

La Grange Tenn. Jan 19th 1864

Mrs. Enslow.

Your letter of the 10th inst, is at hand, had been carefully perused and contents noted, and I now seat myself for the purpose of writing a reply.

As you said, it is a great pleasure to the Soldier, to be the recipient of a letter and is his first and greatest wish, that his friends will not forget, or neglect to write often.

But as to the truth of the assertion being a ~~truth~~ ^{lie}, that it makes no difference who the received letter is from.

I am not so ready to admit, Perhaps some are of that nature, but I only speak for one, when I say it is not the case with me. There are those that I used to associate with, that I used to think a good deal of, but certain things has becomed since that has not raised them in my estimation, care not to hear from

them. For illustration, When I left home, there was a certain young man that could have come just as well as I could, when I did. Since, he has written to me occasion-ally, but says he can't leave home. A few days since I got a letter from him that was filled with nonsense, and I wrote him a very pointed letter, perhaps you will hear from it. Now such persons I do not wish to get letters from. And a friend can neglect writing to me so long that a letter to my estimation is only a mockery. I have several such friends in and about old Washburn. And from such, I care not to receive a letter ~~from~~.

A friend that proves to be a friend, I love to correspond with, and I scarcely ever put off writing one day, after I get a letter from them. Perhaps you will think that I am throwing out some pretty broad hints to you, and am accusing you of negligence. Not so, I don't care ~~even that~~ I have any claims on your

on your time, that I should excuse you of negligence, consequently a letter from you is an extra, and receive and read with pleasure, and I assure you that I will answer all such letters, I prize your letters very high, — although I am rather a hard case, generally speaking I am not so depraved as not to love to receive letters from one that is a true follower of Christ who died for us. — and your letters have the spirit, or show that your heart goes with them, that is you mean what you say. So, I say that it does me good to get a letter from one so candid. I think if Church members at home, would take time, and consider the many temptations, and allurements there is connected with a soldier's life to lead him from the path of rectitude, and draw him in to vices to numerous to mention, they would be more careful and watchful over them, and would often write them encouraging letters, to pursue the good course they had started in while at home. But instead of doing

this, it is as you say, that a great many
dont think of writing, unly on some business
affairs, We see the affect of such negligence too.
But perhaps all is for the best, But when I
hear people talking about God being on our
side, because we are right, - that He will
not suffer such and such things, to take
place. And when I look abroad, around
me in the army, and see the amount of
wickedness, and to learn of the down cast
conditions of the Churches at home, I am
confounded, I am sorry to learn the
state in which our Religious part of the Com-
-munities have fallen. But what is the
use of me talking in this way, while I
am trying to help put down the rebellion now
existing in our beloved Country, and at the
same time I am inciting rebellion against
the cause of Christ. This I do by my actions
every day. Such is the consistency of
man, O, fickle and false man, when
will we see as we should see, and act ac-
-cordingly, beyond my supposition.

The last accounts, from the 17th
They were at Matagorda Bay, on or
near the coast, They had left New
Sheria Texas, and came to New Orleans
and there went on vessels, via the coast
to Matagorda Bay, They were generally
well, and in good spirits.

We are still at Sabine Pass, Tenn.
but expect to start down the river soon.
some say to Texas, others to Mobile,
and in fact there are a hundred and one
rumors, about our destination, but we
don't know where it is. But all agree that
it is South. We have seven months
to serve, and they want to get all they
can from us, and I don't blame them.

The boys in the Regt are in tolerable good
health, and are all ready to work while their
time last, but then they want others to
come out and try their luck, for a short
time, if it's not crushed before that time.

You asked the question, ^{when} I thought
this cruel war would be over, I cannot tell
you when, Only shortly after peace is declared.
But without joking, I hardly know what I
think, I have set so many times for this
war to end, and all have failed to bring
it round, and I have come to the conclusion
to wait patient lay for that long looked for, and
much desired time when peace will march
upon our Banner, ~~and~~ all can return
home to friends, to enjoy the society of those
we love, But I am getting a little too centamen-
tal, so I will say no more about this.

You said that the Lady Davis,
formaly of Iowa, has made her debut in
your Neighbor hood, But from what
you say, She has not been favored so much
as to to have her beloved Husband as her escort
and I judge that it was more from necessity, than
choice, that he was not with her. What a sad
thing it is, that a couple, should quarrel with

each other, But it is the case some
times, That is the reason I can't think of
marrying, for I could not live with a woman
unless I could live peaceable, The women are
strange ~~the~~ people, are they not Mattie,
But who will say they could live, and
enjoy life seperated from them, not I,
Say, can't you select one from the many
for me, You know me well enough to
know no good of me, so that would be
a good recommend,

I suppose the young folks are having
gay times this winter, as there is such good
sleighing, I should like to be with them,
but all of my old associates are gone,
and those taking their places, are young
and would be strangers to me, I know I
would not enjoy my self as I used to,

What has become of Fittie, has she
stepped off the platform, or has she
retired to a private life, I don't hear

I wish you would ask her what she has done with the Picture I left in her care, I have not heard wheather she has it all right yet, or not, I prize that very highly, and wish to find it all right when I return home. Please let me know when you write me again.

Tell your Father that I will write him in a few days,

My respects to all your folks, and my friend, except the same yourself, and if you feel disposed to write, and find time to waste, be assured that it will meet with a cordial reception from your old School mate

A. B. Baxter

Camp McCallan
Dec the 3rd. 1864

Dear Friend Mattie,

It is with great pleasure
that I seat my self this morning to
attempt to write you a few lines in
answer to yours of the 19th
but I am so nervous that it is almost
impossible for me to write at all. also I am
a poor scribe and a poor composer
consequently you can not expect much of me
but as you requested me to write you I shall
endeavour to do the best that I can. for I
should be very glad to hear from you often
there is nothing that pleases a soldier
so well as to get a letter from some one
of his friends at home. however I hope
that this unholy rebellion will soon be over
and the time will come when soldiers may
return woud more to their homes and
friends though I fear that many of our

boys will fall on the bloody field of battle before that time shall come, as there is no prospect of ~~the~~ laying down their arms yet. but enough of this. I suppose that Alf is just in the height of his glory since he got discharged from the service. isn't he Mattie. we could scarcely manage him at all when he was at home. he was as happy as a lark that had just escaped from his cage. I can realize just how he felt, and I assure you that I should be as happy as he, if I was wound more a free man, or rather a free boy. I was sorry to hear that Alf was not well but he is not in Dixey he is among friends that will take care of him when it is necessary.

for my part I have not seen a well day for 7 months. I made applications for a furlough yesterday I expect to go home in the course of a week or so the, Doctor is sending all from this Hospt home that are not able for the front. there to remain until they are able. or until he gets their Discharges I don't know whether he intends to

Discharge me or not however I suppose time will tell the story I have just recd another another letter from Brother Alf he says that the youngsters are having gay old times at washburn he also informs me that you would like for me to send you my photograph and you would send me yours in return. I expect it would scare you. however if you want it I will send it as soon as I can, for the sake of getting yours.

Well Mattie I believe that I have nothing more of import. to ~~writ~~ write at present so I bring my scribbling to a close hoping you will overlook all mistakes and bad writing. and write me as soon as as it is convenient. I am as ever your friend

John W. Baxter

Co Mattie Enslow

Direct to Camp McCallum
Danversport Iowa
March 5.

Miss

Well now Mattie It is almost 9 P.M. and as I
 have not sealed my letter yet - I will try to
 give you some description of this place
 as I have never given you any idea of it as yet -
 The country where we are now is very broken
 and covered with timber, except on the knobs or
 hills where the people have cleared it and have
 it now under cultivation - The hollows are
 very deep and extent north and south -
 When you are on a hill you can see all over
 the country because the timber is in the hollows
 and the hills being so high you can see over the
 timber - There is a creek or bend of some
 kind with a very high hill or bluff on the
 Pickensburg side of it - This creek extends from
 where we fought last winter and seems to
 form a high bluff from where we fought
 them last winter to some point west
 of Harroton - So you see by nature this is a
 very strong place for we would have to climb
 up a very long slope of hill before we could
 get to them - And this is not all they have
 taken the advantage of these natural fortifications
 and have thrown up strong works - They have
 built fifteen strong forts on top of that hill
 They are generally about a 1/4 of a mile apart and
 consist of cotton and dirt thrown up 8 ft
 high and a wide ditch on side perhaps 6 or
 8 ft wide and deep so you see what the
 boys would have to climb to get up - The forts
 are all Sebastians forts being in the
 shape of a horse shoe open in the rear behind
 this they have other forts from which they have
 a raking cross fire on the first fort so if we get
 in side they could use us pretty rough -
 Well on last Friday the 22nd the 77th with some other
 Regs. was ordered to seize one of these forts -
 The Regs lay back in the 2nd hollow consequently
 had to creep over a bare hill exposed to a
 murderous fire from their guns - but on they
 pushed over the hill and down in to the
 last hollow and then came the "ting of war" but
 up they went up the last ascent to the fort
 and the old 77th succeeded in planting our flag

don the foot and some 21 of the ^{top} get in
and as the sequel proves were taken prisoners
and our men driver back and our flag
captured and as I told you we lost 114 men killed
wounded and missing - I can't give you the numbers
of each - These forts are two miles from Pickensburg
Hains Bluff has no connection with this line
of forts - ~~It~~ It is further up an ^{the} Hazon river
They have a line of ^{the} hills in front of
these forts for their chief protection

Wednesday eve 27th Mattie & I did not get
to send my letter as I expected to day so I write
a little more - James H. Derrnen died last
night about 12 P.M. - poor fellow he suffered
very badly his pain was great - He was insensa-
ble about 36 hours before he died - We did all we
could for him but God has seen fit to call
him home and we have reason for believing
he has gone to rest with his God in peace
where he will have no more wars to trouble
him - I feel to sympathize with his bereaved
wife - but here only hope of seeing him again
is of meeting him "around the throne of God"
where there will be no more parting - What
a blessed thing it is that we can have such
a hope - "A hope both sure and steadfast and
reaches to that which is the veil - where Christ
our fore runner hath entered for us" What is
there who trust in him as their only and
complete savior

As I write I hear the booming of artillery
but I guess it is only for the amusement of
the Artillerymen - Mattie & I am having
a pretty easy time now. I only cook for 6-
men - We have no Regimental Hospital now
All I have to do after cooking is to look about
and see what is going on - I devote a
part of my time to helping the boys who
are wounded of the 11th and more particularly
"C" & "H" as I am acquainted with them
best - We had a laugh to day over
a Northern paper of the Saint Stating
positively that Pickensburg was evacuated
they said that is nonsense for they are entire-
ly hemmed in and can't evacuate the
place if they wanted to do so

Thursday 28th Mattie & I have a chance to
send this over to Youngs Point and have
it mailed there - The boys are all
pretty well this morn - one died last
night. -

I must stop
love to all

Charlie

EXCERPTS OF LETTERS
WRITTEN
DURING CIVIL WAR 1861-1865

By

CHARLES CALVIN ENSLOW TO HIS WIFE, MARTHA ANN

And Arranged

By

Maud Enslow Dunn

In Loving Memory Of Her Parents

Lincoln, Nebraska

1931.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MR. CHARLES C.

ENSLAW DURING CIVIL WAR

Camp in Peoria, Illinois
August 28, 1862.

"Dear Mattie" The possibility is that we are being mustered in next Wednesday and then leaving soon after. If any of you are coming down you had better come next Monday and stay until we are mustered in. Martha, I want you to bring me a satchel, shirt and collars, etc. and my linen coat. Tell Uncle Tilt to sell our wagon for \$20.00

Camp Peoria

October 1, 1862

"Dear Mattie" Just nine months ago today we were married. I was happy then, I had the object of my love near me and I live in hopes of spending many more happy and peaceful days together as we have done. The rain is falling fast which makes our barracks leak. I know I never shall be sorry for fighting for my country when I see those whom I love and know that I am one who helped to put down this cursed rebellion. I entered the service at Low Point on the thirteenth day of August and came to Peoria on the 14th day of August. We had lived together just seven months and thirteen days.

Tuesday Noon

October 7, 1862

I feel all right after staying the first night in "Seceshia". The Rebels are not far off from here. We have pickets out all the while. We will draw our tents and wagons today and will then be off after something to fight. When you write, direct your letter in this way.

C. C. Enslow.
77 Reg. Co. "C", Ill. Vol.
Via Cincinnati, Ohio.

Covington, Kentucky

Monday Evening, October 16, 1862.

I am now on Rebel soil but at the house of a friend. I will give you some idea of our trip here from Washburn. We got to Peoria at 6:00 that morning, started off at 5:00 P. M. and got to Loganport at 10:00, 172 miles further east, got there at 11:00 in the morning. We then took another road and went 82 miles south to Indianapolis, got there at 5:00 P. M., had supper and started for Lawrenceburg, 80 miles, arrived there at 9:00 A. M. This is where we came to the Ohio River. We then came on to Cincinnati, 20 miles, arrived at 10:00 A. M. After some delay we marched over here and are now camped on the ground without tents. The country was pretty good until we got into Indiana. I don't see how in the world the people live. Nine-tenths of them live in old log houses and till small farms. The Ohio River has troops stationed along its banks to keep the rebels from Crossing and tearing up the railroad. Cincinnati is situated on a bottom on the north side of the Ohio. Covington is on the south side of the river. There is a range of hills around the place, all fortified with heavy guns planted on top. I tell you the people are frightened.

Camp eighteen miles from Frankfort
Saturday, November 15, 1862

It is Saturday night and we have done a pretty hard weeks work, but we can not rest tomorrow for we are going to Louisville. It seems hard that we should be marched right on the Sabbath day the same as any other day, but such are the dire affects of the Civil War. I sometimes think God will not prosper an army whose leader tramples under foot his commands.

Louisville, Kentucky
Tuesday, November 18, 1862

I did not get to write yesterday. It rained pretty much all day yesterday and made the road very sloppy so we had a pretty hard march of it. We are now camping west of the town between Portland and Louisville. Portland is below the Falls, you are aware perhaps that the Iowa Falls are here. There is a canal around them so that large boats can pass through without danger of going over the Falls for it is very rocky and swift. Louisville has 17,000 people and looks something like Cincinnati, Ohio. We are going to take steamboats here and go somewhere. I guess our whole brigade is here. I don't feel well this morning as we had to sleep on the wet ground. We expect to get our money soon. The Lord knows we need it.

