

## Charles Henry Kingman Army Letters

Camp Douglas Aug. 7

Dear Father,

I have neglected writing because we have been in such confusion during the last few days. I have been on guard duty three or four times since I have been here: 24 hours at a time, two on, and four off. It is mighty hard to keep awake nights, especially when a fellow is unused to it. We elected our Officers this morning, namely, Capt. A. S. Chadburne, 1st Lieut. Cushing, 2nd Lieut. Whiting.

I shall try to get a furlough In a few days.

We all have our Uniform, and we shall without doubt be Co. A. Sheldon Caswell and others arrived here yesterday and are in our company.

I am writing at present on a long rough board, and so of course I cannot say much for my writing. I hope as soon as possible to purchase writing materials, ink, etc.

The boys enjoy themselves first rate, especially Denis. It just suits him.

We will probably get a furlough tomorrow night. The officers are so busy a fellow can hardly get a word in edgeways.

I should like to have been at Mary's party first rate. Tell Frank Ferris I expect him to come back with me. I will say no more as I expect to see you very soon.

Yours most affect. son,

C. H. Kingman

Clifton Aug 10/62

Dear Mother

I received your interesting letter day before yesterday. You should not feel as you do about my going, but rather be proud that you have a son both able and willing to defend his Country to the last. Someone must go, why not me. I feel as if I am coming back without a scratch, but if I am wounded I can stand it, for it is for my country. Mother let

not those cravens at the east, born with a silver spoon in their mouth, dishearten you, but give me your blessing and send me to the army like the Spartan Mothers of old with the command that if they fall to fall with their face to the foe.

Our Capt. Is a Christian, a Soldier and a Gentleman. I have the promise of going as his clerk, and if he is promoted to Lieut. Colonel as he probably will be perhaps I shall be his aide.

Uncle Warner and Kirk White tell me to go by all means. Every one is going. There will not be a Corporals [sic] guard left in Clifton.

Uncle Warner thinks very strongly of going, in fact every able bodied man in the country is about ready to go.

Young Sheldon Chauncy is in the same company with me, he is a splendid fellow, and also good in every sense of the word. Every soldier in this Regt. have \$60 from the Board of Trade and \$40 from the government before they leave Chicago.

They all have their \$60 now. I can have mine as soon as I go back to camp. I have been there for about two weeks and like it very much. (My Country calls and I must go. I am not afraid. We shall have a Chaplain, and I do not think my morals will suffer. I shall try to do my duty to my Country and to my God.

The Capt. Promises to stand by me. He is an old friend of Mr. White's and looks, talks, and acts just like Lyman. There are seven or eight boys from this town in the same company vis.) C. Sheldon, A. Caswell, E. Caswell, C. Miller, Alonso Sylvester, John Lynn, Denis Gildren and others.

Every (one) thinks of going, and no one says nay.

We all have the Spirit of 1776. We do not feel as the Kid Glove gentry of the east do. Our motto is Union or Death.

The Regt. will be in camp six weeks or two months so you will not have to shorten your visit. I have a Bible and I intend to read it.

From your most affect son,

Charlie

Camp Fuller Sept. 3

Dear Father,

As we leave tonight, and there is not much hope of seeing you in camp again, I shall express my money to you today. When you receive it, please let me know by return mail; if you direct it to Chicago, I suppose it will be forwarded to me wherever I go.

The order is to start tonight, but I do not think we will.

Why did you not come up before? I should have liked to see you and placed my cash in your hands, but I suppose it will be safe enough.

I owe Uncle Warner for my books, you will please settle with him.

Love to all. I am off for Dixie soon, in fine health, and good spirits.

I shall write very often.

Your Dutiful Son,

Charlie

Address

Louisville

Capt. Whiting's Company

Camp Sherman 2nd Brd. [sic]

Trade 88th Regt. I.V.

Sept. 6/62

Dear Father,

We arrived in Jeffersonville, opposite Louisville, last night, and encamped about a mile from the Depot; this morning we moved our quarters to this camp. We are still on the north side of the Ohio, but encamped right on its banks in plain sight of Dixie.

It was reported this morning that the rebels were advancing on Louisville and that there had been some skirmishing; the Rebels are not very far away at any rate. We have heard guns firing this afternoon on the other side, but have received no news. I do not

think the Rebels will attack the city. I go over tomorrow to the Post Office and for other business. We have not seen a News Paper today.

The country looks new to me, the flats are piled full of Bales of Cotton. It looks Secesh.

The teams are all different Mules hitched up tandum [sic] with a regular Darkie for a teamster, who drives with only one line, and when he stops it is Hi, Hi, instead of Whoa.

It is a little warmer here than it is in Northern Illinois, and very dusty. We rode from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville in these open coal cars, and when we reached our destination our hair was perfectly full of this clay dust and our hands and faces were none of the cleanest. We laid out all night and this morning marched to our present Quarters, where we shall remain but a short time. I think we shall soon cross the river and go into camp somewhere in Seceshia. [sic]

Lieut. Col. Chadbourne says that he shall try and get me the Post Mastership of the Regt. I am generally known as that now. I hope I shall receive a Riding animal of some kind from Uncle Samuel soon, or I shall have to walk some distance to the Post Office.

I have been bathing in the Ohio today for the first but I hope not the last time. I feel quite refreshed after having a good wash, and putting on a clean shirt.

We are all in fighting trim, but will not probably have a chance to fight, as we are without Arms. We will not see active service for some time, until we are attacked, and I do not know when that will be. It is getting dark and my paper is full. Should like to write more.

Charlie

Jeffersonville. Sept. 6/62

Dear Father,

We are still on this side of the Ohio, awaiting further orders.

The report this morning is, that the rebels are advancing on Louisville; there are about 18,000 Federals there, but they are not under very good discipline, as no one seems to be in command, so our Surgeon says, who stayed on the other side last night. We have a battery posted about four miles from town to intercept them if the report be true. I do not think they will dare attack the city.

We arrived here last night after a day's journey in open Coal Cars. We were a pretty looking set when we arrived in this camp, all covered with dust and dirt. We were well treated on the road, to Ice, Water, Apples, Peaches, Cake, etc.

I am enjoying splendid health at present.

Col. Chadbourne told me day before yesterday, that he would try to get me as Post Master of the Regt., still better than Mail Carrier. Nothing is impossible with him.

Tell Mother she need not worry, as the Officer says he does not believe that report is true.

You need not write until you hear from me again as we shall probably leave this camp tomorrow, and cross the river.

My ink is all gone, so I will have to close.

I will write again soon, and send the particulars.

Your Affect. Son,

Charlie.

In great haste, with little ink.

C. H. K.

Near Covington, Kentucky

Sept. 13, 1862

Dear Father,

You will perceive by the above, that we are situated in a different section of the country, than, from where I wrote you last.

Two days ago at about one o'clock at night the order was given to strike Tents, which being done we skedaddled about a mile and a half to the Depot, enroute for Cincinnati, which after a rainy ride of about 16 hours we reached in safety. The Regt. was then formed and marched to the City Market, where they were quartered for the night.

Capt. Whiting and I went to a Hotel and stayed all night. In the morning after eating a good breakfast we went to the market, and found that our Regt. had gone. So we got a pass from the Commanding General of the City, and went across the river, where we found our Regt. about leaving for camp. We marched a little over a mile and pitched our Tents on the side of a Hill, where after remaining 24 hours we were ordered to our present situation, where we are camped with the 2. Missouri.

The rest of the Brigade is [sic] camp all around us in different places.

There are between sixty and One Hundred Thousand troops in this Division.

It is exciting to see Regt. after Regt. marching along, their feet striking the ground at the same time, with their Bayonets glistening like silver.

I have not received my Horse yet as the Regimental Mules, Horses and Wagons have not been delivered to us yet; as soon as they are, Lieut. Col. Chadbourne says I shall have one. At present I have to foot it, but I have nothing but my Haversack to carry, so I can get right up and dust, as they say down here.

Our Regt. are all armed with Springfield Rifled Muskets; Forty rounds of ammunition have been delivered to each man.

The Rebels have retreated and are now about 15 miles away. I guess they smell a mice.

Have you not received two letters from me since I left Chicago? I have not heard a word from home since we left Camp Fuller.

I guess I shall send for my Revolver soon, as I shall need something of the kind.

Not much news

From Your  
Dutiful Son,  
Charlie.

P.S. Written curled up like a dog.

Near Perryville

Oct. 9./62

Dear Father

You will notice by the News Papers that we have had a hard battle, it lasted from 3 O'clock yesterday morning until dark. I was in the thick of the fight, although Col. Chadbourne told me to remain in the rear. It was a perfect hail storm of bullets, when our brigade charged down the hill on the foe. The balls struck the ground close to me, sometimes throwing dirt in my face, and there was a perfect whiz whiz about my ears. John Lynn, will be obliged to have his leg amputated, I think. What a roar there was during the battle. The dead and wounded are awful to behold.

I can tell you all about it when I get home, as I have no room in this little sheet, written on the battlefield. We are now lying in position but all firing has ceased. I merely write this to let you know I am sound in mind and body. I will send a more respectable letter as soon as I have the opportunity.

Your Affect Son,  
Charlie

Near Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Oct. 17, 1862.

Dear Arthur,

I have received several interesting letters from you, and have neglected to answer them from lack of time.

We have had a pretty severe battle, and although Col. Chadbourne told me to remain in the rear, I was determined to be in and with our Regt., which was ordered to take position at about noon, on the 8. of Oct. The battle commenced in the morning at about two O'clock, but our Regt. was not in the fight until about 3 O'clock P.M. Our Brigade supported a Battery, which was planted on a hill, and played over us. We fought well and drove the Rebels Pell Mell from our part of the field. I wish you could have heard the bullets whistle; the air was full of them, and it seemed impossible for a man to escape unhurt, but had but 5 or 6 killed and about 40 wounded in our Regt.

We have made a forced march of about 108 miles without resting until yesterday, and we shall probably commence again tomorrow enroute for Cumberland Gap, or some other, and get there just in time to be to [sic] late to catch Old Bragg. I wish we had Sigil [sic] here for a Commander; he would have nabbed the Rebels long before this. When do the people in the North think this war will be ended?

The Mail is closed

from

Charlie

Camp Rolling Rapids

near Lebanon, Ky.

Oct. 24/62

Dear Brother,

As I now have a few leisure moments, and a remaining sheet of paper, I think I will occupy the time that the Field and Staff are consumeing [sic] on Dress Parade in writing you a few lines. I have written three or four letters home within the last two weeks, but have not received a reply to any of them, although I have received three mails within the last two weeks.

Sheldon and John Lynn are improving rapidly, and I am in hopes they will recover soon and rejoin their Regt.

We are now encamped on the Rolling River, but are liable to move at a moment's notice. We are in hopes that we will go to Louisville, into Winter Quarters, but I have no idea when, or where, we will go to. I am enjoying good health and spirits. I am in the Col. Retinue, and the mess have a splendid Chest, and a First Rate Cook, so that I live well, and have no very hard work, although I am busy most of the time. A Soldier's life is a hard one at best, and when I was at home I had no idea that I could stand the hardships I have been through. The other night I got into camp at about 11 O'clock and although the water froze in our Canteens, I laid on the ground without a single Blanket. But I do not have to march on foot, as I either have a Horse or a Mule to ride, and once in a while in the wagons with Edward Caswell, who is Head Black Smith of our Regt. Some of the Boys' feet are perfectly raw, we have marched so constantly. And that consumate [sic] Rascal Buel [sic] has issued an order prohibiting all stragging, and that all men shall be kept within lines while on the march; they must not leave to get water even. But it is reported that Buel [sic] has been superseded. If so, if it is true, the Boys will be highly jubilant, I can assure you.

