Dubuque September 3rd, 1861.

Dearest wife,

Last night I was suddenly ordered on duty as Quartermaster and I borrowed 2 quilts from Mrs. Degrees and slept quite comfortably in my quarters in the Officers Department. I hope I shall be able to come home tomorrow night, or at least on Saturday – there is no sign yet as to when we will have to start. Soldiers are travelling to Cedar Falls today to settle there. I have not seen any of them. We must anyhow try to arrange it so that you some time next week could come in here and see how Camp Life looks. I had an excellent salted and peppered beefsteak this morning – it rained beautifully down on us while we were eating. Kiss the children thousand times from your devoted husband.

Ferdinand.
Darling Wife,

I long very much to hear something from you and the children. I have just finished a very long letter to father, which Bertha will take with him tomorrow. I have not got my portraits yet, but expect them in the afternoon. Yesterday Adjutant General Baker arrived here from Davenport, and I attended to him all the day with the Colonel. Last night we officers gave him an entertainment in Julie's House (light supper and champagne) which lasted till after midnight.

From tomorrow morning I shall be obliged to live entirely in camp. I have built a storehouse there, as all the things are now coming on from Washington. I have already received knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, axes and tents - 40 boxes full and will tomorrow commence the distribution. I have plenty to do. I bought a camp cot to sleep on - it is a capital thing, made like a garden stool to fold together, with strong canvas to lay on. This I can always keep clean and free from vermin. Yesterday it rained like everything and during the worst of it I had to ride to camp and back again and had not a dry thread on my body. I have a first-rate horse - the admiration of everybody.

I hope you got my letter of Friday with the 35 dollars - I gave it to Mr. Ledyard to give to you. Gottschalk is going again to the war as Lt. Colonel of next regiment. You remember Julie, the good soul that lived with Madame Degrasselle. She was married a couple of days ago to a
well-to-do German butcher! Herman Grupe expects to rent the old house of Col. Heath's; all furnished, and will then get his wife out here.

We do not know yet when we shall be ordered off—I think we may have to leave end of this week, but will then probably have to go somewhere in Camp to drill for a couple of months, and if we are commanded to St. Louis it might easily happen that I could get furlough and come home to my dear ones. I should be glad indeed to see you here, but I rather dislike these repeated leave-taking, which always are bitter, and I imagine how I would feel if I should give you the last kiss when we show part here at the Camp and I should see you return so lonely on the same. Don't you think with me it is better to forego a few hours of happiness to save a renewal of those painful feelings?

Kiss my little angel, and tell them to be good and obedient to their mother, so that she can tell me so many good things about all the comfort and pleasure they are to her.

Your loving husband

[Signature]

I hope you will make Keye fix the Cotter and Clear door—he is sure soon to call for his rent.
Camp Union
Sunday, Sept. 23, 1861.

Dearest wife, I have received your 2 dear letters of 10th 21st, and am glad to know that you are all well and getting along as best you can. I have had a busy time of it since I wrote you last Sunday.

On Monday, Stephens came here, and I had to go all around with him. He left Tuesday morning, and same day Chief Metcalf, Uncle George and Miss Lizzie Jones came in to go on East. I met them at the Depot - Miss Lizzie had headache and laid down in her room, so that only the Gentlemen went out to Camp in a Carriage. I went on horseback. My horse is admired by everybody and looks really fine under the saddle. General Baker rode him everyday as long as he was here and held a great deal of him. He is fiery and lively, but I can take him everywhere, close up to drums beating the most informal music - he dances in time. I have a regular cavalry saddle and a large blue housing lined with yellow, with the figure 9 in the corner.

I parted with Metcalf out here, as I had to distribute several things to the companies. He was very enthusiastic and said he was proud and glad to see me in uniform. Now you see, dearie
How correct I was when I said I would rather go now voluntarily than be drafted; you can see now by the newspapers that the Governor has ordered the drafting to be commenced, so that Hubbard and all the hangersback will soon time or other have to go with a very bad grace. I have already distributed to 6 Companies all their Knapsacks, haversacks and canteens.

