildings are occupied by the army for quarters or commissary purposes, and a few, thanks to the healthy climate, are used as hospitals.

Occasionally you see a 'picture gallery' where one can get his face taken, in the poorest kind of style, for three or four dollars. Now and then you see a store in operation, but on entering, you find the goods are all to supply the wants of soldiers, not citizens. Here you can buy a military hat for five to ten dollars, a pair of cavalry boots for ten to fifteen dollars if they are ordinary, and if extra ordinary they will cost you twenty. You can get fancy hat cords or feathers or enormous Mexican spurs with jingles attached. If a citizen wants to get a dress for his poor wife or shoes for his barefoot children, his wish will not be gratified here.

How the people manage to live, I cannot tell. Government will surely have to issue food and clothing, or help them out of this part of the country. If not they will starve. Hundred are going every day, fleeing from Georgia and North Carolina, leaving all they possess behind. The government give the poor, wretched forlorn creatures, old men with gray heads and tottering steps and women with infant children free transportation to Illinois or somewhere they can live.

I lounged around town until about noon without seeing anything of interest to me. Looking at soldiers lost its interest a long time ago. I fairly hate the sight of them. I would give a great deal if I could be somewhere I never saw another soldier. Beginning to get hungry, and the low state of my financial matters not deeming it expedient to pay fifty cents for a pound of crackers when I could get hard bread in camp, nearly as good, for nothing, and not being lured into paying thirty cents to a woman peddler for she called a custard pie, consisting of a thick layer of tenacious dark colored substance which could have been used for taping boots, covered with a very thin layer of milk and a small fraction of an egg which when baked was just sufficient to make a skin, I returned to camp.

When I got here I was surprised at seeing a crowd around our office and upon close examination, I observed the paymaster was handing out greenbacks to the boys, so I got paid. I got six months pay for the use of the horse and two months for the use of myself, making in all \$113.60. I mean to send you some \$125.00 by express but Captain ( Newton ) Jones ( Ft. Atkinson ) has applied for a furlough, and if he gets it I would rather send it by him. If he goes, he will probably start within a few days. We will then be able to pay up all the debts I owe. I formed a resolution that, providence permitting, I will never contract another debt. Two months ago I sold my little pistol, the one I had at home, for \$17.00. That is why I am able to send home more money than I received this payment.

The mail came in today and again no letter from you. The weather is quite cool today but peach and plum trees are beginning to blossom. I saw some flower gardens in town that are already beautiful and fragrant with their many blossoms. I saw peas growing in gardens in the open air, about three inches high.

I do not believe this letter will bear a close inspection so I will not look it over. The boys have been cutting up all sorts of capers around me while I have been writing. The money makes them feel good. Eugene ( P. ) West ( commissary Sgt. 1st WI. Cav. ) has been in here this evening, and not the silliest nor steadiest one in the crowd either.

A telegram reached here today that Major Torrey started with 400 recruits from Nashville this morning to join us. It will take him about ten days to march through. Bill Bowers wrote that several who went up with him to recruit were sent back, but I judged from his writing he expected to stay some time yet. I wonder if they are going to keep him recruiting until his term of service is out? I do not think they could get a better man for that business. I hope Bill gets a commission for a reward for his services.

My sheet is full so good bye.

Your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

March 19th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Sergeant ( Elias F. ) Mason, ( Co. A, 1st WI. Cav. ) started for home today. I sent with him \$130.00 with directions for him that it be left with Giles. He will probably reach the Fort before you get this. I also sent you a finger ring made from a mussel shell by Corporal ( John B. ) Nicholson ( Menomonic of Company I. ) I promised to tell you something about the man, so here goes.

He is about my age, has a wife near Weseca, Wisconsin, whom he pretends to think everything of, and probably does, for those who know her say she is a very fine, intelligent woman. He is wonderfully conceited and loves praise more than any man I ever saw. These traits make him the butt of ridicule through out the company, though he a man of more than ordinary information, having read a great deal and stored up much useful information. He imagines himself handsome in looks, charming in manners, and graceful on horseback. He does not hesitate to say as much to his friends ( in confidence, of course ). He is in fact, quite ordinary in looks and the perfection of awkwardness, especially on horseback. He is a great lover of females and thinks he is a perfect woman charmer. He has told me in confidence, of a great many adventures he has had with those of the fair sex, generally winding up by saying "If there is any one thing for which I thank God, it is for giving me a good smooth tongue!" He thinks everybody believes his flattery, when the most stupid are not deceived by it. He is very selfish and is always figuring to make something out of others. Through his friendly relations with others, he is scheming to make something for himself or get the advantage.

Well, 'Nick' has been in the habit of making rings which he disposes of in our quarters, and from which he expects to receive the most benefit, or get the most flattery for his vanity. 'Nick' wants a furlough. 'Nick' is always very friendly to me, thinks it's for his interest. I am not much in love with him, but treat him well, of course. He thought I, being here at headquarters, might help him get a furlough. One day I saw him making a ring, and asked him to make me one that I might send to 'my wife'. After a day or two, he handed me a ring, and soon after requested me to write an application for him for a furlough, putting in all the good strong reasons that I could get up, in short, fix it so that it would go through and be approved at department headquarters at Chattanooga. Of course, I would not refuse such a request to anyone, so I wrote the application and had it sent on. He is in a dreadful fever of excitement, waiting for its return.

Now Frankie, if you should think fit on reception of the ring, to write something complimentary and flattering to 'Nick' that I could read or show to him, he would almost go crazy with delight, for he should think your opinion of no ordinary value. He has heard Bill Bowers say so much in your praise. If you see Bill just ask him about Corporal Nicholson.

Perhaps you think I am taking up my letter with that which is of no consequence when I ought to be writing news, but I have no news to write. Surely I am not to blame for that. I wrote this morning and sent with the money, all the news I have.

The cold winter is over. So is our winter's campaign. We are out of the Department of the Ohio and into the Department of the Cumberland again, where we get full government rations and have but little to do.

Frank, do you know that during the winter, I sometimes suffered with hunger, saying nothing of living out of doors with the thermometer at 0. I have been up to three days without tasting anything of bread, except parched corn. I had all the tough sinewy beef I wanted, therefore there was no danger of starving. This was December. A majority of the men had more to eat than I as they rob women and children of the last they had before they would go hungry. The infantry fared worse than the cavalry, for they could not get out so far in the country for forage. When I was at Strawberry Plains I was offered by infantry men twenty-five cents per ear for corn to parch they were so hungry. I was obliged to refuse them for my horse needed the corn. It wrung my heart to take it from those poor people. Besides, if I had given one man an ear or two of corn, I should have had, in a short time a regiment of infantry after me, wanting corn to parch. The inhabitants will starve, if the government does not help. They have already begun issuing provisions to citizens at this place.

20th This morning, all the men of the regiment having good horses, went out on a scout. I did not have to go, although I have now a pretty fair horse. Since I have been in the adjutant's office, I cannot get out on a scout. Unless the whole regiment goes, they want me to work here. Alex ( McGowen ) has no horse. He is left behind as is about half on the regiment.

We are all well. The weather has been pretty cold for several days. The first of the month was warm and vegetation started and peach trees started to blossom, but they have received a severe check. Captain Jones furlough did not come yet. He begins to think it will never get to him.

I wish I could get a letter from you. Guess I will the next time a letter comes in. Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

March 27th 1864

Dear Frankie,

At last I have received a dear good long letter from you. It was dated March 6th. A long time on the road, but it arrived at last. I wrote you a short letter yesterday, but having a little leisure this evening, I thought best to answer yours now. I felt in good spirits and really happy since I got your letter. I am very glad you took the trouble to be particular to mention the dates of all the letters you have received from me. I think you got all the letters up to February 21st. That is a source of great consolation to me, for it is very discouraging and provoking to me to go to the trouble of writing letters, frequently under great disadvantages, and then never knowing whether or not they have reached their destination. You will probably agree with me in this as you have experienced the same vexation in perhaps a greater degree than I have.



I was much pleased to read those few words written by dear Willie's little hand. I hope in a few years to see the time, when I am away from home, I shall get a good, long, neatly written letter from Willie such as his mother writes me now.

You asked me if I knew why the returns were not made from our regiment so that families of soldiers could get their money from the state. I know they were made, for it was my business to make those returns. For about three months we were marching, scouting and skirmishing and fighting. I had no desk, no records, no papers, no wagon to carry them in had we had them. We no time to do anything had we all the other things, and lately the returns could not have been sent off had they been made. They have all been made now, for about a month, and sent to Madison.

You wonder why we could not have tents through the winter. We were moving about so much and so rapidly and so close to the enemy that we were not allowed to be encumbered with army baggage. We had not a wagon or pack mule or even a pack horse and we had our own horses loaded as lightly as possible. Cavalry, to be effective, must not be encumbered with heavy baggage trains. These heavy trains, though they transport things that add greatly to a soldiers comfort while in camp, have been the cause of some of some of the worst defeats our great armies have sustained.

Ed Town has been in here this morning, wide awake and full of fun. He says he is very sorry he could not make it come right to go and see you. He has not gotten a commission and I do not know as there is any prospect of his getting one. Lieutenant ( H. Smith ) Schuyler ( Green Bay ) is here and in very poor health. He has been sick at Knoxville all winter. He thinks he will stand no chance of getting well here and he has today, sent on his resignation with a surgeon's certificate of disability. It will, no doubt, be accepted. Captain ( Charles A. ) Pettibone has been acting division quartermaster for some time so that ( Henry P. ) O'Conner has commanded Company I nearly all winter. I was lucky when I got rid of that job.

Bill is mistaken when he thinks I "pumped that out of the Colonel". He said it of his own accord. The Colonel is getting to think a good deal of Bill, though a year ago the contrary was the case.

The recruits were assigned to companies today and have all camped in together. It begins to seem like old times. We have a regiment of nearly 800 men present and many of our old officers are back here, looking as natural as ever, riding around, putting on style or drinking whiskey and running horses, just as they used to. There is one I miss from among them. It is Captain ( William W. ) La Grange. We hear from him frequently from Knoxville. He is slowly recovering and they say he has kept up good spirits all the time. It has been two months and ten days since he was wounded and he cannot help himself or move his leg, but has to lay on his back. He has had the best of care, not at the hospital but at a private home with his Mother there to take care of him. When he was first wounded and brought to Knoxville, the surgeons were determined to take his leg off and probably would have done so had not an officer, a friend of the Captain's, been there. Their united entreaties prevailed and his leg was saved.

Colonel Torrey brought us a good new tent for the adjutant's office. We had, for a while, a tattered old miserable thing which was picked up somewhere and was but little better than nothing. We have now a good, neat, comfortable place to work. I have not seen Adjutant ( Ed ) Town but once. He has not been into the office yet. He stays at brigade headquarters with Colonel ( Oscar H. ) La Grange most of the time. I do not believe he will be in this office much anytime, but will be cutting around, enjoying himself as much as possible. He is an intelligent, generous, jovial and sociable man, but he has a great aversion to work. He is not the man to find fault therefore I do not care whether he works or not.

I am glad you can go to the lodge occasionally, so as to be out among folks and enjoy your self some. I wish you could go every time when the family is well, and David could go up ( to Fort Atkinson ). I do not believe it is right for you to be shut up at home if you can possibly help it.

I am afraid your cough will not leave you rapidly after having such a hard cold. Do not let it run without doing something for it. You know, Dr. Caroon's medicine is almost a sure cure for you every time.

A crowd of boys have been in the tent singing most of the time I have been writing. 'Tis said, "Music hath charms for the savage beast" and under such influences this should be a charming letter. The singing was splendid. Some of the singers were recruits.

I wish I could send something to you which you would like, but I do not see how I can. I have had it in my head for some time to send Mother Bowen something, but have not made it out yet. I had for some time, a curiously carved pipe made of briarwood, on which someone had spent a great deal of time and ingenuity which I was keeping for a chance to send to her, but I have not had the time yet. I hope to come home myself sometime and then you will not need anything to remind you of me.

The boys are all well of course and I am well or I should not have been able to have written so much.

I would like to write to each one of my friends but cannot very well so you must tell them what they want to know. I will write often to you when letters can be sent, let what will, cone. I will, if I cannot do better, get up at midnight or while riding along on a horse ( cavalry can do almost anything on horseback ).

But here is scribbling enough for once from your husband. C. P. Goodrich

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

April 10th 1864

Dear Frankie.

I have allowed several days, a longer time than usual to pass without writing to you for the reason that we have been lying around quietly here in camp with nothing exciting going on and no news to write. I have also been very busy in the office. Besides this, I thought I would wait until I received another letter from you, but I have waited in vain. Yours of March 6th was the last I received and I duly answered it the next day. after it came. I sent you some money by Elias Mason some days ago. Alex ( McGowen ) got a letter stating that Mason was home.

Our regiment now numbers 780 men present and made quite an acceptable appearance. Company I has 71 present. O'Conner has command of them. Captain Pettibone is acting brigade quartermaster and Lieutenant Schyler has resigned on account of poor health.

The whole regiment drills every day. I am fortunate enough not to be obliged to drill Company I this time. I have work, perhaps double the number of hours in the adjutant's than I had when I was with the company, but I do not have to command others and am responsible for the conduct of no one but myself, therefore I am well satisfied with my position.

About a week ago, a regiment of rebel cavalry made a dash up into the country about six miles east of us. A party of 15 from our regiment who were on patrol from the picket post were surrounded by the rebs. Eleven of the fifteen were either killed or taken prisoner. The missing men are all recruits of Company H. They no doubt, think war is a serious business to begin with.

I thought that when Adjutant Town came back he would take charge of the office, but it was not so. He is acting Adjutant General of the brigade. Being an old friend and acquaintance of Colonel La Grange, he must be kept close by him. I am still obliged to run this institution and they seem to think it can run well enough without a commissioned officer. All I can see wrong about it is, that an adjutant gets \$122.00 a month, while I do the same work, more than any adjutant in this regiment ever did, for only \$17.00 a month. A very slight difference. But never mind, it is here just as every place else, the ones who do the most work usually get the least pay. You need not show or read this to anybody for they will think that I am ambitious for promotion

and am feeling misused because of it. But you know how it is. The pay I would like because it would do you and Willie and I a great deal of good in after years. The honor, if there is any honor in military rank, I would not give one cent for.

The weather still continues cold, rainy and disagreeable. Vegetation is but a very little bit forward of what it was four weeks ago. Grass starts very slowly.

The mail has just come again and no letter for me. We have received notice today that the recruiting detail in Wisconsin have been relieved and ordered to the regiment. So I suppose Bill Bowers must be on his way down here. He has had a good long time at home and I am glad of it. I hope his health is thoroughly recovered. The boys are all well. My health is good. When we have some fighting to do or something transpires of interest you may expect a long letter from  
your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

April 14th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Once more I write without having any letter of yours to reply to. I wish I could get one from you. I suppose I must not complain. I must wait patiently for the tardy mail to bring it.

At last! At last! That box of things that was sent last fall is here. They came last Tuesday, all safe. They have been wet some but not much injured. The gloves are nice but I do not need them now. I will keep them for next winter. They were damp and mildewed but not much hurt. The tea and sugar, had they come last winter when we could get none would have been of great value. Now we get plenty from the government. The tea I can keep. It may come in good sometime. The butter is first rate. We can use it any time. The government does not furnish it. We get it here by paying 75 cents a pound. The pail which would cost 75 cents here is just the thing I want to carry on a horse to make coffee when on the march. The dried fruit comes in all right too. By being damp for a long time, the labels were entirely gone from some of the things, but I had no difficulty distinguishing what belonged to me. I can instinctually tell anything that comes from my home the instant I see it. The socks came in just right for I had none but a ragged pair. Government socks are poor things. A pair will last but a few weeks at best.

Night before last another set of pickets was surprised and captured by the rebels near the place where the others were taken that I wrote about to you last week. There were about 30 on that post and the rebels came up with a large force of between 1,000 and 2,000. They charged in upon the pickets from all sides at once about day light yesterday morning. The pickets were all of our regiment, some recruits and some 'old men'. The 'old men' all escaped except one, but the recruits were all carried off as prisoners. The missing are Lieutenant ( Columbus ) Caldwell ( CO M from Lind ) of Captain Newton Jones' Company ( M ) and 19 men. Winslow Barger ( CO L ) from Oakland was taken prisoner.

The recruits are faring pretty hard to start with. It is hard to capture old hands. They will go through any thing or do any thing rather than surrender.