We have since commencing this letter received orders to march tomorrow morning at 6 O'clock, so I will have to carry my mail to Gen. Crisal's Head Quarters tonight as soon I



finish this letter, which I fear will be nothing but a note unless I have a little better luminary.

I have been sleeping in the Brigade Quarter Master's Tent for the last few nights, as we have but one Tent in the Regt. and that is the Col.'s. When we are in a regular camp, Col. Chadbourne and I tent together. I then have a cot, and am considered Some Pumpkins. I do not put on style, as the Boys say, as that is all played out. The Line Officers look as hard as the Privates, and walk in the dust until they look rather Seedy. I had rather be Post Master than Captain any time, as they walk while I ride.

Old Buel [sic] has also issued an order against appropriating Secesh property, which he calls pillfering [sic], and that it disgraces the cause in which we are engaged. Now some of the cursed Secesh will refuse a man a drink of water. I say pull down their Chebangs [sic], and confiscate their property. The Boys do, notwithstanding this most mighty order, appropriate Swine and Fowl in abundance.

Buel [sic] dare not ride on Horseback before the 19 Ills., 10 Ind., and a few other Regts., [sic] as he knows mighty well that there are men in those Regts. [sic] who would like nothing better than to put a ball through him.

It is now past Reveile [sic], so I will be obliged close as I will be unable to get my mail in.

You must soon and often.

From Your Affect.  
Brother,

Charlie

Bowling Green Nov. 2, 1862

Dear Mother,

We have now arrived at Bowling Green, so famous in the annals of this present war. It has been a very pleasant place, but the ravages of war are too plainly seen, in the destruction of Houses, Fences, etc. Everything looks as bare as can well be. We arrived here last night, and we shall probably leave as soon as we receive our Tents, Winter Clothing, etc., which will be within two or three days. Our destination is Nashville, but we shall probably winter further South.

The Col., Lieut. Col., and Major have gone to Gen. Rosecrans; they return at three.

While we are on the march, the Sargeant [sic] Major and I leave the Pike, for the purpose of foraging. We roam the country for miles around, and when we reach camp at night, our Horses are generally pretty well laden with Turkeys, Chickens, Sweet Potatoes, Butter, Milk, Flour, Meal, etc. etc. We have a splendid cook, and we live first rate, we always have sauce of some kind, with Biscuit or Corn Bread.

My Horse is not very well today. He is decidedly stiff, but I am in hopes he will be well, when we move again.

I fear we will not go into winter Quarters this winter at all. We need not, as long as this fine weather lasts, but the nights are pretty sharp. We are sometimes visited with regular winter frosts, and we have no Tents as yet, so you can judge we sometimes were a little cold.

Our Officers have been ordered to make out their Muster in and Pay Rolls, which they are now doing. It looks a little like being paid off sometime this winter, if not before. The reason I have not received your letters is because they have been sent to Bardstown on a different Rail Road. They will necessarily have to be sent back to Louisville, and then be forwarded to us.

Why does Howard not write? I think you had better direct in care of: 88 Regt. Ills. Vols. 37 Brigade, 11 Division Army of the Cumberland. I have received a note from Henry. How long a stay did he make in Clifton? I wish I had been at home to have seen him very much. Frank Scudder is our Quarter Master's Sargeant [sic]. He does not look as slick as he did while in Chicago, I can assure you. I am almost ashamed to write a letter on such dirty looking paper, but I have no cleaner; in fact, I had to borrow this from the St. Major.

I have also received a Harper's Weekly from home. It was quite acceptable; in fact, as I have remarked before, anything from civilization is a rare treat. To whom do I owe it to? Arthur, I guess; it is just like him. Tell him to take good care of Abe. I wonder if he would recollect me. I should like to take a glimpse at home and surroundings for about one hour, at least.

I must confess I begin to like this kind of roaming, reckless life; it is very exciting, indeed. I feel as if I was afraid of no one. The S. Major and I sometimes go four or five miles from our Division with nothing but a Revolver, away into the woods after

provisions. It is fun to come across some snarling Secesh. We make them come down with their S. Potatoes, Butter, etc., although much against their will sometimes.

I suppose Madison and Frank Ferris have given up all idea of going to war. Why does not Frank write to me per order of agreement? I have not heard from Sheldon for some time. The last accounts were that he was recovering very fast indeed. I am sorry for him; his prospects of promotion were so good in his company. Did you receive a long letter from me written on a Fools Cap Sheet? It was directed to Carrie. We have Divine Service this afternoon in the Front and Centre of our Regt. Our Chaplain has been sick, but rejoined the Regt. yesterday. He was very attentive to our wounded after the Battle of Perryville.

Frank Scudder sends his respects and I my sincere love to all. Will write again at the first opportunity.

From Your Affect. Son,

Charlie

Camp near Nashville, Tenn.

Nov. 8, 1862.

Dear Brother,

We have now arrived at Nashville. Our Division reached here last evening, after a very quick march from Bowling Green. I saw Lyman White again there, and had quite a long talk with him. He was glad to see me, as was I to see him. He will probably be made Div. Commissary within two or three weeks, Rank of Captain, I believe.

I have been appointed Col. Sherman's Orderly, but I still hold the office of Post Master. My duties as Col's Orderly is: To carry details and orders to different Capts. [sic] and to carry Reports etc to Gen's Head Quarters. It keeps me pretty busy, but still it is not very hard work. I can tell you, a fellow has to get up and dust, in the army. No lagging allowed here. I enjoy myself very much, especially on the march.

The Sargeant [sic] Major and I forage for the Col's Mess, and it is now getting quite dangerous, as John Morgan's Cavalry are prowling about. I have been in the woods, where 1/2 hour after two Secesh were taken prisoners. Our Boys have taken quite a number. I have also been warned by a Union man, while out foraging where there were Rebel Spies, not 1/[missing number] mile away. Whether it was true I do not know or

care as long as they left me alone. You do not know what fun it is to go 3 or 4 miles into the country Foraging for Butter, Eggs, Milk, Apples, Fowl, etc.

We generally get our dinners free gratis, and sometimes other things. A great many, in fact. Almost all of the middle class of People have never been 40 miles from home. Some old men have lived where they were born, in a log House with no improvements whatever going on. They are content to live on in the old way, with no learning, with no ambition. The women in every House you may see, still have the old Spinning Wheel. I never saw one, nor never saw one work, until I came to Dixie, but they are now quite familiar. I bought two pair of new HomeSpun [sic] and Home Knit Socks while foraging one day, and they are excellent ones, as soft and nice as I have ever seen. A great many of the People do not know what they are fighting for. They are Secesh, they say, because their wealthy neighbors told them it was right (that was sufficient). I never saw such people as the lower class; they have no spunk at all.

I have often inquired about a road not four miles from where they lived, and they could tell me nothing about it whatever.

We passed within 8 miles of the Far Famed Mammoth Cave but I had no time nor opportunity to visit them. Ky. is full of caverns, Rocky Hills etc. I have seen one very curious and to me it seemed Gigantic Cave. It was beneath the Pike we were travelling on. How far under ground it extended I cannot say. We were on the march when we passed it so I had no time nor guide to explore it. I was told that there was a Grist Mill in it. There was, I should think, sufficient water power in a small stream running from the cave to run a mill.

There are many curious freaks of nature displayed among the Rocky Hills and Valleys of Kentuck [sic]. A great pity it is the people are so ignorant and shiftless. The Upper class of whites are intelligent, and often own splendid Mansions and out Houses all or almost all in the old style of architecture. It looks pleasant to see a large plantation, with its large House, and neat white-washed Negro Cabins, full of frolicking [sic] young black imps, some of them as cunning and shy as they can be. How they scamper when they are frightened, just like a lot of sheep. The slaves that I have seen are all treated kindly by their masters; some you cannot hire to leave their Masters, they are so attached to them. We have quite a number of Blacks in our Regt., all Contrabands. Some say their Masters used to whip them, and I guess they needed it, for the majority of them are rather inclined to be lazy.

I received Mother's letter a few days ago, but have received none from you for some time. Mother asks a number of questions; when I write to her I will endeavor to answer

them. I cannot write to all of you at once, but a letter to one of the family can be read by all, so it is just as well. How is the stock, Horses etc, Young Colts, Calves, and everything on the Farm, and everything pertaining to farming? I have a Sorrel Horse to ride. He is a U.S. Horse, so I cannot call him mine, but I have him to ride and to take care of just the same as if he was my own. How is Abe, Belle and Puppies? I am sorry to hear that Hunter, your colt, is dead. He would have made a splendid Horse.

Mother asks if I have enough to eat. Tell her I live like a King. We have a splendid Cook, and we have Turkey or chickens every few days, Roast Beef, Biscuit, Corn Bread, Sauce either Apple or Peach, sometimes Butter and Milk, Coffee, Flour or Meal Puddings etc and Once in a while delicacies. You must remember that I am in the Col's Mess, and who ever heard of a Colonel's starving? Some of the Boys are short once in a while though.

As my sheet is now about full, I must bring my letter to a speedy close, as the old woman said. Alonso Sylvester says, that if you see his wife to tell her he will write at first opportunity. He is on guard today, I believe. We shall probably remain in Nashville some time, if not longer. That is the nearest length of time I can swear to. Why do you not write oftener, direct as usual to Louisville, as I cannot tell where we are going to, but probably we shall continue our march South. My love to all and everyone and best respects to the rest. I remain

Your ever Affect. Brother,

Charlie

Write soon and often.

Camp near Nashville, Tenn.

Nov. 19, 1862.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

Your interesting letter together with one from Pliny was received from Louisville yesterday. I receive a Regtl. [sic] Mail every day while we remain in camp. Why does not Howard write? Tell him he must write me a long letter, as long as I write home. I do not like to receive little notes from home and then answer them by a good long letter. I think it should be exactly the other way. I have seen Gen. Rosecrans ride by our camp twice. I think he will make us an able and efficient Gen. He is unlike Buel [sic] in every respect, being social and polite to everybody.

Do you still herd the cattle on the clover, or is it cold enough in Ills. to tie them up? Is there any Pumpkins or Roots to feed them this winter? How many Horses and Cattle has Father got at present? Is Old Abe still enjoying good health and spirits? How is the Farm and all the Stock progressing?

I enclose two or three leaves from Pres. Jas. K. Polk's Grave, also a small piece of cotton from the Breast Works on the South side of the Capitol at Nashville. Perhaps you would like to see it, as it came from Dixie.

I am very much obliged to you for sending me the Tribune, and I hope you will continue in your well doing, and send one often. It is very thoughtful in you to send them, and when I come home I will certainly bring a present of some kind for you, as well as to the other members of the family circle.

You must write often, and send me a wag of Abe's tail.

From Your Affect. Bro.

Charlie.

Give my love to all.

Arthur F. Kingman  
Present

Camp 8 miles south of Nashville,  
Tenn. on Mill Creek Nov. 27/62.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

Your interesting letter has been duly received and also another Tribune, which was quite welcome, I can assure you. Our Brigade under our Brigadier Gen. Greusal, have gone out on a reconnoissance [sic] in force. They are to return tonight. I have heard some cannonading this morning and perhaps they have been engaging the Rebels.