On Wednesday our excellent drill Major Brothbeck invited 6 of the Captains and me to a supper at his house, and we had a rousing time of it. There was first lots of cattables of the heavy German kind, then came the long Dutch pipes and nice little shiner wine, and all other kinds of wine, then we sung, I played, we bowled and danced and walked out to Camp, some 2 miles, in a clear beautiful midnight, moon shining and stars sparkling, all of us feeling exceedingly happy and elevated. Thursday evening I passed at Dillon's, playing a game of Whist with Dillon, Barney and Captain Washington, our mustering officer of the U.S. Army. I slept there that night. Friday I was invited to Capt. Gottschalk's. He is officer the Colonelcy of the 12th Regiment and is going to the war again. Stinney is raising a Company
as Captain in the same Regiment. I played the old game of "Scats" with Gotschalk, Dr. Dorn and Greenewald. Thursday and Friday it rained continually. Saturday (yesterday) opened beautifully, clear and bright. I was down at the depot to receive our trim fifty boys. I marched them right up to Peaslee, right upstairs into the dining-room where they got a frizzle dinner—all 76 of them. I then mounted my war-horse, marched them up through Mainstreet with drums and fifes in front. We reached the drill-ground at 9½ o'clock. The whole Battalion, 700 strong, were marched up in line, colors flying and the Germania Band in the Center. The whole line presented arms, the music played and banners waved as we passed in front of the whole line, at in front with my horse dancing, cap in hand— I felt considerably big and proud. Half Dubuque were out on horseback and in carriages, lining the opposite hill, witnessing the whole spectacle. I got the boys in quarters and in half-an-hour they were furnished with all their camp kettles, pans, coffee-pots, cups, knives, forks, bacon, bread, coffee and were soon busy building their tables and digging their fireplaces,
preparing for supper. Shortly, after the whole regiment
marched into quarters under full music - the whole affair
being really inspiring and altogether to my liking. I must
say this military life suits me exactly - all the climbing
vitality and energy is revived. and I think I will make
a first-rate military man.

The Band played a couple of pieces in front of the
Officers headquarters - then marched out in front of
all the officers, who were invited to an entertainment
by Titus Schmidt down at his Brewery. He had a good
time of it, plenty of Beer, cheese, ham and Bread. Speeches
were plenty - I ventilated two of them in a very happy manner.

It was dark when we left Schmidt's Brewery. I took command
of the company officers, being on horseback, and with full
music we marched down to Iowa Street, where I stopped
them in front of Friends house, corner 10th Street, where our
Lieut. Colonel, Frank Harron, is recovering from his
long sickness since his return from the battle at Springfield.
The Band played a fine piece, we gave him three cheers and
marched down Main Street to the Julien Theatre, where the
great humbug Ole Bull gave a concert, to which he had
invited us all. At 10 o'clock I went down to Barless, took
a room and went to sleep, pretty well tired out.