Yesterday our brigade went out after the rebels but we got there two hours too late. The rebels got safely off with the prisoners and we had a hard ride of some 35 miles all for nothing. I do not know if we should put up pickets in a place where they can be so easily cut off and captured by the enemy. This gobbling up of the pickets is something we used to play on the rebs but never had the compliment returned until recently. Last winter at Mossy Creek, Colonel La Grange took some pickets twice without parole. In all we took 104.

Lieutenant ( Peter J. ) Williamson ( CO F from Appleton ) who was acting adjutant when I came into this office, and went recruiting when Bill Bowers went, returned today. I would suppose he would act as

adjutant now. I hope so, for I shall be relieved of the responsibility and have less to do. A young man by the name of ( Albert J. ) Moorhead has assisted me as clerk ever since I have been here. If Williamson and both us clerks stay, we will have a pretty east time of it.

The boys are all well and so am I but I can not write worth a cent tonight. I guess I am to lazy to think but that is why I can not write, therefore I will stop short. Perry

PS I must add a little more to this miserably written letter. I believe from the appearance of things, a forward movement of our army is about to take place. Troops are concentrating here. Four regiments of cavalry came in yesterday. Infantry has been coming in today. It is said that ( General Gordon ) Granger's whole corps ( the IV Corps ) will come up tomorrow. If our army does move forward, depend upon it, we shall have some terrible fighting. The rebels have not got an immense army between here and Atlanta. They will fight to keep us out of that place ( Atlanta, GA. ) with desperation.

I believe I have done enough scribbling now for certain Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

April 20th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Your letters dated the 3rd and the 8th came to hand three or four days ago. The last I had before that was dated March 6th. You mentioned sending an article cut from the Journal concerning our monthly returns. That letter never reached me. I got one which contained a Fourth of July speech of the third Wisconsin Cavalry. I have had nothing from Bill Bowers yet though I suppose he is now in Nashville.

Nearly all the orderly sergeants in the regiment lately received commissions as lieutenants. A commission was sent for O'Conner but he would not accept it. I did the best I could to get him to accept but it was no use. I know he would make a good officer. I drew up a paper which I got nearly everyone to sign, asking him to take the commission, but it made no difference. He refused it.

He had some disagreement with Colonel La Grange about a year and a half ago. The Colonel intimated at that time that O'Conner was greatly injuring his prospect by the course he was pursuing. O'Conner replied that he asked for nothing and would accept nothing in this regiment. He said it then and that it must answer for all time to come. It is his style never to change his purpose or take back any thing he has said.

John A. Baker ( Steven's Point ), who has been sergeant-major for about two months has been recommended by the Colonel for a commission for lieutenant, but the Governor ( James T. Lewis ) would not commission him lieutenant in the company because he was not in the regular line of promotion. The Governor will promote any one to the command of a company except the orderly sergeant, unless some good proof is given that the orderly sergeant is unfit for promotion. They are determined that Baker should be promoted. He, by the way is one of the best of men, so for this end, Lieutenant Colonel Torrey reduced Baker to orderly of CO I, then reduced O'Conner to second sergeant, and sent a new recommendation to the Governor that Baker be commissioned. Baker still acts as sergeant-major and I as adjutant's clerk, a job I will likely have until Baker's commission comes. I no longer belong to CO. I. In addressing letters do the same as before but leave the company off. You may bear in mind that sergeant-major ranks higher than any non-commissioned officer in the regiment. The pay is \$21.00 per month.

I think that Bill Bowers should come in for a promotion in Company I, but I am afraid he will not at this time. He got more recruits than any two who were sent to Wisconsin for that purpose and this, tell the dear anxious ones, is why he was kept there so long while others were recalled.

I have written more in this letter about rank and promotion than I ever have before. You might believe I am thinking more about such things than before and getting anxious. It is not so! I would like the pay and that is all. Seeing seven or eight new pairs of shoulder straps moving about put thoughts into my head and I so wrote. I threw away my chance to be lieutenant as I was perfectly aware of when I bolted from commanding the company last fall. It was a step I have never for an instant regretted. The office of adjutant suits me better than any other in the army.

An adjutant does not often have to command men and does not have to be responsible for the conduct of others. Also the pay is good. He is required to be steady and industrious and be a fair business man or have a clerk with those qualities. Do not show or read this part of my letter to anyone.

I learned a little while ago that Elizabeth Potter has married her own cousin, Gehial Robinson. If the girls up in Wisconsin are driven to such straits as that, they are indeed to be pitied, although the Gehials will at least have somebody to be kind to them.

You may tell the girls for me ( you know I am bashful and do not write to them ), if they can possible stand it, they had better suffer on in single misery a little while longer until some of the soldiers get back. To be sure the soldiers will be somewhat demoralized. Most have learned to get drunk, swear, lie, steal or worse things. Some will return maimed and ripped for life, but almost any of them would be preferable to the sneaks who have stayed home when they could go as well as not.

Perhaps the girls will feel some what comforted when they are told they are better off than the girls here in the south, for none of the young men who live here are at home. When we are camped in one place for a short time, some girls take up with a Yankee soldier for a husband. When we march, she is left broken hearted and worse than a widow. This war is a great calamity. It gives girls trouble as well as married women.

The health of the regiment is excellent. The boys from our part of the country are all well. I am well. Period.

Frank, I an afraid your having a cold so much will give you a cough that will be hard to cure. I know you are predisposed to it. Do not let it go without doing something for it.

No military movements are going on as I know. We were reviewed yesterday. General Thomas, General Elliott and several other generals were here.

Frankie, do write often. Send me a dollar's worth of stamps when it comes convenient. I had a chance to buy some once and am not quite out yet but I shall want some by and by.

It is getting late in the evening and I must close, hoping that before many months the happy time will come that you will not be obliged to or send to Clinton, Wisconsin in order to hear a word from

your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cleveland, Tennessee

April 25th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Your excellent letter of the 10th and 17th was received here at noon. It was mailed on the 20th and was but 5 and a half days on the road. We are not very far apart after all when word can pass between us in so short A time. The day before yesterday I wrote a long and nonsensical letter to Sarah, but I cannot let a long time pass without writing to you. I cannot write news all the time for I have very limited means of knowing what

is going on. The regulations here are very strict about allowing men to go out of camp. I do not go 80 rods from my tent once a week, except when I go out with the whole regiment to graze horses for two or three hours a day. Albert ( Moorehead ) and I take turns doing this, one going one day, the other going the next, taking both horses. We usually go out a mile west of camp. Each man has to hold his horse by the halter and not turn them loose while they graze.

I believe I never told you much about my fellow clerk, Albert Moorehead. He belongs to Captain ( Newton ) Jones Company ( M ) and is a pretty smart boy, eighteen years old. He was raised in Pennsylvania and enlisted in ( Lake City ) Minnesota before he was 16. He has a very good, steady business head and is an excellent person. When we wish anything done up with extra style, Albert is the one to do it. He has been a clerk here for nearly a year.

You speak of sending Willie to school. If I recollect rightly, he is past 5 years of age. He is old enough to go to school but I dread of the evil he will learn there. One might reasonably suppose that if a child was kept as much as possible away from evil association until his habits become somewhat fixed and he had arrived to years of partial maturity and judgment that it would have a good effect on his after life. But in looking around among our acquaintances for examples, we found that those who, in their infancy, are kept away from evil example are as likely to turn out bad or lead immoral or dissipated lives as those who, when children, have free access to such society as the average community in the country affords. The reason for this I will not now attempt to explain, but you can, no doubt, think of many instances to prove the truth of what I write. I think if you have a good school you should send Willie but you must be the judge. You certainly want him to be a good scholar. The sooner he begins to learn, the better.

The weather at last is getting comfortably warm. It has not rained for several days. The woods are beginning to look green and everything is looking pleasant and full of life. The cannons have been booming in the direction of Dalton all day. This is nothing remarkable. It is probably target shooting.

A few feet in front of our tent stands a soldier with his arms tied behind him. He is fastened to a tree. The cord is very tight around his arms and he is groaning with pain. Great bands of perspiration run down his face. He has been tied here for half a day. The punishment is inflicted by Colonel Torrey because the man deserted his post while on picket last night. He is one of the newcomers, a conscript and a Dutchman. He answers only in a vivid foreign tongue when told to do anything. He able to understand little or no English. He was one of the pickets yesterday, about 5 miles from camp. He had to take his regular turn at standing videt, out alone, some 40 to 50 rods from the rest.

When it became dark, he became frightened and came galloping in to where the main body of pickets were. After being taken to his post again, the poor, timid simpleton deserted a second time. Colonel Torrey means to make an example of him. I pity the man. He takes on so much. The circulation in his arms must be almost stopped, the cord is so tight. I would gladly release him if I could and send the poor cowardly fool home for he will never be good as a soldier. I suppose it would not be good to set such an example, for soon a great many would be playing the same game.

You seem to be puzzling your head about sending me something. There is nothing that I want except yours and Willie's picture. As for things to eat and wear, we are just as well off as anyone needs to be. We are in more comfortable circumstances than many people at home. We have newspapers to read, Louisville, Nashville and Chattanooga papers and a spicy little sheet printed by the soldiers at Cleveland ( Tennessee ) called the "Battleflag". We always have in camp books of almost all kinds that the boys picked up in the country, generally from houses from which the occupants have fled on the approach of our army. Some homes have been deserted in this way so suddenly that everything seems to be left, nice furniture of all kinds, beds clothing, pianos, etc.

We have good singing in camp nearly every evening. In our regiment there is a club of 4 or 5 of the best singers I ever heard. Writing of the singers reminds me that one of them, a very fine young man, died day

before yesterday. He was badly hurt a few days ago when his horse reared up with him and then fell on him. This accident caused his death.

The 2nd Indiana Cavalry, whose camp joins ours has an amphitheater made of pine boughs and in it, every night, they have regular theatrical performances before a crowded audience. I have never attended any of those shows, but all who fancy all such amusements and are not on duty may go, provided they are on hand at roll calls and when ever they are wanted for anything.

Before I was aware of it, my sheet was filled and I must close. From your husband Perry

In the field near Varnell's Station, Georgia

May 11th 1864

Dear Frankie,

The campaign has begun in earnest. On the 3rd of May, we left Cleveland and moved to the immediate front. General ( John McAllister ) Schofield arrived the next day from Knoxville with 30,000 men. General ( John Birdseye ) McPherson came from Huntsville with 20,000 men. Our army here is now estimated at over 100,000 fighting men. The army is better organized and in better fighting trim than I ever saw it before.

The rebel alliance stemmed from Varnell's Station across to Tunnel Hill. On the 7th our forces were nearly all up. I expected to witness and participate in a terrible battle that day. We were all near the center. It was a grand sight to see that mighty army move up. When we reached the enemy's outposts, we halted. Our advance drove in their pickets and we had some skirmishing and that was all.

The next day our division moved over to the left, where we have been ever since. Some fighting has been going on every day since the 8th, but no general engagement. It does not seem to be the policy of our generals to push the enemy back at this point, but to engage them just enough to hold them here. We hear rumors that our forces have driven them back on the right, taken Tunnel Hill and even Dalton. The last however, I do not credit.

We have heavy cannonading every day to the right. Sometimes our skirmishing turns out to be quite a serious affair. Sometimes we draw the rebels into a trap, sometimes we know, to our sorrow, that they trap us. The day before yesterday our division was ordered out in the morning to feel out the enemy. Colonel La Grange with our brigade was sent out around to what was supposed to be the enemy's right with orders to "Go as far as you can and find out what is there." La Grange did go as far as he could. The enemy threw out a light line of skirmishers whom we drove back, and thus we were drawn on.

Those around the Colonel ( tried to slow him but ) in vain. Naturally impetuous and daring, this time he was too heedless and headstrong. The enemy formed as if to oppose us, showing about a brigade of cavalry. We charged them, the Colonel at the head. They resisted, then broke and we chased until we had rushed ourselves against a force of about 10,000 infantry, artillery and cavalry. They also had fortifications.

It was now our turn to get out of the way. The Colonel endeavored to have his men fall back in order, fighting as they went. But his horse was killed under him and he was taken prisoner. It is supposed that Colonel Torrey was then in command and he rallied the men and drew off the field in good order. Our brigade lost in that affair 130. Our regiment lost in killed, wounded and missing 48. 17 wounded were brought off the field, Five or six are known to have been killed. Some we left in a hurry and we have not been back there since.

Captain ( George O. ) Clinton ( CO B of Brodhead ) is missing. Lieutenant ( William ) Sandon ( CO G of Windsor ) was killed. ( In error. Sandon was taken prisoner at Poplar Springs, GA. May 9, 1864 ) The wounded include Lieutenant ( John W. ) Warren ( CO C of Beaver Dam ) and Lieutenant ( James ) Crocker ( CO D of Beaver Dam ). I think the loss to the enemy in killed and wounded was as great as ours, but they got some prisoners and we got but one. The loss of Colonel La Grange we feel very much. The brigade is commanded by Colonel Stewart of the 2nd Indiana. He is a drunken sot. There is a consolation. We shall never get into a very tight place if he has to go ahead.

Once more, dear Frank, I am spared. Though I chanced to be in the thickest of the fight when the most were killed, not a bullet touched me. No one was killed or wounded that you know. ( Elihu ) Benton ( CO F ) of Lake Mills was killed. ( In error. Benton was listed as wounded and missing on May 9th 1864 but mustered out with the regiment 9-31-1864. The only Benton in the regiment, he was listed as from Watertown. ) Company I fortunately was in a position where they had little fighting to do. Our only casualty was one man wounded.

Bill Bowers arrived here on the 6th just in time to participate in the campaign. His health is not first-rate yet.

Today everything is quiet. I can hear no cannon. We have news that Grant has defeated Lee in Virginia. I hope it is so. I do not suppose this letter will reach you in a long time but I will send it on the road at first opportunity. My health is first-rate. The weather has been pretty warm lately. We had a heavy shower late last night but today it is cooler.

12th Yesterday noon after writing the above we were ordered to march. Soon we heard firing in front of us and we went out quickly to meet the enemy. We skirmished with them only a short time when they retired. They probably came out with only a small reconnoitering force. As we retired, it was wonderful to see what preparation had been made to receive the enemy had they advanced in force. 30,000 infantry had formed strong lines in our rear during the short time we were out. They had built a formidable breastwork of logs and stone. For the most part the infantry and artillery are kept out of sight of the rebels. The rebels are not easily drawn into such a place.

At that time General ( George ) Stoneman was coming with two divisions of cavalry from the Department of the Ohio. They were sent around by way of Tunnel Hill to the west side of Dalton, where ( General Joseph ) Hooker's corps is positioned That is where we arrived sometime after dark and where we are now.

The rebels occupy a high range of hills. It is a strong position. Our troops stormed over it three days ago but were repulsed with considerable loss. This attack was probably made to cover the operation of General ( James B. ) McPherson, who is still further down, below Dalton.

The rebels have a great many strongholds in the mountains here. I may take some little time to drive them out but I think we shall do it in the end.

Yesterday a commission came for ( John ) Baker ( CO I, Stevens Point. ) and one for Ed Town as second Lieutenant. The looks to me like an injustice to Bill Bowers. It seems he should have been commissioned before Ed Town. I shall enter on my duties as Sergeant-Major.

It is strange I do not get a letter from you. The mail comes in nearly every day.

15th On the night of the 12th the rebels commenced the evacuation of Dalton. On the 13th we crossed over the mountains into the valley below Dalton and followed after them. There was some fighting at the rear of the enemy that day but we did not fight until about dark when we ran on to them. We had considerable firing but it was so dark that but a few were hurt.

Yesterday we had a very heavy battle. The rebels made a stand near Resaca and fought desperately. It is supposed they had nearly all their forces engaged. About half of ours was brought into action. Our cavalry is



on the left of the line of battle. They say the rebels are driven back on the right. We heard tremendous firing from that direction for six or eight hours.

Our regiment was not engaged except when the battle first began. We had the advance and drove in the enemy's pickets and skirmishers. When we reached the heavy line of battle, we drove back a short distance and let the infantry and artillery go in. We have been in the rear ever since. Five of our regiment were severely wounded yesterday.

The cannonading has begun this morning. We have been expecting another great battle today, but some deserters who have just come in say the rebels have been withdrawing their forces during the night.

Afternoon        Nothing much done here yet. I expect a grand altercation will be made soon.

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Kingston, Georgia

May 21st 1864

Dear Frankie,

I have written you but once since this campaign commenced. That letter I sent about a week ago. This letter will probably reach you about the same time as the first, for we hear the mail has been stopped going north.

This army had been more or less fighting every day for the past two weeks. Today there seems to be a lull as I hear no firing. The enemy is four or five miles below here. Our regiment has had no hard fighting since I last wrote but we have seen the enemy and skirmished with them nearly every day. A few men have been wounded.