Today is Thanksgiving. Col. Sherman has been preparing a dinner for all the commissioned officers in our Regt. and has also invited Gen. Greusal and Col. Stephens, but as the Brigade has gone out on a grand reconnoissance [sic], the feast has been postponed until the next convenient day. Our Regt. will probably go on Picket

tomorrow. I shall endeavor to accompany them for perhaps we may have some fun, and if so I want to have another sight at Secesh. You cannot imagine the excitement of a battle, and a skirmish is equally so.

It is quite chilly and raw today, and I wish I had a good pair of warm gloves. I wrote a short letter to Mother yesterday, requesting her to send me a box containing any articles which she thinks are necessary for camp life. All my baggage is carried on Field and Staff Wagon, except my Blankets and Over Coat, which I carry on my Horse. I have had two or three different Horses since I have been in Dixie. You do not know the number of Nags there are straying around camp. I caught a splendid little French Pony a few days since and if we had only marched the next day I could have kept him, but the old Secesh came after him, and I was obliged to give him up. The orders are extremely strict in this Departmt [sic] and it is absolutely necessary for some of these rough Western Boys will take the last thing movable the Farmers have, very often.

That is not right, if the victims are Secesh Sympathizers, although I do not pity them very much. So many of them are so insolent.

Arthur, you must remind Howard of the necessity of his writing to me, and tell him he must not always wait for an answer, but to continue to write: you are the only one that keeps writing regardless of whether they are answered promptly or not. "That is right" – follow it up and I will endeavor to answer as many of them as I can spare time for.

My finger is quite lame. I do not know the cause of it. I think I have caught cold in it, but presume it will be all well in a few days.

The Regt. are just returning and I am eager to hear of their expedition. Give my love to all, accepting a large share for yourself. I remain

Your Affect. Bro.

Charlie

P.S. Tell Howard to send some Cartridges with Pistol if Mother or Father sends me a box.

C. H. K.

Camp near Nashville, Tenn.

Dec. 14, 1862.

Dear Mother,

Your nice, long, and extremely interesting letter was received this afternoon, together with three others, all from Clifton, one from Lyman A. White which was extremely interesting, also. In fact, all letters are interesting in the extreme. I am very happy to hear that the box has been shipped. I shall send to town every day until it comes.

I wish you would send by Lyman a Scotch Cap similar to that one of Louis for a night cap. My cranium is quite a cold member some of these chilly nights sleeping on the ground, and I should like of all things to have some kind of an article to slip on. Also, a pair of slippers, as I sometimes get quite comfortable, ensconced in my straw bunk, when the Colonel sings out for me. Of course I jump into my paints. Well, that is easy enough, but when I make a desperate effort to jump into my boots, it is not quite as easy, for they are often wet and stiff. So you perceive the necessity of my having slippers. If I had money I could procure such things for only about five times what they are really worth.

Mother, I am afraid that you are over anxious about me, about my being ventilated with a Secesh bullet. Now, I do not believe I am one half as afraid of being shot as you are. No one thinks or knows anything about a battle until the long roll is beat and the order to fall in is echoed along the lines. Who thinks of fear then? All the Boys commence to fall in with hearty cheers.

Such was the case 4 days ago. We received orders from Brig. Hd. Qtrs. to be ready to move at a moment's notice the night before. (There had been heavy firing on our left wing all day.) Well, we laid all night, but quite early in the morning our Brigadier, followed by his staff, came galloping through our camp with the order to fall in at once. The drums beat, and the Colonel, after giving directions to his other Orderly and I about seeing his baggage carted to this camp, which is about 1 1/2 m. nearer Nashville, he marched off. The firing, however, ceased and our Regt. was placed on Picket.

Our Brigade goes out on some kind of an expedition tomorrow. I am anxious to go, as I am growing tired of lieing [sic] in camp without a little brush with Secesh.

I shall endeavor to write to Lyman immediately. I hope that I can be with him, if he obtains his desired Position.



The articles you have named, contained in the box, are all useful and also needful. None but a Mother knows how to select and pack a box of Goodies for a far distant Boy. I often think of you all, but I have no desire to return home until this war is settled.

Arthur wishes to know what kind of a Horse I have. Tell him I have a coal black, six years of age, full of spunk. I had a poor old Probate when I met Lyman at Bowling Green, of which he made considerable fun, but it was better than going afoot.

I received Uncle Warner's Can of Butter, which was excellent. I wrote a long letter to him and sent it by Mr. Stephens.

Sunday, Dec.

The order for our Brigade to go out on the expedition I have spoken of was countermanded sometime during the night, so we shall remain in camp today.

If Howard did not put the Revolver in the Box, please send it by Lyman, with a few Cartridges, as I wish to have the little growler very much.

Our Chaplain has partly promised to write an article for your Sabbath School Paper. I will send it, and Lizzie can publish it when she is Editress. I do not know what kind of an article it will be. He is a sorrowful Methodist, and is disliked by all the Officers. He is so solemn. I believe in a cheerful, smiling man for a Chaplain, instead of one as morose as ours.

I hope Mrs. Caswell has concluded to put in something for the Boys. Edd is expecting something, and I think he will be sadly disappointed if he finds nothing on the arrival of the box. I have sent today to see if it has come.

Charlie Miller has not received a letter for more than a month. I wish you would speak to Mr. Sellers about it, and ask him to write to him often. None but a soldier can appreciate a letter.

Why does not Howard write? When he does, he only scribbles a few lines. I should think he might spare time to write me some good long letters. He surely has more time than I do. I have to write a few lines and then jump up and perform some errand, carry an order, or something of the kind, and then sit down and write again.

My Horse broke his Halter last night and ran away. I thought I had lost him, When I got up this morning, but I found him in a field nearby. He is a first rate Horse that I found the other side of Nashville.

Has there been any skating in Clifton this winter yet? I guess the water never freezes hard enough here to bear a man. I should like to be home, to have a real good skate on the creek, some good moonlight evening. As my sheet is full I must close, sending my love to all.

Your affect. son,

Charlie

Chattanooga Jan. 2/63

Dear Mother,

Yours of the [missing] ultimo was received at London per Raymond going up with mail. I arrived here at about 1 o'clock last night. Shall return tomorrow or next day. I am in charge of Div. Mail now, and have to work "Right Smart," and travel much more than I desire. Yet, as my Photog. will undoubtedly show, I am not growing very poor if I do travel night and day. Our corps will probably be ordered back to Chattanooga ere long and thus relieve me of a large portion of the duties now necessarily performed by me. The Small Pox is raging to considerable extent both here and in Knoxville, sending many a poor fellow to his grave. Do you think I had better be vaccinated again, or is once sufficient? I understand that a person should be vaccinated once in seven years, but that an inoculation [sic] would be a permanent preventive. I wish you would inform me soon, as I have no particular desire for an attack of Small Pox, but on the contrary would prefer to retain my usual ill health and !enormous appetite! There was a case on the boat that I came down on, in the form of a Young Nagur. Think, however, they put him ashore soon after leaving London, perhaps to die, poor fellow. I pitied him, yet I could not deny the justice of it. Regiments re-enlisting in the veteran service are continually going north on furlough. Our Regt. re-enlisted almost to a man, Gen's Granger and Sheridan saying that we would be accepted, but upon taking the necessary steps for mustering us in, it was found that we could not, notwithstanding the approval of Granger, be mustered in, not having 'been in' the service long enough. I had reenlisted with the rest, but was pleased at the announcement of our non-acceptance.

I failed to see Lyman this trip. My time was so occupied in attending to Mail matter etc, although he sent for me. He is in command of the Battery at present and there is some

little prospect of his retaining it, as Capt. Bridges will undoubtedly be promoted to Major or Lt. Col. of Artill'y [sic] and the Sen. 1st Lieut. be mustered into the regular service as A.U.Y. I hope they will both be fortunate, as it will insure the promotion of Lt. White. I think a great deal of him and always enjoy my visits at his Quarters, flying ones though they be generally.

The cars now run into Chattanooga daily, freighted with rations which are accumulating quite rapidly. 'Twill [sic] not be long before the RailRoad [sic] will be repaired to Knoxville, a result much to be desired, especially during our Southern winter, which is by no means a warm one. Have not received a letter from Howard for sometime, not since Christmas. He was a little unwell then and not attending school in consequence. Presume he all right by this time. I shall send him one of my photographs, requesting him to do likewise unto me. Have you any of yourself on hand? If so, please enclose one. I have an album and I wish to fill it. Suppose Father has had none taken lately. He is a strange man. He never writes to me and never even sends a message, but I know his aversion to letter writing and will have to excuse him on that ground. Am pleased to hear that the Ladies' petition met with such success from the R.R.C.F. Have they commenced its erection yet? or is it to be deferred until spring? Should think Philips Warehouse would be on an unpleasant lot directly in front of the house, but I hope Father has not given up his proposed removal to Dubuque if the change would be a benefit to him financially. Has Elbridge become settled in business again, or is he still visiting?

Received a few lines from Uncle Warner a few days since. He seems to be enjoying housekeeping once more. Shall write him a few lines this eve, as he seems glad to hear from me and takes a great interest in my welfare. (Many thanks for his kindness.) I like him much better than I used to and have found that he has a warm heart beneath a rough exterior. But I must close or I will be unable to answer the letters I propose to. With much love to all, I ever Remain

Your Affect. Son,

Chas. H. Kingman

P.S. Tell Mary she must write.

Camp on Stone [sic] River near  
Murfreesboro Jan. 9, 1863

Dear Mother,

As the Rail Road communication between Nashville and Louisville have been broken, the mail between the two points has necessarily been stopped. I therefore have not received any mail until yesterday for about two weeks, and have not written, knowing that it would be useless. The mail now comes via Louisville and Cairo by boats.

I rode over to L. A. White's quarters yesterday, and spent the day very pleasantly with him. You may well imagine I was glad to see him. He was very busy and could not say half enough about Clifton and Clifton people, he was so hurried. He said that he would try to come over and see Col. Chadbourne and myself today.

I was pleased to hear that your Festival proved so successful and that in regard to funds you fully realized your expectations. I should like very much to have been present and enjoyed the happy and peaceful entertainment. With us in the army, if we wish to have any little enjoyment it is only in the face of the foe and of course we are armed to the teeth. The only entertainment we can have is to be allowed to go on some expedition for forage into the enemies' country. It is very exciting to gallop through country after provision etc, knowing not how soon a rebel ball may empty your saddle; some of the people feel mad, others sorry, and others revengeful, when they see there [sic] store houses opened and the stacks of Bacon, Dried fruit, Flour etc etc appropriated and rightfully by our soldiery.

Col. Sherman sent Sargeant [sic] Major, Q.M.'s Orderly and myself with team and guard after provisions day before yesterday. You will perceive by Father's letter that we were quite successful. I do love to go out on such raids, it is so exciting.

Our beloved Chief Surgeon Dr. Coatsworth is no more. He breathed his last this A.M. at 8 1/2 O'clock: in health he was a true specimen of a jolly Scotchman, kind and pleasant to all. He goes peacefully to his untimely grave beloved and lamented by all his numerous friends. Another man can never fill his place in my heart at least. He died from over exertion in this last terrible conflict. He has cheated grim Death of many a victim and his reputation is widely spread. Gen. McCook, of our Army Corps, sent for him once on a very dangerous case, he had probably so much confidence in him, although only a Regt. Major Surgeon. "Peace to his ashes." What will his poor wife do when the mournful tidings are broken to her?