So you see, that outside of the daily routine of business
we have an interesting and jolly good time of it. There is one thing about our Regiment which is conceded by all and for which we were highly complimented by General Baker himself, and that is that all our Company Officers consist of gentlemen of fine standing and intellect. There is first Capt. Sips from Jackson County. He was all along in the Mexican war. He is a fine, erect and commanding officer, strict in his duty and very social and gentlemanly in quarters. So are Capt. Powers from Mimsickick, State Senator from there, Capt. Carpenter and Harper from Jones Co., Capt. Hood from Independence, Capt. Turner from McGregor’s and all the rest of them. Our Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Kendig, is well known in Marion, where he formerly resided, is a frank, warmhearted minister without any bigotry about him. He is a warm friend of mine. Our quartermaster, S. L. Wicelor, is rather petted by all the Officers, who seem to like him well. Our Surgeon (from whose “fingers we all pray to be delivered”) Dr. McCluer is a hardworking attentive man, who has a sacred respect for his duties. Our Colonel, Vanderer, proves to be a first-rate commander, and it very
solicitous about the welfare and minutest details concerning every private in the Regiment. Lieut. Colonel Kerrow won a great name during the whole Campaign in Missouri and is highly spoken of by all his men. He is getting over his sickness now and is very impatient to commence on duty, having already learned enough of this Regiment and all its officers, to think very highly of it. The privates in our whole Regiment are a very moral set of substantial farmers - they attend to prayer meetings every morning and behave very well. General Baker spoke highly of their appearance, and altogether the 9th Regiment will prove to be the Crack Regiment of the State. To everybody prophecies we will be splendidly equipped. I received this morning the invoice of lots of equipments shipped for us to me from New York, and the following list of their contents will give you an idea of what we are getting: there is shipped 1001 Hats, 1001 Eagles, 1001 Feathers, 1001 Bugles, 1001 Hall Bands and Tassels (all for the Hats), 953 Infantry Coats, 11 Sergeants Chevrons, 16 Sergeants Buttons, 1001 Blouses, 1000 Trousers, 2002 pairs of Stockings, 2001 pairs of Boots, 10 Fifes, 10 Drums and Cases, Strings, Hucks, Cords Carthage, 134 Spears, 100
pictures and bundles, 81 Corporal's scales, 2002 Canton Flannel
Shirts, 2002 Canton Flannel Drawers, 4 Camp Glors, and I have
here 1000 Knapsacks, 1000 Haversacks, 1000 Canteens, 100 Spades,
Campkettles, Pans and so forth. During the week we shall receive
all our arms, and full outfit for the Artillery.

So you see there is a great "Wardrobe" to look to and keep
accounts of.

Berkshires left Monday morning. Rest did not copy my
portraits and I had therefore to send the originals. I must
therefore ask you to have all your pictures taken again, which
will be both cheaper and better. I did not get time to have
my picture taken, as it rained all Friday and Saturday
last week. My linen has been washed by Perlee. You
might send me my boots with Cascaddon, who is returning
next Monday. I send this letter with him.

Kies my own dear Herman, and tell him I am thinking
of him every day. I know he will be Mamma's good boy
and that Papa will be proud of him when he returns.
He may sometime or other become a soldier himself, and with
a nice feathered hat on his head, a sword at his side and a gun in his hand. Francis will probably be a great lawyer and eloquent speaker, playing the dance with the female gender. And our little female may play the same game with the interesting males.

It is a beautiful weather today. I write this in my storehouse. In front of me opens a list out on the Camp, where hundreds of people are coming around, half of them soldiers and the other half visitors, ladies and gentles from all parts of the country. In some barracks they are singing, from some you hear the fiddle sounding. Boys and girls with apples and peaches are every moment peeping in through my lid, offering a bargain which is respectfully declined. There is something fascinating about this kind of life.

It will probably not last long now before we get orders to leave. Our Regiment is now full, our arms and equipments will all be here this week, so there will be nothing to detain us.

Farewell dear wife - I am sorry you had to wait a whole week for a letter - but in this kind of off-hand life the Sundays will probably be the best time for me to sit down and tell you all about our doings.

Goodby to you, and the children!