Camp near Richmond, Kentucky
November 30, 1862

4

"Dear Mattie" After partaking of cornbread and molasses for supper I feel so well I propose giving you some description of the regiment and part of the battle field which I visited today. The regiment is on the Lexington Pike which runs south. The town is rather long, being built on both sides of the Pike. We are camping on the east or left hand side of the road north of town. The country is rather hilly all around the town. I got my pass at noon. I first visited the Provost Marshall's office. Captain McCullough found things going off fine with the streets crowded full of people waiting for passes. W. A. Howard guarded the door. In a few minutes Warren was relieved and he and I started for the battle ground which was on the south side of town and on the west and right hand side of the Pike. There are perhaps 160 acres of pretty level ground here, 40 of which has been converted to a beautiful cemetery with many beautiful monuments (it is very old). Well, right here our men made a stand. Now understand me our line of battle was formed here beginning at the road and running west. In this place they made a last stand, many being killed here. I saw many monuments and tombs that were battered and blackened by the bullets. I saw many graves (perhaps a hundred) in the enclosure. We then went further west across a corn field and there are many piles of dirt (I cannot call them graves) where poor soldiers had been

covered up. We next went to the Female Seminary, now used as a hospital for wounded Rebels. We found eighty Rebels who are a pale, wan looking lot of men as I have seen but they are all determined on going back to the Rebel army as soon as they are well enough. They are attended by Rebel Surgeons at the expense of Uncle Sam. Next we visited their hospital. The boys were well provided for and were having good beds. The building used as hospital is the Baptist church. It is a fine building about 40x60, is pretty high with a nice gallery in the rear. I had almost forgotten to tell you about the town. There are about 1600 inhabitants, three fine churches, three hotels, and many fine business houses and last but not least the court house. It has a fine town clock on the top which tells in loud tones the passing hour. Alas, the business is gone and "Ichobad" is written upon everything that is not connected with Military.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS OF MR. CHARLES C. ENSLOW
WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE DURING THE CIVIL WAR

1.

Camp near Vicksburg, February 6, 1863
Friday afternoon

"Dear Mattie": I have just finished washing my clothes, by the way, I would not care for washing if it were not for darn Gray Backs. I never wash my clothes but I slay more than Sampson did. We all have more Gray Backs than money but hot water soon rids us of them. I received your letter yesterday and note that you are so down hearted but I am very glad to get any kind of letter from you. Today I saw an account of our fight in the Arkansas Post but it was not given in detail. The gun boat that went down has got back, it succeeded in destroying three rebel transports with the other property but you will no doubt get the particulars in the paper. We are now trying to defend ourselves in the rear. The river has got so high that the water is troubling us. I suppose that we will have to lay here until Banks cooperates from below. How soon that may be I do not pretend to know. Mattie, things are beginning to look more encouraging here now. The boys that were down when we got off the boat are getting healthy. I guess the cool weather we are having is doing a great deal for

the boys. I found ice this morning that would bear me. It was cool last night but warm this morning. I have been down to the Canal today. They are trying to stop the water by damming it. It is about to overflow the whole country. They have about five hundred sixty contrabands working hereabout. I hope they may increase the number a thousand fold and save our boys the danger. I sent you a map of the situation here and I shall try to give you some account of things. The Mississippi river is blockaded at Port Hudson, one hundred fifty miles below here. Bank's men who will have to break that blockade have come up and opened against Vicksburg from the south cutting off the Rebels retreat in that direction. Then the Yazoo river is blockaded and as soon as our gun boats can resume that blockade our transports can carry troops up and we can cut off their retreat to the east and we can whip them easily. You seem to think we are going to have a desperate fight here. I do not apprehend anything of the kind. I think that when they find we are about to surround them they will "Skedaddle." If we get them hemmed in we will whip them easily and if we should succeed in getting the canal cut through we can run our transports back and forth and let Vicksburg "Rip". These are my own conclusions. Take them for what they are worth.

EXCERPT 11

Camp near Vicksburg
February 22, 1863

"My Dear Mattie": This is the immortal 22nd day of February on which the illustrious Washington was born. Our guns have been doing honor to the day by firing salutes. How different the situation "now" and "then". Then we were small but now we are large, then we were ruled by a Despot, now by representatives and Congress. We were then bound down and over ridden by tyrants, now we are struggling to keep from under such rule and as we cherish and reverence Washington's birthday so in the future days we will hold in sacred remembrance "Abe¹ Lincoln, Love Joy and many other patriots who are doing all in their power to save us from this Monarchy that is trying to overrule us and make slaves of us. Again as we hold above all other names, Arnold, Burr and other like men, so in the future we will hold such men as composed part of our State Legislature and some in our National Congress. Who will be the honest historian who will blend together the names of Arnold, Richardson and Walandigham?

February 24, 1863

I have learned something about our "ram Queen" of the west. " A fellow who was on her has been kind enough

to tell me. After she left the mouth of the canal and got out of the range of the batteries she was not troubled until she got to Warrington six miles below here on the Mississippi side. Here she pitched in but her coat of mail was too strong for any missile that had power to hurl at her. She went by with her head and tail up. She went on until she got to Natchez, one hundred miles below here. She landed and took on some chicken and hams and niggers and proceeded one hundred miles farther when she reached the mouth of the Red river. They had no Red River pilot but there was a fellow who professed to be a Union man and a Red River pilot so they started up with him at the wheel. They sunk one and took one "Era, Number 2" up the river with them. They went on eighty-five miles when all of a sudden they found themselves in a collision with a heavy battery and ground on a sand bar. The pilot deserted them while the battery was giving them fits in such a shape that our men could not reply. Colonel Elliot saw his inability to do anything and he made for the Era, Number 5 which lay near by telling the men to follow. The Rebels have the "Ram" now but I do not think they will keep her long and we have plenty of gun boats that can stand their fire and we will go down and take her away from them.

I have read Mack's speech in the Legislature. I was pleased with the stand he took against the peace proposition. I am for peace but not a dishonorable one.

Why is it that our men at home have become so dumb to their interests and the welfare of the government as to be making peace propositions and howling for an Armistice. All the Rebels ask for is to be acknowledged as an independent nation. We can have no permanent peace until we obliterate slavery. Did you ever think what a destiny this nation is working out? We are now testing the propriety of a free government. We are now proving or disproving the power of a people to rule themselves. The eyes of all nations are turned upon us to see if the principles our forefathers fought and shed their blood for be true or false. We are now giving our testimony. Shall it be on the side of despotism or on the side of Right and Justice? In looking fifty years ahead and judging by the pace where would we be if we should continue to make as rapid strides as in the fifty years gone by. We will if we stand now for Right and Justice. I am willing to endure hardships a while longer knowing that there are some at home who sympathize with us and who are willing to vote \$50,000 for the relief of the wounded.

EXCERPT IV

Miliken's Bend, April 6, 1863.

Everything is excitement today. I can see thousands of troops passing by as I sit by the window. It seems to me, after all I have seen of Rebel soldiers, that we

have enough men here to whip the entire south. Our men are all dressed and armed pretty much alike and stand up like men as God intended they should but how very different was the sight my eyes beheld at the Fort. There are 5,000 men and as far as I could see no two alike in these respects. They were all lousy and ragged. I don't see how it is that men who are so poorly cared for as the Rebel can hold out so long. They have but little to eat and are about naked. I tell you that old Anaconda that Scott told us so much about is beginning to tighten his coils and my opinion is that in six months he will crush every bone in the body of the Confederacy. Here is Grant with an immense army hovering over Vicksburg, Rosencrance in Tennessee about to strike a deathly blow, Hooker is pressing hard on Richmond, still farther on the coast we find quite an army at Fortress Monrow, then Foster with his 60,000 in North Carolina, and Hunter and others in South Carolina and Georgia crossing into Charleston and Savannah with a heavy army and eight or ten Monitors. Farther down we have troops in Florida and Mobile blockaded and Bank at New Orleans with his troop. Now where are they going to get out? I tell you they are about played out and they know it and I know it. I tell you if England and France will let us alone, in six months we will obliterate this rebellion so completely that there will not be anything left. These are high anticipations but I expect to realize them all unless our armies be beaten and annihilated entirely.

EXCERPT V

Twenty miles south of Miliken Bend
April 17, 1863

We struck tents yesterday at 10:00 A. M. and started a south course for Carthage, the 10th Division had gone three days before. We had not gone more than a mile when I began to discover all maner of clothing, cooking utensils, etc. which had been thrown away by the men and abandoned on account of bad roads. We traveled on for five miles and came to Brush Bayou where we crossed and followed it directly down seven miles where we camped for the night, being within one-half a mile of Richmond. Before we went into camp we saw a company of men and saw it was Lincoln's Proclamation and of all the sights. There were one hundred negroes, all sexes, sizes and ages. They tell a pitiful tale of woe. They say their masters are getting the negroes out of our reach as fast as they can. "Says one to me", I believe there are 10,000 in one place I know of across Bayou where the white folks make us go to keep you folks from getting us. The plantation we are camped on is owned by General Holms and is a very fine one, it has all kinds of machinery among which is a very fine saw mill which our men are running, sawing lumber for boats which we are building. They are building small, flat boats which they use to carry provisions and ammunition from Richmond down to Carthage. We camped

within eight miles of Carthage with our advance within three miles of the place. We have had orders just this minute to move forward in the morning and I must bring my letter to a close. Remember me in your prayers for we will need help from every source in our undertaking. I think err you get this we shall have been in deathly conflict with the enemy and if victorious will be camped in Vicksburg.

EXCERPT VII

14

Vicksburg, Mississippi, August 2, 1863.
Sunday Morning.

About one week ago the Chaplain gave notice he would have communion services today. Every since I have thought about it and I can't believe that it is all together right. As a Baptist I can't get my consent to commune with him.

Well I have been to the meeting and had a good time. The Sacrament was administered but as far as I know there was not one Baptist partook. The Chaplain gave a discourse in advance to show us that it was every man's duty as a Christian to show his love to his God and his fellow men by participating of the Lord's Supper. I am not sure that I did right but I could not get my own consent to "Sup" with them. All those belonging to the Baptist Church with myself talked it over and concluded that perhaps it would have had some influence for good in uniting but could we afford to sacrifice our principles which we as Baptists hold to be correct? I wish you would ask Brother Johnson to give us advice on this point.

EXCERPT VIII

New Orleans, Sept. 2, 1863, Wed.

Mattie, today has been a day of great excitement. General Grant Reviewed his troops today. The day is hot but they enjoyed themselves and there was great enthusiasm. When he came out on the field there was a huge noise, I tell you. There were some where about 15,000 troops and when they opened their mouths there was some noise. A large group was out to see the hero of Vicksburg and his boys. In my last letter I told you we were going to Mobile but now there is a strong probability that we will go into Texas and clean the Rebels out in that part of the country. Mattie, I wish you could be here and go around with me one day. I could show you more funny things than you ever heard of and you could get all the oranges you could eat. They grow as thick here as plums do in Illinois. The country is very low and flat. We are about one mile from the river and when a boat passes it looks very high because we are below the level of the water and some of New Orleans is below the bed of the river but there is no use trying to give you an account of things for there is so much to write. When I get home I will tell you all about it for I try to get some

knowledge of every place as I pass along. I have had no letter since the 17th but they are on the way for you have been so good about writing to me.

Hinds County, Miss.

Mattie, we moved yesterday. We left our old camp at 2:00 P. M. and marched seven miles to this place. Yesterday when we left, the 47th was but two miles behind us. I saw the 4th Iowa Cavalry yesterday but got very bad news. I find that my brother William is dead. He died on the 17th of April near Helena, Arkansas. He enlisted on the 25th day of November 1861 in Makaska County, Iowa in Company "F", went to Mount Pleasant and was drafted to Company "L" under Captain W. Woods of Burlington, Iowa. His Captain told me he had been very sick of diarrhea which took him off. Poor boy he has gone but I know not whether he was prepared to meet his God

in peace or not. If Father does not get home to look after mother's affairs I will try to. I will try and find out about Dan as soon as I can.

About sun down the negro regiment passed here going to Grand Gulf. Only part of them has got ammunition as yet. At the rear of the regiment came there train composed of carts, wagons and carriages loaded with stuff. About 100 of them were riding mules. As I saw them I thought Love Joy's horn had been broken and that the negroes had come bringing their masters mules and carriages with them. Just think two years ago these rebels were riding in their fine carriages and the darkies walking. Now these same masters are toiling with their knap sacks and guns and the darkies are riding in the same vehicles. I saw many fine silver mounted carriages some of the black soldiers riding. I think that I can say that God's hand is working this thing for his own Glory and the welfare of humanity.

May 14, 1863.

Camp near Cayuga, Hinds County, Miss.

We have moved again. We left our camp in Cayuga on Tuesday and marched twelve miles to Montgomery's plantation. Here we camped for the night. We had plenty of good things as no troops had come this way. In the morning I saddled Napoleon and Thomas Clark saddled his

black charge and we went on looking after something. I went back one mile on the road and came to the plantation of B. W. Henry, a very fine one, but he had gone the Sunday before taking his family and some of the negroes. On going into the house we found everything very fine. There were two large pianos and every description of furniture with an immense library scattered about the floor. On kicking about among the things I picked up two nice books. One called "Token of Friendship" and the other a "Gift Book for Ladies", and last I found a large Bible nicely gilded with a clasp on it. I will get it home if I can. I also got some nice little trinkets. Then we went out to the smoke house and got what meat we wanted. Clark got enough China dishes for our whole mess to eat on.

("Token of Friendship" and Bible now-1931-in possession of Maude Enslow Dunn)

Hospital 10th Division, 13th Army Corps
Saturday, June 6, 1863

"Dear Mattie" Philip Jenkin arrived here last eve. He brought my things through and you well know how highly I prize them, coming from your dear hands as they do. How I like that likeness of Mother. As I look upon those care worn features strange feelings and thoughts of the past steal over me. Scenes of my childhood rise to my vision and I think how often that Mother has cared for me and

administered to my many wants. No doubt that same admiration fills her heart this very moment while I am far away from her and as she well knows exposed with my brother to all the cruel ravages of the war. How I should like to see her face to face once more, anyhow. How lonely she must be and Father in the war also. Mattie, I know you can sympathize with her in her loneliness, can you not?

Hospital 10th Division Army Corps
Wednesday, June 24, 1863

Mattie, yesterday was a day of excitement. The division had orders to be ready at 2 P. M. so as soon as dinner was over, Fred and I hitched up the buggy and we started for the field. We supposed there was going to be a charge and we wanted to see it. When we got up to the camp of the 77th, we found they had gone. We left our mules and followed on foot and while we were looking around there was a volley of fire toward our left and in less than a minute I found it was safer to lie down and let the bullets fly over me. My curiosity got the best of me but I would no sooner than get up and some rebel would spy me and I would soon hug the ground again. Last night after dark I rode up to the camp and found the regiment had gone.

Hospital 10th Division, 13th Army Corps.
Saturday, July 4, 1863

This is the 4th and we are all in anxious suspense. Yesterday there was flag of truce came out borne by General Bower and Colonel Montgomery, firing ceased and has not been resumed yet. The impression is that there is some arrangement being made for the surrender of the city. Yesterday at 3:00 P. M. Phil Jenkins and I went up to the front works within fifteen feet of the Rebel works. We all went outside of our works and the Rebels came out also. We had a good talk with them face to face.