Our Major Chandler had two Horses shot under him, His sword belt severed by a shot, was shot through the ear, and the skirts of his coat were riddled with bullet holes. He is a brave man, and when his favorite Bay was killed by solid shot, he drew his sabre [sic] and cryed [sic], "Give them Hell Boys" and kept fighting on.

Kate Viet's famous Major Jack Hall was so frightened he could not mount his horse, and so he turned and ran, but it happened that he ran the wrong way and skedaddled into the open arms of beloved Secesh. I have the above from good authority. Such men are unfit for a shoulder strap. Our Col. Sherman fought as usual, like a Hero, but Gen. Greusal beats them all. When the enemy charged on us, he drew his sabre [sic] and ran a rebel Officer through with it as cool as can be. I do not believe he is afraid of anything.

Why does not Mary Viets answer my letter? Please inform her that she owes me one, and an answer would be quite acceptable. Arthur also owes me one and Lizzie, too. You must all write often and I will write as often as possible.

I am very glad that Lyman's prospects look so encouraging. If all goes right I think he will be able to have me with him. At all events, he will to make the ("Riffle") as the saying is. I have not received the box yet, probably on account of the RailRoad [sic] being damaged. I wrote to the Express Agent at Louisville last night relative to it. I shall probably receive the box soon or an answer to the note.

My love to all, yourself included.

I Remain as usual,

C. H. Kingman

Write Soon.

Affect. Charlie

Camp on Stone [sic] River near  
Murfreesboro, Tenn. Jan 17/63

Dear Bro's Howard and Arthur,

Both your long and interesting letters have been received, and as I am somewhat hurried I shall be obliged to address you jointly. I will endeavor, however, to write you separately hereafter. The only reason why I now write a double letter, is to secure answers from both. I know it is not as pleasant as to receive an individual letter, but I trust you will excuse this time, and answer with promptitude, expecting individual replies in future.

I have been quite busy since the battle and have had but little time to myself. Colonel Chadbourne told me today, however, that I could go over and see Lyman White tomorrow, which will be Sunday. Consequently, Lyman will probably have a little leisure time. He was over here day before yesterday, in a drenching rain, but I had so many orders for Hd. Qtrs., Capts. etc etc that I saw him but once, and then only to shake hands.

Arthur asks if there are many large Siege Guns in Nashville. There are some enormous ones on Trucks, of course. There is plenty of ammunition piled Cone shaped by the side of each Gun; also, the Guns are behind the Trenches, which surround the city. I think it would be a hard task for the Secesh to take Nashville, as it is situated on an eminence **strongly** fortified by earth works and several strong Forts, vis. Neyley, Lincoln, and several others, whose "Long Toms" point Biliously southward. There are many Negroes employed constantly by Government, working on the Trenches, Blasting Rocks, etc etc. They seem contented and happy, no doubt glad to contribute their no small mite for the benefit of the "Invaders of the Sacred Soil of the South."

I suppose you both have heard of the gallant conduct of the 88 Illinois in the late Battle. There is one little jolly Irishman in Co. B, who ran several yards in front of the Regt. that he might secure a better shot, cursing the Rebels all the time. He threw a lot of Cartridges on the ground and loaded and fired continually. At last seeing another Regt. preparing to make a charge, he ran over to them and charged upon the Secesh with them. The Colonel has promoted him on account of his daring bravery.

I received a letter from Mary Niess today. Was glad to hear from Clifton, and Clifton people. How is Abe and his wounds? I trust he is recovering rapidly and will soon be able to attend to his daily avocations.

Our Regt. sent out a burial party today to bury some dead which were overlooked. Poor Fellows, to lay all this time exposed not only to the weather but to the cursed teeth of Secesh Swine. The people at home may dislike the Secesh, but the soldiery loathe them. They become fiends when the battle has raged for several hours, and I do not blame them. You have no idea of a battle, but just imagine two contending forces marching within a few rods and pouring a perfect shower of bullets into each other. At one time during the battle some of the Regts. [sic] clubbed muskets, and fought at close quarters.

You would laugh to see the Rebel account of the battle in the Murfreesboro Paper. I should have sent it to you, but Col. Sherman sent it to one of his friends in Chicago.

Perhaps it will be published in the Tribune. They stated that it was a complete victory on their side etc etc. It was a perfect lie and humbug.

The weather has been very cold for the last day or two. The ground is frozen and there is about an inch of snow on the ground. You must both write soon, about weather, Stock, Skating and anything, in fact, as almost everything from home is interesting.

You must excuse my poor writing as I honestly have written this as fast I could move the pen, it being quite late and high time to make up the mail.

I remain Your  
Affect. Bro.

Charlie in a great hurry

Camp on Stone [sic] River, Murfreesboro  
Jan. 20, 1863

Dear Mother,

As the Regt. is on Picket, and myself in camp, I have a large portion of the day to occupy as I please, and certainly I cannot consume time more pleasantly than in writing home, and to Friends far distant.

I have received no answer to a letter I wrote you sometime since. Perhaps you have not received it. I have also answered Howard and Arthur's last letters, which were both very interesting.

I have not as yet received the Box, but I am in hopes that I shall, when our wagon train returns from Nashville, which will probably be tomorrow. I have written to the Express Agent in Louisville regarding it, but as yet have received no reply. I think Father or Uncle Warner had better write to Louisville about it, as they would receive an answer sooner than myself, as the Mail Route between here and there is very, uncertain.

Day before yesterday I spent the day with Lyman, it being Sunday he had but little business. After spending the morning very pleasantly chatting, we ate dinner, and then mounted our Horses and rode out about nine miles, where he had some little business to transact. We rode over a portion of the late Battle Field. The air begins to smell, there are so many Horses unburied. The grounds for miles around are thickly strewn with dead horses, sometimes six or seven lieing [sic] within three feet of each other mangled

with solid shot, or shell, but that is nothing compared with the mutilation of human beings.

Thousands of little wooden slabs in different portions of the hotly contested field, mark the last resting place of some poor soldier, who left all to fight for his country and his country's good, and at last was buried in a strange land unknown and uncared for.

After a very pleasant ride we returned to camp (or his Hd. Qtrs [sic]) which we reached sometime after dark. I spent a few more pleasant moments in conversation on his prospects (as well as mine) and then put my Horse to the gallop campward bound. It was very dark, and our camp was away in the front, in the woods among hundreds of others, whose twinkling fires look like millions of shining stars. I arrived safely in camp, however, after a brisk ride, for I am to [sic] old a soldier to get lost; feel my Horse (ate my little old Grub) as the Boys say, feeling quite well pleased with my day's enjoyment.

I received a letter from Uncle Warner a few days since. I shall endeavor to answer it today. Charlie Miller is a little sick today and consequently slightly troubled with the Blues. The Clifton Boys were quite fortunate in not losing a man either killed or wounded during the five days' fight. They all fought well, doing honor to the Stars and Stripes, and to Old Clifton. Well Hurrah for Clifton then.

One of our Lieutenants of Co. I was publicly disgraced yesterday before the whole Regt. which was drawn up in Battalion Line. His Shoulder Straps were cut off, he was stripped of his coat, and sent out of camp under guard, disgraced and without pay. He was a brave man but heedless and careless. Col. Sherman went even to Gen. Rosencrans [sic] Hd. Qtrs. to have the order countermanded, but without avail. We have lost a Brave Man and efficient Officer, not by the bullet, but disgraced. Death to me would I think be preferable. A Military disgrace like that is a punishment of the worst kind for a Soldier.

We have had considerable rain within the last week and our camp is therefore necessarily muddy, if not muddier, but as I am somewhat used to mud, or damp earth at least, on the Prairies, I do not mind it much. I should like a furlough home first rate, mud or no mud, to have the opportunity of scrutinizing each familiar Phiz of the Cliftonians, saying a few words in Greek even, and then return to camp. But I suppose it is needless to think of a furlough, so I will have to let the wide world "Wag as it will and I be gay and happy still" until the Secesh Knock under, or I am knocked in the Cranium, or I am honorably discharged etc etc etc etc. etc. etc.

Oh! you will please recollect that you owe me two letters and I shall expect two answers to this one; if it is a poor one, it counts one, when weighed in the balance, and is



therefore not found wanting, as regards the number. Yes, another thing, article, commodity, or any head you may please to put it under is: an innumerable amount of love, Respect etc etc, which Lyman A. White sends. Please see that it is carefully distributed among the young Ladies especially.

I remain your Affect. without joking

Charlie with a vast amount of juggling from both sides.

Give my love to everyone and Respects to the remainder, being careful to retain a large amount of both for yourself.

C. H. K.

Camp on Stone [sic] River near Murfreesboro  
Jan. 27, 1863.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

As I have a few leisure moments on this rainy day, I think I will occupy a portion of it in addressing you, although you owe me one.

I have the pleasure of meeting L. A. White two or three times a week, and you may judge I am always pleased to see him. The 19 Illinois is encamped near us, but I have not as yet been over to see Prosper. Lyman said that if I would come over to his Hd. Qts. [sic] some day, he would accompany me, but that some day has not arrived yet. I shall endeavor to visit him soon, however, as I am anxious to see Prosper.

The chief topic of conversation with us at present is the Paymaster and Pay. Just see! We have been in the service about six months without receiving a Picauno [sic]. But I believe all arrearages are to be paid up in full when we are paid off. I receive .25 cts [sic] Extra pay pr. day. So you perceive I will receive considerable spondulax [sic], besides enjoying myself as much as a soldier can. I have a good Horse, well shod. Three of us have the Adjutant's large Tent to sleep in, have plenty of Blankets, and sleep "Bally," if we do sleep on the ground.

Frank Scudder has been unwell, I guess a little homesick, but he is feeling better now. I am in the same mess with him. There are four of us, Frank, Commissary Sargeant [sic], Q.M. Orderly and myself. We have a good mess chest, dining and Cook Tents, with plenty to eat. We also have a fine Darkie Cook, from the Sherman House in Chicago, so

you perceive I am O.K. Col. Chadbourne is in Nashville, where his wife is sojourning; I think he will return this evening.

I guess the rainy weather has commenced in Tenn. At all events, we have received an over abundance of very damp water, and unless the mud dries up, I think the prospect of our departure from vicinity of Murfreesboro is very uncertain, although if we could travel on the Pike all the time, we might succeed in moving a few miles per day, but the mud would very much impede the progress of Artillery.

In one of your letters you spoke of Dennis Gilden's negligence in not writing you. I spoke to him about it a few days since, and he promised to write you. Have you rec'd one from him yet?

Capt. Smith of Company a, 88 Illinois, I hear has arrived in Chicago. He was wounded in the Leg in the late Battle and left for the North to recuperate his health. He is a fine and efficient Officer. We heard that he had been taken Prisoner on one of the Boats sunk by the Rebels, but I guess the report was false.

How is Abe now, and his wounds? I am in hopes he has regained his former good Health and spirits.

Has Howard sold any of his Fat Hogs yet? If so, how much did he receive per pound? Has there been a new Stantion [sic] put in the Sleigh yet? Has the Clifton School commenced yet, and who is the Teacher?

I suppose Foucheir and Co. still keep a good assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries. I believe you stated that there was considerable competition in that line.

Frank Ferris said that Clifton was increasing rapidly, Houses being erected all the time, population increasing etc etc.

You must write soon, and as you always do: good long letters. I think you are the Best Correspondent I have, and I am in hopes you will continue so to be.

Give my Love etc. to all the Family, yourself among the number.

I remain Your Affect.