Your loving, Ferdinand
Pana, Illinois
Saturday, Sept. 28, 1861

Dearest wife,

I left Dubuque yesterday afternoon at a quarter past 6 o'clock. All the clothing, blankets and other equipments for our Regiment reached Dunlith on Thursday evening just a few hours after the Regiment had left on the boats. This was very vexatious, especially as the heavy rain fixed blankets would have done the men good on board the boats during the last two cold nights. I felt very sorry and was almost crying all the time when we marched from Camp down through town to go on board the boats at the levee. The departure was so hurried and I did not like to see them leave me behind. Yet the orders from Genl Fremont were so imperative that we had to obey. All Dubuque was out to see us go, and you can easily imagine what I had to do, to transport everything from Camp down to the boats, get five days rations for 1100 men ready, get hay and oats for the horses and the like. So they left at last. In the evening the equipments came and I went over to Dunlith yesterday to order them shipped to St Louis and I succeeded in getting both Cars that contained them, attached in front of the passenger train that left Dunlith last night, so that the goods have followed me all the way to here. Pana is a station on the Illinois Central Road where it crosses the Terre Haute & Alton Road. We arrived here today at about 12 o'clock. The train that will take us to St Louis arrives here at 2:30, and I improve of the occasion to write your these lines. I shall be tonight at 8 o'clock in St Louis, where I hope to be able
to meet immediately with Brig. General Curtis, to whom our Regiment is ordered to report. The boats with the 9th will probably arrive tomorrow night or Monday Morning, so that I might succeed in arranging quarters and provisions for them ahead of their arrival. I shall try to find Kephner tomorrow. I hardly slept any last night in the Car, but I am freed from the labours of travelling, I am well. Your dear letter of 25th was read yesterday before I left. I am always imagining something dreadful happening to you or the children whenever I am absent, that is what plagues me the most. You can easily think what I feel about that faintness you speak of, and what feelings it revives in me, that I can hardly chase away. If the faintness really proves to be a fact, would I was there to help increase it! I think you should buy Herman a soldier cap - when I reach St. Louis I shall send you some money - keep me a little posted whenever your cash runs down so that I do not forget to remit. It is of no use to tell me how the money is spent - I know you are more economical than I ever deserved to have you. We all believe we shall have to lay in Camp in St. Louis for a good while - perhaps 2 or 3 months, and drill. If so, I might get a chance of coming up to see you. Stimson came to Dubuque on Wednesday - he is as usual. About Sellers none of us have heard anything. Her grandfather has gone to Europe.

Kiss my dear boys and the little girls and bless your old man

[Signature]

Ferdinand
Benton Barracks, St. Louis
October 3rd, 1861, Wednesday morning at 4 o’clock.

Dear Wife,

I arrived at St. Louis on Saturday evening and went to the German Hotel, “Rheinische Weinhalle”, because I thought I should find Hooper there. But he was not. The house was good enough, but it smelled very bad all over. Anyhow I slept well — I found Mr. Brandt, the Architect, you know, there. He is also employed in building fortifications and has Lieutenants rank. Next morning (Sunday) I went out after breakfast to hunt for General Curtis — I first went to Fremont’s Headquarters, but he was not there. They told me he probably was at the Everett House, and just as I was going up there, I heard somebody “holler” my name, and sure enough, there was our Adjutant and Capt. Powers — our Regiment had arrived at St. Louis at 3 o’clock the same morning after a very quick and pleasant trip. Next came Colonel Vandever himself, and not finding Genl. Curtis at the Everett, we started off for the Benton Barracks.

These enormous Barracks are erected on the Fairground, 3½ miles northwest of St. Louis. As you get out in the outskirts of St. Louis, you are in the midst of a most beautiful scenery — the country becomes...
very rolling with fine groves here and there, and the Fairgrounds are beautifully situated. In the middle of this great Camp stands a nice Villa painted shining white, garden and lawns around it, all encircled by a snow-white fence. This is the headquarters of the commanding General Curtis from Iowa. Around this house, with an immense space between for the movements of drilling troops, are the barracks built on all four sides, all painted snow-white and looking very elegant in the distance, like an immense line of bazaars, all the barracks having Verandahs in front and looking clean and neat. Back of the barracks and running alongside of them, are sheds built for eating-houses, and the whole country for one mile all around the Generals Villa, is all appropriated for military purposes, with barracks at one place and tents at another. All around us is a continual bustling life — trumpets sounding from one end of the Camp, where bodies of Cavalry are dashing around drilling — fine music from a regimental Band sounding from another end, playing at the exercise of such forces. Inmate regiments that could afford to raise a Band — and all over messengers and couriers on horseback galloping forward and backward — officers of all
grades showing themselves off on horseback, and your little husband sometimes amongst them, it being already generally conceded that Vanderers and my horse are the best horses on the ground.