Camp near Clear Creek, Mississippi
July 6th, 1863

We broke camp yesterday morning and came here now being twelve miles east of Vicksburg. We had a hot and dusty time yesterday. The Rebels strong hold is fallen. If the 4th of July, 1776, is held dear to every loyal citizen because on that day we were declared free from the hand of tyranny and capable of governing ourselves, with what veneration we should allow the 4th of July, 1863, because on that day Vicksburg fell. We got 25,000 prisoners.

Excerpt taken from a letter written at Baton Rouge, La.,
July 12, 1862.³

Saturday night- Well, Sis, as I did not get to mail this letter this afternoon I will write a few words more and tell you about a little three year old girl whose parents live near by. She sometimes comes into Camp and I have taken quite a liking to her. She is a very little beauty and I enjoy myself first looking at her frolick about, and much more when I get hold of her and wool her as "Ben" used to say. Her name is Maud, and a pretty name it is, too, and right here let me say one word--I want you by all means to lay this name aside where it will not be lost for I want to call our girl Maud, and I fear we may forget the name. Just imagine me saying "Come here, Maud, and see Pa." I have discarded the name "Ida May", but if you have any particular name for a boy, why just write it down with "Maud" will you?

Yours truly,

Charlie.

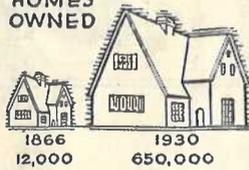
(Note: In 1867 a little girl was born to them and she was named Maude. She married Lee J. Dunn.)

Progress Made By Negroes Since They Were Freed From Slavery..

1930

ECONOMIC PROGRESS

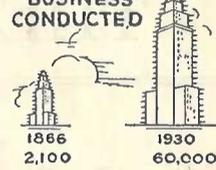
HOMES OWNED



FARMS OPERATED



BUSINESS CONDUCTED

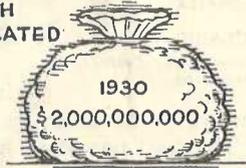


WEALTH ACCUMULATED

1866
\$20,000,000

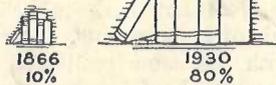


1930
\$2,000,000,000



EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

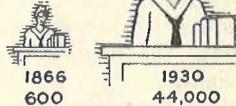
PER-CENT LITERATE



STUDENTS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS



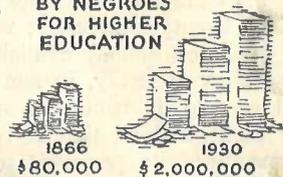
TEACHERS



ANNUAL EXPENDITURES FOR HIGHER EDUCATION



AMOUNT GIVEN BY NEGROES FOR HIGHER EDUCATION



James Weldon Johnson is a native of Jacksonville, Fla., with degrees from Atlanta University and Columbia University and an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Talladega College and Howard University. He is perhaps the most prolific of the Negro writers. His "Creation," quoted below, from "God's Trombones," is a truly great poem that will live, noble in concept and nobly expressed. In the beginning the poem pictures God as "stepping out on space" while

Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

There, all by himself, God says, "I'm lonely; I'll make me a world." So, step by step, he makes the world, and clothes it with beauty, and people it with all the lower forms of life. Then looking on it all, he sadly says: "That's good, but I'm lonely still." Thence the poem hurries to its dramatic climax:

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, "I'll make me a man!"

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty,
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner
of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His
hand;

This great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust,
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image;
Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul. Amen. Amen.

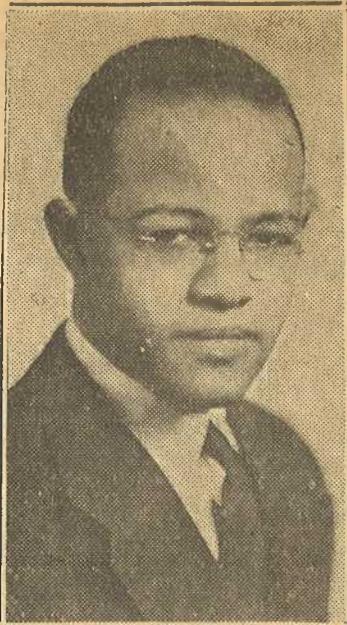
1937

Do You Know?

1. Do you know that the first American blood spilled in the war for Independence was that of Crispus Attucks, a Negro?
2. That Matthew Henson, a Negro, was the only man, except Eskimos, with Peary on his final dash to the North Pole?
3. That a Negro, Jan Metzlinger, invented a lasting machine which makes America the best-shod nation in the world?
4. That Dr. George Carver of Tuskegee V Institute is perhaps the best known agricultural chemist in America and that he has developed hundreds of products that promise to be of untold value to the South?
5. That in the years 1924-1930 the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission awarded medals to fourteen Negroes for deeds of heroism and sacrifice?
6. That it is estimated that there are today about 2,000 dentists, 4,000 Negro physicians and surgeons, and 5,000 Negro nurses? And that the late Dr. Daniel H. Williams, a Negro, was the first surgeon in the world to perform a successful operation on the human heart?
7. That the degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been awarded to 53 Negroes; and 116 Negroes are members of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity?
8. That in the United States there are 68 towns and many villages and settlements populated entirely by Negroes? That of these, Mount Bayou, Mississippi, and Boley, Oklahoma, are best known?
9. That the average expenditure for each pupil for education in the nation is \$99.00; for white children in the South, \$44.31; and for Negro children, \$12.57?
10. That the average annual salary for white teachers in 1930 was \$901; for Negro teachers, \$423?

Lincoln Neb-1938

**New York Minister to
Speak at Westminster**



Rev. Martin L. Harvey of New York, director of young people's work for the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church, will deliver the sermon at Westminster Presbyterian church Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Harvey is president of the North American Christian Youth Council.

Now a few from Obama
May God bless and
burg several times
I was grown, but I
now is.

These times as already stated leave us
will find you both in good health. We
in the world to see you and hope that pe
made, so you can all come home. Meeting
parting is a grief and it went hard with
but we live in hopes that peace will soo
it will not be long till we can enjoy yo
Molly is in the health and as pretty an
any in Alabama. So soon as Mr. Poe come
to you again. We are expecting to hear f
at Vicksburg--The
keep your powder d
and says she wants
the present.

Dear Columbus and David:

From Mrs. Amanda Perkins and her Mother.

Lincoln General Hospital, and her mother
and brother Paul are ill at the moment. Mrs.
Eita Warner had the bad for one to fall and
break her hip. She is at St. Elizabeth's
Hospital. This is the same hip which was
fractured a few years ago. Mrs. Fred-
rick Webster has been very ill and is in

So Adieu,
Mrs. F. N. Acker,
Mrs. Elizabeth Acker.
Dr. Johnson,
Foreign Bureau,
conferences in this area and
He has been in Kansas City, St. Paul and
Oklahoma City during recent weeks.

will live very hard this year. The wheat crop looks well
at this time, and there has been a great deal sown. The
people in our settlement are well, and everything about
as it was when you left. Mr. Story and family was well a
few days ago, and living at the same place. Now with my
best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I will close
for the present. Write to me as often as you can and tell
Columbus and David to write often.

EXCERPT IX

Vicksburg, October 19th - 63

"My Dearest Wife": I have some sad news to write to you. This morning there were about thirty men from this regiment and some from other regiments amounting to about three hundred men that were sent to load ammunition on the "City of Madison". About fifty men working at once. About 11:00 I heard a tremendous report up at the wharf. On looking out we saw an immense volume of smoke. We soon found on inquiry that the boat was blown up. There was a final rush to see who was killed. There were only one or two from our regiment hurt and one missing. There were twenty or thirty negroes stowing away the ammunition while the soldiers carried it aboard the boat. It was all blown to atoms. I cannot give you any particulars at this time as all is excitement. There were about one hundred soldiers killed. I saw some of the mangled bodies this afternoon. They were terribly scalded and blackened by the powder. You, no doubt will get the details in the newspaper.

Woodward County, about twelve hundred inhabitants. We got here at 5:00 A. M., rather good march for fellows who carry big loads. We are now eleven miles from Frankfort, will go on there tomorrow. I want to tell you a little story. When we left Nicholasville there was a negro who came in our lines and went to cooking. When we came back there Mr. White Man thought he would have his negro so he came to the lines and found him about one hundred yards from Company "C", by the way they are called (Abolitionists). The White Man caught the negro by the coat collar after which he made a few plunges and got out of his coat. Then began a race for liberty or death. The negro struck for Company "C" and the White Man after him. I never saw such running in all my life. Just as said negro got in the Abolition Company there was an immense crowd gathered and told Mr. Negro Catcher to flee for dear life. He did not start and in less time than I am writing this there were half a dozen boots taken from the seat of his pants. Just at this time the Colonel came and said not to use any violence on the man and in the twinkling of an eye one of the boys ran at him kicking and striking him at the same time giving him a start and he went out of camp amid yells and hisses. Meanwhile the negro was taken away and put in a wagon and is yet a free man, just what God Almighty and the Declaration of Independence intended he should be. I tell you,

Mattie, we never came here to catch niggers for anybody. The fellow who was after the negro did not own him I am told but was to get \$25.00 if he took him to his inhuman and cowardly owner.

Frankfort, Kentucky
November 14, 1862

Well Mattie, we are now camping at the Capital in the south part of town. We got here at 1:00 but am much disappointed in the place. It is built between the hills and has no place to sprawl only up the bluff. It contains 17,000 people, has a state arsenal, a fine building, also the lunatic asylum and the penitentiary. The penitentiary is quite a house or rather small houses with a stone wall thirty feet high and four feet thick. The State House does not look much better than the court house in Metamora. The best house of the city seems to be the Capital Hotel, a fine three story brick building near the State House; by the way the houses are pretty nearly all stone. The railroad bridge is burned. The Rebels did it when they were here. You remember they crowned that old imbecile and traitor, Haws King, of Kentucky about six weeks ago and he had to "Skedaddle" within three hours after the coronation. The Kentucky river is quite a stream. The steam boats run up here any seasonable season. Negro selling and stealing seems to be the chief business. I must stop and go on guard.

EXCERPT XI

Letter in regard to Slavery

*Sweet's plantation
Hinds Co Miss*

I have been saying so much about negroes lately that I feel you may be getting a wrong idea about my views. I will try to give you a few of my thoughts. In the first place I advocate the entire abolition of slavery and I believe in equalizing the negro with the white man so far as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is concerned, and no further. I do not believe that with all the education that might be bestowed upon the African race that they could be brought on equal terms with the Anglo-Saxon race in regard to intellect. I do not believe in having them in the North. I do not

believe in putting them in some far off island by themselves. Now you ask what we are to do with them. They above all others have been hard laborers earning a home in the South, they have always been here, they are acclimated to this one climate and the white people have never learned to work and could not live without the negro therefore, I say keep them in this part of the country, let the white people pay them reasonable wages, let the negro have schools all over the country so he may educate his children. In one generation you would have them elevated above the present conditions so far that they would want to be in a country where they could have their own government and then let the United States buy them some country and they would gladly go there by their own choice and they would make room for almost five million white laborers who are now born down and trod upon in Europe. You cannot have white men come to the south and labor as long as the negro is here laboring, neither are we going to send the negro away to some far off island in his present state of ignorance. The negro made the south what it is, in point of wealth and he has a right to have an education at the hands of those he has worked for all his days and I do not think he should be deprived of any of his rights either. One year ago Warren and I were quietly enjoying the pleasures of home, today we are in the front and as I write I can

hear the booming of artillery. What a change has been undergone in Uncle Tilt's family but I am only one of thirty million people in the United States and why should I grumble at the change. There are many things which have occurred in the last year. One year ago Memphis was held and the Father of Water shut off from our boats. Now we have Memphis and free access to the river to Vicksburg and before this reaches you we will have opened the river to its mouth. One year ago Kentucky was overruled by Rebels. Now where is she? Where is Mobile which was doubtful as to her destiny? Now she is today in a fair way to be a free state and the Rebels being driven out. Where is Arkansas with its "Arkansas Past"? Go ask General Churchill. Where is Port Gibson? Where is Raymond? Where is Jackson, the home of Jeff Davis which boasted of her strength to resist the Federal Army? Now she is in ashes which as I am told had a Million dollars worth of stock with a great quantity of ammunition. Look at the change a year has wrought. **See the water** swarm with Monitors and our rivers with gun boats. I will now stop counting by years and count by months. What will one month bring to view. Where will be poor old negro stealing, negro whipping Richmond? It may take longer than thirty days to do this but before another anniversary of our marriage comes we shall have accomplished all of this and I will be at home with "Her" I love. Mattie,

EXCERPT XII

Letter in regard to Slavery
Baton Rouge, June 6th, 1864

"My Dear Wife": I just got back from the city. I went down with Bill Moore. We were looking for some kind of meeting and passed the M. E. Church. Our attention was called to, by the speaker and naturally enough we went in and found a negro meeting and it was a Temperance Meeting. There were quite a few present and several sons of Africa made very becoming speeches, in fact the meeting altogether could not have done more honor to a white man's meeting. I sat quiet as a mouse and took cognizance of what was going on. You no doubt are thinking "Charley" is getting to be quite a fellow for negroes but I can't help if I am. I asked myself this, "What is going to be done with these ebony people"? They have souls and many of them, even at these early days, are beginning to manifest signs of intellectual life. Surely it will not be the best policy to have them come North among us and let them have all the rights and privileges that we as white people and a superior race do, yet we make them pay taxes, we make them fight and this vitally makes

them citizens but here comes up the same difficulty of that in the North. They no doubt would have a right here as free men and according to the rights of free men in a Republican Government they should have a voice in making the laws that govern such a people. How are these things to be righted? We are now at a crisis where we must act and we must so do things that they will not have to be done over again in a few years. We are now in the hands of a God who will lay judgment to the lives of the people and we must know our world in such a manner as not to cause a Just God to lay his hands ever on us for our sins but I trust we have been so thoroughly taught in reference to this matter that we as a nation may be able to see the path God has prepared for our feet. I am desirous of knowing exactly what direction to take in this matter and then I am willing to labor for that end and so the scourge may be removed from us and we again become a happy and united people. People who will live for Righteousness and Justice and follow after Holiness, then will this cruel war be over and we be returned to those who love us and enjoy the blessedness of being a "God Fearing and Serving People". These are the times I am looking forward to with eager eyes and this makes me willing to suffer for the time being. Let us all get down before God and ask him what he will have us do in reference to the many vexed questions that are now thrown upon us. Let us have divine guidance in this matter and all will be right with us as a nation and as people individually.

sum to top of page 27

May you have happy dreams, My Dear Wife.

EXCERPT XIII

Dauphin Island, Near Fort Gains, Ala.
Tuesday, August 4, 1864.