On the morning of the 16th after the battle of Resaca, the enemy had fallen back and several of our boys went over the battlefield. It presented a horrible sight. The ground was thickly strewn with dead rebels, mangled and distorted in every shape. I might have gone with the boys but did not for I have no desire to see such sights. I have seen enough horrible sights to satisfy me when I could not help seeing them.

They say the dead lay thickest in front of the 3rd Wisconsin ( Inf. ). They were on the left of Hooker's line and next to us, though at the time of the battle I did not know who they were. We were engaged but little in the battle, the infantry doing most of the work, but we were close to it, watching the flank of the enemy.

Had I known the 3rd Wisconsin was so near I would have gone over to see Captain ( Thomas ) Slagg ( CO H ). Some of our boys saw him and said he was well and that he had inquired particularly about me.

A few days ago while marching, we again came near the 3rd, but I had no chance to visit. I was agreeably surprised by two of them coming to see me. They were Frank ( Francis C. ) Johnson ( Sgt. CO. K ) who lived near ( Nelson ) Church, and your cousin, Lewis ( W. ) James ( Pvt. CO. B ). Lewis was taken prisoner at Bloomfield, MO. while a private in CO. I, 1st WI. Cav. ) paroled and discharged from our regiment on account of being sick. He enlisted in the 3rd Wisconsin Inf. as a veteran. He looks well and has grown considerably since I last saw him. He says that Steven Plum ( CO. K ) and Henry ( A. ) Gardner ( CO. B ) are in the regiment. He has heard them often tell of working for me. None of these whom I know were hurt in the battle though the regiment lost 60 out of 300.

I have had no letter from you in a long time. Some mail gets here but none for me. The railroad is all in good order and runs right down to the very front. It seems strange the rebels do not injure the railroad more. They only destroyed the bridges at Resaca and I believe, one more. They were built again in a few hours. The

timbers were fitted for them in Chattanooga before the campaign began. This shows how things were prepared for every possible emergency.

The news we get from the war in other parts is meager. We are told that Grant is having great success in Virginia. I also hear there has been a terrible loss of life on both sides with no decided advantage gained either way. In Louisiana I believe our army has been defeated badly, but it is rarely spoken of here. All the talk is about our successes. That is right. It keeps up the spirit of the men, but I cannot help thinking on both sides. Here, we are steadily driving the enemy back because we greatly outnumber them. We began this campaign with a well organized and splendidly equipped army of 140,000 men while the rebels have not over 80,000. Our losses thus far fully equal theirs as far as wounded and killed are concerned. We have taken the most prisoners and they have lost many Tennessee and Georgia troops by desertion. Still they have a formidable army left. The losses are being partly made up by reinforcements which are continually coming up. Our losses in the battle of Reseca on the 14th and 15th were estimated to be 5,000.

We have received orders to prepare for a long and tedious march. We are to lie still a day or so to get ready. Where we are going I have no idea. I presume we are to make a raid somewhere in the rear of the enemy's line. It is a splendid time for such an operation as their forces are all drawn from the interior to the front. We are ordered to go without wagons. Not even an ambulance is to be taken. If a man is wounded or taken sick so that he cannot ride, he must be left where he happens to be.

The weather is warm and the soldiers are already getting sick. The boys from our parts are all well except Bill Bowers. He keeps along with us but is pretty feeble. He has diarrhea as bad as ever. I shall try not to have him start on this complicated expedition for I know he cannot hold out for long. My health is first -rate. I can stand fatigue and going without sleep equal to the best of them.

I do wish I could get a letter from you before we start. I fear I shall go where no mail can reach me for a long time. Do not be worried if a month passes before you hear from me again.

I have written so little of late that my head is thick and dull and my hand is clumsy and unsteady. I make miserable work of it, so I close this scrawl.

Perry

Camp of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Six miles east of Dallas, Georgia

June 2nd 1864

Dear Frankie,

Yesterday I received two good long letters from you. One was dated March 22nd and 29th on three sheets of paper and the other dated April 27th. They are both old, but very interesting to me, though it does satisfy my intense longing to get one of a later date. I wrote to you last from our camp near Kingston on the 22nd.

On the 23rd we were again in motion. I was wrong in conjecturing that a part of the cavalry would separate from the rest of the army for the purpose of making a raid or anything of that kind. Instead we were kept with the army on a general forward movement. We moved steadily, skirmishing every day until we arrived here on the 26th. Here the rebels seem to have made their last desperate stand.

Fighting has been going on every day and night since the 26th. At this moment my ears are greeted with murderous sounds. The line of battle extends six or seven miles north and south. We are at the extreme left. There has been some terrible fighting about three miles to our right. General ( David Sloan ) Stanley has, by strategy, on two different nights under cover of darkness, tempted the rebs to charge his works. The bait

took each time and the rebs were mowed down by the thousands. It is said in front of Stanley's division alone there lie 3,000 unburied rebels. The enemy will not bury them and our men, when we venture outside the breastworks to bury their dead, are shot down by sharpshooters.

On June 3rd the weather is getting warm. The stench is getting so bad that our men will have to fall back or fight their way ahead soon or any wounded left in the fields will die. There! I finished that sentence, even if it did take two days! Confound the luck. As soon as I begin to write, something is sure to turn up to stop me.

You will see how far I got yesterday. It was noon when the bugle sounded "to horse". In these times each man starts instantly at 'that' call. The whole army seemed to be in motion and everything seemed to indicate that we were to go ahead, right over the rebels. Cannons were booming and the enemy shells were being thrown into our camp near where I was riding. As we moved out toward the enemy the roar of battle steadily increased, while at the same time it began to storm. Heaven's great artillery constantly thundered forth its' loudest peals, while through the sulfa's smoke, the streaks of livid lightening incessantly flashed. The scene was becoming almost terrific, when the rain began pouring down in such torrents and put an end to man's attempt to vie with nature.

It rained a good part of the afternoon and but little fighting was done. I think we shall be at it again in the morning. The skirmishers even now, are keeping up a constant firing and occasionally a bullet comes in among us. None of the regiment was hurt yesterday but a ten pound shell went through a horse a few feet from me. It tore the pants from the leg of the rider but did not hurt him.

I was going to tell you about a charge that five companies of our regiment made on the 26th, but I have no time to give a lengthy description now. We dashed upon a whole division of rebel cavalry. We learned afterwards we took 44 prisoners, and killed several. We had but 6 wounded and 2 missing. The 2 missing, it was later ascertained, were killed. They were two of the bravest boys who ever lived. I was well acquainted with them. I was with them in the fight until we were nearly alone and closed in upon by a dense mass of the enemy who were pouring a shower of bullets into us. They were not seen after that by any of us.

I took two prisoners that day who I encountered singly. Eli ( D. ) Horton ( CO I, Ft. Atkinson ) was badly wounded in the left arm. I helped him off the field and saved him from falling into enemy hands. He nearly bled to death. The surgeon thought at first he could not live but I have heard he is doing well and is likely to recover. ( Horton was wounded at Burnt Church, GA. ) Bill Bowers is taking care of Eli a few miles from here at the hospital

I wrote a short account of our doings for the Madison Journal. I got the adjutant to put his name to it to make it somewhat an official statement.

My health is first-rate. The boys are all well.

Alex McGowen has been promoted sergeant and makes a good one.

On the 26th, our drunken brigade commander was taken prisoner. After the charge was made we found the enemy had great numbers, had rallied and we had fallen back. Then he, fool that he is, rode up furiously, and not knowing the position of affairs, rushed into enemy lines.

The mail is going out today and I have not another minute to write.

Good bye,

Perry

Camp of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
10 miles west of Marietta, Georgia

June 10th 1864

Dear Frankie,

It has been a week since I wrote you last. All this time I have been in the midst of a great army engaged in an active campaign with the eyes of the nation and the whole world upon us. The fate of millions of the human race may hinge on the outcome of this campaign! Yet strange as it might seem to you, I can tell you very little about the war. What little I have seen I will speak of.

During the past week the enemy has fallen back some. The cavalry have had very little fighting but has done reconnoitering and scouting. During that time our regiment lost but one man killed and two missing.

A few days ago, General Hooker's Corps was near us and I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the 3rd Wisconsin ( Inf ). I passed an hour very pleasantly and found a great many acquaintances, some of whom I did not know were in the army. I saw Captain ( Thomas ) Slagg, ( William ) Henry Carrier ( musician, COI), Harry ( A. ) Gardener ( CO B ), Sam, Steven and John ( R. ) Plum, ( all of CO K ), a man from Cambridge named Hanson, Frank's brother, Isaac ( S. ) Johnson ( Sgt., CO K ) and Lewis James. They are all well. Frank ( Francis C. ) Johnson was killed in one of the late battles. He was a sergeant and a good soldier. Captain Slagg says the time for all the soldiers who were with the regiment at its' organization will be out on the 29th of this month.

All the boys from our part of the country are well. Bill Bowers I suppose is in Chattanooga with Eli Horton.

I have received no letter from you since the one dated April 27th. I think I have them all up to that time. You asked when my term of service will expire. For several months there has been considerable talk and excitement in the regiment on that subject but I have avoided mentioning it to you, knowing it would do no good. Now the matter seems settled so I will tell you about it.

For some time it was commonly believed that the War Department had set the muster-out date for this regiment in July ( 1864 ). This I never believed. I knew the government would legally hold the men for three years from the date of muster-in, but perhaps we might be discharged from the date of enlistment. That would mean I would be free on October 19th 1864. But the War Department has decided to hold the men the full time, that is three years from the time of muster-in.

Four companies of the regiment were mustered in September 1st 1861, and the rest, one company at a time until March 8, 1862 when CO I was mustered, being the last organized company in the regiment. According to that my time expires March 8th 1865. I was mustered one time before that in January or February of 1862 but no record can be found so it amounts to nothing. You are no doubt sadly disappointed in this but it is of no use to keep up false hopes. Better to look at things as they are. I have no doubt the war will last the whole time but my constitution is pretty good yet. I feel perfect confidence I shall be spared to serve out my whole term and then return to the ones I love. During the rest of my life I will enjoy the comforts of home which will be more highly prized than ever before by your  
Perry

June 12th Morning      Last night the mail came in, bringing letters for nearly everyone, up to the last of May and in some cases dated as late as June 7th, except me. I got none. Are all my folks sick so they cannot write? Are my letters delayed or miscarried while others are brought through safely? I try to think the latter is the case, yet I cannot help but feel a great deal of anxiety about it.

For the past few days the army has been moving to the left and the enemy is making corresponding movements. We are on the left of the army but we have been stationary while they moved. Now we are on the right. Yesterday there was some fighting near the railroad about seven miles below Acworth. The rebels are strongly fortified there. Bands of rebel cavalry are continually hovering around our rear, picking up stragglers and occasionally capturing a wagon or two that happens to be poorly guarded. Our cavalry also

scout to the rear and frequently come into contact with the rebs. Yesterday a company from our regiment brought in nine prisoners, one captain, one lieutenant and seven privates.

It rains nearly all the time lately making the roads horrible. The cars run to Acworth so that supplies are easily obtained. The rebels have damaged the roads some as they have fallen back but we soon repaired it. For the great part of the time since the campaign commenced our cars and the rebel cavalry have run up to two or three miles of each other.

Tell the rest, David, Father and Lucinda to write.

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Acworth, Georgia

June 19th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I feel some hesitation about writing you today in the present unhappy state of my mind, which is caused by not hearing from you in a long time. I fear I shall fall into a complaining and faulting strain which is very natural for me and write something for which I might be sorry afterwards. It has been eight weeks since the date on my last letter from you. We are here on a railroad where the mail comes in almost every day. Sometimes it comes from Wisconsin in five or six days. I try to think nothing bad has happened at home and that all are well. I hope the only trouble is the mail has miscarried but I cannot help but feel troubled. Enough of this. I will change the subject.

The rebel army is being pushed back slowly, step by step. Every inch of ground is closely contested. When they are driven from one line of fortification, it is only to retire to another line but a short distance further back. The country in the track of the armies is utterly desolate and covered with a succession of lines of breastworks made of logs or rails or of earth, and rifle pits.

For the last three days the fighting has been very heavy. We have pushed the enemy on our right back some three miles. On the left the rebels have nearly held their ground. Our left is about three miles west of this place and our right some two miles south of Lost Mountain. We are about opposite of and four miles distant from Marietta. This makes the line nearly north and south in direction.

The cannon roared tremendously all day yesterday and the day before even though the rain poured down in torrents all the time.

I see that the papers had us in Marietta on the first of June and that we would be in Atlanta in three or four days. We may get to Marietta and finally to Atlanta but it is a great deal easier to stay in the rear of the army and write that the thing is done than to go out and do it.

Our loss in killed during this campaign has been very great, probably much greater than the enemy's losses, notwithstanding the newspaper versions to the contrary. We have usually been the attacking party which causes greater losses, while the rebels have generally fought from behind breastworks, on the defensive.

Our brigade is here, at the rear of the army to protect the railroad, wagon trains, etc., from roving bands of rebel cavalry that are hovering in our rear. Yesterday they did tear up the track a few miles above here. They were driven off and the track was soon repaired. The trains were delayed for about two hours.

On the 14th, our division marched from the camp from where I last wrote ( Marietta ) to this place

( Acworth ). On the 16th we went to Lost Mountain which the rebels then held and had strongly fortified. For two days we participated in the operations against the point although we were not engaged in much fighting. For a while on the 16th we were under rebel artillery fire, their shells falling and bursting in our midst. We were wonderfully fortunate with only one man wounded, though there were dozens of hair-breadth escapes.

On the night of the 17th our brigade except two companies of our regiment came back to this place. Heavy cannonading is now going on east of here.

Cavalry horses have fared very hard on this campaign, sometimes going two or three days without eating. In consequence, nearly half of them are played out. The men, thus dismounted are sent back to guard trains on the railroad or as nurses in hospitals. Our division does not number 2,000 mounted men at the present and the horses we have are poor and weak.

I mentioned in my last letter about seeing several acquaintances in the 3rd Wisconsin ( Inf. ). I saw John Plum again three day ago. He was being sent back sick and said that on the 6th, the day after I saw him, Steven Plum was mortally wounded and died 24 hours later. Poor Steven! I presume you recollect that when I urged him to enlist, his great and only objection was the danger of being shot. His worst fears have been realized. The boys say that Steven was no coward.

I have been writing letters to you for two months and do not know if you have gotten any of them. But do not mind. Everything will come around right up. I think we shall go today and join the rest of the division. I shall put my last stamp on this letter. I wish you would send me some. I think I mentioned it some time ago. Hoping that you and Willie and all the rest are well, I remain as ever your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
near Lost Mountain, Georgia

June 23rd 1864

Dear Frankie,

At last! Oh, joy for me! I received a letter from you. It came but a few minutes ago. You ought to have seen me when I got it. I am in the habit of appearing perfectly cool at all times, showing no excitement, stolid. I believe I could not help showing a little nervousness this time, though I did not make much of a fuss. I went off quickly by myself. Nobody saw the tears of joy run down my face as I read. I never mean anyone to see such a sight for my back was toward everyone. Your letter was dated June 12th and contained eight stamps. The last I had before was dated April 27th. Of course you have written several times between the two dates but I suppose the letters were lost. Three trains of cars have lately been burned by rebel cavalry at our rear and there must have been mail in some of them. I have written at intervals of one week to ten days since this campaign began and sent them when I had the opportunity. You got mine of the 21st of May. I think you had them all up to that date. The last I wrote was from Acworth on the 17th or 18th of June.

Your letter made me feel so good I must talk more about it. Frank, you do write the best and most loving letters of any woman in the world. You love me better than I deserve. I am not half as good a man as you think I am. I wish I was better for your sake if for nothing else. I am sorry Willie dislikes going to school. I should think he would love it. He likes other children so well. I hope he will like it better after a while for I want him to be learning something.

I am glad Father and Mother have gone to Michigan. I believe it is good for Father to travel if he can only take it easy enough and not have his mind worried. In regard to the time my term of service expires, I have written you once on the subject and hope it will reach you.

In as hard a fight as I have ever been in, the one at Dandridge, when my horse barely escaped being taken prisoner, I was asleep on the frozen ground without a blanket over me twenty minutes after the bullets ceased to whistle about my ears.

Instead of being worn out, I am in excellent health, eating my rations every day besides a lot of low bush blackberries which are now getting ripe.

I wish you could have some of the rain we have had. It has rained nearly every day for the past four weeks except yesterday and today.