Well, this is where we went Sunday morning. We found the General, a very fine looking elderly gentleman, he was very glad to see us. The 81st and 101st Troops had arrived here only a few days before. I think there must be at least 8 or 10,000 men in this Camp, although Fremont took all the best troops with him to Jefferson City. During the forenoon our Regiment was marched up here, and assigned quarters and all our baggage followed on 15 wagons. Then my troubles commenced and it is no use now to try to tell you what an amount of trouble, and running and dunning, in hundred different offices in St Louis, forward and backward, and backward and forward, that I had to do all Monday and Tuesday in order to get rations and everything of every kind, and money to pay the big freight on all the clothing and equipment for the Regiment which I brought with me, and then all the waiting and winning to get the goods hauled away from the Depot out here, and then the confounded delivery
to all the Companies of all these things - I will pass over all that as it is now over and things will commence to work smoother.

There is a line of barracks right back of the General Headquarters - these are built only for the Colonel and his Staff. Each Colonel and Staff has a little Cottage, all in plain style, but white and neat, containing 4 large rooms, Verandah in front, Kitchen and dining-room, stables for 4 horses and all other conveniences around. There is where I live. Yesterday a little hole was made in the ceiling of my room, to let the stovepipe out as the stoves were going to be put up today. I awoke at about 2 o'clock, and sure enough, it was raining like blazes and a stream running into my room from the hole. I had no means to stop the impudent intruder, so I had to bid him welcome and move everything as far as possible out of his way so that he couldn't have all the room he wanted to exercise his splashing propensities! Anyhow this rain disturbed my slumber, and not knowing how occupied I might become during the day, I dressed myself, let the
Candle and proceed away this letter to you, my dear little wife. The inkstand is in the Colonels room, so you must be satisfied with this pen scrawling.

Yesterday (Tuesday) Hoepner came and visited me just as I was busiest delivering out clothing. He expected his wife last night, and will come up for me some other day. They are building some beautiful small forts all around St. Louis, five of which are under Hoepner's supervision. He seemed to feel happy and in his right element.

There is no telling when we will be ordered off. The Iowa 10th left for Fremont already on Monday, and the 8th will also soon be off. Yet I believe that Vanderen will succeed in keeping us here until we are better drilled and fully equipped.

The only thing I do not like here is the water which comes from the Missouri - yellow-looking and grummy. It seems to me to be enough to give a man fever, to drink that water, and our Major Coyk has it already. So Vanderen and I have made up our minds to lay in a small stock of Weiss-Beer, which is very excellent here. Or else...
we must have some liquor to put in the water, literally, to kill the insects. In all other respects we live and fare as well and a good deal better than any reasonable man would ever expect. Our Mess—that is, the Colonel, the Major, Secretary, and myself,—has hired an excellent nigger who does nothing but cook from morning until evening—Alfred, as his name—then the Colonel has another black waiter—John—who cleans our rooms and does all our errands. So you see we live in big style. All our horses came down in a firebrate condition.

The room opposite mine is occupied by our Surgeon and Chaplain, and I heard them a little while ago knock about moving all their things in their room, where also a hole was made yesterday for the stovepipe, and I know from last night when I was in there, that the Chaplain's Bed is right under the hole. So I expect when they get up to hear a good deal about his baptism again.

I bought here an excellent Camp Cot. The legs are to fold in, the head raises and over the frame is stretched a very heavy Canvas, which.
is very pleasant to rest on. I shall surely take that back with me when I return, as that will be just the thing for me during summer, and it is no trouble whatever to move it out of our room every morning. It will also be very handy at any other time when you or I prefer to lay alone.