"My Dear Wife": I continue my letter today. Yesterday at 4:00 P. M. we weighed anchor and ran for this island. We landed five miles west and found a barren field, bare with nothing to protect us. A heavy wind and rain storm came up and we laid and took the storm until 2:00 A. M. this morning, when we marched east toward Fort Gains, wading through water several times so we became very wet. We have no rations so we are laying here without anything to eat. Fort Gains is situated on the east end of this island. We went expecting to charge the Fort, if we do, no doubt we will lose many of our boys and I may fall also but if I do I intend to fall at my post. I have never been with a company when it was in a hard battle but this time I will and I shall take my chance like a man. If I fall I shall hope to meet you in an Upper and Better World. The Monitor has thrown a few shells into the Fort this afternoon. I shall have to stop and make some preparations for the coming rain.

Thursday Noon, August 6th

Mattie, I have passed through many dangers since

I wrote the above but I shall not write any of the particulars now. I witnessed one of the most marvelous sights. I saw Farragut's whole fleet pass Fort Gains and as they were by the Fort I saw the naval fight between the fleet and the Rebel "Ram Tim", assisted by three Monitors. They were all captured and now in our possession and the Forts are cut off from supplies, our boats being in possession in Mobile Bay. We lost one Monitor and one Frigate also. We laid in front all day yesterday and last night. We advanced very close to the fort. You know they fought like every thing but my defenseless head was kept from harm by an Omnipotent arm. I hope by His Mercy to come through all right. I have not been in bed since I came here on the island, nor washed my face until this morning.

4:00 P. M.

Warren has been here and says he is all right. Our cook has just brought a kettle of fresh beef soup from the rear. No cooking is allowed here at the front. I will write you again as soon as we get to Mobile. Do not be uneasy about me for no doubt I will come out all right. "God Bless You", is my prayer. Your Husband.

EXCERPT XIV

On the Battle Field on Dauphin Island
Sunday Afternoon, August 7, 1864.

While we are on the Battle Field we are enjoying fresh oysters, as all along the north side of this island is a fine oyster bed. We get all we want. I tell you they are quite a help to our rations. This island, Dauphin, is about eight miles long and from one-half to two miles wide. Three miles at the east end is covered with pine timber. The extreme west point is occupied by Fort Gaines. Mobile runs at right angles with this island and is about four miles wide, while on the east across the Bay is the Mainland and on this Mainland and a little south of Fort Gains is Fort Morgan, the stronger of the two Forts. There is a shallow channel on the north side of this island. About four miles west of Mobile Bay is Fort Powell. This Fort is now in our possession and as I write the news has come that Fort Gains has surrendered and we are ordered to get aboard boats and go the rear of Fort Morgan so as to cut off the retreat of that garrison, so I will have to stop.

Tuesday Night, August 9th

We took possession of the Fort and have sent the prisoners away and this morning we got aboard a boat to go somewhere but got on a sand bar and we are fast. We have not yet got Fort Morgan but we think the Rebels have almost all gone as everything over there seems to be on fire.

Fort Gains, Alabama, August 11th

How various are the changes of a soldier's life. Day before yesterday we were aboard of a ship on a sand bar, laid there until night when a gun boat came along side and we went aboard of her and were hauled back to Fort Gains. I have to tell the truth, I am about played out. We landed on this lonely island one week ago yesterday, since that time we have fought some and under gone very much fatigue with very little to eat and plenty to do. At the same time we have been paid for our hardships. We have taken Fort Powell which was the key to the entrance to Grant's pass about which you have heard so much. We also have Fort Gains with its garrison of 725 men.

August 12th

We are going on a boat somewhere. Things are moving very satisfactorily. We are still laying here while the other boys are over at Fort Morgan fighting.

August 17th

I have nothing of moment to write but I fear if I do not write every day you would call me negligent. We are still laying near the Fort but I will tell you how I manage to kill time. I go to bed at night and as

soon as day light comes I get up and wash myself and read for about an hour, no one getting up to molest me. After dinner John and I take a walk and later resume our books again. I managed to get a few books from the Fort here. I got one called the "Great Teacher" by Rev. John Harris with a very fine essay by the president of Amherst College. We also got "Bayard Taylor's Travels in Europe" which is very interesting. I fear we will soon have to go to the front again so we will have to throw our books away as we always do when we have to move.

EXCERPT XV

October 11, 1864

I have just been relieved from guard duty. My duty was guarding Rebel officers and I must tell you how nicely they are fixed. There are twenty-two I was guarding. They are on the second floor of a large building. Uncle Sam has hired a negro cook who cooks for them. They get government rations, coffee excepted, and their friends in the city, who are many, are busy carrying them all the delicacies of life. They are finely clad and as I looked at them I could not help comparing them with our men whom the Rebels have in confinement and let me say one plain truth, we are indeed helping the Rebel cause by allowing them to furnish so many articles of apparel. They come here from the Rebel army almost destitute of clothing and as soon as they get here the Rebels of this city begin to pour in the clothing and blankets and thus I say we are helping the Rebel Cause. I must tell you about the politics of these Rebels. Out of the twenty-two, twenty-one are for McClellan and one for Lincoln.

On Board "Joe Pierce" at Natchez^Z, Miss.
Wednesday, April 27, 1864.

Dear Mattie: I wrote you some facts yesterday stating I was aboard the boat. We got away from there at 7:00 P. M. This is one of the fast boats. There was usually a picket between Vicksburg and New Orleans. We did not take on any freight at Vicksburg and few passengers and struck out at a swift pace. Some time in the night they took on 20 bales of cotton. We arrived here at 5:00 this morning. It is now 9:00 P. M. and we are still taking on freight and passengers. We went up town and spent a few hours looking about and I still say as I said about the town when I was here in last July that it is the prettiest place I have seen in the south. Natchez is not much of a business place but it is the County Seat. There are several school buildings and some building of a charitable character. This city has never been disgraced and the Military are taking great pains to keep it nice and clean. By the leniency of the Captain I was allowed to go to see the Fort and if I am in charge the rebels will have a good time if they try to come in here. The weather is very warm, I sweat just sitting still in the boat in the shade.

Thursday, 28th

Fort Gains, Alabama
August 24, 1864. Monday Eve.

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Mattie, I told you last night that our men were bombarding the fort and they kept it up all night and this morning until about 8:00 A. M. when a flag of truce came out and at 2:00 P. M. the rebels unconditionally gave up. Our men marched then and took possession of the Fort. We got nearly 600 prisoners but after General Page sent out the Flag of Truce he began to destroy everything inside of the Fort. He loaded and spiked all of the guns, threw all the powder into the cistern, the officers all broke their swords and threw them into the cistern also. In fact everything is a total wreck as our men have ruined the Fort all to smash. It is but little value as a Fort now. The prisoners have all gone to New Orleans. Colonel Greer has gone with Page and I think there is no doubt about the old rebel being hung for he can't be treated as a prisoner of war after violating a flag of truce in that style. He had no right to destroy anything as he did. I have not been over to the Fort yet but I will if I have a chance. I have my information from one who was there and they report twenty-five rebels killed. We lost not to exceed ten men so I think we have done a big thing, captured three forts and lost only about a dozen men. The navy lost more, about 250 men. Our Adjutant and ten men went out in a sail boat about ten days ago out to the mainland to see what they could see and have not been heard of since. We are sure the rebels have taken them in out of the wet. I don't feel

very sorry about the Adjutant. He seemed to be a nice man but as an officer no one liked him. Mattie, I don't remember whether I told you or not what a good joke we are getting on the prisoners. I will tell you anyhow. The weevilly flour and the strong pork they left here is all being sent to New Orleans for them to eat.

Day after tomorrow is my birthday, August the 26th. I should like very much to be at home and have you make me a birthday cake. Some people do not go much on the anniversary of their birth but I always have had a very peculiar feeling about it. There seems to be a sort of feeling steal over me and I think I ought to show some respect to the day on which I began my earthly existance. Each year it is becoming at least for us in some way of a proper thing to recognize the Mercy of God in giving us birth and keeping us alive from year to year. How many happy faces have been seen upon the birthday of some little boy or girl as they gathered together around a birthday cake. Today how few mothers realize how happy they make a little one. How many of us can look back with joy on some little circumstance of this kind when we were at home. Our children will be taught that they were born and that it was a noble thing to be born and should be honorably acknowledged each year. Yours in Love,
Charles.

New Orleans, Louisiana
October 8, 1864

I am happy to inform you that I am again in New Orleans and must stay longer than I have ever stayed before. We got here about 9 A. M. and by the time we received orders and off, it was noon. We marched down the river about two miles where the 97th has stayed for eleven months. We found the 48th Ohio were guarding prisoners among which were the same fellows which we took in Mobile Bay. The 77th are on guard tonight. The 48th will leave here tomorrow, so we will go right into their quarters which will be very good by little repairing for winter. The building is large enough for the whole regiment to eat and sleep in

EXCERPT XVI

New Orleans, Louisiana
Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 6, 1864

This morning Bird James and I decided that we would attend Baptist meeting. There is one Baptist church in the city. We started out on foot, having no money to pay our way on the street cars. The distance was four miles from camp but we were bound to attend Baptist meeting. We got there at 10:00 A. M., found Sunday school just closing in the basement, made ourselves known to the superintendent and Minister. We were shown to a nice pew and we found it to be communion day and that two ladies were to be baptized and you may know we were glad to be present. There was a pretty large congregation. Right here let me say a word about the church. Before the war it was a large and prosperous church but after our men got possession of the city there was a northern man sent here to preach and many of the people being rebels formed what is now called the Second Baptist Church. Since that time this church has been growing and many influential members were added. The Minister seems to be an able man and preached a very effective sermon and I think clearly set forth the principles we as Baptists hold to as to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The ladies were baptised in the church, the same hymn being sung that was sung when I was baptised, "Jesus I Thy Cross Have Taken" which brought before me the happy scenes on the

occasion of my own baptism. We were invited to stay for communion. I have never found a place where I felt so much at home since I have been in the army. I shall attend the church as often as I can. I hope Warren will be able to go with me next time. He was not able to go today. I hope we will get our pay soon then we can ride right to the door of the church for 5¢ on the street car.

EXCERPT XVII

Fort Pike, Louisiana. November 20, 1864.
Sunday A. M.

I was at the Provost Marshall's and yesterday there was a man brought out of prison who had been there for two and one-half years for killing a man, so somebody had to come here with him, and I had never been in these parts so I volunteered to come. We started yesterday afternoon and took the cars to Lake Ponchartrain. Then we got on board the steamer Clyde and last night got here and found this quite a nice Fort. It guards one of the channel entrances from the Gulf to the Lake. There are two channels and this fort guards one of them and Fort M'Combie guards the other. The latter was built in 1815. Hence the English under Packingham had no chance when they came in here, and were so badly whipped by Old General Jackson on January 8, 1815. This Fort has been built for many years. The French built it when they

held this country. It is a very nice fort, but not nearly such a fort as Morgan or Gaines. It is garrisoned by a negro regiment, and I am now inside the citadel where I slept very well, being provided with a nice bed by the hospital steward (colored). It is the first time I ever slept inside of such massive walls, as they are six or seven feet thick. However, I am not a prisoner and can go where I please. Colonel Hall is in command here. I have some idea that the man I brought here is to be shot, but I shall know before I leave to go on the first boat.

EXCERPT XVIII

Ship Island, Mississippi, December 14, 1864.

I am an inhabitant of one of the lonely isles of the sea, a barren place,--nothing but sand covering the whole surface of the island. The sand is very white, and when the wind blows it flies very much like snow. On the extreme west point of the island Uncle Sam is building a very nice Fort. It is almost finished and will mount fifty guns. The Fort is commanded by Colonel Hempstead of the 74th Colored Infantry. He has five companies. There are about 1500 prisoners here. They have what is called wedge tents, just such as we had in Texas last winter. There is a "dead line" around the Camp, and whenever a Rebel dares to pass the line "Mr. Sambo" shoots him down. The prisoners are very much exasperated at being guarded by negroes. I am sorry to say I find very many of the negroes over bearing and insulting to them. I am very much reminded of a book I read several years ago called "Plurabustah", in which it is stated that Cuffy would some day get the uppermost hand of his master. Things have undergone a very great change in a very short time. It is only fifty miles to Mobile. So many of these prisoners have things sent them from their friends there. Twenty miles north of this is the town of Pascagoula, which for a long time has been held by Rebels, but the other day Colonel Dawson made a descent upon them. I do not know the result.

EXCERPT XIX

New Orleans, Louisiana, January 3, 1865

I am now going to give you a few impressions which remain upon my mind by a visit to the free market, from whence I have just returned. I learned some time ago that Uncle Samuel was feeding a large number of poor folks, and today I have seen the truth verified by a visit to the market. I find that there are at this time 18,000 persons receiving rations at this market, and a motley crew they are. Some negroes and some white, and some not so white, and I suppose out of the 18,000 there are four or five thousand refugees, and I think that out of that there must be 2500 bitter rebels, but being at the point of starvation in the Confederacy have fled here for a living, and call themselves "Refugees". Uncle Sam is feeding all alike,--enemies as well as friends. I am surprised sometimes to see how this great Government of ours is treating its enemies. It is following the Scriptural teachings in this respect.

EXCERPT XX

New Orleans, Louisiana, January 14, 1865

Report says that "Abe" has offered Amnesty to every (Mother's Son) of them and that they are to come back and acknowledge the supremacy of the union with slavery abolished or a gradual emancipation of all the slaves.

These are better terms that I should have thought of giving if I had been making them. There is nothing at stake now but slavery and who would fight even one more year to have slavery ended one year sooner. I want to see an end to this infernal curse and would prefer to see slavery eradicated from our land immediately but I would rather give it ten years to gradually emancipate than to see this war go on one more year.

EXCERPT XXI

Memphis, Tenn. February 17, 1863.

There was little going on since I last wrote only one of our Mortar Boats dropped some time during the night pretty near the city. In the morning they (the Rebels) discovered it and began to fire on her from the Bluffs. She paid no attention to them for some time, but after while she loaded up those old tubs (mortars) with about 30 pounds of powder and 50 pounds of iron to each one, and sent a few flying messengers to visit the "Vivkites". I should think from the amount of smoke and dirt that they kicked up when they "lit" that somebody got scared. I tell you when one of those mortars goes off you may see a sheet of flame about as big as a frame house. The men do not stay on the boat when they shoot. They have a little boat that they all get into after lighting a slow match. The "Bloddy 77th" has gone down to dig on

the canal today. I expect they will have a pretty hard time, as they have to work in the mud and water.

Next Day
February 20, 1863

I visited the Canal. Phil only went half way and gave out. I went on the boat. All hands were at work. They are digging it out 60 feet wide. It will be a decided success. I kept on down the levy for about a mile. There I came to the mortar boat which was throwing shells. I went within about two hundred yards of it. It was then firing regularly every ten minutes, and I tell you, when it went off it made a fellow shake in his boots. Here I was stopped by a guard. He said they were not allowed to go down any further, for the Rebels would open up on us. I did not stop there. The Engineering Regiment was still down at the extreme point of the levy taking distances and fixing up for battering. I passed as one of the engineers and went about a mile down when I came to the extreme end of the levy. From there I could see the guns over in Vicksburg. Our men were firing on the Railroad Depot, supposed to contain ammunition. There is a man in Camp who has come over from the city, and he reports the Rebels having taken all their large guns but four down to Port Hudson. Our men are trying to find out the truth by shelling. The Rebels have fired but very few Shells today. I tell you we are going to have this

place before the fourth of March. Now, you mark this. If we don't, I will give you leave to pull my ears! Mattie, I wish you would put three or four small fish hooks in your letter and send to me. I bought three the other day and paid 25¢. Since that someone stole them. They are very scarce here. The fish bite pretty well here.