On the 19th we marched from Acworth to this place where we have started sending out scouting parties. The rebels now hold Kenasaw Mountain, six miles northeast from here. A constant roar of artillery has been going around the mountain for the last week until today when little firing is heard. The mountain is in plain sight of our camp and we could see the belching smoke and the bursting of shells whenever we had a mind to look. The lines of our army are in a semi-circular shape around the mountain, both right and left wings being further down the railroad than Marietta. The rebs till hold that place and they say it is strongly fortified.

There is no telling how or when this campaign will end, though with the great army we have here I think we have reason to hope for the best.

This is a splendid country, though now horribly desecrated. It is very level from here to Atlanta. It is 20 miles distant but can be plainly seen from here on a clear day. I have to write, as you will see, on a scrap of paper. This is full and I must close, hoping that my mind may be turned very often from the coarse and rough scenes that surround me, to think happier thoughts of love and home and of your good, dear, loving letters, one of which I just read.

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Lost Mountain, Georgia

June 29th 1864

Dear Wife,

We are still camped near where I wrote to you six days ago. We have been sending out scouting parties and pickets every day. I have been out but twice. That was when the whole regiment went out. Our camp is about one half mile south of Lost Mountain. Lost Mountain does not deserve to be called anything more than a hill. It has a conical elevation rising out of a level plain not more than 250 feet in height. A man could easily ride a horse up to the top. Before we took it, the rebs had several pieces of light artillery on its top. We now have a signal station there, which is why we are staying here. From the top of this 'mountain' a vast extent of beautiful country is spread out to view. To the south and east, some say you can see 50 miles. Atlanta is visible 20 miles distant. Kenesaw Mountain is a similar hill, though some higher and more rugged about six miles east of Lost Mountain. Kenesaw Mountain the rebels still hold.

Our lines are in the form of an isosceles triangle with Kenesaw at the apex in the northwestern extremity. The wings or sides of the triangle run down some seven or eight miles. Within the past few days the extremities of our line near the base of the triangle have been pressed toward each other. The extremities are now less than three miles apart. Signals are made across. The rebels are nearly surrounded. It seems they will have to do some terrible fighting if any of them are to get away. Unless they get some help from some unknown source or some great blunder is committed on our part, it is hardly possible the rebs should escape this time without being severely punished at least.

The day before yesterday a general assault was made at different points all around the line. The object was to crowd our lines closed together. The assault on the other parts of the line was just to get their attention. The battle continued all day until after dark. They say the rebs fought desperately and we lost a great many men, but our flanks were pushed some two miles closer together, thus tightening the 'anaconda' coils around our doomed ( I hope ) enemy. I am unable to learn anything of our losses in this battle. It is reported that Brigadier General ( Charles Garrison ) Harker was killed and that General ( Daniel ) McCook ( Jr. ) was mortally wounded. ( Harker died while leading his brigade in a charge on June 27th 1864. McCook died of wounds July 17th 1864 .)

Our camp is about three miles from their main lines but the noise of battle was very loud and probably could be heard at five times the distance.

The weather has been very hot lately and some of the men are getting sick. I believe all from our parts are well. My health is still good. Bill Bowers is still in Chattanooga taking care of the sick.

You ask frequently if I need money. Do not worry about it. It is true I have little money but I am better off than the rest, for nearly all of them have none. I have no use for money. Even if I had much it would not go far buying anything. One might spend a fortune and get no good from it at all. From all accounts Wisconsin is not likely to raise enough for her regiments to eat. But never mind. I guess we will not starve. We would have enough reason to rejoice if we could get the war over with this year.

I can think of no more news to write. The weather is so warm that I feel to dull and indolent to think of anything else. Please excuse this short letter from your  
Perry

1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp 8 miles east of Marietta, Georgia

July 7th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I have guessed at the location of our camp as well as I can. We have been scouting about in all directions through the country after leaving Marietta. We are somewhere on the left of the army, about four miles from the Chattahoochee River.

On the 1st, our division marched from Lost Mountain and were joined by General Stoneman and his cavalry. We were off on the left of the army and we preceded very cautiously. On the 3rd we came upon the enemy about three miles from the river. We maneuvered around a great deal and skirmished very little. They had artillery and so did we. By careful movements and sly strategy we planted our battery within 50 rods of theirs. They were probably not aware we had any artillery.

We left our horses back a short distance and crept carefully through the thick brush until but a narrow little field intervened between us and the rebels. We lay flat upon our bellies and opened fire. You can imagine the surprise of the enemy and the sudden and queer movements they made. They seemed to be in a pretty strong force and in a good position and they returned fire. I am sure they could see little more than the smoke of our guns. We were so well covered that but one of our men was wounded.

We soon fell back, having discovered the position of the enemy. That was what was required of us.

On the 4th we marched back to near Lost Mountain and learned that the rebels had Kenasaw Mountain on the night of the second and that our army had gotten some distance below Marietta.



On the 5th our division came through Marietta and off here to the left. Yesterday we were down to the river and found no rebels on this side. They shelled us a little from the other side but did no damage. The rebels are now all across the river. It is strange they could get out of the fix they were in if the position of the two armies were correctly represented, with such a very slight loss. From the best information I can get, I believe we have taken not more than 2,000 prisoners in the operation. We have gotten them out of a strong position. Their next line of defense is the river. I do not apprehend any serious difficulty in driving them from this when we get ready.

The last letter I got from you was dated June 12th. They are like angel's visits in more ways than one. They are not only delightful, but of late few and far between. This last, I am satisfied is not your fault, for a great deal of mail never reaches the army. The mail came in last night bringing letters up to June 29th but I was not one of the happy ones whose sleep was made sweeter by pleasant dreams of home caused by a dear letter.

The weather is pleasant but extremely hot. My health is good. The boys of your acquaintance are all well, those that are here. A great many have become dismounted and left behind at different places. The horses become worn out or are killed and it is impossible to get us supplied. There are no horses left in the country by the time we get to it.

I find myself wondering how you passed the Fourth. I hope you had a pleasant time. I also hope the next Fourth of July we shall pass together, and both be happier than we were on the last one. For my part I had very little enjoyment that day. I had the misfortune that morning of having a dry twig of a tree switched into my left eye while it was open. I went to the surgeon and after examining me, took his knife and dug into the eyeball to get out a sliver. It bled considerable. I was nearly blind and crazy with pain all day but the next day it was better and soon well.

We have one source of amusement here of which I have never written. It is reading letters found on rebels from friends at home. I never find these letters for I never rifle the pockets of a dead man for any plunder, but I have read a great many of them. These letters are sometimes found in knapsacks or saddlebags which have been thrown away. A few days ago one of our boys found some rebel saddlebags and among other things the contained a letter from a young lady written upon receiving a proposal of marriage. The letter was sick in the extreme, the girl not inclined to let the chance of getting a husband slip by. The letter was accompanied by a Daguerreotype showing she was young and pretty good looking. We also found a diary kept by a young soldier for the month of June. This was apparently written for publication in some newspaper. He seemed to be intelligent and a good scholar but was very bitter and abusive toward 'Yankee Vagabonds'. I would have given considerable for those letters, to send home as curiosities but they could not be bought. Letters from women to their husbands are usually full with begging for their husbands to come home and wishes for the war to end in some way and telling of their sacrifices at home, their suffering for food.

I believe I have scribbled enough for one time unless I think of something else. Kiss Willie for me and if possible imagine yourself being kissed by your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
7 miles from Atlanta, Georgia

July 19th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I wrote you on the 16th but was feeling downhearted at the time. You must trust me, my letter was not calculated to cheer you or give you much comfort. ( This letter is missing ) Feeling in good spirits today I thought I would write something more cheering. You need have no fears of my dying of grief or

homesickness, going crazy or anything of the kind. I received your letter dated July 4th and 6th yesterday and it has done me a great deal of good. It is wonderful what good effect your letters have on me. I can hardly account for it myself, but I believe if I can get them often I can serve out my term without complaining.

You had a rather lonely Fourth. I would think you could afford to go out from home once in a while and have some pleasure. Do not be the 'lonely war widow' all the time.

My Fourth was somewhat different from yours, yet I would have given almost anything to be part of your solitude and to hear Willie's firecrackers and his talk about killing rebels. Instead I heard the boom of 20 pounders, knowing they were hurling terrible missiles that were scattering misery and death among human beings. That day we were on the march. The main part of our army went through Marietta and had some hard fighting four or five miles from that place.

Yesterday we marched about three miles. We are now on the north side of the Chatahooche River at the place where the railroad crosses. The right of the railroad is occupied by the rebels while we occupy the left. Our division's battery and our sharpshooters keep up occasional firing across the river which is replied to by the rebels. Once in a while a man is hit if he is not careful to keep himself covered while near the river bank.

Yesterday the enemy concentrated a heavy artillery fire on the fort which contained our battery. It was nearly demolished in few minutes wounding five men. Most of our army is across the river. They crossed several miles above here and have wound around so that the left is said to be but three miles from Atlanta. I am inclined to think this is true for occasionally we hear the sound of distant cannons in the direction of Atlanta.

Last night our men drove the rebels from their positions wherethey did so much damage to our battery. Once I thought we had the rebels in a pretty tight place between Kenesaw Mountain and the river and I was somewhat disappointed when they took themselves away with so little loss. Now that I have seen the fortifications it is perfectly plain how they did it. Though I had seen the fortifications all the way from Tunnel Hill I have never seen anything like this before. They had surrounded themselves, all the way from Kenesaw Mountain to the river with works that few men could penetrate. They were constructed with great labor. They must have had negroes working on them a long time. They only left those works when our army began crossing the river, some miles above here and moved toward Atlanta.

It is no wonder the assault of our forces was repulsed on the 27th of June with the loss of more than 2,000 men. I saw the ground where some of the assault was made. The trees were torn and splintered and some were marked with bullets. All this time the rebels were secure behind their works, having but a small crack to shoot through. I can hardly see now how any of our men got back alive.

I have no doubt between here and Atlanta there are any amount of fortifications and that it will cost thousands of lives to take that place. But it will be taken in the end, of that I have no doubt. Our army outnumbers theirs and we can flank them as we have done before. They fall back before us and choose a good place, fix it up and wait for us to come up and fight them.

But we 'vagabond Yankees', coming up to them in their 'good place', turn out and go around, compelling them to fall back so as to keep ahead of us. We are not very accomodating certainly, but they must not expect anything better of us. We consider anything fair in war.

I got a letter from Bill Bowers a few days ago. He was quite sick, though better than he had been. He says Eli Horton is doing well. I cannot help but think it was a mistake about his arm being amputated for I never heard of it until you wrote me about it. Bill has written me several times since they were in Chattanooga, always speaks of Eli but never said anything of that kind.

We have received information of the death of Captain ( William W. ) La Grange at Ripon. He suffered a long time and died at last. Colonel ( Oscar H. ) La Grange is said to be among the federal officers who the rebels have placed under the fire of our guns at Charleston.

The boys are all well, myself among that number. The stamps in your last letter came just in time again. The weather is very warm today which makes one feel very languid. I believe I have written as much as is practicable at this time. I do hope that your letters in the future will be more fortunate in reaching me than they have been. Then you will not get so many gloomy ones from your  
Perry

July 20th Morning The mail goes this morning, early. There was some heavy fighting along the river last night about sundown. It was so near you could hear the bullets whine past. We could see nothing but a cloud of smoke. I judged from the sound that our men were charging the rebel front but I think they failed to take it. Quite lively fighting is going on right now in the same place. The rebels will probably hold this position as long as possible to prevent our forces to build the railroad bridge, which they destroyed.

We get newspapers here quite regularly. We have got all the war news which is published up to the 13th. The great rebel raid into Maryland which excited some people so much and monopolized the papers did not create any great anxiety here. We believe half of that which is published and did not believe that Grant would be fooled into withdrawing any of his army from near Richmond in consequence. CPG

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
near Vinings, Georgia

August 8th 1864

Dear Frankie,

My last letter was written from Marietta on August 1st ( missing ) just after returning from the raid which I as well as most of the 1st Wisconsin did not go on. While I was writing the rumor came that the whole command had been cut up and scattered. It was only a rumor and I did not mention it. A few minutes later one of our regiment who was on the raid, came in confirming that rumor.

Major Purdy of the 4th Indiana came in that day with 200 men. He supposed all the rest were lost, but they have been coming in ever since.

On the 3rd General ( Edward Stanton ) McCook came in with about 1,000 men, stragglers and dismounted who have been wandering through the wood for a week and are still coming in, ragged, half starved, with their bare feet blistered, scratched and torn by briars and thorns. They dared not show themselves on any road or near any houses for fear of being picked up by scouting parties of rebels, with which the country swarmed. These men became dismounted at the river, being so hard pressed by the rebels they could not get their horses across. Not being accustomed to walking their boots hurt their feet and their boots were thrown away.

Colonel Brownwell stripped off his clothes to swim across the river with his horse. The horse gave out and he swam through himself. He rode afterwards for several miles and through one town, on a mule, with another man and not a rag of clothes on except his shirt.

About 60 of our regiment were with the division on this expedition. They have all returned now but 20. This with the loss of 11 who were with us makes our regiment's loss 31. Some more will probably turn up. The missing now from our whole expedition are not more than 1,000.

We have lost some valuable officers. Colonel ( William H. ) Torrey ( a prisoner July 30th 1864 at Newmann's Station, GA. died August 2, 1864 ) is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner. Our surgeon,

( Horace T ) Persons ( Albany, WI. ) and Major ( Nathan ) Paine ( Oshkosh, WI. KIA July 28, 1864  
Campbelltown, GA. )

On the night of the first we were ordered from Marietta down river some 12 to 13 miles to scout about and assist our stragglers who were coming in through the woods. Some 60 poor, worn-out fellows came to us while we were there.

Out forces, after they were scattered, crossed the river at different points 40 to 100 miles below here. Yesterday we came here to the railroad bridge on the north side of the river.

I will write no more war news this time. I should think you would get sick of my writing something you all ready know about long before my letter. There is a sameness about my letters which you should be getting tired of. I keep writing about being in the thickest of some desperate fight, men falling all around me and I escape unharmed. You must think I am a strange person being so fortunate or else you might think my stories are all exaggerations. I have not written anything of myself which is not strictly true. There is certainly an overriding power that directs missiles of death as well as everything else. Of this fact I have never been so clearly conscious as during this present campaign. One thing in my advantage is that even in the most trying times I do not become excited or confused and I have possession of my faculties. I am able to turn everything to my advantage that circumstances permit. I flatter myself that I have never been mean or cowardly by sneaking to the rear when it was my duty to be at the front. One thing you may be very sure of, I shall never heedlessly throw myself away. I have too much to live for and the glory would not pay.

No Frankie, you can safely calculate on seeing me at home in a few months, the same old 'Josie' that I used to be only looking some older, a little more bent over, a little more clumsy in movement and a great deal lazier. I hope I will be no more fretful or fault-finding or cross than when I left home. If you hear of my being killed, do not for an instant believe it. It will certainly be a mistake. I know of a great many of such mistakes myself. If you hear that I am missing you can calculate I will show up somewhere.

Allow me to make a predication. We will live together for long years to come and enjoy a moderate amount of happiness and a full share of poverty. Three soldiering years have developed my constitutional laziness to such an extent that I shall hardly be able to provide for my family except in the poorest manner. I shall be a great story-teller as is natural to the Goodrich race. The older I grow the more wonderful will become the achievements of my youth. I see us, both old, sitting in a humble dwelling with our grandchildren around us, you a kind, fat, bespeckled, good-natured lady, knitting for the boys. I shall tell them the most miraculous stories about the war ever imagined, until they think there never was such a man as Grand-pa and they will wonder why he was not made a general. But enough of this imagination.

I am well and so are all the boys with whom you are acquainted. Eugene ( L. ) Alling ( Private, CO A from Fort Atkinson ) was with the division scouts and went the whole length of the rail. After having hard times he is back all right. I have had no letter from you since the one dated July 10th. I am hoping to get one today. The mail is expected soon. Yours as ever.

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

August 15th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Again the mail brings no letters. My last from you was dated July 10th. I do not know whether you get mine or not, but I have written generally about once a week. The last was dated August 8th.

Cartersville is a small town on the railroad where it crosses the Etowah River, about 45 miles from Atlanta. We left Vinning's Station on the 10th and arrived here on the 12th. At last we are where we do not hear the roar of artillery every night and day. It seems strange, for we have been accustomed to hearing it for two months. Our division has become badly used up by the long and hard campaign and then to wind up with that disastrous raid, we are no longer of much use to the front. We were sent here, to the rear to guard the communication of the army.