So in a few days, if we stay here, I shall be at leisure, and I will then stroll around on horseback and visit the different camps and see them a little nearer. On these immense Campgrounds you only see the outlines of the battalions and squadrons in the distance, only the music reaching your ears to let you know who are there.

On the other side of the hall, opposite my room, is the quarters of a Regiment of the Douglas Brigade commanded by — whom do you think? — by Col. Stuart, the famous Stuart — the lawyer who paid too much attention to Mrs. Burch in Chicago and about whom that divorce suit was brought. He is an elderly looking man with a fine grey beard, but in spite of this he is a well-known rake, and has ruined and broke up many families both in Chicago and Detroit, where he formerly lived. There he is, going to the war.
Daylight is breaking just now — and our fat bony Cook is stirring around the stove in the Kitchen. I hear life — ah, just now the trumpets blow the reveille and the drums are beating all over the Camp — so now another day is reopen us, and I better go out and wash myself and fix for the day.

Good bye dearest wife — do you see I have passed a night with you! — wish we had only been a little closer to each other — have you already moved downstairs? Tell me about the children — they are probably also now awake and buttering you — good bye, dearest — thousand kisses to you all!

Yours lovingly,

[Signature]
Darling wife,

We are yet here and have no orders yet when to leave; our arms may arrive every day, and then we may be off at half an hour's notice. Last night I was invited with Col. Vanderer to Genl. Curtis' house (which I told you in my last letter stands in the middle of the Camp Grounds) which is a favor which is not bestowed on any other regiment of the many Regiments here in Camp. The General has a very pleasant wife and a daughter (Sarah) who is engaged to a Staff Officer somewhere. I had to make a good deal of Music to their great delight and was invited to come and go in their house at any time I pleased. This afternoon the General rode around the whole Camp to inspect the drilling Regiments, and seeing me on husselback near my Regiment, he asked me to ride with him, which I did with a considerable big air.

Our little household is now in real good order.
Our cook, darkie Alfred, serves us excellently, and darkie John, our servant, cleans our rooms, fixes our coats, black the boots and is generally very useful. Today I was down in St. Louis and had my picture taken in small letter size to be mailed—I ordered 12 copies and shall send you some tomorrow when I receive them.

I heard today that Mrs. Hoepner had arrived last night—I have not seen anything of her yet. "Canteens" are round drinking flasks of tin, hanging in a belt at the side of the soldiers. They ought to contain water, but sometimes contain something stronger. I sent you yesterday by Express $100 in Gold for your household expenses. Keep your funds as much as you can in Gold or Silver, as nobody knows how Banknotes are going to turn out.

I long to hear from you not having had a line from Marion since I left. Kiss the children—the dear children—and think of your loving husband, Ferdinand.
Benton Barracks, St. Louis.

Monday Evening Oct 7th 1861

11 o'clock

dearest wife,

I received yesterday your loving letter with Cascaddon - also the mended boots. I have now four pair of boots with me, which is all I shall need. Tonight we received imperative orders from Genl Fremont to depart at once for Rolla, but as we have yet to receive our tents and arms, I do not think we shall get off before day after tomorrow. Our Band (the Germania Band) from Dubuque has arrived and tomorrow morning early I must down town to buy them their instruments. Tonight I met the Colonel passed with Genl Curtis. I have seen nothing of the others - he was here in Camp this afternoon while I was in St Louis attending to freight matters. No Officers have already need a month pay (I owe 200 Dollars) and perhaps I will send your some money tomorrow as I do not like to carry as much money around with me. I have written a letter to the Dubuque Times and you will always find any communications signed 'Ferdinand'. Get the paper from Stephen.

Do not be anxious about me - I am out of danger in Camp and shall always remember you and the children. This life suits me well enough - only if I was nearer you. I send you enclosed some pictures of myself. Kiss the little darlings.