Sixteen miles from Louisville
Sunday evening.

Mattie, I am alone in my tent thinking of you and things that may be transpiring at home while I am here alone. I know that you have thought of me and of scenes that have transpired on bygone Sabbath evenings. I have often thought of you today as I trudged along eighteen miles of road but I have no time now to dwell on recollections of home. I can say that only the hopes of meeting those whom I loved braced me up on occasions. We came through Shelbyville, a beautiful place, 1500 inhabitants. There is a fine college here where most of the bloods of Kentucky are educated but what drew my attention most was a fine brick building with a very high spire on it and on the front of the house were engraved in large letters on marble, the words "Baptist Church, Erected 1856". It made me feel good to see such a place. Tomorrow night we shall be in Louisville, we shall then have traveled 104 miles from Richmond and from Covington to **Richmond**, the way we went was 194 miles so you see we have walked 298 miles since the 17th when we left Richmond and on Tuesday at noon will be at Louisville making the trip in six and a ^{half} days, that is sixteen miles a day, pretty good marching.

Whisler, Alabama. April 14, 1865

This is a splendid country, no army has been in to destroy it. This is fifteen miles north from Mobile and on the Mobile and Ohio railroad running north to Columbus, Kentucky, one of the most important roads in the South. When we got here yesterday at 3:00 P. M. the Rebels were busy trying to burn the whole thing but after a sharp skirmish they were compelled to abandon their object. We got quite a lot of property but the machinery was badly broken up. The whole 3rd Division is here. I think we will stay here for some time to protect the property as we need it to run the railroad. The defense of Mobile is very strong, there are three lines of works around the city eight miles long and all along these works they have forts every two or three hundred yards with from three to eight guns. If the Rebels had had men enough to have manned the works we could not have taken them but that is where they were deficient. There were about 6,000 men here and when we captured those at Blakely they had men enough to man one line of works and when the Spanish fort and Blakely fell there was nothing to keep our gunboats from coming up in the city. General Dick Taylor who commands this department has his 26th Infantry and General Smith's Division are, I think, still marching toward Selma and may cut them off. Dick Taylor made our boys run that time but you just bet this time he runs. Mobile with Richmond has gone up and what has become of Lee's army I know not but I think it will be captured.

EXCERPT XXV

Mobile, Alabama. May 14, 1865.

The account of Jeff Davis' capture has settled into reality, but Kirby Smith has not yet surrendered. Neither have we moved. I hope they will make a cage for Jeff Davis and place him inside, and set the cage near the "Lincoln Monument" in Springfield, so everybody may see him, and be compelled to look at the monument. Would not that be a good way to fix him? I should like to travel through the North with him as a show, and give the proceeds to some Soldiers Orphan Asylum.

Aug.
1863

"Brother Warren was exhausted from the trip to Jackson and return. I know you could not help crying if you had seen those brave boys as they marched along the road, covered with dust and sweat running down their legs. No water to drink only what they could get out of little nasty pools along the road, and the pools were scarce too, I tell you. Many of them were almost naked, and they had to carry eighty pounds of cartridges and three days rations in their haversacks.

Joe Burson had to go barefoot for about a month because he could not draw any shoes, but thank the Lord, that time is past, and now we all got good men's clothes, and Vicksburg and Jackson, too. I think the hardships are about over, but if they are not, I hope we have learned how to take them."

PERSONAL

February 9, 1865.

"My Dear Wife"

This is your birthday and if you remember one year ago I presented you with an album on your 21st birthday and now on your 22nd birthday I have another present. Whether you think it nice or not I call it pretty nice and in presenting it to you I don't want you to receive it according to the intricate value but according to the feeling in which I present it to you. Here it is with the letters of my name also the name of one I love dearly. It is simply a piece of silver worked out but I give it because I have nothing better at this time and I hope I might ever be so situated that I can give you some token of my love for you on each birthday. We were born into the world and began our life and under very peculiar circumstances we were soon advanced into more advanced childhood. Soon the cares and turmoils of life begin to effect us. We must choose for ourselves the right paths. You, very young, chose the high path and have been walking in that way. Later you saw fit to choose again one whom you were satisfied to trust your future happiness to. You may not have found that the last choosing has been fraught with that degree of enjoyment that you had expected but do not be discouraged and allow me this on your 22nd birthday to pledge my love anew to you. In receiving this simple present

be assured of our union of heart as I have represented in the center of this pin. Take it and wear it and may the heart that throbs under it never have reason to regret the confidence it has placed on the giver.

Today is the last day Warren will be with you. He wrote he would leave on the 20th and how it makes my heart bleed to think of the affair. I can fully sympathize with them for but a few weeks ago we had to separate. How often you and Tamor will think of the 18th of April and the 17th of June as spending the last days with those you love. It does not give me any pleasure to think of my parting but it does make a feeling of pride pass over me when I think how you showed you were a woman of Judgment and had strong control over yourself for Yes, indeed, you proved yourself a woman that day I left. It has always been so. You have always been equal to any emergency and I hope Tamor may tomorrow express as much fortitude as you did on a similar occasion. One thing I know the past three years have been happy ones with me and I ask that the ~~three~~ years coming be fraught with the same degree of pleasure. We have at last got the news of the nomination of "Abe" for president and John^{son} for Vice president and the armies are all rejoicing on account of the event. I have no doubt but what they will be elected. We have also had very favorable news from Grant and hope to soon hear of the fall of Richmond.

PERSONAL

EXCERPT I.

Fort Morgan, Alabama
Friday, April 22, 1864.

It is now 8:00 P. M. and I have been lying down and thinking how very differently I have spent this day compared with the same date two years ago. Do you have any recollection of the time you and Tamor with Joe and Louisa went to Peoria and what a happy time we had all day. Warren and I were mustered into the United States *army* and directed clothing and guns. We were then playing war but since that time we have learned it to be a different thing. Many have been the changes since that time and thank goodness we are all alive yet and have hopes of seeing each other ere long.

I am very glad that you are going to take the school. This will be something to employ your mind and right here let me say a little about the education of the mind. The mind of man or woman is very much like a piece of marble in its primitive state. It needs work and training to build to that state of culture where God and our fellows demand it should be. Go view the slab of Grecian marble as it lies before the sculpture in all its deformities so far as art is concerned. Soon the sculpture's chisel is applied and by degrees the nice rounded form of a beautiful woman's (the best of God's creation) features develop.

The eyes almost become life-like until it may be the passerby would take the marble spring into life by education. The mind becomes developed and thus the woman or man becomes independent. Education is calculated to elevate a person and to make him intelligent for when the mind is allowed to remain dormant without the necessary education you find the possessor of such a mind superstitious and oppressive. Now take two persons, one who has a developed mind and one who is destitute of same and let them appear before some royal person and notice the difference. The one will pass through knowing how to speak and what to say while the other is blushing and sneaking away feeling the stain of some mistake he has made. I very well know some have mighty talents and I can say it only becomes more necessary to educate such a mind. Minds do not become large in a day. It takes months and years of study. Franklin did not find out the power of lightning in a day. Steam boats were not invented in a day but was a product of long and strenuous study and so it is the mind expands step by step and how it delights us when we have added one more idea to what we already know. In eating we become filled and care no more about victuals for the time being but not so in feeding the mind. The mind expands as we fill it so we must never be alarmed about knowing too much. We have but little of this world's goods but if we succeed in attaining even a limited education we have something no one can take

from us. Most of the people after marriage lose all the aspiration for an education but not so with me. It seems I have become more anxious to have my mind and yours developed to such an extent that we will know how to live and do for ourselves and anyone who may be around us. A well developed mind directed by the "Spirit of the Living God" can never be unhappy. "Knowledge is power", says a philosopher and if so without a true knowledge of God how much more so when we have a true knowledge of Him. So let us endeavor while we are acquiring a little of this knowledge of the world to be possessed of that same Spirit that was in Christ and have the guiding hand of the living God. Then come "what will and may", we are safe.

New Orleans, Louisiana.
Sat. April 30, 1864.

At the beginning of this letter I have an apology to make to you and that is, I played two games of checkers today and I will now say I am not going to play any more. You will remember you asked me if I would stop playing, I made you no answer and you said nothing more to me but it has weighed heavily on my mind and now I am willing to grant you your request for it was a very reasonable one and I know I can employ my time much better than at that past time as the boys call it. I went to my valise a few minutes ago and took out my clean clothes. I declare I never had such a feeling in my life. I felt somewhat as I was in a graveyard. I don't cry very often and don't call me childish but there laid those things just as you had put them in with your own hands so nice and clean and the dreadful reality came strangely over me that I was about to put on the last clothes you so carefully fixed for me. My Lord, there are none who know what we soldiers suffer but those who go through it. I was down in the city today to see some of Company "H" boys who were wounded. Coming back I found my brother George (he is nineteen years old) guarding Rebel prisoners.

EXCERPT IV

Miliken's Bend, November 14, 1863.

"Dear Mattie" I was thinking, today, about my Father's family. There are five "or was" boys of us in the army with Father also and no two in the same regiment. Father is at St. Louis in the 37th Iowa Infantry, I am in the 77th Illinois, Harvey in the 47th Illinois, William in the 4th Iowa Cavalry and poor Daniel was in the 2nd Iowa Infantry, but is now dead, George is in Dahlonga, Iowa, and the balance of the family at Iowa City. If every family would turn out as Father's has done we could soon put the rebellion down and the best part of it is, Father and all his boys are Anti-Slavery men. Harvey wrote me in his last letter that he would rather fight seven years than give one inch to the Rebels. I hope I may get to see William some of these days. He is in Helena.

(William was killed near Helena)

I tell you Mattie it is a pleasure to have a real friend to talk to to tell ones fears and hopes. I tell

you if it were not for Warren I would be very lonely indeed but when we get together we are all right. Mattie is it not singular that he and I have been together for five years and never had any cross words yet? I hope it may continue so.

(Warren Howard, brother of Mattie)

Little Sandy, Clayborn County, Mississippi
May 9, 1863.

I would like to write a long letter this morning but my heart is full and I cannot write as I would like. We are just now on the Eve of an awful battle and there are a number who will face the cruel bullet and no doubt some will fall. I say it makes my heart full. Although I am but little exposed to danger I think of those I love and that some of them may fall. My prayer is that we may all be prepared when death comes sooner or later. We moved up two miles last night as you will see by the heading of this letter. We have orders to move forward today at 12:00. You must not be uneasy if you do not hear from me regularly now.

1863

"My Dear Mattie: The battle is over, and thank God, we have all escaped with our lives. We landed last Saturday two miles below the Fort Arkansas, and began our march. There was no engagement until Sunday, when we opened fire, and we are now in possession. In all we got about six thousand prisoners.

I shall not try to give you any account of things, only the boys did nobly. I was behind, taking care of the wounded. There were six killed and thirty-nine wounded in the 77th--none badly wounded in Company "C". Our color Bearer was wounded and fell, and Phillip Jenkins caught up the flag and bore it triumphantly in advance and firmly planted it on the Fort, with A. W. Howard at his heels.

I claim none of the honor of the victory for I was behind the lines, but maybe I did my duty to the poor wounded soldiers."

A. Warren Howard (Brother of Martha Enslow).

Phillip Jenkins (Uncle of Martha Enslow).

Camp on Bayou Pierre Claybourne Co Mississippi

Monday morn May 4" 1863---

My Dearest Wife---

Under the protecting and guiding hand of God I am still alive and able to write again. I wrote my last letter from Perkins plantation on the 28 ult--but I cant give you much of a history as I did not get to take many notes as we passed through. We left Perkin's plantation or landing at 5 P M and marched south down the river 4 miles--camped on the widow Ogden's farm. Near this farm which is two miles from the river is a lake called St. Joseph's Lake. We kept on the north side. The lake is about one mile wide and 20 long. The north bank is very high, and on high were some of the most beautiful farms I ever saw. They were all planted to corn. The corn was about knee-high when we passed. Keeping along the lake about 14 miles we again found ourselves at the river two miles above Grand Gulf at a landing called "Hard Times". This was on Wednesday the 29th ult. After we had eaten a little we got orders to move and about dusk we started leaving everything behind us but what we could carry, marched 2 miles and came to the river again below the gulf.

Here is something like the situation. A--is Hardtimes where we first stoped. B--is where we marched across the neck of land to C--is Grand Gulf. D--is Black River. E--is the fort on a very high bluff. When we got across to B there was nothing there but troop. We all went to bed and about 12 M we were all awakened by heavy firing. I did not get up untill morn, and to my supprise when I did get up I saw 5 gun boats and about as many transports laying near us. They had run by the fort. Hence the heavy firing. Soon the troop was busy getting aboard of the boats and going down the river. About 2 P M, (Thursday) we went aboard the gun boat Louisville. Just before going aboard the mail came bring me a paper and letter dated 19" ult--with Louisa's and Charles pictures in it. I was very glad to get it. Louisa has a vy fine looking boy but I tell you she took the worst of it. Now to my subject. After getting on the boat we started and went down the river 8 miles and landed at Boonsborough Landing, Miss. This was about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ P M. Got something to eat and laid down to rest. At one Friday started east toward Port Gibson. After going 3 miles we climbed up the bluff and got on high ground for first time since we left Memphis (Dec 20") 8 miles further on and we came to the roughest country I ever saw. Nothing but hills and hollows covered with cane and underbrush. I do not think that there was one of these knobs that had more than 5 acres of ground, they were so numerous and small. There were a few of them cleared. Well, here was where the Rebs choose to give us battle. We fought them all day on Friday and as the sequel provs whiped them.

I shall not try to describe the battle as you will see all the particulars in the papers. The 77" was not engaged at all. Saturday morn. The "Bloody 77" was put in advance to support skirmishes. We advanced a couple of miles but found no

enemy. Was called into the road, marched into Port Gibson in triumph, and found the Rebs had "skedaddled" a cross little Bayou Pierre and burned the bridge after them. We found quite a nice town with many wounded Rebs in the Hospitals. This is the county seat of Claybourne Co. and in ordinary times has 1600 white and black. Here is a fine female seminary. We got here about 10 A M, found the Rebs had burned the bridge across the Little Bayou Pierre. We had a great time in town. Many of the soldiers got some valuable things. I did not get much. but what little I did get was all for Mattie. I got her a lot of undersleeves and collars but I lost them out of my pocket so she will not get them but I have something nice yet for I have some silk under shirts which I intend that she shall have if there is any possible chance to send them to her. Mattie, I tell you we are getting into the merits of soldiering. We have no tents and our trains have not got up yet so we have to live on corn meal and what fresh meat we can get. We make mush of it which is pretty good I tell you. I begin to think of home some and conclude I would like to be there long enough to get a warm buiscuit anyhow. But then if we can get Vicksburg I am willing to put up with still more hardships.