Bro. Charlie

Camp Bradley on Stone [sic] River  
Murfreesboro Jan 29, 1863

Dear Sister Carrie,

Your welcome letter, of the 22nd inst [sic] was received this A.M. and I as usual was pleased to hear from you, doubly so as I have not received a letter from you for some time. Why do you not write oftener, even if you do not receive answers to all your epistles, but I assure you I write as often as I can find the time.

Has Henry received a letter from me yet? I wrote him about a week ago. Please mention the fact to him. It was poorly written, as I was in a hurry, and I wrote it with an old steel pen.

You seem pleased to hear that I was in Nashville during the Battle. It is the other way around with me.

I was ordered there a week before the battle commenced, as was also Frank Scudder, Lt. Cushing, Q.M. and several others with the wagon trains, but when I heard the Cannons booming, I was in a fidget to go out, as was also Capt. McClurg of our Regt. He tried to obtain passes for us both several times, but they would not be granted, finally the Div. Post Master arrived from the field with the request from M.S. Bonton, Brig. Commissariat to come out as soon as I possibly could.

Well, two days afterwards I have the opportunity of going out with a Wagon Train of supplies.

I put my valise on one of the wagons as it was starting out, instructing the guard to take particular care of it. I then, having some business to attend to the corral [sic], received orders from the Quarter Master and then galloped off feeling sure I should overtake the train before it reached our picket line, but to my disappointment, I was too late and without a pass, as another man had my pass with his own. So you see I had nothing to do but About Face and return to the corral [sic], feeling quite anxious about my baggage, but unable to do anything for its safety. In the afternoon, our train was attacked by Morgans [sic] Guerillas, many of our Teamsters were taken, as was also the Capt. comdg. and Div. Wagon Master. About sixty wagons were burnt and my valise also lost. If I had been with the train as desired I should probably have been taken Prisoner if not killed. So I came off very lucky, if my [illegible] traps were lost.

After the battle we all rejoined the Regt. where I am in hopes I shall always hereafter be in battle or on the march.

I see Lyman White every few days but as yet have not seen Prosper, but I shall endeavor to visit him tomorrow providing I can have leave of absence.

Col. Sherman departed with his wife for Chicago this morning, with a leave of absence of 15 days.

Col. Chadbourne commands until he return.

Col. Sherman's Business in Chicago I am not acquainted of, but I can merely surmise.

I went to Gen. Sheridan's this morning to obtain the Colonels [sic] Pass and found the Chief of Staff in Bed, so I went into his tent and wrote a pass myself and he sat up in bed and approved it. He is a funny Fellow and a regular Dutchman.

You received quite a number of presents News Years. I am pleased to hear it. In the Army the Holidays pass without notice, and I am sorry to say many, many Sabbaths. There is no Sunday for the soldier. Several of our largest battles have been fought on Sunday and one of the hardest days [sic] fighting in the late contest was on the Sabbath.

I received two letters for Annie Ferris and Frank a few days since. Of course they were both interesting documents. I answered Annie on receipt, but Frank has been so desultory in writing me, I think I shall make him wait a little while.

I receive letters from home every few days. Arthur is the promptest correspondent that I have. He always writes a Fools Cap sheet full, and often across lines. They are always redundant with news, proceedings at home and in town. He is improving rapidly in composition and will soon be a good letter writer.

The weather here at present is quite winterish.

We have quite a severe Frost last night and the air is quite chilly today. But I am well supplied with warm clothing and can snap my fingers at Old Jack Frost without danger of freezing.

Our Brigade was on Picket yesterday was [sic] were relieved this morning. I do not have to go out on any such duty unless I please. I often do however just for pleasure.

As it is time for me to make up my Mails I must finish. The Paymaster is daily expected to pay us off. He is in Murfreesboro now with loads of Green Backs. My pay is \$20 1/2 per month, besides Rations, Clothing etc.

Does it seem as if I had been away from home six months?

From Your Affect Bro,

C. H. Kingman  
Hd. Qts. [sic] 88 Ill. Vols.

Adjts. [sic] Office. Hd. Qts. [sic] 88 Ills. Vols.  
Feb. 17/63.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

Your interesting and quite lengthy letter was rec'd in due season, as was also one from Lizzie. For the last week or two our Brigade has been out on Out Post duty, Lt. Col. Chadbourne com'd'y [sic] Brigade on the acception [sic] of Greusal's resignation.

I went out on every Cavalry Scout but one while I was out. One eve while making the Grand Rounds with Col. Chadbourne, we saw four Rebel Cavalry men at a distance of about one half mile. We returned to camp, and with an escort of Cavalry proceeded to take measures to, if possible, capture some of the guerillas, knowing that there was 3 or 400 in the vicinity prowling round for the purpose of running the slaves south, so many were daily coming within our Lines. After beating the Bush for several hours, without having the pleasure of a brush, although we expected one continually (and we were prepared for any emergency), we returned to camp somewhat disappointed with our ill success.

Another time we went out a few miles, and captured 12 Muskets, at the House of a Secessionist. The Owner was absent, but a brutal looking Overseer was in charge, who in a mighty polite and cringing manner invited us in, hoping no doubt that a party of Secesh would dash in upon us. We questioned many of the slaves, who all stated that the Overseer treated them in a most shameful manner, often driving a stake in the ground and tieing [sic] the poor black by his hands to it, and then lacerating his back with the lash. Several months age he whipped one man to death on account of his doing some work for our soldiers. I assure you it made my bile rise, when I heard of their wrongs, and I believe had the secesh attacked us, I would have fought my best.

You say that you are glad I am safe from Secesh balls. As Post Master I am, but as Orderly I am not, but nothing suits me better than a Cavalry Scout as Orderly to Col. Chadbourne, but as yet on our scouts we have had no brush, although we have seen the cowardly Bushwhackers.

The extreme diversity of the country here, renders it a perfect hiding place for the Rebel Cavalry, knowing as they do every foot of the soil. It is indeed a beautiful country, in which many striking freaks of nature are displayed. The numerous springs and cascades among the rocks, the timber, hills, valleys and gullies are in themselves magnificent. On one extensive plantation my attention was particularly drawn to a stream of considerable size, aye a perfect creek, which flowed with a strong current from the side of a Huge Rock, on for a distance of perhaps 1/8 of a mile and then as suddenly as it appeared, was lost to view in the side of another ledge of rock. It probably kept on its course many feet beneath the surface and finally empties into some river. At all events it is a great curiosity.

The Cotton Gin is a machine which I have never seen until coming south. You should see one to understand it. There are many quite extensive cotton plantations, and in some instances the second crop has not as yet been gathered. It is a peculiar plant, and very profitable as a crop.

I have seen many very intelligent looking darkies, I do not believe the Rebs [sic] can fool them much with their absurd stories. It is indeed a truth at least in my mind that many of the oppressed race are far superior to the poor whites, in almost every point. As for my part, I should prefer to associate with many of the Darkies I have seen, to any of the poorer class of whites. I have seen but one school House since leaving the Kentucky Line and that was north of Nashville. You can judge they are not given to literature. Most of the wealthier class are educated at the north or east.

You are very considerate and generous to offer to send me some of your pocket money and I am very much obliged to you, but they have already commenced paying off this dpt. so I am in hopes I shall soon be supplied with some "Little Old Cash." As you have interrogated me somewhat in your last, I will now proceed to answer some of your Questions. You ask what kind of a looking man Gen. Sheridan is? He is a very short man about as tall as Uncle Linn was, but very thick set, with black Hair and whiskers and a rough, but very pleasant countenance. I have confidence in him as a Gen. Gen. Sill, was a very quiet, cool, and unassuming Christian soldier, Brave and cool in Battle, and very retired and quiet in camp. While Greusal is a rough Old Cub equally as cool in battle, only He will curse the Rebs, [sic] saying "Give them Hell, my Boys, give them

Hell." In camp you will often see him mingle with Boys, always ready for a jest, careless in his dress and manners, but always with a pleasant word for the Boys. It is difficult to tell who was the most beloved, Sill or Greusal. I think Greusal. Col. Sherman now commands our Brigade, Greusal having resigned, tho' [sic] he will probably re-enter as a Brigadier General. He deserves it, and it is a down right shame that he has not rec'd a star long since. Gen. McCook is a good looking man, but I guess rather high flown.

I have the greatest confidence in Col. Sherman as I know him to be all fight; also Major Chandler. Col. Chadbourne is also I guess a cool and brave man. He was sick at Nashville during the last battle. He is a very fine man and treats me first rate, as does also all the Field and Staff as well as the Line Officers, but Col. Chadbourne is the man I go to whenever I want anything, Knowing very well if the request is reasonable it will always be granted by him.

I did not procure any relic of the late battle, although I did of the first, and gave it to Mrs. Chadbourne as she wished it very much.

All the Clifton Boys in the 88 Ills. are all well and hearty, with the exception of Alonzo Sylvester, who is I am afraid too much like Jeremiah. He is a perfect whiner, but you need say nothing about it, as it would injure the feelings of his friends. Frank Scudder is well. Sent his best respects to all. He wrote Mrs. Howe yesterday. He is Quarter Master's Sergeant of our Regt.

I have not seen Prosper Mayhew yet, but I know that he is well, and I shall endeavor to visit him as soon as possible. You must remember that I am now in the army and cannot go when and where I please. Military law is strict, you may believe. As I now believe I have answered all questions, and written a respectable letter as regards length, I will draw gradually but mighty surely to a close (as they say away down here in Dixie).

Write soon. Why does not Howard acknowledge my last, and also Mother? Give my love to all. Ask Mary Viets to answer my last.

I remain Ever Your

Affect. Bro.

Charlie

Head Quarters. 88 Regt. Ills. Vols.  
Camp on Stone [sic] River near Murfreesboro  
Tenn. Feb. 22nd, 1863.

Dear Mother,

Your kind favor of the 16th inst. was received to day, although I have rec'd letters from home of a much later date.

You speak of my not writing often enough. I write every few days, but probably many of my letters are miscarried or detained by the carelessness of some Post Master. You must not feel so anxious concerning my safety, when I am not near as exposed as many are, and as to your wonder at my so strongly desiring to be in a Scouting Expedition or one of a Forage Party or in a battle, can easily be explained. The pleasant feeling of excitement, whilst galloping over Cotton Fields in quest of the lurking foe, in studying the military movements of the Officer in command, as he takes all precaution against surprise, by throwing out company after company to deploy as skirmishers, and to scrutinize each suspicious object or building to make certain that no enemy is concealed intent upon our capture.

You may also know that Col. Chadbourne will not allow me to accompany any expedition when I can be of no use as Orderly. Once while out on Out Post Duty, a party went out one night to a House about two miles distant from camp, where (Rebel Cavalry often rendezvouzed [sic]) in hopes of capturing a few. I longed to go as the Sergeant Mjr. [sic] was to be in command, but I was not allowed to go for Major Chandler told me it was a foolhardy exped't'n [sic] and it would only be needlessly exposing my life. So you perceive I have good Commanders who take excellent care of me. When you read accounts of the killed and wounded in battle, you do not think of the hosts engaged. About one out of 50 perhaps are killed in an engagement. Some companies come out of the hottest part of the fight without losing a man. Mother, many of your fears are groundless. I am not reckless, etc like many. Neither am I one to back out when my services are needed in time of danger. There is a fascination about the reckless life of a soldier that few can resist.

I rec'd the Box sometime since, and wrote home on receipt of it. It is strange my letters have not reached you by due course of mail. I saw Lyman a few days since, but for a few moments. Col. Chadbourne told me I might go down and spend a day with him soon. A darkie is mimicking the Adjutant on Dress Parade, and he does it so comically I can scarcely write, I am obliged to laugh so much.