The First Brigade is now at Kingston, dismounted, the remnant of their poor, worn horses being driven to the Second Brigade (ours). We have plenty to do here, scouting and picketing. The country is invested with bands of rebels and bushwhackers who use every opportunity to 'come down' on the railroad. Even now the rumor is current that a heavy force of ( Joseph ) Wheeler's cavalry is threatening Dalton. One rumor even states that 12 miles of track in that vicinity is already torn up.

The 2nd Indiana and half our regiment was called out night before last. They have not yet returned and I suppose they are up in that direction and might get a right smart chance to fight before they return.

I have no news of the front since we left. Our latest news now comes by mail and northern papers so when anything interesting transpires at Atlanta, you stand a chance of knowing several days before we do. By the time it gets here it is old instead of news.

One year ago we were feasting on apples, peaches, sweet potatoes and other good things at Larkinsville, Alabama. It is different now. Fruit, especially peaches are very scarce here, having been destroyed by a late frost. Besides this, such a vast army has passed over this country that nothing but ruin and desolation is met with.

The weather is very hot and sultry, with showers of rain nearly every day. The soldiers are generally healthy. My health is good and so is that of the boys from our part of the country. Bill Bowers is still at Chattanooga and is not very well.

The term of service of about 150 of our boys expires on September 1st. That is all that is left of the first four companies, originally about 400. They will probably soon start for home. I wish I could go with them. How I dread another winter in the field. At times I feel I can never endure it. But judging from the past, I should be able to live through it. I have already endured a great deal more hardship than anyone should suppose possible. I believe my constitution is but little impaired.

If this isn't a rambling letter I do not think I could ever write one. Since I commenced it two hours ago I have, in the line of my duty as sergeant major, had to stop writing to go to different parts of the regiment at least a half a dozen times. Once I had to go make details. Later I had to make an arrest, bring to headquarters and tie to a tree in a very uncomfortable position, a soldier who had mysteriously gotten whiskey enough down his neck to cause his conduct to become very unbecoming. This man I have tied a few feet in front of the adjutant's tent, in which I am writing. He casts savage and vengeful looks at me. He dares not say a word for he knows I would gag him with a stick of wood in a minute. This is not a bad man naturally. When he is sober he will cherish no enmity toward me for what I have done. Dealing with such men is an unpleasant part of my duty. I rarely resort to such severe measures unless specially ordered to by the commanding officer of this regiment.

I wonder if you have sent yours and Willie's pictures and they have become lost. Perhaps they have been captured and some rebel is carrying them around. Willie must be getting to be a great boy, though I can hardly think of him as other than the baby he was nearly three years ago. Let me see. He is in his 6th year, I believe, although it does not seem possible. I wonder if he would know me if I should come home.

Do you get your \$5.00 from the state now? I would like to know, because if you do not, it is on account of some mistake which I can remedy by writing to the state treasury.

I believe I have inflicted enough of this on you for one time and I will therefore close, hoping that I shall not have to write more than 40 or 50 such letters before you will see your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

August 30th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Your letters of July 31st and August 18th arrived today. And such letters! Such good letters! I am sure no one in this world could write them but your own dear self. The pleasure I have had in reading them fully compensates for the suspense and disappointment I have suffered from not receiving them before. But few soldiers are as happy as I am in getting such good, long, loving letters from a wife. I am sorry you had so much to do and so much on your mind, together with your sore eyes prevented you from writing sooner. I do hope your eyes are well. Those eyes! I do not like to write in a flattering manner, but you know I always admired them. I hope, though I confess, I can hardly see any reason to, that I shall be able to better our circumstances so that we may be able to live more easily and happily.

Colonel La Grange has been exchanged. He arrived on the 20th and now commands the brigade. He did not even go home after his release although he had the privilege. He arrived here and immediately assumed his duty. He surely is a strange man. He was married a day before he left the state for the war, was home a few days two years ago when he was very sick and has not been home since. He will not take time to go home now, so anxious is he to be of service. He is afraid he will miss a chance to get into a fight where he might cover himself with glory. He has stood his imprisonment well if looks indicate. After he arrived he went through the camp, shaking hands and talking familiarly with all the boys. He knows and remembers all about any man he has once seen. The Colonel is now working hard to get his brigade remounted and fit for service at the front, where he is always desirous of being.

We have to be very active night and day here to protect the railroad and government property from being destroyed by bands of rebels which infest this part of the country.

You wished me to write you what I considered disgraceful conduct by the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry on July 28th. It is different in nature from what you seem to suppose. Briefly stated it was this: At the time our regiment was repulsed, when Major Paine was killed, McCook was marching parallel to us and about six miles distant. It was evident we were opposed by a superior force. Instead of trying to join the main column, as any man who is not a consummate coward would have done, Captain Smith led hurriedly the whole distance often miles back to the pontoon bridge and crossed over, thereby deserting the expedition. It is true that subsequent events have so shaped themselves that this was for the good of the regiment. Had we gone on, probably more than half of us would have been lost. This should not be set down to Captain Smith's credit. It only shows that the rules of war can turn all things, even cowardice, that most despicable of all human traits of character, to good account. I have written this for your benefit for I perceive you were laboring under a mistake and not hurt the reputation of Captain Smith or the regiment.

Frankie, it is of no use to worry. I must stay until the 8th of March. On the muster and the roll of the company made March 8th 1862, my previous muster was not noted at all. This should have been done and it was Captain ( William A. ) Hoyt's business to do it. Those officers who have been promoted ought not to be very disappointed that they have to stay three years from their last muster period. They know when they were promoted they were sworn in for three years from that date. I have always contended that the government should hold them the full time.

You say David ( Goodrich ) is determined to enlist this time. I wish he could stay home until I come. In fact I do not like to have him go at all. If he must, I will tell him my opinion in reference to the cavalry. The 3rd

Wisconsin. If he wants to go where there is healthy country, easy times and but little to do and but little fighting, let him join the 3rd. If he wants to go where he will have hard work, hard fare, hard marching, hard fighting and wants to join in on the most terrific charges ever made by cavalry in America, let his join the 1st. That will be its position as long as it remains under the command of Colonel La Grange. He will seek and embrace every opportunity to get into the fight. He will then rush himself at the head, the fiercest and most furious of any as is possible for mortal man to do. He is now fairly aching for a fight and is trying to conger up some means of getting into one. I mean no disparagement toward the Colonel. On the contrary he is a man I greatly admire for his courage, patriotism and brilliant intellect. What I have written comparing the 3rd to the 1st is not for everybody to know, for I would not willing want to be guilty of anything that would discourage enlistment in the regiment. I have written it for David to help him choose his regiment.

I enclose you a photograph of Lieutenant Colonel Torrey which I hope you will keep for me. I am afraid I shall loose and not be able to get another. He was commanding the brigade at the time of the raid of July 28th and has been missing since. It was supposed he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was one of the bravest men who ever lived. He is cool in battle and seems perfectly insensible to danger. Colonel La Grange will dodge a little when a screaming shell strikes near his feet and bursts with a deafening sound but Torrey will not notice it. Not a feature or a muscle will give the least indication that he even heard it.

I came near forgetting the stamps you were so thoughtful to send me. They came in good times. My sheet is full and I must close.

Your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

August 31st 1864

Dear Frankie,

Immediately after our retreat from the raid which we started when on when I last wrote you, in the intensity of my feeling I could not help saying something about what I consider disgraceful conduct. If I did not sufficiently intimate that you were to keep this for yourself, the fault is all my own and I alone will be to blame for the circumstances.

I just received a letter from Bill Bowers in which he said Lucy wrote to him this very thing and that it was written by me to you. Bill has probably written the same thing to others in the regiment. Two or three days ago I wrote you something more concerning these same matters and also gave some hints in relation to enlisting in this regiment. I do hope this will reach you in time to prevent this from also being made public. What makes me care so much about it, for sometime past there has been talk about sending some men home this fall and winter and the intention all the time has been to send me, if anyone goes. But if what I have written gets to the ears of the powers that be, my chance for recruiting is surely done. You see, all these things that are written to Wisconsin are sure to come back to the regiment and they might recoil on one's head with a very bad effect.

I should not have written this letter for I would not willingly give you pain, yet for the fact I have yet faint hope that the mischief is not all done and this may reach you in time to prevent my move. Some of the boys start home tomorrow. Their term of service expired today. My health is good. The boys are all well.

Remember this is a private letter from your

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

September 6th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I must tell you to begin with that I have not much material for an interesting letter today. It is my desire to converse with you and I feel irresistibly compelled to write something. What that something will be I have not the remotest idea. It may turn out to be a sermon or a song but most likely neither. It may turn out to be nothing.

I wrote you on August 28th and 31st and have but little news to write. We hear about Atlanta being taken and that Sherman has obtained a great victory over the rebels some 30 miles below Atlanta. We also learn Wheeler has destroyed considerable railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville. But concerning all these things, you are likely better informed than I am.

It has now been nearly a month since my ears have been greeted by the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry, sounds which for a long time had become daily and nightly fixtures. Would you believe it, I long to hear them once more, long to be at the front where the hard fighting is done. Perhaps it would be to much to say, and sound rather egotistical for me who is naturally timid and peacefully inclined, that I long to join the bloody strife. I certainly dislike being in the rear of the army where so many cowards and shirks find their way in spite of the exertions of our leaders to prevent it.

But we are not without excitement here. Roving bands of rebel soldiers are prowling about, firing at our forage trains, picking up lawless soldiers who stray far from camp, etc. In this way constant excitement is kept up but little fighting is done. When a squad of rebs is heard of, a party is sent after them. This generally fails to bring in any rebs. I have been out several times in this way and have often caught a glimpse of, from two to half a dozen raiding rebs, who often after a hot chase, and being almost taken, manage to escape.

This morning for almost the first time since I have been a soldier, I took it into my head to be a little lawless and reckless. I wanted to go into the country to get some peaches and apples, of which there are very few. It is a great deal of trouble to get a pass to go through the pickets, so I determined to do without one. I easily gained the permission of Captain Smith, commanding the regiment, to be absent a few hours. So, provided with a sack to bring apples in, I started out alone.

It is not a great trick to take a by-path through the woods and run past the pickets, which are placed out about three miles. I rode on several miles in still solitude over this fine country which is now more that half deserted and laid waste by the tread of armed warriors. I saw very few inhabitants and they were mostly women, children or niggers.

At length I came to one of the few plantations not deserted by its wealthy and aristocratic owner. He is a man of about 60. His head is as white as snow. He is undoubtedly a rebel at heart but so tired has he grown of war that he is willing to sacrifice anything for peace. He even said he would "willingly give up his stock of fine negroes," which he begins to think he will loose anyway, "if it would only bring peace." He said his stock ( of slaves ) was numerous. This assertion I readily believed when I looked around and saw all the woolly heads with faces all shades of color, peering at me from every nook and corner.

He had a few peaches and plenty of apples which he politely and freely offered. He went into the orchard with me and in a very friendly manner helped me gather the fruit, all the time talking very sociably. I kept my horse near me and of course kept a sharp look-out, all the while apparently being very careless.

Suddenly I saw a man riding up, wearing a full rebel uniform, with the exception of his pants which were federal. I expected to see half a dozen more dashing up. My hand was instantly on my revolver and I was ready to fight or fly, whatever the circumstances dictated, for you must know I never mean to surrender unless all hope is cut off.



Well, to make the story short, this man was alone and did not seem inclined to be warlike and I hailed him. He claimed to be a federal scout. I concluded the truth and packed up my fruit. We parted and I came back into camp with no more adventures.

On the First, our 'Old Ripplin' ( Ripon. CO A, B, C & D had many men from Ripon ) boys started for Chattanooga to be mustered out. These war heroes were greatly affected at parting with their comrades with whom they had served so long and suffered so much. It was evident in many a silent tear and chockingly uttered good bye. Three years ago there were 400 hundred of them. Now scarce 50 are present. Where are the rest? This thought they rarely uttered though it was on the mind of everyone present. ( 224 men served in CO A during the 1861/1865 period. 24 were mustered out on September 1, 1864, Term Expired. )

I learned they are still in Chattanooga and not yet mustered out on account of terrible trouble about their papers. This will all be made right soon.

Colonel La Grange started for home on the 1st with the boys. He at last concluded he could afford to go home a few days, seeing no chance presented itself for any fighting soon. Captain ( Charles F. ) Robinson ( CO G and Clinton, WI. ) started with the Colonel to go and see what chance there is for recruiting in Wisconsin. I would like to write considerable about this Captain but have not the time or space. He will probably be a Major soon.

He and I are regular cronies. We were together in the hottest fight I was ever in. This was when Major Paine was killed. I was next to the major and 'Rob' was close behind me. The volley that killed the Major, killed Rob's horse. except for myself, from the head of our charging column for some distance back there was not a man or his horse that was not hit by that one murderous volley, fired with sure aim by at least 200 rifles at close range. Who does not believe that some unseen power protected me from that storm of bullets. No one surely who was there.

When we returned, 'Rob' and I stayed on the field until all had left, and then we rode along together for some distance, in the rear of the regiment. He was all the time swearing and grinding his teeth in a rage because Captain ( Lewis M. B. ) Smith ( of Summit ) was backing out in such a manner.

'Rob' told the Colonel when he returned to the regiment that the Sergeant-Major, the 'old red-headed cuss' is just "bully in a fight. He was the coolest old cuss I ever saw, by God." I think he was setting me up to high but a friend of mine whom I can believe heard him say it.

I have been looking over this letter and I am ashamed of it. The style is so egotistical, so much like Zeek or some other blowhard that I have a mind to burn it up. But you know just what kind of man I am so it is of no use to try to deceive you. Rather than lose all this scribbling, I will 'let her rip', begging that you will not show it to anyone or read any of the objectionable parts.

I received a letter from Bill Bowers today, dated August 31st. His health is pretty good and so is that of the boys here.

I am certain I have written enough of this style and will try to do better next time.

Your husband

C. P. Goodrich

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

September 14th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Again I find myself seated to write to you. I wrote last on the 6th and wrote to Sarah on the 11th in answer to hers. I am anxiously waiting for a letter from you at every mail, hoping those pictures will be enclosed. ( William H. ) Rees ( Sergeant, CO I ) of Oakland has received a letter dated September 2nd stating that David ( Goodrich ) had enlisted but he did not say into which regiment.

Since I wrote Sarah, I have done some pretty hard riding. About 200 from our brigade, more than half from our regiment started out on a scout on the evening of the 11th. We marched all night up the north side of the Etovah River for some 35 miles hoping to surprise and break up a force of the Georgia State Militia. They were reported to be organizing in that part of the state. We found no force, they having dispersed to their homes in the mountains. They are ready to come together on short notice when the opportunity presents itself for more depredations. We crossed the river and made our way to camp on the other side, passing through the village of Canton and scouted considerable through the country. We arrived in camp about 10 o'clock on the 13th, having marched about 75 miles.

We frequently saw small squads of two or three rebels galloping through the woods and fields. There were about half a dozen of them following close behind our rear guard for several miles, perhaps to pick up some stragglers. When ever we would turn upon them they would scatter into the woods and escape us.

We brought in only one prisoner from this hard expedition. He did not have a very fleet horse and was overtaken.

When we got to camp we expected to have some rest and sleep but we were doomed to disappointment. We had just gotten unsaddled when word came down that our forage train was attacked some three miles down the river while going out after corn. We were quickly in the saddle and with our tired and hungry horses, we were off at a smart gallop.

We soon came to where the train had been attacked by about 100 rebels. They left after driving off the train guard. They wounded some of our boys and took some others prisoner. They also took away about 400 mules. They left most of the wagons scattered on the road.

They had been gone nearly an hour but we pursued them at a furious gallop. We ran out horses about 15 miles without halting them. We over took five men, the rest having turned off the path in small squads at different points along the road. They succeeded in getting away with one wagon. We took two prisoners, both of whom turned out to be lieutenants. First Lieutenant Charles ( L. ) Hewitt ( CO A ) of the Fort ( Fort Atkinson ) took one of them. The rebel proved to be a desperate fighting man and would not surrender until Hewitt knocked him down with his pistol, which had mis-fired.

We came slowly back to camp and arrived at dark having marched 110 miles in 48 hours. Last night the Lieutenant Hewitt took escaped from his guards so our hard ride did but little good.

We brought a short fellow, a professional scout into camp and took him through so he could see how we were situated and then let him go with all the information he could get.

Captain ( Henry ) Harnden ( of Rome, WI. ) came back from home yesterday with a Major's commission. His wound is not yet well, having but little use of his right arm. Captain Smith has now subsided into insignificance as a battalion commander.