Wednesday 6" Mattie I must tell you a little about the people and prices of things in the town of Port Gibson. I visited several places and found that the men had gone leaving the women to call themselves widows. They tell me they have had but little to eat save cornbread and meat. One lady who keeps a millinery shop told me that she had not had any coffee for one year. Flour, says she, is worth 130 dollars per bbl, butter 150 dollars per pd. eggs one dollar doz. I asked a store keeper who had a fine pair of shoes to sell what the price was. Says he, 18 dollars per pair. Cotton goods is worth about 10 dollars per yard. How so you like such prices. I tell you they are about played out down here. Mattie I know you will say that I might have written a better letter than this, but I can't under the circumstances. My mind wanders from object to object and often back to the bloody battle field. At Magnolia Hills where I came in contact with many brave boys, mangled and bloody from the affects of Rebel bullets, we lost about 500, killed, wounded, and missing inclusive.

Warren and I got a letter from Phil last evening. I hope he may be better soon. Mattie before you get this, we shall have met and whipped the enemy before Vicksburg. But I will stop as I am not in a situation to write. Give my love to all and remember me as your

Husband.

I send you this in a Rebel envelop I picked up on the field. Today I read the 2 & 3 Chapter Epheseans.

Miliken's Bend La.
Sunday March 22nd/ 63

My Dear Wife:

I gives me great pleasure to still have the privilege and be able to write to you again on this beautiful Sabbath afternoon. I feel very well having dispatched quite a quantity of stewed peaches--coffee with cream in it with numerous other articles to tedious to mention. I say having eaten my dinner I feel pretty well.

Well in the first place I am not going to write very much today. There has not been anything of very great moment come under my notice since my last writing. There was some little stir today at seeing 5 large Hospital boats come down, and I think myself it is rather ominous of an immediate battle. I should be a bit suprised if before I sealed this letter I would have some scene of blood and carnage to record. We were talking last evening with Prof Wilcox of Galesburg, who had just come from the canal. He says, "That the 2 drudges Herculese & Sampson are working away, being almost through the canal. The Rebs keep up almost a continuous firing to retard their progress, but our men pay no attention to them. They (Rebs) struck the Herculese but once, then only knocking off but two boards". Says he the water is working through at a rapid rate.

(The chaplain has come and is going to read and have prayer so I must stop for a little while.) Well the chaplain has gone so I write again. He made quite a little sermon. His theme was the sure peace there is in God--Amidst all this lifes trials and uncertainties says he there is a peace that passeth understanding. It did me good to hear him talk for I had heard nothing of the kind since I left Memphis. He addressed himself more particularly to the sick(25 in No.). I hope he may come often.

But now to my subject. I was telling you about things at the canal. Report says that 2 or 5 Farragut's boats have passed Port Hudson and have actualy got up to the canal. If that is so it is good news for us. You know I have been telling you all the while that the battle or at least the taking of Vicksburg was near but it has not been yet. But the general opinion is that the fur will fly pretty soon now. I hope to goodness it may be soon so we may know how this war is progressing. We cant know until we get the river open you know. If we get the river open we can soon give them fits right and left.

Mattie I have a nice flower pot sitting before me on the table, composed of roses and several other beautiful kinds of flowers peculiar to this country. Oh how I wish you could see them and enjoy them which only needs to be seen to be enjoyed. I have put a little rose in a press and if I can send it in a letter I am going to do so.

March 23. Mattie this morn we are having the equinoxial storm. I suppose you know the sun crossed the equator on yesterday or day before, I dont remember which but you will know. As I said we are having the storm caused by the sun coming north of the equator. Now the days will become more disagreeably hot and the old sun being more directly over us will pour down his floods of coloric upon the heads of those in the Northern Hemisphere and more particularly on us poor soldiers who happen to be nearer the equator than you are. But what is the use of me writing such stuff as this to you when every school girl will tell you the same. But about the rain, it is now raining like sin and has been pretty much all night. Heaven's Artillery combined with the Rebs Artillery have kept up an awful noise the greater part of the night.

Now Mattie about my letters encouraging you so much. You say you can tell whenever I have the "blues" by my letters. I dont know whether you can or not. One thing I know I wrote one letter just after we retreated out of Vicksburg Swamp that was somewhat tinctured with the "blues". I have no doubt but you thought so by reading it. I have never felt so before or since and hope I may never have such feelings again. Phil says he can tell you just how I felt. He and I talked together about a great many things. And oh how much good it does me to know that you now have Phil up there to talk to. I think I will get your letter today or tomorrow dated the 15th instant. Do you see how sure I am as to the date of your letter? You have been so punctual that I know just when you write. Tell Phil that Capt Parmeter is now here staying. He is not down-- but thinks that it can do him more good by stay here than in camp. I would like to write a letter to Phil but have no time. Tell him to write to me. Give Bard & Sally my best wishes. How does Bennie get along and the rest of the folks too. Thats all all all all I am going to write now new new now.

O yes one thing I had forgotten till now. I have made up my mind to read the Testament through beginning with Ramon's and I want you to read it through with me. Say we begin on the 10" Apr. That will give this letter time to get through before. Say we read 2 chap each day each one reading the same chapters. Will you do so Mattie? By so doing I will have a regular place to read and also know that you read the same chap I do each day. I am sorry I did not bring my Bible with me. I am lost at not having the old Testament & Psalms with me. I have nothing but my little testament.

That book that I told you about I have read pretty near through but I dont think so much of it as I did. It is rather too much like a novel for me. Too much love and marrying mixed in with the history of our Savior. Dont you think so?

Note Book - Prince of the house of David*
 Book refered Prince of the house of David

Baton Rouge La.
Monday June 6, 1864.

My Dear Wife:

Another Sunday has gone and Monday the day on which we parted has come again and as it always does it brings with it recollections both of joy and grief. Grief at our having to part--you being left at home lonely and me going to the field of battle to share the hardships of a soldier's life. But joy at the thought of our meeting again and enjoying life together and if we meet not again on earth, having the assurance we will meet above.

Mattie I often see you in my imagination as you and Tamor stood there at the fence on that fatal Monday morning. How lonely you looked and how long you stood there looking after me--but this is past and I shall not be profited by looking over these matters at this time.

I am getting a little used to being from you now yet your on my mind daily and almost hourly. Each night as I lie down on my couch I think of you and commend you to God who is able to take care of you and direct you in all things aright.

Last night John Buck and I attended meeting at the 83rd Ohio last night. They have no chaplain but there is a Lieut who preaches for them and I don't think I have heard a better sermon for many a day than he preached last night from the text "Render unto Ceasor the things that are Ceasor's and unto God the things that are Gods." I did not enjoy it so very well because that "nasty" neuralgia is working on me and the rain which we have been having for several days helps it along but I think by having a few teeth taken out I will be all right.

This morn we got a paper giving us news from Grant up to the 30th ult. Just as he had fallen back across the North Anna and flanked Lee by crossing the Par-nulky River. I tell you we look on this as a heavy lick on Lee and maybe by this time Grant may be in Richmond if he is not he will rim Lee in there and then he has got him.

Charles Enslow.

Theria, La.
Tuesday, Nov. 24"
1868

My Dear Mattie:

I have just got in from picket duty--yesterday morn after mailing you a letter I started for duty. The rain falling pretty fast, and I expected to have a pretty bad time of it. But I happened to be lucky and got on the reserve so I had an easy time of it. But perhaps I had better tell you what the reserve is. We have pickets all around our camp. The posts are about 2 or 3 yards apart and 3 men stay on each one of these posts to watch for Rebs. Then we have the reserve in our case consisting of 30 men who lie some distance behind this line so if the pickets are attacked the reserve will be ready to aid them. Otherwise the reserve has nothing to do but sit or lie around as they like. Our place of rendezvous was in the city grave yard. The outer fence has all been torn away and burned but the boys seem to have respect for the nice white paling around the graves of the sleeping dead and it stands there unmolested altho the boys suffer from the chilling of the night air. I chose my bed hard by the side of one of the palings, fixed up my rubber blankets on head to keep the rain off and rolling in my great coat and woolen blanket had a good sleep all night. Although there were some graves inside of the paling where I slept I did not have any uncommon feelings as I would one year ago at sleeping so near a grave. I did not hear any strange noises or dream any bad dreams, but on the contrary I had a very pleasant dream of you--dreamed I went home and the first one I saw was Tamar.

I hardly know how to reply to the latter part of your letter. You drive me entirely to the wall. I am ready to admit all you have said. I know it is all truth and I hardly feel justifiable in bringing any argument to excuse myself. But I will say a few words. There are two or three who are prosperous in our----- who make a great noise at prayer meetings and other meetings. I hear them spoken of in rather unfavorable terms. Their lives do not correspond with their professions and hence they are held up by scoffers as examples of Christianity and thus they bring a reproach upon the religion of Christ. Now I feel that this is my life and if I should go ahead and make many professions and not come up to any why I am doing harm rather than good. I feel that I have duties to perform and that there is a sphere for every man and woman to work in and out of that sphere they can do no good. Can't you remember when David put on Sauls armor he could do nothing. It was so large he could not walk with it. But when he threw it off and took his little sling he soon slew the great Goliath and came off victorious, so I hold it is with every human being out of their place. They are a nuisance. In their place, by the help of God they may

Wife thought he should be more willing to talk & pray in public

--2--

accomplish good. But I am not going to try to entirely excuse myself on this ground for I know I come far short of duty in any sphere. I feel to lament my coldness and neglect of duty, I know a person is poorly prepared to struggle with the temptations of the world without prayer indeed it is the life of a Christian. I well know it. I know it is thro God's mercy that I have been spared, wicked man that I am. But it is my prayer that I may be kept from sinning. It is my desire to live a Christian life so whether I die here or among friends at home, I may have a hope both sure and steadfast. Continue to pray for that. I may come off conquerer at last. And may the lord keep us both from harm and finally permit us to meet again that we may be a mutual help to each other--is my prayer.

I am now at Warren's tent. He has had the ague today. I am keeping wet cloths on his head so I think he will be alright as soon as the fever leaves him. I will have him take some quinine tomorrow so it will not come back.

I must close.

Yours in love,
Charlie.

I mailed a letter to you yesterday morn. You must excuse this letter as I wrote it in about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. The Times did not come.

Lincoln's Assassination.

EXCERPT XXIII

Whisler, Alabama. May 1, 1865.

Every one feels gloomy over the untimely death of Lincoln. I have no heart to write about this matter. We have had victories, glorious victories in the army but this slays the whole matter. The president of the United States murdered, one of the most disgraceful things imaginable only to some barbarious nation. Proud America has become a scene for many European countries. What have we done that we should thus be chastened? No doubt we have sinned most greivously. We had almost made Lincoln a God and now he has been taken from us. Let us remember the lesson God would teach us by his providence. Let us learn that it is God who giveth victories.

EXCERPT XXIV

Whisler, Alabama. May 11, 1865.

We expect to start to Texas in a few days unless we get news that E. Kirby Smith has surrendered his army to the U. S. force. My opinion is that he is holding out to give Jeff Davis a chance to enter into Mexico and thus lose the punishments which he so richly deserves. Texas may be able to hold out for quite a while. She has plenty of men and plenty of grain and can have everything else, simply going to the Rio Grand river and get into New Orleans. The state has never been invaded by any considerable force and has had little affects of the war as those who live east of the river. I for one am in favor of devastating the whole country over which we passed. We will go with an army which will be felt and not whipped. I picked up a piece of old Mobile paper published under the Confederate rule. I sent it to you so you may see what kind of reasoning the Rebels resort to to fire the southern hearts. Notice the article in the last page written by the Confederate editor before the fall of Mobile. I tell you this state is taking steps to get into the union again and will err long with Mississippi and Louisiana be considered as loyal states who may see but the orders of General Davis of Vicksburg. The country is open to trade and the U. S. colored troops are being stationed at various points to protect the citizens.

History of the 77th Infantry

(Charles C. Enslow in this Company)

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The Regiment was fully organized and mustered into the U. S. service September 3, 1862, Peoria, Illinois. Remained in camp at that place until October 4, at which time it proceeded to Covington, Kentucky, and reported to Major Gen. Gordon Granger, commanding army of Kentucky, who assigned it to duty in the Division commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith.

Marched from Covington with the Division October 17 and reached Lexington on the 29th, Richmond November 2. Marched from that point on November 11 and arrived at Louisville the 17th.

Nothing of any interest transpired during the sojourn of the Regiment in Kentucky. November 20, 1862, the Regiment embarked on a steamer for Memphis, Tennessee, in company with the whole Division under the same commander, arrived there November 27, remained there until December 20. The Division was reorganized and reported for duty to Major Gen. Sherman. Embarked at Memphis December 20 and proceeded down the river with Sherman's army for the capture of Vicksburg. Disembarked in the Yazoo River near Chickasaw Bayou the 27th. After 4 days fighting, the attack was abandoned and the army embarked on their boats and proceeded to Milliken Bend, Louisiana.

Here Major Gen. McChelland arrived and assumed command of the army. They left Milliken Bend January 5, 1863. Arrived at Arkansas Post the 10th. Disembarked and on the following a.m. participated in the assault, carried the place by assault after a few hours hard fighting and captured all it contained. Loss of Regiment was 6 killed and 39 wounded, some of the later morally. The Regiment in this battle behaved admirably and was complimented by the commanding General for its gallant conduct.

January 14, embarked and proceeded to Youngs Point, Louisiana. Remained there in camp until March 9. Engaged in the digging on the canal across the point opposite Vicksburg. In March changed camp to Milliken Bend.

First part of April the thirteenth Corps marched from Milliken Bend for Grand Gulf; 77th broke camp and moved forward middle of April, crossed the river below Grand Gulf on April 30th and arrived at Ft. Gibson early a.m. May first.

The Regiment remained with Gen. Grant's army during the entire campaign around Vicksburg, and the seige of the latter place until its surrender. The Regiment was engaged in the actions at Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, first charge on Vicksburg, losing in these engagements 20 killed, 86 wounded, and 26 missing. Vicksburg

surrendered July 4. The next day the Regiment marched from Jackson with the army under Sherman. Arrived there July 9 and was under fire of the enemy at that place until the 18th when Jackson was evacuated, and the 77th returned to Vicksburg, camped there until August 25th, then embarked for New Orleans. Remained there until October 3, left New Orleans for Western Louisiana, camped at New Iberia, Louisiana, until December 6, 1863, back to New Orleans. Left New Orleans 17th on steamer and disembarked at Paso Caralo, Texas, December 20. Remained in camp until the last of February, then embarked on vessels and were transported to Berwick, Louisiana. Marched through Alexandria, Louisiana, with army under Gen. Banks bound for Shreveport. From Alexandria up Red River driving the enemy until Sabine Cross Roads was reached April 8, 1864, where it met the enemy in force and was immediately engaged.