I do indeed, wish to take a cup of Tea at home once in a while, especially sometimes when I feel a little sick.

Has Mary Viets left for Oberlin yet? Carrie wrote that Aunt Fannie intended to be gone sometime on a visit. Where is the centre [sic] of her visitations? You spoke of my depositing my pay with Elbridge. Uncle Warner spoke of my leaving my bounty in the Firm of Bates, Stone and Co. but as I thought Father could put it to good use I gave it to him, and he promised to give me stock to the amount I gave him, but as I wish now to make an effort for myself at the expiration of the war, I think I had better send my funds to Uncle Warner for safe keeping, until I may have occasion to use them. Mother, I think Farming is not my forte, and I desire to attend Commercial College for a short time preparatory to entering upon a Commercial career. To do this I will of course need some funds, and why not appropriate a portion of my pay for that purpose? I think Father and you, both, will second my resolutions, on thinking it all over.

Col. Chadbourne and several other Officers are now singing the Star Spangled Banner and other songs. How sweetly it sounds as the echoes rise gently in the air. Everything but the sound of their voices is perfectly quiet, it being now sometime after Taps, the Bed Time of the Soldier.

As my sheet is fast filling, but I fear with little of interest, I will neccessarily [sic] close, it also being now quite late.

Give my love to all and tell Ellie and Lewis that as soon as I can spare time I am going to write them.

Your Most

Affect.

Charlie

P.S. Enclosed find an order from Gen. Rosecrans which was read this eve before every Battalion, probably in this dpt. Do not consider this as a letter. I only wrote this short epistle to inform you that I am yet alive, but to [sic] sleepy to kick. I shall write a letter to you tomorrow or next day. I remain, Your Affect. Charlie

Do not make this a public letter as it is very poorly written in haste to turn in.

C.H.K.

Head Quarters Department of the Cumberland  
Murfreesboro, Tenn. Feby 22d 1863

Orders

Companions In Arms! Today is both the weekly commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord, and the birth day of Washington. Washington, the great representative man of his nation who fought for its independence, laid the foundation of our freedom and set up the framework of the most free, resonable [sic] and just government, for a great nation that has ever been seen in the tide of time. Bloody handed violence and covert treason assail this government, and we have thrown ourselves between our country and those who would destroy it. Out of respect for the memory of Washington, whose illustrious virtues we revere, whose wisdom, justice, and self sacrificing devotion to national unity we resolve to imitate ourselves, and teach our children, we will to day renew to each other the pledges already given by our past toils and sufferings, and which many of our brave companions have already sealed with their blood.

We will transmit the freedom we inherit from Washington, unimpaired, to the posterity of our nation "one and indivisible" or we will perish in its defense, bequeathing a name glorious to them and terrible to the rebel conspirators whose vile deceptions have arrayed our own brethern [sic] against us.

This order will be read to every company in this command at 4 P.M., today, and a national salute will be fired at sunset by one battery of each division, detached brigade, and post of this command.

By Command of Major General Rosecrans  
C. Goddard,  
Asst. Adjt. Genl [sic] and Chief of Staff

Camp on Stone [sic] River near Murfreesboro  
Hd. Quarters. 88 Ills. Vols.  
Feb. 28, 1863.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

Having a few leisure moments, I take the opportunity of commencing if not finishing an epistle to you, feeling that your last, should have had a reply long ere this.

A few days since I received two letters from Mother, both of which had been about a month on the way, and several days before, I received a letter from the same source, which came through very quickly.

Our Regiment was mustered for pay to day. We shall receive two months' pay on Monday, sure, and in about two weeks, we shall be paid for three months more. I shall not receive extra pay, although I think I am allowed it. Many Post Masters receive Extra Money, while many do not. The Paymasters are very strict now. Teamsters who have generally rec'd extra pay, are I understand deprived of it now. I think there has been many persons who have rec'd extra pay that are not entitled to it. \$13. per month, besides Clothes and Rations, is I think all Uncle Same can at present afford. I am satisfied, although something extra would not offend me.

Has Howard sold any of his Grunters? Why does he not write to me? His letters are received but semi-occasionally. I suppose Mary Viets is now in Oberlin. Carrie wrote that Aunt Fannie was contemplating a visit, or rather a round of visits. Where does she intend to go?

I received a letter from Kate Viets, in which was enclosed a night cap of a very peculiar style. I wanted a worsted one, that I could pull down over my ears.

Mother spoke of Father's talking some, of visiting the Army of the Cumberland. I wish he could come down. He would witness a grand display, especially at night, when it seems as if there was nothing but Camp Fires, sparckling [sic] and dancing in the cool evening air of February.

I do not think it will be long before we advance, but as Rosecrans has not made a confidant of me, I am not prepared to tell how soon. I have the pleasure of meeting Lyman White every few days. He seems to be in good spirits.

Prosper Mayhew is now in the 4th Regular Cavalry. I have not as yet seen him. Capt. Spink has been quite unwell. I rode over to see him a few days since.

Does Mr. Spies hear from Jake often now? Do you know where his Battery is stationed? I should like very much to see the Clifton Boys of Waterhouse Battery.

It is rumored that our Brigade remains to defend either Nashville or Murfreesboro, when the army advances. I had far rather advance, than be quartered in dirty Barracks. Besides I wish to see more of the country before returning North.

What is the prospect of a termination of Hostilities? Young philosopher.

I suppose Mother is fidgety [sic] because I have not written oftener, lately, but Col. Chadbourne is on a Military Committee and is obliged to be in town every day, rain or shine, and I of course accompany him. This with my several other duties has kept me pretty busy lately.

Late last night I received a large mail, another one this morning early, and still another one this afternoon, but nevertheless to night I intend to devote to writing, or at least a portion of it. You must excuse Blots, Mistakes, etc, as I am obliged to jump and run, with an order, come back, write a few moments, and then go again, on some other errand.

My Horse has the greases quite badly. The Farrier will go to town tomorrow after some medicine for him. It is so muddy a person cannot keep a Horse's Heels clean. It is nothing but Rain Rain. It is raining quite hard now.

(3 mints. later)

I have just been down to Company B! with Sheldon's discharge, for Capt. Whiting. I am glad for his sake that he has been discharged; but, we are losing a splendid Fellow from the ranks of the Gallant 88 Illinois. "That's So." As my sheet is about scribbled over and having other letters to write and one to Mother (I fear there is but little of interest scribbled however), I will cut my letter short. But ever remaining

Your Affect. Bro.

Charlie.

Write soon.

Received  
Mar. 9th.  
A. F. Kingman

Camp on Stone [sic] River near Murfreesboro  
Hd. Quarters. 88 Ills. Vols. Feb. 28, [missing]

Dear Mother,

To day I received your interesting Favor of Jan. 30th, and it is needless to say that I was pleased, aye! delighted to hear from home. I think that you are over anxious concerning me. It only tends to make you nervous and sick. Do not fear that I shall not always be as well as at present. Camp Life seems to agree remarkably well with me, and as for Secesh Bullets, I believe you are more afraid of them, than any soldier exposed to them. I cannot forbear smiling when I peruse your warnings, Mother. I believe you want to make a Baby of me. A very pretty Soldier I would be if I followed many of your cautionary words of advice. I know just how you feel concerning a careless reprobate like myself, but you must not feel offended, Mother, if I do not adhere strictly to your advice, although a Mother's Advice is to be highly prized. Allow me to ask an Old Question? What do you know about war? I think, Mother, I could impart some few words of advice on that (I am afraid Knotty Quest'n [sic] to you) myself.

Now, Mother, you must not be displeased with my raillery, as it is far from my intention to make fun of so Dear a Parent, but I cannot forbear touching lightly upon your groundless fears.

You say that your Patriotism is cooling. It is not so with me. I say, like Old Gen. Greusal, "Give 'em [sic] H-II a while longer, Boys. Give 'em [sic] H-II." (Excuse the Quotation.) I think we can stand it as long as they can. Never say "Compromise." However severe the war, I say fight until they cry enough. They are not as desperate as these Blacked Hearted Hellions of the North are trying to make out. It does make me mad when I read of these cowardly Traitors at the North who, while we are enduring the hardships of Camp, are only encouraging the Rebels in arms to new efforts. The Soldiers do not feel disheartened, but their breasts tingle with indignation when they hear of the efforts of the Peace Men, or rather Traitors of the North. Our Boys say, let the Old 88th go back to Illinois and they will clean out every Secesh in the North. I should pity the Editor of the Chicago Times if he should fall into the hands of many of our Boys. I believe they would drown him in Stone [sic] River.

Is Mr. Van Duzor as sound as ever in regard to the Union and the Glorious Stars and Stripes? How proud those who are spared to go home will be, when after the subjugation of the South they are marched up the streets of Chicago, their tattered Banner waving triumphantly, o'er the not until then Home of the Free, and the land of the Brave. I can imagine with what applause our gallant troops will enter Illinois. Traitors of the North will then Hunt their Holes very suddenly, I guess.

I have the pleasure of seeing Lyman White every few days. I do not think I can be with him. My position here is a very good one, and in Col. Chadbourne I trust I have a friend almost equal to Lyman, although Lyman White always has seemed approaching to

perfection in my mind. Col. Chadbourne is very! very! kind to me, and takes better care of me than I do myself. Col. Chadbourne is now commanding the regiment, and Col. Sherman the Brigade, in place of Greusal, resigned.

For the last week I have neglected writing, owing to the very plausible fact that I have had no time, but I shall endeavor to write to some one of the Family every week. Tell Lizzie and Howard to write often.

I am sorry Uncle Warner nor Father did not see Capt. Whiting when he was home on furlough. Capt. went to Bates Stone and Co. but Uncle Warner was not in. I wrote a long letter to him and sent it by Capt. W.

Has Annie Van Duzor received a letter? I wrote her some days ago, about a fortnight, I think. Perhaps she has not received it, but it is high time, I should think.

Clifton is still growing, despite "Old Grim War," I understand.

Clifton will yet astonish the New Englanders. I am happy to hear that Aunt Eliza intends coming west. She is such a good Old Lady. I trust she will spend many happy hours on the Prairies.

My sheet is about full, but of little of interest I fear, so I will close.

Remaining Ever Your Affect.

Charlie

Camp on Stone [sic] River near Murfreesboro

Hd. Quarters 88th Regt. Ills. Vols.

March 8/63

Dear Mother,

Your splendid long letter of the 1st inst. was received yesterday; also one from Carrie, and one from Howard and Arthur. You can judge I enjoyed myself yesterday, perusing all the welcome epistles from those far distant.

You say you fear that many of my letters have failed to reach you, and therefore I thought I would number all my letters hereafter, commencing by calling this one No. 1, so if the next letter you receive should be No. 3, for instance, you would of course know

that there was one missing. What do you think of that plan? So Lizzie has gone East. I had no idea that she intended going so soon. I am glad for her, as she will enjoy many privileges denied her at the west; I should think you would miss her very much indeed. She was such a bustling little Housekeeper while at home. What school does she attend? It seems Madison Ferris has at last concluded to "go to war," providing he can have the opportunity of filling a 1st Lieut.'s position. Well, it is better late than never. You spoke of sending me the "Life of Adj. Stearns." I am very much obliged to you, but our former Adj., now A.A.A.G., received one copy from home and kindly loaned it to me for perusal. Adj. Stearns was a fine character, but our, now A. A. A. Gen. Ballard, is just as fine. He is a noble little fellow and is much loved by all. Your speaking of church puts me in mind that we have not had Religious services for several months. When our Parson does make an effort to hold Divine Service, his audience generally numbers 6 or 7, perhaps 12, but he will preach as contentedly to those few as if there was a thousand present. He is a Fire and Brimstone Methodist, a regular "Git up an [sic] Howl." When our Surgeon died, he stated that he believed his soul was lost. He has a large blank book in which he writes the denomination of every Church member in the Regt. and if not a Church member each one's belief etc, and if a man dies, if you wish to know where his soul is, the Parson of the 88th can tell very nearly. I, nor any sensible man would like such a style of Chaplain. It is not for him to say where the immortal part of man has taken its final abode.