You see by what I have related, something of the nature of the duty here. While a large force can go anywhere it pleases without molestation, single individuals or small bands are in constant danger if outside

camp. Orders are very strict against men leaving camp without permission, yet heedless and lawless fellows are constantly going out and frequently getting grabbed.

My health is first rate. I can stand riding night and day without much fatigue. I am not required to go out on these scouts unless the whole regiment goes. I choose to go and do so almost every time the commander of the regiment is willing.

I am not in the mood for writing today so you must excuse this from your  
Perry

Headquarters, First Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

September 20th 1864

Dear Frankie,

While the rest of the boys who have leisure time enjoy themselves immensely having an exciting game of ball in front of headquarters, the dream of home, which is uppermost in my mind, impels me to withdraw quietly from the laughing, shouting throng and permit some of my thoughts to be taken on paper.

I have never allowed myself to utter complaints or become very unhappy because I am to be kept about five months more than my three years. On the contrary, I have said and done all in my power to induce others, who were much disposed to complain and find fault to serve cheerfully and faithfully until the government sees fit to discharge them. That, with all the philosophy I could bring to bear on the subject, it was impossible for me not to have a feeling of sadness and deep disappointment when I first became aware that I was to spend the next winter, all the time from October 19th to March 8th in the army, with the comforting prospect of the usual snow and mud of winter and out-of-doors bivouac, instead of being at the dearest of all spots on earth, home with those I hold most dear. I have done much toward reconciling myself to this state of affairs, for I deem it selfish, unpatriotic and dishonorable to complain at having to serve the government that has for so long protected in our rights and under which we have been prosperous and happy. I must regard it as my misfortune simply which must be made the best of, that I have to serve out four winters to make a three year term. I consider it doubly a misfortune when I take into account that although winter is generally a season of health in the army, yet there is in the winter more suffering and hardship to the soldier than in the summer campaigns. While thinking of home and the future, I involuntarily ask, "What is the prospect when I do get home?" Is it toil, unceasing toil and poverty as it has been? Perhaps so. But then I shall have you to share and lighten my toil with your love and sympathy. We shall have our dear Willie to toil for. It will be a pleasure to be able to furnish the means of getting him an education and giving him a chance of being somebody in the world.

Another idea strikes me. Ever since I came to Wisconsin 18 years ago, I have by unceasing labor, endeavored to lay up something so that in the decline of life we might live comfortably. How have I succeeded? By the practice of the most rigid economy and self-denial I am at least, the owner of a small piece of ground. Can a man, by honest industry gain a competence during his natural lifetime? I doubt it. Others who started out with me have become rich, but have they done it honestly? If they have not then I do not envy them their riches. The old maxim is "Treasure must by toil be brought!" I have toiled eighteen years, the last three in the service of my country. These last three years have impaired my constitution as much as ten years of hard labor. Now the question is, after I get home, will I have bought any leisure? My opinion is that I shall take some whether I have bought it or not, for if by that time I shall have no leisure bought, earned and paid for, I shall never in this life do so. One consoling thought arises. I know I owe no man a dollar. I am free from all the slavery of debt. I have always had a perfect confidence that I should live to serve out my time and return home safe and sound. This confidence has never for an instant been shaken even in the most terrible and trying situations in which I have been placed.

I have received no letter from you since that long nice one finished August 18th. I read it every three or four days and still find pleasure therein. But I am getting somewhat impatient to get another one and those pictures for which I have been anxiously waiting since last winter when I lost the other ones. I wrote you a week ago and to Sarah a short time since.

Of news I have none to write. It is the same old thing, bushwhackers and guerrillas lurking around and occasionally picking up some of our boys who heedlessly and against orders, ramble off into the country. Frequently we scout and chase after the rebs. Once in a great while we bring in a prisoner.

The health of the regiment is good. A few however are sick with fever and diarrhea. Henry ( J. ) Greiber ( Roxbury and CO F. ) is one of our headquarters boys and regimental postmaster. He is very sick. He is one of the best soldiers and a great favorite. We keep him here, choosing to take care of him ourselves rather than sending him to the hospital among strangers. But I fear with all our care, he will never recover. ( Greiber died of disease 9-22-1864 in Cartersville, GA. ) My health is very good. All the boys from our part of the country are all well also, I believe.

Last night while the angels had full possession of my faculties, I was transported in my imagination far beyond the scenes of suffering, misery and desolation which this horrible war has filled this fair land, to my peaceful and quiet home. I dreamed that I clasped both you and Willie in my arms at once. Oh what a happy moment was that! The happiness was too great for a man to enjoy long in a dream, and I awoke, alas, to cruel reality. But I have a consoling thought. This dream will be realized. I feel it. I know it! That the wheels of time may fly swift around and bring that joyful day is the constant desire of your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

September 27th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I am again seated to write my customary letter to you though I have received none from you in some time. It does really seem to me I should hear more from home than I do.

I heard some time ago from Sergeant William Rees of Oakland that David ( Goodrich ) enlisted about the first of the month, but he did not inform me of the regiment ( CO D, 1st WI. Cav. ) Why don't some of you write and tell me about it? You must know I feel very anxious to know about it as he is the only able bodied man left home of the two families, Father's and my own. After all he is my brother in whom I feel a great interest. I should think he would write a few words to ease my mind. I did what I could by writing to prevent his enlistment. I felt compelled to do so from an impulse I can hardly account for. Now that he has enlisted I have a feeling that seems to forbode coming evil every time I think of him. I try to think it is all fancy of the brain and he will just as likely serve his time out, and come home as I am.

Sarah wrote a long time ago you had some pictures taken to send to me. Why don't they come? The mail has come every day lately, except today. It is said the railroad cut last night somewhere above Chattanooga.

Our postmaster of whom I wrote you last week died on the 22nd. He lacked about a month of having served out his term. The regiment is generally very healthy. My health continues good.

Four officers of the 1st Battalion of our regiment have been mustered out. Lieutenant ( Justus ) Williams ( Fort Atkinson ) was one of them. A late order of the War Department has modified all previous orders. Officers who have served three years from their first muster into the service, can be mustered out with their companies, provided there are not enough men in company who have joined as recruits, to constitute a

minimum company, in which case they will be held longer. Lieutenant Williams has some business to settle up here so will not be able to get home in less than two or three weeks.

We have been having quiet times lately, and have not chased bushwackers for several days. Night before last some guerrillas tore up rails between Acworth and Marietta and burned a train of cars. When the news first came we were ordered to hold ourselves ready to march at a moment's notice. We obeyed the order but were not called.

We have been in this camp about seven weeks, the longest time we have stayed in one place. The boys are getting pretty good quarters built. They strip off the coverings and tear up the floor of deserted dwellings, some of them fine two story homes, to build their shelters.

How I would like to happen in unannounced at my home today. I wonder what you are doing? I wonder what my little boy is doing? I wonder if he is playing soldier and what he is talking about now? I hope he will never see the rebels! Does he go to school now? Does he learn fast? Is he a good boy to his Ma? Does he do chores for her when he can and help her when she has work to do? Does he grow fast and is he healthy? Frank, Is he almost six years old? I make it to be by my figuring but it does not seem possible. Do you suppose he would know me if I came home? He was but little more than a baby when I first left home. The time I was home on furlough was so short it would hardly make an impression on his mind.

That short furlough! It seems like a delightful dream long passed! It was a happy time, a bright spot, an oasis in an otherwise dark and dreary waste of the past three years, but the only spot in that time on which my mind loves to linger.

Dear Frankie, I suppose these years have dragged more slowly for you than for me, if that is possible. But all things have an end, and so will my absence from home come to an end. In less than six months, providence providing, and Uncle Sam making no objections, I shall once more be at home. I do indulge in the hope that by that time the government will no longer need me for a soldier.

We get the news here pretty regularly. We have newspapers from all parts of the northern states. Sheridan has had a glorious victory in Virginia. If Richmond could be taken before election time then "Old Abe" would be surely be elected. Then the disheartened rebels would throw down their arms and the southern confederacy would crumble to pieces. The true end for which all true friends of the Union have been laboring and fighting will be accomplished, namely peace and liberty and union.

But I have written enough for one time. Once more I am urging you to write more often and tell all of our friends to write. I remain as ever,  
your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, GA.

October 8th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I have not written since the 27th because our communications are cut off and no mail passes. When this letter will go, I cannot tell. No matter. I will have it ready and on the way in time to go through on the first train. I have received nothing from you lately, of course.

The rebels are making desperate attempts to compel Sherman to fall back from Atlanta. You will no doubt, get a full history of these movements long before this reaches you, yet I cannot resist the temptation to write something about them.

While the rebel cavalry under Forrest and Wheeler were threatening our communications between Chattanooga and Nashville, their main army crossed the Chattahoochee River and took up positions near Dallas threatening this part of our line. On the 4th and 5th ( of October ) a division numbering 5,000 to 6,000 took possession of the road below Allatoona, destroying about ten miles of track. They attacked Allatoona five miles from here. On the 5th was had one of the most desperate and bloody battles fought in the war, according to numbers engaged.

Our forces there numbered 1,500 fighting men but they successfully brought the rebels down in three different and determined charges. Our loss foots-up to 625, nearly half of the whole number. The rebel loss is estimated at 1,500. The fighting was in great part, hand-to-hand, the rebs charging right over our works. A great many were killed with the bayonet and were horribly mangled. Some of our boys were there the next day and said they could not ride through town without treading in the dead and wounded.

Allatoona contained a large commissary, enough to feed Sherman's whole army for ten days. The rebels were nearly starved, which accounts for their fighting so desperately. Their General, ( Samuel Gibbs ) French told them he would issue rations to them on the 5th at 11 o'clock. He also brought an empty wagon train to haul away rations. The rations they got did not digest good when they found Sherman was sending a force to their rear. The rebels withdrew about 2 o'clock.

Among the severely wounded the rebels left on the field, was found a woman dressed in a rebel uniform. She was in the thickest of the fight, where the contest had been hand-to-hand and the dead lay in heaps. She was wounded in the thigh. In another place was found one rebel and one federal dead who had bayoneted each other at the same instant. They still grasped their muskets.

Brigadier General ( John Murry ) Corse commanded our troops in this gallant defense. He was wounded, a musket ball grazed his head and carried away his ear. Everyone of his staff was wounded except his orderly. The general staff is here now.

The rebel army, under ( John Bell ) Hood himself, is now near Dallas. Sherman is after him with an army big enough to whip him, he says. His headquarters is at Kenesaw Mountain. Hood will have to retreat into Alabama or there will be a great battle.

Recent rains have raised the Chattahoochee. It is said we have captured the rebel's pontoons. We were in plain hearing of the battle and felt a great interest in the result. This last bold move of the rebels has proven a great failure. I hope before it is done Sherman will make it cost them very dearly.

On the 28th, Alex McGowen and five others of this regiment got furloughs to go home. The last I heard they were at Chattanooga. I presume they have not gone yet, for when this move of the rebs was discovered, an order was issued prohibiting soldiers from leaving the department.

October 9th We have been told this afternoon to have our mail ready for it would go north on the cars at daylight tomorrow morning. It leaves camp in fifteen minutes. I was fortunate in having written yesterday. No news since yesterday. No mail from the north yet.

The weather has cleared now after a long heavy rainstorm and it is cool. We had a hard frost last night. I have been busy getting boards and brick to build me a cabin. It is possible we may stay here a long time yet, till after the weather is not cold and disagreeable. I mean to have me a nice, comfortable cabin with a fireplace in it. I have no notion of suffering as much this winter as I did last, if it can be helped. Six of us are building this shanty together.

I am well and hoping to get a letter from you soon. Good bye for the present.

Your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Cartersville, Georgia

October 15th 1864

Dear Frankie,

At last the mail has come through and your letter of September 18th has been received. I do not wonder now that you did not write sooner. You had trouble enough on your mind with Willie sick and no man or boy to do anything about the place. I am glad Willie is better and I hope you do not have such trouble again. You must, as soon as possible, have someone in to do chores and get wood for you.

We have been very fortunate of late. The fighting goes on all around us, but the rebels seem to skip by Cartersville, not deigning to notice us. We do not feel at all misused on account of being slighted. After the battle of Altoona, an account of which I gave in my last letter, the rebel army moved toward Rome. General Sherman had his army there in time to meet them. They had a heavy battle, three charges on the 12th. The rebels were defeated though we have not yet learned the particulars. We could hear cannonading here all day. On the 13th there was fighting 16 miles west of Rome, the result of which we have not learned.

Where Hood is trying to go with his army I cannot imagine. One thing is certain. Every time he strikes at our line of communications, he finds Sherman there to meet him. We have but one Corps, the 20th, in Atlanta. The rebels seem to have withdrawn all their forces before Atlanta.

The country around here swarms with guerrillas. They are constantly annoying us. When our cavalry goes out foraging, the rebels lie in ambush along the roadside until the main columns have passed, then if there are any stragglers, they pounce upon them and capture them.

In this way, on October 9th, six of our boys were captured. One of them was Billy ( William M. ) Horton, ( CO I ). After being disarmed and dismounted, they were marched several miles, most of the way through woods, until near night. The guerrillas halted for some purpose, sent the six prisoners ahead, in the charge of two mounted guards, to look for a campground for the night. The main party were to follow in a few minutes. The prisoners marched on some distance, one guard ahead and one behind, with weapons ready for instant use, should any of the prisoners try to escape.

They came to a halt. While one man took charge of the prisoners, the other rode ahead, saying he would look for a place to camp and be back in a few minutes. As he rode ahead he was soon hidden from view by a little knoll. Now was the time for action and Billy was the boy to act. With the spring of a panther he leaped upon the guard, wrenched the gun from his hands and with it dealt the guard a blow which sent him headlong to the ground. Billy, with one bound landed on the saddle. In the next instant, before the fallen rebel recovered enough from the shock to give alarm, our boys scattered out of sight like a brood of young partridge.

The horse Billy mounted refused to leap the first fence he came to and Billy abandoned him, thinking he stood a better chance of getting back on foot.

They were now 20 miles from Cartersville. They divided up into parties of two each, and during the next day they all came in safe. Billy is a little fellow, about 5' 3" in height, but on account of his boldness and uncommon agility, the boys long ago gave him the name 'American Tiger'. In this affair he vindicated the appropriateness of the title.

It has been ascertained that Lieutenant Colonel Torrey was mortally wounded on the raid of July 30th and died the next day. He was shot through the lungs. Surgeon ( Horace T. ) Persons was with him. Persons has since been released and says that Torrey's only regret was that he must die in the hands of the enemy.

I received and answered Sarah's letter more than a month ago. I have heard nothing said about recruiting in Wisconsin since the Colonel and Captain Robinson went away. I presume none will be done this winter.

I am afraid it will be a long time before I get those pictures David has for me. Nearly all the recruits have been sent out after Wheeler and Forrest. Some of them have been killed or wounded. Corporal ( John B. ) Nicholson ( CO I of Menomonie, WI. ) was back there and severely wounded through the shoulder ( at Pulaski, Tennessee. He was absent wounded at the MO of the Regiment 7-19-1865 ) I learned this from Bill Bowers. He is still in Chattanooga. He wrote me a few days ago. He is not well and is trying to get a furlough.

I do not see any prospects of our being paid soon. The rebels seem determined not to let the army rest long enough to be safe for a paymaster to come to us. We have nine and a half months pay due us now. My health is still good. The weather is still cool but pleasant.

Only five more months and I shall be at home. Then shall I see all my folks. But will my Brother be alive and also be returned from the war? Will my Father's life be spared? God only knows. I try to be hopeful and look on the bright side, for it does no good to look on the dark side. I hope little Willie is well and strong again. Tell him Pa thinks of him every hour of every day. Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Calhoon, Georgia

October 29th 1864

Dear Frankie,

It is with heavy heart that I write this evening, not that everything is not going well with me here, but that I do not hear one word from home of David or anyone else. That makes me worried and sad. The mail has been brought through about once a week, not withstanding the break in the railroad which is now repaired. Five letters have come to me directed to David, some to Madison, one to Chattanooga and one to Nashville but they all had 1st Wisconsin Cavalry on them which brought them here to me, it making no difference what ever address they had. If David would only write and let me know where he is I would send him the letters. I wrote him several days ago, directing the letter to Camp Smith, Nashville, thinking it might find him there. But today a man came through who left Nashville but a few days ago and he says none of the 1st Cavalry are in Camp Smith now. Where in the world David is, remains a mystery to me. I do not see why you folks cannot write more often. A short letter, a few words would save a great deal of anxiety.