The 77th belonged to the Division under command of Gen. Ransom which Division was first ordered forward to support the advanced cavalry. Before the army could be brought forward to their support, the whole rebel army came down on them and overwhelmed the whole Division. The 77th suffered terrible. Lieut. Col. Webb was killed instantly by a musket ball through the brain, and 176 officers and men were killed, wounded, and made prisoners, leaving about 125 men in the Regiment on duty. Next day Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps came up and at Pleasant Hill another battle was fought, ending in a complete defeat of the rebels.

The Regiment remained with Gen. Banks throughout his retreat down Red River, and until he reached the Mississippi. Here it was ordered into camp at Baton Rouge until the first part of August; with 5 or 6 other regiments it embarked and was transported to Dauphin Island under Gen. Gordon Granger. Here assisted in the reduction of Fort Gaines and Morgan, returned to Morganzia Bend on the Mississippi. In October was ordered to New Orleans for provost duty, remained there until March 1865, assigned to the first Brigade, 32 Division, 13th army corps and transported to Mobile Pt. where it joined Gen. Canby's army for the capture of Mobile. Gen. Granger collected his 13th corps at this point during March. Moved up the Peninsula towards Spanish Ft. Blakely and Mobile and was under fire the entire time. The day following the entry into Mobile, the third Division, in which the 77th served, marched out of the city and proceeded up Tombigbee River in search of Gen. Dick Taylor's army.

It proceeded up the river for 60 miles, recalled to Mobile, the rebel forces throughout the country having surrendered.

They remained in camp in Mobile until July 10, 1865, at which time it was mustered out of service, and ordered to Springfield, Illinois, for final payment and discharge where it arrived July 22, 1865.

The 77th Illinois during its term of service was engaged in 16 battles and sieges and in every one of them carried itself with honor and credit to the state.

The 130th and 77th Illinois Volunteers was consolidated and known as the 77th Illinois Volunteers.

Washburn, Illinois
Written by Charles Calvin Enslow, Feb. 3, 1858.
He married Martha Howard, Jan. 1, 1862.

The place where the thriving village of Washburn now stands was a few years ago the farm of Hiram Echolds. But now, it is a place of considerable note, and presents a very good appearance if viewed from the south. When coming from the south it may be beautifully seen with its gigantic buildings rearing their proud heads toward heaven.

On entering the suburbs of town you behold the pleasant dwelling of Elder Merritt; passing still farther east you come to a large and commodious blacksmith shop which is occupied by Hutchinson and Toy. Entering the shop you see two men, one being a large and robust man and the other quite small, the former being Hutchinson, and the latter, Thomas Toy.

Passing a short distance east and then north you are between two large houses, the one on the right being a Church, and the one on the left being occupied by some of our schoolmates.

Going still further north and passing a number of fine buildings, and then down quite a descent, you are at the south bank of the River Snag, where by the benevolence of the citizens there has been a fine bridge thrown over the River so travelers may pass over with safety.

Being across the stream and passing north, leaving the National Hotel to the right, you are in front of a large building occupied by Fischer and Hains as a mercantile house. On entering the house you see two gentlemen behind the counter, one being a short man and the other a long man. Casting your eyes about the store you will see Old Watch, the same dog that murdered Uno in such a horrible manner.

After passing out of the store, and still further up the rugged hill, you are in front of the "Hotel Hammers," where, if you will enter, you will see a fine little landlady, and three gentlemanly landlords. After all this, if you should be led by curiosity still further north, you will find yourself in front of the mercantile house of Cushing and Jenkins, where if it be summer time you may see a handsome young man sitting in front of the building playing the charming old tune "Haste to the Wedding."

Then going across the street you are at the drug store of Dr. Thomas, and upon entering, Oh! what a funny sight your eyes will behold! You will see a young man somewhat resembling a bean pole. He has on a sharp tail coat and a plug hat, and he holds in one hand an old watch, and in the other a pair of nippers, with which he is trying to repair the watch, and I will say by way of recommendation, if any of you have watches to be repaired, take them to the drug store, and they will be repaired without delay. After taking a social smoke with the young man, you leave with the earnest request to call again.

Passing still further north you behold a large and beautiful building with a bell at the east end which adds much to the beauty of the house. Entering by the large door in front, and then to the left, you are in the school room of Miss Jenkins, where everything goes on as regular as clock work. Then, retracing your steps and going up stairs, you will witness a scene worth looking at. The first is a couple of young ladies studying as if they thought of graduating this term. (One of the young ladies was Martha Howard, whom he afterwards married.) And if your eyes are sufficiently strong to bear the sight, you can look and look again until you behold a score of such persons, although varying very much in size. Then taking a squint to the right you see something quite different in many respects; in reference to size they vary from six feet down to little fellows like me, and some even smaller. And last, but not least, you behold the great Wheel (Wright) heretofore spoke of trying to keep all the smaller wheels running. And when they do not run exactly right he sometimes scolds, but never without good cause.

Now, if you should look to the left of the clock you will see something which I shall not try to describe, but I understand that it is to be exhibited in flying colors at the close of this school.

After all this you can go down stairs. Then if you wish to go north, do so; if east, do so; and if you wish to go to Stringtown, go south, and when you are there, call at the Howard House, where I now board, (the home of Alanson and Elizabeth Howard), and you will be treated with great respect.

Yours, &c,

Stringtown Traveller

HOME.

What a meaning there is contained in the small word home. A person would not imagine unless he would set down and think upon it. What a joyfull thought to think of going home when you have been absent for perhaps a number of years. Perhaps in the far and suny regions of California. What joy it must give to the husband as he steps off the vessel on this side of the briny ocean to think of seeing his beloved wife and friends that he has not seen for years. A person may talk of places of enjoyment but I tell you there no place like home. It is true persons cannot remain at home all the time but I have know young men to run away from home but it give them more joy to get back that it did to go away. And now let us remember that when we have a home to enjoy it to the best advantage for it is frequently the case that we are almost instantly deprived of it. How thankful we ought to be for all the Blessings we have. If they were dealt out to us according to our works we would most assuredly come short in many instances. But there is a home more sublime than the one I have mentioned heretofore, which we all should be a great deal more interested in than a great many of us are. It is a home we should be striving for with our might and strength.

Berean College,

Jacksonville,

January 18"

1857.

COMPOSITION ON ORDER.

Order is one of the most important things that should be observed at school and in all other places of business.

If there is not good order observed at school you may mark that school as one where there is not much good done. I say then if there was not good and strict order were not observed in our legislature and upon the field of battle all would be defeat and dismay.

Look at our own school and meetings where there is not good order observed all is in an uproar and dismay. Order is an important thing and should be observed in school if we wish to get an education.

And since an education is so important, what could we do without an education. Nothing. A man or woman who has attained a good education can get along with ease and smoothness to what a man can who has not attained somewhat of an education.

Now since an education is ~~su~~ important let us try to keep good in this school so that we may attain it.

Let order over your time preside,
And method all your business guide.

Ottumwa Iowa.
February 3rd 1854.

Charles Enslow.
Composition.

Age 18

Excuse this bad writing as I wrote
it by candle-light.

March 15, 1860

Miss Editress

Please allow me to say a few words through the columns of your valueable "Reporter". I wrote a short article sometime ago giving my views of "Dancing and I now wish to say a few words more. I have danced a great deal in my life so far. I have been in all kinds of classes at Balls and social dances and I think that I have seen and know what dancing and its effects are and what it leads to. In my last article I noticed the class who follow the dance and at the same time I said three fourths of them "tip" the intoxicating bowl. But why should I find fault with my fellow mortals for working for the master whom they love. Every servant who does not go in wholly for the master whom he professes to serve is not a loyal subject and is cast off as a worthless branch.

Those persons who dance make no pretensions as to having any love for Christ and his cause. They are seeking happiness according to their desire and to the full assent of the master whom they serve. But now to the rightfulness of this practice. We can only judge by noticing what kind of trees bear this fruit and if we can prove that the tree is evil we have no doubt that you will all admit that the fruit cannot be good for the scriptures say that a good tree cannot bear corrupt fruit neither can a corrupt tree bear good fruit. We find that God made man and placed him in the garden, he was good, he was created a free moral agent, and put here on probation. The Almighty gave him a law to obey or transgress as he saw fit and we all know that he did transgress that holy law and fell from his first estate. He no longer stood in that relation to his creator that he had done before he become sinful and delighted to disobey his God. He no longer served that God who made him. He now lived as it were under a new dispensation. He had now become a loyal subject of another master even Satan himself. He had become altogether sinful and delighted to do evil. We find Cain endued with the same desire to do evil and to disobey his heavenly parent when he slew his brother. It was this same evil inclination that prompted the Antedeluvians to reject the preaching of Noah and thou who know anything about old Testament history know the numerous crimes that are chronicled there all wrought out by disobedience. And now we find the same spirit exhibited even in this our day and generation. But we find while man had sined and cut himself short of all mercy that his Creator did not leave him destitute. Although you have disobeyed me and fell from you high estate and now no longer delight in my service yet I will provide a way to restore you if you will exopt saith the Lord. Now we find two classes one came into existence by the fall of Adam and the other by excepting of Christ's offered mercy and coming back to a state of reconciliation to God through Christ. Now if we find any class in these days who delight to rebel against the laws of God can we conclude that they are the loyal subjects of King Emmanuel.

Now we think that you readily see that man in a state of nature is not a subject of God. Consequently he must be of the Devil and is not good. And if he is not good he cannot bear good fruit for as I said in the outset, a good tree cannot bear bad fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bear good fruit. Now as all men in a natural state are represented in scripture as bad trees can we expect anything but corrupt and if dancing be one of the fruits of the evil tree shall we conclude against the law of Christ, that it is good. Now any man who will take pains to read on this point will find that those who follow this practice are in their natural state they still are in a state of disobedience they are serving the master whom they are under. For by what ever master a man is overcome, he will become subject to that master. And taking this view of the subject I cannot find so much fault with those who serve the world as might expected. I well know that they are carrying out the desires of their master and I am not laboring to condemn those who practice it so much as the practice and the principle by which they are actuated. I know that if I could persuade them to become subjects of another master they would not take delight in the service of the one they now serve with so much zeal.

And again some of my opponents say that dancing is right because it originated in the Church. I should think that persons who have such a dislike for Churches would be loath to admit such a point but let that be as it may I shall not take space to discuss a point that everybody admits, that is that dancing did not originate in the church, but if every church now in existence should turn out to dancing would that make it right nor would I yield the point while I have the Bible to read.

Because a thing is, it is no sign that it is right, and if some turn traitors to a cause it does not effect the cause materially. Judas betrayed Christ but did it injure Christ or his cause. Arnold turned traitor to the cause of Liberty but notwithstanding when Liberty was gained it was just as sweet so Aron Burr turned traitor but it all worked evil to himself. So it is now if any have forsaken a good cause and gone over to gambling and dancing as the gentlemen ----- the attraction for such hypocrites is in that class for like will attract like. If a person forsake the cause that the gentlemen have been advocating they do not pretend to say that they have done wrong. But on the other hand let him return to their cause and they will hoot him--- as the case may be. How often do we hear persons ridiculed for dancing by this same dancing party. This is another evidence that dancing is not right when its devotees condemn it in others.

And now laying all other things aside and taking an impartial view of the two classes as a whole which shall we conclude lives up nearest to the path of rectitude. If we can say that the dancing class are living nearer right I am ready to give up all delight to do his creator's will and

now is in a state of alienation from God, and is in the broad road to ruin. When I can convince persons that they are in this critical condition they will no longer plead for dancing. It has been the testimony of all who have been brought to see, them selves in a true light that there is not good in dancing, that there is no lasting happiness I know by experience. I speak for myself. I am not dictated to by any person or creed. What I say I say indipendently and am able to substiate.

So I say to those who are disposed to call me a fanatic, hypocrite and all these nice names to withhold these epitaphs until they have looked into this subject and have given it a thorough investigation so I shall say no more atthis time but remain your friend and well wisher.

C. C. Enslow.

INTEMPERANCE.

What a vast amount of harm Intemperance has done. It is almost beyond the comprehension of man. It is Intemperance that fills our States prisons and brings thousands of human beings down to degradation and almost below the brute creation. Sir I consider a man who is given to dissipation in the various ways below the dignity of a gentlemen who pretends to hold his head up in respectable Society.

A man who is in a state of intoxication is not fit company for any person unless it is one in his own condition, and I think he is hardly fit for that. See a man who frequents a place where liquor is retailed. Look at him as he starts home with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. Staggering through the muddy streets at a late hour of night follow him home. See him enter there with his whiskey. Look at his disconsolate wife and poorly clad children. Sitting around the few remaining coals of fire. Oh what a meeting that is instead of going into the house as a man of principle would; he goes in in a state of intoxication. Oh what feelings that woman must have under such circumstances to see him who she has taken to be her protection through life come home unable to take care of himself.

Who would not shun the drunkards life? and never taste the deadly poison and live a sober life. I believe there is only one instance where a man is justified in using whiskey for his family--and that is "where he is destitute of a cow".

Charles Enslow, *Age 21*

Berean College,

Jacksonville,

Illinois.

January 1857

DEBATE ON ENFRANCHISEMENT.

I am well aware in saying the few words I may say on the question that I have the accumulated prejudice of centuries against me--indeed if it were not for the prejudice in the minds of the people we of the affirmative would have but a few obstacles to overcome and but few arguments to meet. But as it is, we have it to meet and fight it out on this line if it takes us all summer--others before us have fought as great battles and won them.

But a few years ago the champions of negro freedom in the United States had as many obstacles to surmount, as we have now before us. When the Anti-slavery movement was agitated in the State of Massachusetts, the people were equally as much opposed to the enfranchisement of the women of our day. In Congress we all know every Anti-slavery movement with those who were contending for it were bitterly opposed. And on one occasion, one of our best and noblest men (C. Sumner) was attacked and brutally beaten with a cane by his opponent, the contemptible Brooks. And again we all no doubt remember the assassination of the Lamented Lovejoy by a mob of pro-slavery at Alton. And at that time was not popular. We all know how the Anti-slavery movement has been fought through and what a glorious victory has been won for it. Now the prejudice has gone from the minds of the people like dew before a July sun--and all are ready to say Amen.

And now when we are advocating another great reform, we find the minds of the people prepossessed of as much prejudice as we did in the Anti-slavery movement. This great reform that we now argue for is the enfranchisement of the female half of humanity. But it will be expected of me to offer some arguments in behalf of this reform. I will say first that I am in favor of giving to women an equality with man in whatever sphere she has or can prove herself his equal. As rulers of nations, we have Queen Victoria, Ann Isabella, Elizabeth Mary and many others whom I might name if I had the time. Who have proven themselves equal to all emergencies and so far as we know have ruled their people as well as men did before and afterward. As missionaries they have proven themselves as useful as men. I have only to refer to the wives of Judson to prove this. As ministers they have shown to the world that they can fill that position in life. As proof of this I refer you to the record of Olympia Brown who is now pastor of a large church in Massachusetts.