Our Regt. as well as our entire Corps has been away for five days. They are now at Franklin, I guess, a town 18 miles distant. We heard considerable cannonading [sic] in that direction yesterday. If the Regt. remains out much longer I shall go out with the mail. I should have gone out with the Regt. but my Horse was hardly able to walk. Col. Chadbourne said I had better remain, but that I could go if I wished, but as he had a large number of Orders he wished copied, I remained to employ my time in writing. I went down town yesterday on the Quarter Master's Racker to see the Pay Master about our Pay Rolls. I met Lyman White while there, and spent about an hour very pleasantly in talking. He is enjoying good Health and Spirits. He does not change at all, he is the same Lyman White of old, the same pleasant and affable Friend. I like him very much indeed. I have not as yet seen Prosper, as he is not a member of the 19 Ills. He reenlisted a short time since, in the Regular Service. He now belongs to the 4th Regulars (Cavalry).

Chauncy Sheldon has obtained his discharge. How soon does he return home? Poor fellow! he has suffered much for his patriotism. He possesses the right kind of pluck, I can tell you. I am glad for his sake that he has received an honorable discharge, but our ranks have lost a soldier as true as tried Steel, one who was last to complain of hardships, and who would laugh at discomfitures; he always cheerfully made the best of

everything and done his best to make everyone cheerful about him. I consider him one of my best friends.

Ed. Caswell is busily shoving the quill on my table. He is writing home, I believe. He is our Regimental Blacksmith, and a regular worker, "A perfect old Trump." When I want a little job done, such as a ring put in my Saddle, my Horse shod, etc, he will drop everything and down his old sledge will come on a Horse Shoe and it is on my horse double quick time.

I should think, by your last, that you were enjoying your full allowance of mud. With us the country is drained by numerous brooks, creeks, ravines, etc, so the mud is not near as formidable as it is at the North, in Spring time.

Did not Mary Viets receive two letters from me, which she has not answered before she left for Oberlin? She has written heretofore very promptly, but my last two letters have received no reply.

I am surprised to hear that the Clifton School numbers so many scholars. From where do they come? I should think Clifton was increasing rapidly in population. I suppose Arthur and Pliny attend school regularly, do they not? Has Annie Van Duzor left for the east yet? Lizzie wrote sometime since that I owed Annie Van Duzor a letter, and that she was expecting one. I have written her since, but have received no reply. Please mention it to her, as she may feel hurt. Tell her I have written her, and have been expecting answer from her for sometime.

Frank Ferris I suppose is well as usual. How does he like the idea of Madison's enlisting? I owe him a letter and must answer it soon. Howard and Arthur will have their letters answered tomorrow, providing I can spare time. I guess Howard was a little out of sorts when he wrote his note. He said he had not received the money for the pigs he had fatted etc. I could not help laughing when I read and re-read his curious missile. I wish he would write oftener. He only favors me semi-occasionally [sic]. Father scarcely ever writes.

Does Uncle Warner visit Clifton occasionally [sic]? He has been very kind to me, and has done all in his power for me.

As it is high time I should be traveling for my mail, I will close, hoping to find another letter in to day's directed to your humble servant.

Give my love to Father and all, accepting a little mite for yourself.



I remain Your Affect.

Charlie

Head Quarters 88 Regt. Ills. Vols.

Camp on Stone [sic] River, Murfreesboro, Ten[missing]

March 13th, 1863.

Dear Mother,

Thinking perhaps another letter from me would not come amiss, although I have written twice since receiving your last, I embrace the present opportunity of scratching a few lines. I received three or four of your letters, at one time, about a week or more ago. Of course some of them were old, but they, never the less, were interesting. I have just returned from town, where I had the pleasure of meeting Lyman White. I dined with him at Col. Simmon's Office, and spent several hours very pleasantly (as I always do) in his company. I expected a letter from home to day, but was disappointed in not receiving any, on my return. Have you heard from Lizzie since she left? I wish, unless you prefer to keep her letters, you would send them to me.

Has Chauncy Sheldon arrived in Clifton yet? If so, please ask him to write me. Adj. received his discharge papers sometime ago, and I should think long ere this he would be at home. Poor fellow! he has suffered much. Col. Sherman is throwing a bridge across the river, opposite our encampment, so that in case our pickets were driven in, and our Brigade was not sufficient to support them, we might retreat over the bridge, instead of swimming the river, when swollen. I think that is the object he has in view.

The fortifications at Murfreesboro are very well built and make a very handsome as well as formidable appearance. Many of the works are made of Green Cedar rolled tightly and bound in bundles of about six feet in length and two or three feet in circumference, packed solidly together and piled up, fort fashion. It looks very fine to see those long green banks, trimmed and built so neatly and compactly. I think a solid shot would rebound if it struck fortifications built in this manner, and I suppose that is the reason of building the works of that material.

This army since Rosecrans took command is under complete discipline, all is quiet in town, no drunken soldiers are to be seen staggering along the streets of Murfreesboro, in fact, everyone without a pass is handed over to the tender mercies of the Provost Marshal, by the Provost Guards, who are constantly patrolling [sic] the streets, in all parts of the town, in quest of individuals who are without the requisite papers.

Rosecrans' Head Quarters are in a fine house, on High Street. Bragg, while he was in possession of Murfreesboro, occupied the same building as his Head Quarters.

Frank Scudder has been offered a 1st Lieutenancy [sic] in a Negro Regiment (so he says). He is going to accept the offer, I believe. He would do anything to obtain a pair of Shoulder Straps and a right to wear them. He may receive a commission through the influence of friends, but never by true, meritorious conduct. He has worked hard to obtain a commission here, but has met with poor, if not just success.

The grass is as green as can be, and everything bespeaks of Spring. The citizens say that it is a very late Spring indeed. It seems unnatural to see so many plantations with everything in idleness. There will be but little done in the way of farming, in this part of Secessia [sic] this season. How the inhabitants will subsist is a song as yet unsung. I guess Old Jeff. will "come to time" before his twenty years are out. I do not think there will be an advance movement, until dry weather takes the place of wet, at least I hope not. As soon as definite intelligence from Vicksburg reaches us, and not I think until then, a movement in force will be made, but then (Old Rosy) as the boys call him, will commence to buzz in good earnest, and it will not be all buzz either. Gen. Rosecrans possesses the entire confidence of his men, and that is almost enough to insure [sic] success. No one fears when he leads.

I went over to the 4th Regulars, day before yesterday, in hopes of meeting Prosper Mayhew, but to my disappointment I found that his company was absent, and it was feared captured, but nothing definite has been heard from them. At all events, some tall fighting would be necessary in order to capture them, as the 4th Regulars do not submit to capture very tamely. Our Surgeon Dr. Pierce is home on a furlough of 20 days. He is an excellent surgeon, and a fine man. He was formerly of the 36 Illinois, but owing to the death of our Surgeon, Dr. Coatsworth, and the resignation of one Asst. Surgeon, he was transferred and promoted to Surgeon, with the rank of Major. I think he has gone North, on account of the non-arrival of his commission.

As soon as our Division returns from Franklin, I am in hopes our Regiment will be paid off. The Pay Master Major McIntire, is all ready to hand over Our little old Cash, as soon as the 88th makes her appearance.

George McCracken, the Adj't.'s Clerk, and myself are the sole occupants of the Colonel's Tent, during his absence. McCracken is a young fellow from Toledo, Ohio. He was a Baggage man on the Michigan Southern R.R. and a good fellow. I have jolly times with him and the Sergeant Major once in a while. We generally have a rough and tumble every night before retiring.

I hear Sellers has again commenced the selling of Liquor. Does he keep it in the same style as formerly? It used to be a perfect old Rum Hole. Has he a license yet? I should think the people would close up or tear down some of the Grog Shops. Serve them, as the soldiers serve Sutlers who are inclined to cheat, and ask exorbitant [sic] prices for their goods. Sometimes the boys will tear down a sutler's tent, and appropriate the goods for themselves free gratis for nothing. Our boys served our Sutler in like manner, while in Chicago, and they promise to call upon him again in like manner, unless he mends his ways.

How soon does Carrie return from Dubuque? Have you a girl yet? I should think there would be more than you could attend to alone.

You wrote in one of your letters that Aunt Eliza intended to come west in the Spring. How soon do you expect her? I have lost her address and therefore have neglected writing her. Tell Howard and Arthur to write soon and often. I suppose Pliny and Ellie are too much engaged in their studies to write. I have received two or three letters from Pliny, but I guess none from Ellie and Louis, but never mind, they haven't forgotten me I guess.

From Your Affect. Son,

C. H. Kingman

Camp Schaefer, Head Quarters  
88th Ills. Vols. March 22nd/63

Dear Mother,

Tis Sunday eve. but how different from the peaceful Sundays at home. Each man's musket is placed where he can grasp it at a moment's notice. Day before yesterday morning, the rebels attacked our picket line, only about a mile from our camp. Our Brigade was ordered out to support the reserves if necessary, but after about two hours' pretty sharp skirmishing and one Cavalry charge, which resulted unfavorably for the reb's, [sic] the enemy skedaddled, as a matter of course. Our Division yesterday was reviewed by Gen. Sheridan, preparatory to a grand review by Gen. Rosecrans tomorrow. They made a very handsome appearance, and I doubt not had the enemy seen the efficiency of our gallant division, as they marched in review, they would be more careful in attacking our Div. Picket.

Lieboldt's Brigade was on picket at the time of the attack. The main fire of the enemy was against the 2nd Mo. and it was perfect folly to think of scaring them. It is composed entirely of Germans who never retreat.

The number of casualties I do not know. A few of our cavalry were killed, as well as one or two Infantry.

Our Regt. has at last been paid off. I received \$66.00 from Government.

Lyman White wished very much for me to go home with him, but as Col. C. was absent, of course it was impossible. I have asked him to obtain leave of absence for me, but as yet I have seen nothing of it. I have spoken to him twice in regard to it, but he says that Gen. Rosecrans has not as yet issued an order, stating how they shall be given. I think as soon as possible I shall have a furlough, but it is rather doubtful. I suppose you are again enjoying the company of Mr. White. Was not his sudden appearance unexpected? If you have anything to send me, he will bring it, I guess. I should like to receive a little butter, as I can assure you it would be most acceptable. Everything of that kind is very dear. Butter is worth .60 cts [sic] per pound, Potatoes \$6.00 per bu., Onions \$6.00 per brl. [sic] and all else in proportion. Clothing is also extremely high. The military Equipment Stores are coining money. They charge what they please and have a crowd of customers daily, notwithstanding.