It may be that David went out from Nashville the forepart of this month and was in the fight with Forrest at Pulaski. A part of the 1st was there and some of them were recruits. Some were killed. I have been unable to learn who.

Captain ( James M. ) Comstock ( CO F and Summit ) of our regiment came through from Nashville arriving here today. He has been in command of our recruits and says that part of them are on their way down here. He believes there is a man named Goodrich among them. But that proves nothing. There are several man with that name in the regiment now.

O'Conner has returned today, having been on furlough. He left Alex McGowen at Chattanooga. Alex stopped there a few days to visit Bill Bowers. He will be along here in a day or two. O'Conner says Bill's health is still poor. When Alex gets here I expect to have a good visit. I suppose he came to see you.

When the rebels made their raid on the railroad, they tore up thirty miles of track between here and Dalton. Repairs were completed yesterday and today a constant stream of cars have been going south, loaded to their utmost capacity with soldiers and supplies.



The original members of Companies E, F, G and K are to be mustered out on the 31st. The paymaster arrived here today and will pay this division as soon as the payrolls are ready, which will be in two or three days. We are to be paid up to the last of August, which will make eight months pay for me.

We are having a very quiet time here, comfortable quarters and a good time generally. My health is first rate. I have written every week lately, though on account of the break in the railroad, I suppose you have not received them with regularity.

There goes the ink over, blotting my letter! What a place this is to write in. About 40 soldiers crowding around me, signing payrolls, jabbering, pulling, hauling and turning over ink and annoying me in a thousand different ways. I believe I have written enough this evening considering the mood I am in. I hope before another week I shall get letters from somebody so I will be able to write in a more cheerful manner. But for the present, bye-bye from your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Louisville, Kentucky

November 22nd 1864

My dear little wife,

It is time for me to write you another letter. If I could only write something new, entertaining, instructing or amusing there would be more pleasure in it? But I can't now, can I?-----

It has been three minutes since I wrote the first lines and now I have something to write about. What do you think happened in that short space of time? Not much to be sure, but I will tell you what it was.

It is a cold, very cold wintry evening, after taps. Four boys, my only companions here in the office at this very late hour are having quite a game of 'seven-up'. A very hot fire made of dry wood was giving out warmth and comfort from our 'Sibley stove'. Just as I had written "Can I?" You see those dash marks? A sudden light in the tent and a simultaneous exclamation from the boys made me aware that the tent was on fire around the pipe. Not a second was to be lost. With the wind blowing at a perfect gale, it would not take two minutes for the whole tent to be enveloped in flames. All the valuable books and records of the regiment would be lost and in consequence, a poor soldier and his family would be cheated of their rights. I instantly sprang out of the tent ( You know I am very spry ) seized a bucket of water standing by our cook fire and dashed it on the flames. They were quickly extinguished. A four foot square hole burned in the tent was the only damage done. Another minute more, the boys were at their game where they left off and I was at my writing, all of us just as quiet as if nothing had happened.

The boys here with me tonight are from our headquarters' squad. They are Sergeant ( James M. ) Waterman ( Rosendale ). You know his photo. He is regimental ordinance sergeant. Sergeant ( John M. ) Moorhead, is a very smart 19 year old. He is the adjutant's clerk and does more actual work than any man in the regiment. ( Thomas L. ) Tom Palmer ( from Monroe, WI ) is our regimental bugler who will blow whether he has a bugle to blow or not. The last is an orderly named Goodrich, nice little pink of a fellow who certainly thinks that none is some if not more.

We have no horses yet and I see no signs of our getting any. Captain ( Nathan ) Jones arrived with his men last night. We have nearly 800 men here now. I had a letter from Bill Bowers two or three days ago. He is still in Chattanooga and his health is very good.

We have a chaplain here now. His name is ( George H. ) Fox ( from Whitewater ). He used to preach at Oakland center, once when Dr. Bryant did.

I have had no letters from you lately. The last you wrote said you had not heard from me since September 27th. I wish you would write soon and tell me if you received the money I sent you by ( Orlando ) Francisco ( CO F ).

David is pretty well as are all the boys from our part of the country, as far as I know. We do have quite a number sick in the regiment though. Mostly recruits. I am still well.

Now Frankie, I am going to crawl into bed. It is like the Irishman's "as good a straw one as ever a man tried to lay his back upon." There is no doubt but what we have plenty of blankets to sleep comfortably. Moorehead, the clerk is my bed-fellow. I hope the time will come when I have a better one. Yours in a comfortable state of mind.  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Louisville, Kentucky

November 29th 1864

Dear Frankie,

Again I find myself writing to you, an employment which is very enjoyable to me, when I find leisure time and something interesting to write. The first of these very essentials I have, but the latter I fear will be found wanting. But I feel impelled to try to do the best I can.

I have not received a letter from you lately and I do not know as you have had any of mine since the one written September 27th. I am getting anxious to hear from you, to know you are well and to know if you have received the \$150.00 I sent by Orlando Francisco. ( CO F from Fond du Lac ). Our payrolls are made out for another two months pay which we will probably get in another two or three days, if we are not ordered to march to soon.

We are to get horses and equipment today. 140 more recruits came to us last night so we now have nearly 900 men present. The rumor is that Hood is marching on Nashville and that we will start in that direction as soon as we are mounted, armed and equipped. As for the truth of this, I do not know. But one thing is certain. They are hurrying their best to get us ready. I think we shall have a chance to do some fighting yet.

On the 24th we had a Thanksgiving dinner. It was given especially for the enlisted men of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, by a Wisconsin lady named Mrs. Gordon, from Berlin, Wisconsin. It consisted of turkeys, chickens, pies, cakes, apples, etc. and cost her about \$200.00. The commissary issued the good things out to the men and they disposed of them in their own way. It was a real good dinner, one which a soldier seldom gets. You may be certain that 800 men felt grateful to their fair donor who had gone to so much trouble and expense to enable them to have a good time and a little taste of the 'pleasures of home'. I kept thinking all the time we were having our appetites gratified by the unusually good meal of turkeys and chicken, that the 8th of March is coming as certain as the world and I suppose some of our fowls will live till that time.

Mrs. Gordon is stopping in town and intends staying until the regiment leaves. ( She is likely a relative of Edwin Gordon, CO H 1st WI Cav. who died in Louisville of disease on December 15th 1864 ) She has been to camp several times and appears perfectly at home. She looks about and talks familiarly with every soldier. The all show her all the respect and attention possible. The officers had their dinner at the same time at a house a short distance from camp. Their dinner was given by Kentucky ladies, who were present at the dinner.

The weather is quite warm at present. All the boys from our part of the country are well. David is nearly well and so am I. It will take but a very short time for letters to come now, so I wish while I stay in the service you will write as often as you can to your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Near Louisville, Kentucky

December 2nd 1864

Dear Frankie,

At last, we are nearly ready to move We are ordered to march at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. It has been a great deal of work to get the regiment fitted out. It is now late in the evening and I have been so very busy that this is the first leisure minute I have had since daylight this morning.

It was reported that heavy fighting was going on at Nashville yesterday and the day before. We shall probably have something to do by way of fighting soon for they say that ( Nathan Bedford ) Forrest is making for the railroad this side of Nashville. I am glad we are going. I dislike staying in camp, near a town where the men can get whiskey. It does such terrible work on the men. I would rather be in battle every day than in this place.

We were paid yesterday. Today I expressed \$50.00 to you to Fort Atkinson. ( Ed ) Kearn is here and was paid \$170.00. Knowing he would spend his money for whiskey if he were allowed to keep it, I coaxed him this morning to let me have \$100.00 which I expressed to George Dow, who is in charge of his affairs. Kearn is rather poor and feeble. He has not been drunk much for a long time for he has had no money. I suppose he will be drunk as long as his \$70.00 lasts. I hope for his own good, it won't be for a long time.

The weather is warm and rainy. I fear we shall have disagreeable weather for marching. The adjutant has a leave of absence and will start for home tomorrow. David received a letter from Father today.

A great big porky looking fellow by the name of ( Corporal Samuel G. ) Sam Davis ( CO K and Sylvester, WI ), always good natured and full of fun is in the office, cutting up and punching me in the ribs and other cunning things to my annoyance. I told him I would write to you about him if he did not keep away. Now I guess, if he knew what I had written, he would wish he had not done so.

David and I are well as are the rest of the boys. Kiss Willie for the little letter he wrote me and good night says  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Mumfordsville, Kentucky

December 9th 1864

Dear Frankie,

I embrace a rather unfavorable opportunity today of writing you a line, informing you of my good health and our whereabouts. We left Louisville on the 4th and arrived here last night, having been for five days on the road. We have come about 70 miles and are still about 110 miles from Nashville. We lay here today to shoe some of the horses.

The weather here is cold and disagreeable. Snow has just begun. The leisure of soldering is past for the present and for some time to come. The boys will have only shelter tents. The cold and piercing winds chills the blood in one's veins. Our headquarters squad has a wall tent with a stove so we are comfortable.

The hostile armies are said to be confronting each other at Nashville. We get telegraph news every day but I suppose you do the same. I presume you know as much concerning matters at Nashville as I.

We are to resume our march tomorrow. It will probably be like all other winter marches, wading deep in rapid streams and splashing through mud holes, trailing through snow, horses slipping and sprawling over

nobby and frozen ground. Men are half the time walking and whipping their hands through the day to keep warm. At night, some are standing picket while the rest are in camp either freezing, or in their blankets in the vain endeavor to sleep. Such are some of the comforting reflections when contemplating a winter campaign. This says nothing for the fighting in such weather.

But I will look no more on the dark side. Trouble will come fast enough without borrowing any. We are sure to be healthy this winter. David is well. I saw him but a few minutes ago. His eyes looking somewhat red from being around a smoky fire. I would like to get him in headquarters with me but there are no vacant places. He is not very well calculated to fill any of the places if they were vacant. I might have had him for our cook, but that would not suit him as well as being with his company.

I have received no letters since we left Louisville. Three months more, Frankie till the 8th of March and then you will be done looking for letters from your Perry

PS I enclose a ring made of laurel root which I have worn for sometime past. Last night chopping wood, I broke it. It was given to me by a friend named Howland ( Icahbod Howland, CO C and Pleasant Prairie, killed in action May 9th, 1864 in Georgia. ) and I wish to preserve it. I send it to you for fear that I might lose it or break it more so that it will be spoiled entirely. CPG

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Mumfordsville, Kentucky

December 27th 1864

Dear Wife,

The last letter I wrote you was dated at this very place, 18 days ago. We were then supposed to be bound for Nashville but we were mistaken. A brigade of rebel raiders was at Hopkinsville under General ( Harlan Benton ) Lyon.

We met our 3rd Brigade at Franklin, by way of Russelville. We came up with them to Hopkinsville on the 16th. We had a little fight. The rebs ran. We pursued with all the usual incidents of chasing raiders, went through Princeton, then through Providence, Madisonville, Ashleyville, Hartford, Litchfield and Elizabethtown on the railroad when we left Mumfordsville on the 25th. I have not time to give particulars as we march south in a few minutes.

The rebs burned all the court houses, and robbed and plundered the stores. We had four wounded and they had three or four killed and some wounded. They lost some 40 prisoners taken and two pieces of artillery. We had a hard time and wore out a good many horses. Many of the men are tired out. Some have frozen hands and feet.

I am well and hearty. David stood it well. I received a letter from Father on the 15th of this month. This is the only letter I have had lately. I should like to write a long letter but I have no the time. Our 3rd Brigade and battery did not go all the way around with us. They left near Princeton and went to Bowling Green. We shall probably go there and stay a short time to recruit up.

We have to ferry over the Green River and are now waiting for another regiment to cross. There has been so much rain. The streams are very high. When we crossed the river at Ashleyville we pressed a steamboat into Union service.

I am well!

Your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin cavalry  
Camp near Bowling Green, Kentucky

December 31st 1864

Dear Frankie,

Your letter of the 23rd was received last night on my arrival at this place. David got a letter some time ago which I read.

We are to stop here for a day only to shoe some of our horses. We will resume the march tomorrow. Where we are destined to go, of course I do not know, but I hope we shall get to a warmer country.

If our division instead of ( Hugh Judson ) Kilpatrick's division had gone with Sherman we should have had a much more pleasant time. I wrote you last when we were at Mumfordsville. Nothing has transpired since then except we marched to this place. We abandoned the pursuit of the rebel raiders at Elizabethtown. Since then they have been making their way southeast through the state unmolested. I do not care how much the rebels rob and plunder public property in Kentucky, for the loyalty of the citizens is rather questionable. While we were following General Lyon, we passed enough able-bodied men who stood by the roadside with their hands in their pockets, to have annihilated the whole crew of rebel plunderers, had they the will and the energy to have rallied to the defense of their own state. I was glad when we ceased pursuit. If Kentuckians will not defend themselves then why should we fight for them? It was different in East Tennessee last winter. There the citizens, as we marched along, shouldered their rifles and joined our ranks, nobly into the thickest of the fight, side-by-side with our soldiers.

It must certainly be hard times in Wisconsin, everything so high and such high taxes. You say our taxes are about \$50.00 and what makes it worse, a great part of it seems to go to town bounties, while I am serving without any. But never mind. I think that I shall live through it. I think I should reenlist for another term in order to get the bounty, get a living and pay taxes. One thing is certain though. I shall be home for a long time after my term expires before I reenlist.

David and I are well and so are the other boys. David has written to Father so you will be pretty sure to hear from us.

Perry

1865

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Nashville, Tennessee

January 7th 1865

Dear Frankie,

We marched from Bowling Green on January 2nd and arrived here January 5th.

Nashville has changed since I was here last. Of course you know it was the scene of a hard fought battle on December 5th.

The buildings on the south side of the city show very plainly the marks of the recent military operations carried on in them. Fences are torn down, windows broken and formidable fortifications are built in long lines among and up to the very doors of the houses. The owners of the houses must have thought their walls of wood and brick were a rather frail and insignificant protection at the time the rebel army was living in front of them, scattering death and destruction among them in the shape of shot and shell.

The battle was fought and the rebels did not reach the inner line of the works. They were driven back with great slaughter. Hood, with the remnants of his once great army, has crossed the Tennessee River on his retreat. This ended the campaign, nearly as disastrous to the rebels, in proportion to the number of men engaged as was Napoleon's Russian campaign to the French.

The intention is for us to stay here two or three days longer. We shall then march in the direction of Florence, Alabama, following the track of the rebel army. We shall undoubtedly find a country laid waste and desolate in the extreme.

Frank, now that the matter is settled for certain, I must tell you how near I came to being mustered out of the service. Lieutenant Dick, the mustering officer of our division said when we were at Louisville that on January 1st 1865, when the ninth company of the regiment would go out, that all the field and staff would be eligible to be mustered out. Fearing that there "Might be a slip twist the cup and the lip" I never mentioned the matter in any of my letters, though I was not indifferent in regard to it. When we were at Bowling Green, Lieutenant Dick was there and said he would go to Nashville by the railroad. As soon as we arrived, he would muster us out.

The thing seemed certain, but how vain are all human calculations. Lieutenant Dick came to this place, but the day before we arrived, he, in a fit of insanity caused by hard drinking, committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a pistol in his room in his hotel.

Yesterday I went to town to see the chief mustering officer of the court. He took a different view of the case. He says I cannot go till the 8th of March. His decision settled the matter. You may think it strange that a man cannot tell when his time is out, but cases frequently arise where there is a difference of opinion, even among those whose business it is to know. The case of our regiment is so complicated that I will not attempt to explain it to you, for I do not understand it myself.

No doubt you are greatly provoked at Lieutenant Dick for shooting himself. I thought it best if he had delayed that trifling job a few days. I suppose it is all to the best though I cannot see it. Perhaps if I were discharged now I would reenlist and come back in the spring. The case may be changed, that if I stay till spring before being discharged. The war may appear to be so near to an end that I shall have no wish to reenlist. The rebellion now sees to be tottering and about to fall. It is difficult to see how they could hold out much longer. You recollect some time ago I proposed that if Lincoln was reelected, the rebellion would be put down within six months. Lincoln was elected and I think the prophecy is proving true.