1857

MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS FORTUNE.

My friends perhaps some of you will laugh when I tell you that I believe every man and woman are the architects of their own fortunes. Of course I mean those who the Almighty has endued with common sense, I am well aware that there are some here who will bravely oppose me in the position I have taken but nevertheless I am quite sure they cannot do it successfully.

We have only to look back a few years at the history of our great men to prove this assertion. He will not go farther back than to the schooling of Martin Luther. He was a poor boy. He had not enough of the riches of this world to clothe and feed himself. But my friends he possessed something more powerful than all this world's goods can give. It was that giant intellect that made nations look and wonder. Who? would have thought at seeing this poor boy going about the streets begging bread to sustain himself while educating that intellect of reform. Martin Luther was the first man that ever advocated the principal that this glorious Union is based on. I say the world has never produced a greater reformer than he was. Can anyone say for a minute that Martin Luther was not the architect of his own fortune. If any of you do not believe it read the history of him. Again look if you please at the "Sage of Aashland or the Mile boy of the swamps" as he is often termed. Who can read his life and not exclaim in a terrific voice as the rolling thunder. Every man is the architect of his own fortune. See him riding that old horse to mill and then see him in the Senate making nations shake with his eloquence. Had he (Henry Clay) anything but his own energies to prompt him onward. I say he had nothing to depend upon but his own resourses. I do not know of a person in the circle of my acquaintance is in as poor circumstances as he was but nevertheless that never daunted his desire for the more glorious attainments of this. It is not the riches of this unfriendly world that educate us. What better chance had Franklin than either of us. He entered Philadelphia when about eighteen as a "printer's Devil" with a section of ginger bread under his arm.

1860

ON COMPOSITION WRITING.

Composition is one of the greatest principles we need. A man who cannot compose well is at a great loss. He cannot write a letter correct or any other piece of composition, he wishes to write. If he wishes to write an editorial for a newspaper he cannot write it correct because he has not learned to compose well when young. A man who cannot compose well cannot get along very well at any kind of business whatever. You see composition writing is very usefull to everybody. I think we had better all practice on composition writing. We may not compose very well at first but we will soon learn. We cannot learn much without trying so let your motto be try try again.

Ottomwa Iowa.
Dec 7th 1853

Chas. C. Enslow.

Age 17 years

NEBRASKAN'S IMPRESSION OF THE PHILIPPINES

Enslow

John Tilton, writing from Manilla to his cousin, Miss Blanche Enslow of Lincoln, October 1898 has many things to say of that far off island to which the attention of the world has been called within the past summer. In part the young man says: "I just came in from a 24-hour fight with the Spaniards. We left camp to go to the breastworks, which are about a mile and a half from our camp, at 6 o'clock a.m. Our lines were only three hundred yards from the enemy, but we crawled on our hands and feet for five or six hundred yards. Then the boys who were holding them, crawled out and the fun began. I hardly know if it be because I am a fool, whether I am a real soldier, but I didn't have one extra heart beat or a thought of fear but just did my duty as I was ordered, and thought that if I didn't kill somebody it wouldn't be my fault.

"The Tenth Pennsylvania went up to hold the breast works, for we took them about 11 o'clock. The Spaniards commenced on them and in one hour the Pennsylvanias had killed 302 and wounded 540. Only about 800 of our boys were engaged but we were all called into line, ready to go if they wanted us."

The young soldier described the experience of having a shell burst near him while he was marching and told how they were ready to fight in a minute, when the shell fell, as it roused them as nothing else could.

Going on he says: "I want to tell you how we live here. The tropics is a great place for bamboo, and we make use of it for everything. There is little or no lumber here. Even bee hives are made of bamboo. We put four posts in the ground and then make a floor on the top of them and are thus up in the world about four feet. It looks funny after we put the tents on top of the floor, to see a lot of little huts up in the air. It keeps us dry just the same and comfortable. It rains here nearly every hour, or it seems that way to us.

"You would be surprised to see how good naturedly the boys take the wettings they get. They have to change clothes two or three times a day and it don't seem to hurt us to get wet either. We get up at 4 o'clock, eat at 4:30 and drill from 5 to 6 in the morning. We rest until noon, eat and then go to sleep until dress parade time, at 6 in the evening, fall in for dress parade and after dress parade we swim in the ocean. We all line up, undressed, in front of our tents, and march about fifty yards to the ocean. The natives all go without clothes, so we take the same privilege, and it is a queer sight to see eight to ten thousand men ducking through, jumping over and trying to stand up, against the big waves that continually come in to the shore.

Mr. Enslow gives the only reason yet advanced for spelling Manila with one L. He says the reason is that Dewey knocked L out of it. "Today is pay day for the natives. Uncle Sam has about two hundred of them working for him, taking care of the horses. We didn't bring any horses with us, so we have to use the native horses. They are the littlest ponies you ever saw, and can't pull hardly anything. The natives get \$1 per week and board themselves. They eat rice and bananas and no meat. We all hate them worse than we do the Spaniard.

"They are as far below the natives in Hononlulu as the Americans are superior to the Indians. We send \$10 in gold to our war boats and get in return 22 Mexican dollars, and the people take them for as much as they do our dollars, so you see we get just the same as double pay. Their money here consists of round trading flat pieces of copper and every bit of trading is done with this money. If we buy two cents' worth of bananas, and give a Mexican dollar for them we receive in change a whole handful of pennies. I would hate to be a rich man here and have it all in coin.

"In regard to the ladies dress here, I will say that it consists of a piece of cloth about one and a half yards wide, and two and one half yards long, and they put it around the waist and tuck it in so it stays on. They also have a short waist with short sleeves and very loose, so you see there is quite a space where there is no clothing at all. No hat, stockings or shoes are worn and the natives are continually scratching themselves. They all chew tobacco and smoke cigarettes. They don't drink, in fact, that is the only redeeming feature they have.

"Little girls soke all the time and go without clothing. The little boys are also clad only in nature's garb. The men wear white trosuers and undershirts. The latter garments are never tucked in the trousers. They think more of their fighting chickens than they do of their lives. They carry them under their arms wherever they go, and are always ready to bet their last copper on the fighting qualities of their respective chickens. Quite often we crowd around them so they can't get away, and then take the chickens from them, and make the men fight. They run for Col. Bratt of course, and we scatter. One could leave his pocket book in the road and it would not be stolen for they are very honest in that respect."

John Tilton Enslow was son of James Harvey Enslow and Catherine Howard--nephew of Charles C. Enslow.

Letter from Northern Woman
To Her Husband

Washburn, Illinois
May 29, 1863

My dearest Husband:

In painful suspense I write--your last letter, May 6, I got Monday--three weeks on the way--I can't tell you with what eagerness I read its pages but still it did not satisfy me for I know your precious life has been in danger everyday since--and still the papers say Vicksburg is not ours. The great battle not yet fought and thousands of brave men yet to fall but the great stronghold must be ours. If I could screen you from the witnessing of such a struggle how glad I should be--but the God of Battles is with you and I have no doubt that he will give victory to your arms. Firm trust in the Lord will secure to us great success. Would I know your fate this morning, I should feel much different. The hours will be long and full of anxiety until we hear directly from the regiment.

Saturday night.

To my great surprise I got a letter from you. Oh! how glad I was and with what eagerness I read. It has been only seven days on the way and there was not another letter from the Regiment. After we read it, Pa started right back to town to read it on the street corner to the friends. Everyone was anxious to hear from the Regiment and the store is always full when there is any news. Oh! Charlie, my heart aches while I think of those poor bleeding and dying soldiers. Was there ever such suffering known? None can have the faintest idea unless they are there to witness it.

What shall I say about Brother Warren? The good Lord only has spared him so far and to him should we turn our grateful hearts. As I was reading the list of wounded last evening, strange feelings came over me--I knew not but that the next name would be that of yours and Warren but you are both well and alive the 22th and we shall count the days and hours until we hear again. I rejoice that your lives have been spared--I feel sorrowful for the worst I fear has not yet come.

I send this by Uncle Phil and with it a dollar's worth of stamps, paper, and envelopes; Bible; watch; two shirts; pair of overalls and two pair of socks of my own make and my likeness. You did not tell me anything you needed so these are what I thought you might need. The shirts--don't wear them if you think they are not good for your health as the woolen ones. I send them for I know they will be cooler than the others. Uncle Phil will leave Monday and someone will go with him. They have not yet decided who it will be. I will send another letter Thursday. Folks are all well and each heart full of anxiety. Dearest Charlie, good night.

Mattie Enslow

Letter from Southern Woman
To Her Husband.

Sulphur Springs, Ala.
March 18, 1863.

T. N. Acker,
Vicksburg, Miss.

Dear Husband:

These lines leave me and the children in good health. All of Father's family are well. I received a letter from you dated the 19th of February. It was enclosed in one Columbus wrote to Amandy. I hope you will shortly receive these lines and that they will find you in the enjoyment of good health and happiness. I hope that Brother David is by this time, well. In a word, I hope you are enjoying good health and that like the "Hebrew Children" you may come out of the "Fiery Furnace" of this war unharmed, and at the same time establish a reputation of brave and honorable soldiers and let me advice you-- while you are endeavouring to discharge your duties as brave and noble soldiers, you should not forget to petition the "God of Battles" to preserve your Victory. The same Omnipotent Arm that led Israel on to conquer--will also assist you if you will only petition. Remember your cause is just. And that the just cause will always prosper, and that you are engaged in a war to uphold and sustain that which free men hold to be dearer than life, viz: Liberty. If the Yankees could subdue us, we would become vassals or slaves to a northern military despotism. Our property be confiscated, the leading men in the South would be hung as Traitors to the Government. This would all fall upon us while our children and children's children would be left in bondage and to become on an equal footing with the African Race in law, equity and sociability. God forbid we should be conquered by the abolition horde that now encompass us from the Potomac to the Southern Coast of Texas. Then I say, act your part nobly and should you fall, I will ever remember you with feelings of gratitude, and will do the best I can and will try to train my children in the way they should go.

We are all anxious for Peace if it can be obtained on equitable and honorable terms. Oh, the sorrow and suffering this war has caused is beyond calculation. How many are left to mourn the loss of Husbands, Fathers, and Sons, whose lives have been sacrificed on the altar of Freedom. When will the time come, when Mankind will live in Universal peace and learn War no more.

Mr. Poe has been gone to Vicksburg to see you all, about two weeks, and we are looking for his return every day. Times are hard as usual, everything enormously high. Corn is selling at two dollars per bushel. Pork 50¢ per pound. Cows and calves from 50 to 75 dollars. Some poor people will live very hard this year. The wheat crop looks well at this time, and there has been a great deal sown. The people in our settlement

are well, and everything about as it was when you left. Mr. Story and family was well a few days ago, and living at the same place. Now with my best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I will close for the present. Write to me as often as you can and tell Columbus and David to write often.

So Adieu,
Mrs. P. N. Acker.
Mrs. Elizabeth Acker.

From Mrs. Amanda Perkins and her Mother.

Dear Columbus and David:

These lines as already stated leave us well and hope they will find you both in good health. We would be the gladdest in the world to see you and hope that peace will soon be made, so you can all come home. Meeting is a pleasure, but parting is a grief and it went hard with us to part with you but we live in hopes that peace will soon be made and that it will not be long till we can enjoy your society at home. Molly is in fine health and as pretty and smart a child as any in Alabama. So soon as Mr. Poe comes home we will write to you again. We are expecting to hear from a battle soon at Vicksburg--then we would say to you, Trust in God and keep your powder dry. Mother sends her compliments to T. N. Acker and says she wants to see him very much, so I will close for the present.

Farewell,
Elizabeth Vouell,
Amanda Perkins.

Now a few from Obadiah.

May God bless and preserve you all. I have been in Vicksburg several times. I was there in the fall of 1840, before I was grown, but it was not the fine large city then, it is now.

Obadiah Vouell.

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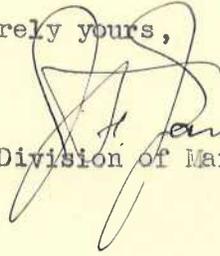
March 6, 1934.

Mrs. Maude Enslow Dunn,
3204 South 48th St.,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dear Madam:

I have read with much interest and pleasure your volume of excerpts of letters written during the Civil War by Mr. C. C. Enslow. I am gladly availing myself of your permission to take a photostat copy, omitting certain pages in the latter part of the volume which I imagine you will think to be rather of a private character than of the nature of historical material.

Sincerely yours,


Chief, Division of Manuscripts.

JFJ:LB

It will take a little time, naturally, but the book will be sent back promptly, and with much gratitude.

1924
**MIRACLE FOUNTAIN IN
GEORGIA MADE SHRINE**

**Water Still Gushing From
the Seat of Andersen-
ville Prison.**

AMERICUS, Ga. (AP). The miracle fountain of Andersonville is still flowing seventy years after lightning brought water to the wilderness in time to save a multitude of federal prisoners, dying in a hostile land.

There is a monument there now. It's a national shrine. More than 12,000 unionists died at Andersonville. Its tragic story is told by the thousands of tiny tombstones that troop over the hills and down near the spot where water miraculously spouted from the earth at a time when men were dying of thirst. Some authorities say the tales of the horrors of Andersonville were exaggerated and that records prove the men were not killed wantonly. The prison was a stockade where 45,000 men were herded. Many were wounded. Capt. Henry Witz, a Swiss, was its director. He was hanged after the war and the gallows beat gangrene, for he was dying anyway. A bullet had nicked him at Manassas.

Sanitation was the prison's greatest problem. That and the prisoners who looted their comrades. The looters were hanged over rafters. Disease was rampant. The south, its ruined acres supporting its own armies and the invaders, could scarcely furnish doctors for its prisoners. Even water

was scarce at Andersonville. The supply was contaminated.

It was August and the blistering south Georgia sun scorched the prisoners and their Confederate guards—men too old to fight. All suffered. "Water," pleaded many. And all that was left was alive with germs. Some prayed. Many sang. A black cloud dropped low and a bolt of lightning crashed over the stockade and tore away the earth almost in the center of the prison.

And from the hole gushed water, enough for all.

Many thought a little pool had been struck and that the supply would soon run out. Years and years after the war somebody remembered the spring and a monument was built around it. The water is always cold. It flows away between the graves and waters the grass on the heroes' mounds.

In this memorial season the "Little Green Tents" by Walt Mason is given a place of prominence in the orders for the day issued by John Reese, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. The quotation is: "The little green tents where the soldiers sleep, and the sunbeams play and the women weep, are covered with flowers today; and between the tents walk the weary few, who were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two, when they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of sod, and they are not long, and they are not broad, but the soldiers have lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved, when the flag of the enemy darkly waved, the symbol of dole and doom. The little green tent is a thing divine; the little green tent is a country's shrine, where patriots kneel and pray; and the brave men left, so old, so few, were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two, when they went to the war away."