There has been several promotions made in our Regt. lately. N. P. Jackson, Sergt. [sic] Maj., has received a 2nd Lieut. Comm'n in Co. F.; also the Orderly Sergt's [sic] of Companies A and G have rec'd 2d Lieutenancies [sic]. Our Major will, I think command the "corps of honor" of this Division. He is a brave and efficient officer, and I think is in good repute with our Genl [sic] Comm'dg. [sic]

I have a very fine black colt 4 years old this spring. I caught him two or three days ago, when our Regt. was on picket. The Major also obtained a fine Bay Mare at the same time. I have turned over my other horse to the Quarter Master. Corn and Hay is not very plentiful. Hay in particular is very scarce. Both are brought from the rear and issued to the Regts. [sic] the same as Soldiers' Rations. The country for 15 or 20 miles around is stripped of everything in the shape of fodder, so we are obliged to be careful of our feed. 12 lbs. per days is the allowance of corn for our horses. Rather small allowance, but sufficient, if not wasted. I have received nothing in the shape of letters from home for sometime.

One of our mails was captured a short time ago, and perhaps I was unfortunate enough to have several letters captured. Please wrote often and

Oblige

Your Affect. Son

Charlie

Camp Schaefer Apr. 12/63.

Dear Bro. Arthur,

Yours are found enclosed in one from Howard, and I will now endeavor to make some kind of an acknowledgement, although it will be unintelligibly written as I am in a great hurry.

Our former Adjt. and lately the A.A.A.G. of this Brigade is dead. Services were held down town this A.M. Col. Chadbourne made several fine and touching remarks, of which I will endeavor to send home a copy. Col. C. is a very fine man, morally and physically, and is much beloved by his command. He treats me firstrate [sic] and I trust I appreciate his kindness.

Why do you not write something definite concerning your removal to Dubuque! or are not all of the necessary arrangements made yet?

I suppose you are now enjoying your vacation. I wish I could be allowed a vacation, but I guess it is useless to think of one at present. I have a friend, a Lieut. on Sherman's Staff, who is endeavoring to obtain one for himself as well as for your humble servant. Perhaps he may succeed! if we remain here, but if we advance it is wholly improbable.

I am sorry to learn that L. A. White is ill. I hope it will not become serious. Uncle Warner wrote that he was meeting with fair success in recruiting, of which I am glad for of all others I am anxious for him to wear the so much coveted shoulder strap. I met Gen. Rosecrans the other day on a bridge. He looked at me and of course I saluted him. He pleasantly returned the compliment, leaving a good impression of the gallant soldier on my mind. He is a "Trump," I can tell you. He goes to church with the soldiers and, in the House of God, no doubt considers the lowest private his equal in a moral point of view. A sight of him fills the troops with enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer rends the air after every remark he may make. I tell you he is our man.

You are a good boy to write me so often and if you knew how gladly letters from all points are welcomed by me, I guess you would feel well repaid for the few moments occupied in writing to your brother.

I have not much to write, so you will have to excuse me with a short letter this time. With much love to all I remain

Your Affect. Bro.

C. H. Kingman  
R. P. M. 88 Ills.

Direct, 1st Brig. 3rd Div [sic]  
Cumberland

Received April 20th 1863  
With Gladness  
A. F. Kingman

April 19, 1863

Dear Bro. Arthur,

As I have been writing to Mother and Howard, I thought it would not do to make a very large bridge of your nose.

One of your questions is, if I may be allowed to quote, Will you give me Abe? Well, Arthur, as you have taken such excellent care of him, and it is so uncertain when I return home, I guess I must grant your request, providing you still minister unto his wants daily, and allow no bigger dog to whip him. I guess he has forgotten his old master Charlie. Do you think he will recognize me when I come home?

I wish you could be allowed to examine our formidable works here. You might then form some opinion of the strength and durability of "Old Rosey's" Trenches. Soldiers are still kept at work upon them, and I should think that in course of human events, it would be pronounced "Finished." It seems to me that Murfreesboro is already sufficiently well fortified, but older and wiser heads than mine seem to think otherwise.

I think before many days have elapsed, the deep booming of Cannon will again be heard proclaiming that another bloody contest has begun; movements are now being

made which strengthen my belief, and I am in strong hopes that the next letter I write home will be a record of another battle as fierce as the late one of "Stone [sic] River."

How soon does Lyman White intend to terminate his visit at the north, and return to the Army of Cumberland?

Does School still keep or has vacation commenced?

I suppose you are now deeply engaged in gardening, laying out beds, planting seeds, etc. Ellie I'll warrant is not behind you all, if his beds do have a shapeless form and he plants seeds of all kinds in one hill. He is a little worker and strives to have an A No.1 garden. How I would like to see the little rat. Is he up to all manner of shames as he used to was or has old age sobered him down a little?

How is Arthur Howe, Esq.? I suppose he has soared pretty near to the moon by this time, hasn't he? Does he associate with you now, or does he choose the companionship of sage old men?

Frank Ferris I presume is all war again, is he not? I hope he will come with Mr. White down to this forsaken portion of humanity.

How many scholars does the Clifton School number?

Now, Arthur, in your next, answer all questions.

With much Love to all,

I remain

Your Affect.

Bro. Charlie

Received April 25th 1863  
from Charlie

[image-two flags crisscrossed]

Camp Schaefer Murfreesboro  
Tenn. Hd. Qrs. 88th Ills. Apr. 19/63

Dear Mother,

To day, I have been the recipient of four letters, and three News Papers, and I think it is time to commence answering them.

I am now daily expecting the pleasure of seeing Mr. L. A. White's congenial countenance appearing in Murfreesboro. Our Commissary Sergeant has gone over to Van Cleave's Div. this afternoon and will stop at Bridge's Battery on his return, for the purpose of learning the time of Mr. White's return, if he has not already arrived. I was in hopes Mr. White would give up a Lieutenancy [sic] in the Battery, for a Commissaries Commission as Captain, as I would probably be with him as a Clerk. Frank Ferris I hear is determined to enlist. Why does not his Father consent? I think it would be good for him to pass a few months of his life in Dixie; it sounds very well at home, but a soldier's life is not what these, or most Recruiting Officers represent it to be, as any soldier can assure you. Howard is full of it; what in the world could he accomplish midst this mighty mass of humanity? He surely does not contemplate coming down to Dixie. If Mr. White would take him with him, Howard would fare tip top, but of course you will not sanction his going in any position.

I received a letter from Annie Van Duzor to day; she says Clay will reenlist as soon as his term expires. I think he shows good pluck, as well as patriotism.

Carrie I suppose is again numbered among the little circle of Clifton Young Ladies. Henry wrote that she intended returning home April 16th. I hope you have entirely recovered from your late illness, and are now enjoying good health and spirits. Do you still accomplish your various household duties without help?

I wrote Lizzie a few days since and enclosed \$5.00 which was all I dared send at once, our mails are so liable to be taken. I also sent \$25.00 to Chicago for Uncle Warner to place to my credit in some bank, or wherever he thought best. Does he often go to Clifton now, as he formerly did? I should think he would favor Clifton with his presence quite often, game being so plenty, and he such an excellent sportsman.

Arthur wrote that Abbie was dangerously ill. I hope she is enjoying better health at present. Pneumonia I believe you said was the prevailing complaint in Clifton, as it is with us in the army.

The weather here is very pleasant and warm. I went in swimming last eve. with Capt. Chickering, two Lieuts., [sic] Frank Scudder, and myself. Lieut. Lawrence jumped into the river before he had become cool from our walk. When we came from the water he



was taken quite sick and fell upon the bank almost insensible. Upon swallowing a little liquor he revived, and we succeeded in getting him to camp and into bed.

There is nothing marvellous [sic] transpiring and but little that is not marvellous [sic].  
With much love to all

I ever remain,

Charlie

Camp Schaefer near Murfreesboro, Tenn.  
Head Qrs[sic] 88th Ills. April 26, 1863

Dear Mother,

Although I have not received a letter from home for sometime, yet knowing that you would be expecting one from me, nevertheless, I take the present opportunity of writing you a good long letter. Some of you have doubtless written me and perhaps I will receive several to day when the mail arrives. I have been a little unwell for the past two days, with the dioreah [sic], accompanied with some fever. I am as gay as a Top, to day, however; have just returned from the river where several of us enjoyed a fine bath, and are feeling quite refreshed.

Our Brigade has been on outpost duty for several days. They were stationed about four miles from camp on the Shelbyville dirt road some distance beyond our Picket Line. I carried the mail out daily, generally accompanied by one of the Brigade Post Masters. My pass is good yet although our Brigade has returned, but of course I have no occasion to pass on it now.

How soon does Lyman White return to the Battery? I am awaiting his arrival with some impatience, I must confess, as I long to hear directly from home. Carrie I suppose arrived from Dubuque sometime since, as the last letter from her stated that she was to return home I think in two days, and some time has elapsed since I have received anything in the shape or form of a letter from her.

Our Chaplain is now busily engaged in harangueing [sic] perhaps 20 or 30. It is a pity that we have not a man who could be of some benefit to us, one who knows when to soothe and when to excite the feelings of a man; with our Chaplain it must be all excitement, which is oft times very injurious, especially when a man is dangerously ill. I scarce ever attend any of his services, although I occasionally drop in to prayer

meeting, thinking that the hour thus spent would do me no harm and perhaps might possibly do me some good.

Col. Sherman having been relieved of the command of this Brigade by Gen. Lytle, has returned to the regt. We chaps at Head Quarters do not have such good times as when Lt. Col. Chadbourne commands, and on that account wish Col. Sherman might always command a brigade.

I rode over to the 4th Regulars a short time since on business for the Pay Master. I saw Prosper, who of course was glad to see me, and had several if not more questions to ask. Poor Fellow, if he had never enlisted I think he would have been much better off; he has been sick a large portion of the time since leaving home; and on two occasions, he was at death's door. The stretchers were brought in to carry him to the dead house, but each time he recovered. Is he not very foolish in not accepting his discharge, it having been offered to him twice? He is unable to do duty now, or was when I saw him. I told him if he could obtain a discharge, I thought it his duty to go home.

Alonzo Sylvester has been on the sick list for some time. He is considerably bloated, and is feeling very homesick. I think he is far to [sic] much like Jeremiah S to be a good soldier. The rest of Clifton's soldiers in this Regt. are as tough and hearty as Bucks. You would not recognize in them now, the steady fellows who left Clifton about 9 mo. ago for the war, they are all pretty wild now but can just take care of themselves in any brush.

There is nothing very new or marvellous [sic] transpiring here at present, although as a matter of course Mother Rumor is constantly busy, which accounts for the number of reports circulated daily.

John Morgan's Wife was brought into Murfreesboro day before yesterday, and Old John himself barely effected his own escape. Dick McCann, his right hand man, was captured by our cavalry but by some stupidity on our side, he escaped also. We are still under Marching Orders and are liable to move at a moment's notice, and the sooner that moment comes, the better it will suit me, as I am satisfied that the rebels will not attack us at this point, especially while there are so many troops to garrison it.

Portions of the army are almost constantly out scouting, or on out post, and from cavalry reports I should think there was quite a large rebel cavalry force hovering around us, but I think not much Infry [sic] very near. We can tell but little of what is on the [illegible] unless we happen to be engaged in it. I guess you know about as much concerning our movements as we do. All that we must do is to obey orders and trust to Rosey and "The Almighty."

How is Mrs. H. K. White? I hope she has recovered from her late severe illness. Arthur wrote that she had been very low, indeed. I am glad none of the children have been ill. Has Jeremiah Sylvester settled his enlistment affair yet? I hope he will have to go to Dixie and shoulder a musket, be obliged to make forced marches, etc. I think he has turned out pretty small for a man of his outward dimensions and nothing is to [sic] bad for him. [rest is missing]