I received a letter from you when we were at Bowling Green but have not had any since. I learned a few days ago that Louis James ( CO I 1st WI. Cav. and later CO B 3rd WI Inf. ) was killed below Atlanta last fall. ( Irwin ) Briggs ( CO L 1st WI Cav. and Oakland ) was captured at Cleveland TN. and died at Andersonville, GA. 8-18-1864 of disease ). ( Bailey ) Hutchins ( CO E 1st WI Cav. and Hebron captured at

Varnell's Station, GA. and died of disease 8-29-1864, Andersonville, GA. ). Both these men were enlisted by Bill Bowers at Fort Atkinson last winter. They were taken prisoner last spring near Cleveland, GA. and died in a southern prison. Several others of our regiment have shared the same fate. It is awful to think of the suffering of our brave soldiers who have become prisoners. At the same time we are feeding and taking good care of thousands of rebel prisoners who will be strong and hearty men, ready and able to take up arms against us when they are exchanged.

Frank, do you get from the state the \$5.00 now? Many are complaining that their families do not get it. We are all well.

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Camp near Gravel Springs, Alabama

January 23rd 1865

Dear Frankie,

I wrote you last from Columbia, Tennessee on the 12th. Since then we have received no mail and none has been sent from us.

On the 16th a pontoon bridge was laid across the Duck River. We crossed and on the next day we left Columbia. Before the war it must have been one of the most beautiful cities in the south. It is surrounded by pleasant country. Here was the home of James K. Polk. Near the road over which we passed are the splendid mansions of General ( Leonidas ) Polk ( Bishop Polk ) and General ( Gideon Johnson ) Pillow. The residences of these noted rebels have been pretty well preserved from the ravages of war, which have laid waste to the countryside. They have been furnished with a guard by the government while many a good union family has been robbed of everything they possessed.

We arrived at this camp today, after a muddy march the past seven days. Tomorrow we are to go to Waterloo, about seven miles northwest of here on the Tennessee River. The general impression is we shall stay there for some time, but no one knows what the next day will bring. We may be on the move again.

General ( James Harrison ) Wilson, Chief of Cavalry is here. The union cavalry is concentrating here from all fronts. Forrest with a large force of cavalry is reported to be at Corinth, about 25 miles from here. It is reported that Rosecrans has had a battle with the rest of Hood's army and captured everything that ran on wheels and Hood lost all his men but 6,000.

David and I are both well and so are the rest of the boys. I hope to get some mail when we get to Waterloo so I will leave this letter till we get there.

Camp near Waterloo      January 25th      We marched here yesterday and are camped on a narrow valley surrounded by high wooded hills. A brook runs through the valley and we are completely sheltered from the cold winds, making this the best of winter camps. We are told by the highest officers of the cavalry corps that likely we will remain here in winter quarters for two or three months. We are ordered to fix up our quarters accordingly.

The men do not take telling twice to make comfortable habitations. They have been working with all their might since we got here and under disadvantages, lack of proper tools and materials. Everyone but a soldier would think this insurmountable. A soldier will cut quite large trees and split them into halves with nothing but a small hatchet such as he carried in his saddlebags. He slides the logs from the top of the hill down into the valley. It is amusing to see him with a few old straps and a surcingle or two, attach a horse to them and drag the logs to the place they are needed.



The weather has been pretty cold for the past few days.

Quite a large force of our infantry is on the other side of the river at Eastport, about one mile down river. We hear nothing of the rebels. A cavalry scout went to Corinth the other day and found nothing there.

The report of Rosecrans whipping Hood must be fabrication, for the troops have heard nothing of it.

No mail for our regiment has got here yet. I am getting anxious to read one of your dear good letters and hear from little Willie boy and the rest of the folks. It is but 43 days to March 8th! Just think of that! Time moves on in spite of everything and in time all the folks at home will see your Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Near Waterloo, Alabama

January 31st 1865

Dear Frankie,

The mail comes in here nearly everyday. I have looked anxiously but in vain for one of you dear good letters. I wish I could induce you to write more often. David received two letters today, one from Father and one from Aunt Lucy written at Fall River.

Adjutant ( Ed ) Town arrived today from Wisconsin. He has been promoted to Captain of Company G. He started for home when we left for Louisville on December 4th. He promised me when he went away he would stop at the Fort and see Giles and perhaps go out to see you but he says he failed to do it.

Major ( Henry ) Harndon has been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Captain ( Newton ) Jones' time expires day after tomorrow. I suppose he will soon be at home. Albert ( J. ) Moorehead's time will expire at the same time as he belongs to Jones' Company M. I shall miss him very much as we have been intimately associated here in the adjutant's office for more than a year. I hardly know how the regiment will get along without him. He is 19, 16 when he enlisted, yet I am sure he is the best business man in the regiment. He has done a great amount of work over two years in the adjutant's office and has been a private all the time until two months ago when he was made sergeant. Now that they are about to lose him, his worth is appreciated. They offered him a commission if he would consent to remain. I think he will not accept.

For several days after we came here no provisions could be procured for the men. Someone was greatly to blame for it but I do not know where the blame lies. The surrounding country is poor and thinly inhabited. It affords no supplies for the army. All our supplies come up the river. When all the provisions were gone, corn that was intended for the horses was issued to the men. For three days all of us had nothing to eat but corn, which we parched, or hulled, and boiled, adding a little very poor fresh beef. A fleet of boats has now arrived. Full rations are now issued.

The appearance of the valley where we are camped has changed. The thick brush and timber have disappeared, replaced by snug little cabins, ranged in straight rows and separated by broad and neatly swept streets. We are now hauling lumber about twelve miles and building stables for our horses. It looks as if we will stay here for some time.

Father writes that the greatest exertion is being made to raise volunteers to fill several quotas of troops. I think this is a mistaken policy. It is not wise to encourage volunteering by giving large bounties. The true way to raise an army is to draft the number needed. Those who are cowardly or to unpatriotic to serve should pay the price of a substitute, which will be high in proportion to the demand for them. But it is no use talking of this matter. Those who manage to keep out of the army have their own way about it. Those who have given up the comforts of home to share the dangers and hardships of a soldier's life for their country's

good must submit to the gross insult of having their property taxed to pay bounties or hire substitutes for the cowards. I will stop before I start calling hard names. This subject has the tendency to raise my indignation to the highest pitch.

I began this letter on a very large sheet, and as it is late in the evening and having no means to write, I think I will not try to fill in but half of it. All are well including your  
Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Near Waterloo, Alabama

February 6th 1865

Dear Frankie,

Yesterday I received a good long letter from you dated the 17th but not mailed till the 25th. It takes nearly two weeks to get here. It was sent to Nashville, then down the Cumberland, then up the Tennessee River. We are well and everything goes along about the same as when I last wrote about a week ago.

I hardly know what calculations to make or what to write you in relation to the management of the farm during the coming season. It is so uncertain as to when I will get home, or whether I get home. One corps of infantry and the 2nd Division of cavalry are ordered to New Orleans. A fleet of boats are here to take them on board. We might be ordered to go the same way, and I should be obliged to go along. It might be a long time before I could get to Wisconsin. Of one thing, dearest, you may rest assured. I shall come home just as soon as I can without deserting though it may be too late in the spring to commence farming.

My talk of returning to the service is not just to try your feelings. I am not so cruel. You know there is no man living who prizes home and its comforts as highly as I do, or who loves his wife and child and relations better. It would be impossible for me to express the joy I would feel if this war were ended. But the war has not ended. I ask myself Could I stay home while my comrades are fighting in the field? Can I give up a struggle, which at the outset I determined to see through? If I stayed home, what kind of men would I be associated with? Could I hold up my head and look a soldier in the face? Dear Franklin, I will come home and try my best to make it seem honorable for me to stay home. The business of a soldier I utterly detest. I do not believe soldiering to be my sacred duty. I could not bear to be one. No amount of money would be the least temptation.

I think you had better engage Gunther, if you think he is a good boy to work. If I stay home I do not think I shall be able to work as I used to and will need help on the farm. But if I do not stay, I do not know what to do. I owe no man a dollar. Thank heaven for that. If I could only have some place where you and Willie could live easily and comfortably so I would not worry about you. That is what troubles me all the time. The farm and everything might go to grass till the war is over. I will try to arrange matters for the best when I get home.

Dear Frankie, I have written you honestly and without reserve, have talked just as I think and feel. My time is nearly out but I am unhappy for war still rages in the land. You will feel unhappy and disappointed when you read this but I believe it is right and it is my duty to talk to you without reserve. I hope you will never condemn me or blame me for doing what I believe is my duty, however much you may differ with me in judgment as to what is the line of duty.

I do hope this war will be over before Willie is old enough to be a soldier. I would rather be in the army six years than to have Willie soldier for one year, for it is a dreadful place for young boys.

I do not need anymore stamps at present. You were very kind and thoughtful to mention it. I have a good mind to destroy this letter now that I have written it, for you will feel very badly to read it. You will think

me cruel and think I do not love you and Willie as I ought. But I think you should know my mind so I will send it.

I hope that something in the course of human events will transpire to clear away the dark clouds that now hang over our country, so I can with satisfaction, go home to those I love. To stay! I am as ever your

Perry

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
Near Waterloo, Alabama

February 14th 1865

Dear Frankie,

It is time to write to you again, though in consequence of the monotony of our camp life, there is a great dearth of interesting news. Beyond the fact that David and I are well as are the rest of the boys, and in the enjoyment of our usual mood, I have little to write that you will care to read.

David is some six to eight miles from camp down the river. He went out yesterday with a party of 100 of our regiment to load lumber on a boat to bring here to build stables. They were expected in tonight but it is quite late in the evening and they have not come in. A great part of the troops that were here are gone. Where I do not know though I suppose down the Mississippi River. They seem to calculate that our division will be here at least four weeks.

I have had no letters from you since I last wrote on the 6th, but yesterday two letters came for David. One was directed in Father's handwriting, and as David was not here and as Father has said, what he writes to one he means for both, I took the liberty of reading it. It was very interesting. It told of Elkannah Morse returning home rich. It related a serious accident that happened to you and Hannah Church when riding home from Holmes Ives. He said that Hannah was badly hurt. I am glad you escaped unhurt.

The old men of Company H and Company M started for Nashville yesterday to be mustered out of the service. There are 46 of them. Company I is ordered there for the same purpose and they expect to start day after tomorrow. They will get there and have the rolls and everything ready to be mustered out March 8th. They will take a steamboat and go down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland Rivers, quite a round-about road. I think I shall not go with them but stay here and get mustered out and then go directly home.

Albert Moorehead is gone. He belonged to Company M. We miss him very much. He has been offered a commission as commissary of the regiment and I think he will accept and come back.

I am in hopes that my time will not be out before we leave here. If so I shall probably be home by the middle of March. Oh if the war was over I would be perfectly happy to stay at home. No Idaho gold mines could tempt me in the least to leave you and Willie again. War for the very existence of our country could induce me to desert the pleasures and comforts of my home which I prize so highly. If the rebellion is allowed to succeed, if the government is allowed to be broken up, there is certainly nothing left in America to live for. My opinions are now the same as when the war broke out. I thought then if our government was not able to defend itself against rebels and traitors at home it was no place for me to live. I think so now. If this government goes to ruin, we must, after doing everything in our power to save it, seek asylum in some foreign country where the government is strong enough to sustain itself against its enemies. I mean to do my duty to my country, and I believe yet it will be saved, but if after everything is done that can be done and the ship must sink, we will have nothing to do but leave the wreck and save ourselves as best we can.

I believe I have written enough for this evening and hoping that we may soon be able to talk these matters over face to face I am as ever your

Perry

Nashville, Tennessee

February 23rd 1865

Dear Frankie,

Contrary to my expectations, I found it necessary to come to this place to be mustered out of the service. Accordingly I came with Company I. I started from Eastport on the 17th and arrived here on the 22nd. We came by steamboat down the Tennessee River and up the Cumberland River.

We shall be obliged to stay here until March 8th, which will be tiresome indeed as we shall have nothing to do except make out the muster rolls which will take two days at the most.

I do not expect to hear from home until I get there. If any of your letters are on the way they will go to Eastport, or where ever the regiment is. I am very impatient to go home and it almost seems impossible to wait until my time comes. I do not feel like writing anything, for I keep thinking how much better it will be in a short time when I get home, to talk and tell you what I want than to try to write.

There will be 23 of us to be mustered and if Bill Bowers comes, 24. I mean to write to Bill today to tell him to come here as soon as possible so he can go home with the rest of us. He is still in Chattanooga.

The boys are all well though very impatient to go north. All that are left in the service of the 90 who belonged to Company I three years ago are but 26 in number. 64 have died, deserted or been discharged.

I have several letters to write today, some on business, some to the regiment. This and the fact that you may expect soon to see me must be my excuse for a short letter.

Your Perry

Chickasaw, Alabama

March 19th 1865

Dear Brother,

I thought I must write you a few lines to let you know where I was. I have not heard anything from you since you left the regiment. I do not know whether you have got home or not. I have not heard from home since February 12th. I would like to get a letter before we leave here, but I do not expect to for we have orders to march at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. I do not know where we are going. Very likely we will go after Forrest. He is within about 60 miles from here. Deserters are coming in every day from Forrest's army. They report him to have only 4,000 strong and that he is about ready to leave. He thinks the Yankees are getting too thick for him here.

There was a letter here some time ago from Frank and I took the liberty to open it and read it. The weather is quite warm, so warm that one wants to get into the shade in the middle of the day. I saw a peach tree at full bloom yesterday, also some plum trees. I suppose it is pretty cold up there in Wisconsin yet.

Winslow Barger ( Cpl., CO. L from Oakland ) and ( George W. ) Crosby ( CO. F from Avon ) got back to the regiment a few days ago. They have seen some pretty hard times since they were taken prisoner.

I can think of no news to write so I will have to quit this poor scribbling for this time. Give my love to Frank, Willie and the rest of the folks. Please write to me and tell Frank to write.

From your affectionate Brother David A. Goodrich

PS I am well and getting fatter every day. I weighed yesterday 150 pounds.

Headquarters, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry  
New Macon, Georgia

May 28th 1865

Friend Perry,

I received your letter a day or two ago and was heartily glad to hear from you. I must confess I would much rather have seen you bunk with us than to hear you have settled down so quickly into citizenship.

How I wish you could have been with us on the campaign which has been long and eventful. Millions of dollars of property we destroyed all along the south. Our path could be traced by the light and smoke of burning foundries, furnaces, machine shops and factories.

We met with very little opposition until April 1st when our regiment had a little skirmish with a party of rebel scouts ( in Scottsville, Alabama ) From that time until April 21st we were fighting more or less, all the time, besides doing heavy marching every day from 25 to 40 miles.

Our brigade entered Montgomery, Alabama, which surrendered to us just as the clock on the state house was striking 9 o'clock upon the morning of April 12th. We were fired on before we got out of sight of the capitol. The 7th Kentucky and one company from our regiment chased them ten miles, they going as fast as rebs ever went. We captured about 50.

After laying in camp two days, we marched on and struck the rebels about daylight on the Columbus Road. We fought them all day in a terrible fight. We killed several and captured over 100.

The next fight our regiment did of any account was at West Point, Georgia on April 18th. There we captured Fort Tyler, built by, named for and commanded by General ( Robert C. ) Tyler. in person. About 150 of our regiment and as many more of the 2nd Indiana and 7th Kentucky were dismounted to storm the fort. The Fort was situated on the crest of a high sugar loaf hill, perfectly clear of brush or trees or anything else that our boys could hide behind. It was strongly garrisoned and plenty of heavy guns abounded.

Our boys walked up just as steadily as anyone could wish, under a perfect hail of grape canister and Enfield balls. Up the sharp hill then into the ditch, then up on the embankment went our boys. They laid about 20 missiles within 10 feet of the rebels who were throwing stones and fuze shells among our boys but they dared not raise up and shoot at any of our boys. If they did, 'Mr. Spencer' ( rifle ) said "Lay down, Johnny!" Finally the other regiments got a footing. Then our boys rushed in. At the same time the rebs showed the white flag as a token of surrender.

Steve Nichols ( CO D and Chilton ) and ( Sergeant Joseph ) Langdon ( CO B Waupon ) cut down the rebs flag staff. The flag fell outside the Fort and was captured by one of the other regiments. Shells fell into the ditch and six brave boys paid their debt to nature. Colonel Harnden was slightly wounded in the hip. Captain Will was severely wounded in the right thigh in a sharp little fight we had at Scottsville, Alabama on April 2nd. He refused to leave his regiment. Then at West Point he was severely wounded again in the same thigh and had to suffer amputation. He is doing finely now.

We left Chickasaw, Alabama on March 22nd and reached Macon, Georgia early in the morning of April 21st, having marched 753 miles. We then laid in camp for two weeks.

We shall probably start for Chattanooga tomorrow or the next day. I have tried to fill your place ever since you left.

Give my respects to your wife and family and believe me, ever your sincere friend.

Lieutenant J. M. Madurner



CHARLES P. GOODRICH

**1862**

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