Yours devoted and affectionate

Ferdinand
Benton Barracks, Wednesday Evening
October 4th, 1861.

Dearest wife. As yet I have not had any letter from you since I arrived here except the one Cadwallon brought me, dated 20 Sept. Perhaps the fault lies with the mail. I have had very much to do today and wrote in haste a letter to Stephen, which I asked him to show to you. I am with great anxiety waiting the return of Major Ogil, who went down-town after dinner to remonstrate with the Adjutant General against our departure tomorrow morning, without arms and tents, when we will receive both of these things in a few days— if we could only be permitted to wait. I shall tell you results of his return at bottom of this letter. It is no jest to be Quartermaster; it is about the most important position in the Regiment—he has got to provide for every possible thing in the whole household consisting of 1100 members—so you need never more complain that I never cared to do any marketing or the like, it comes now with a vengeance, and I will do enough for the rest of my life. All full regiments have left here—there is only Artillery, Cavalry and detachments of Infantry left here. I wish to God we could get only 2 days time before we leave—then I should feel perfectly satisfied. Just now an orderly came and ordered the Colonel over to the General's—I wonder what there now is in the wind. Vanderer a little while ago got a dispatch from his wife (who stops at Davenport with her parents and children) that she started this morning to come down here to see him—that awakens again all those longing feelings. Her children are much grown, so they can leave well enough alone.
the children with her parents. Mrs. Vanderwell is a most excellent lady—just of that kind that you would like very much, and I hope sometime or other after our return, that you and she may learn to know each other. They live entirely happy together. Maybe she won’t find him here when she arrives, but she can always follow after wherever we go, as long as we stay by the railroads.

I paid out some money for Lieut. Col. Harrow, which I will ask him to send to you. (§ 87 25)

Major Coyle is back—I just now received 1100 cartridges from the Arsenal—tomorrow morning we will get our arms and we will be off tomorrow afternoon for Pacific City, 30 miles west from here, where the 2 railroads join. We are ready going to watch the railroad there. Kiss all the children from your affectionate

Ferdinand

Address your letters to

F. J. K.

9th Regt. Iowa Volunteers

St. Louis, Mo.

all they will be sent after us wherever we go.
Dear wife,

In about an hour I expect to have the transportation wagons here. 80 of them, to take all our stores and baggage down to the Depot of the Pacific Road, and we will be off for Pacific City, 30 miles west of here.

I read last night your dear letter of 6 Oct, and feel happy to know that you are all so well. I can imagine how sweet the children are. Elliott came with Kelly (who again came for Halworth) to begize your signature as Senator. But it is all right. I passed last evening at the Generals - he told me that if I ever came when he was without eating and stopping with him, he would arrest me. His whole family are very much attached to Vanvleer and me. Vanvleer went downtown last night to meet his wife whom he expects in with the rails. He will be here in a little while to march the stock down.

All our things are packed, ready to be loaded on the wagons. He ought to have gone yesterday, but could not find transportation enough, and this killed Vanvleer excellent - you can easily imagine. I will rather send you all money I have, except some 50 or 100 dollars, than carry it around in my pockets. I met Hooper's day before yesterday in one of the forts he is building - his wife I have not seen; they live way out in another part of town, which I cannot reach - he feels fine and happy.

Now god, bye nearest darling and loving children

devotedly yours

[Signature]
Pacific Camp
Franklin, Sunday October 13, 1861.

dear wife, I wrote you a letter just before we left St Louis, which I got no time to mail - hence I send it with this from here. We left St Louis Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, 25 Carloads full of our men, equipage and stores. Franklin is 56 miles west from St Louis on the Pacific Railroad. We arrived at 10 o'clock evening, and had all the world trouble in getting our tents up and the cars and worked along till after midnight. It is now all in order, located on the side of this little town on the slope of a gentle hill, and looks very pretty. It is shaped about like this:

Rear. Parson  Major  Capt  1st Bde.  2nd Bde.  3rd Bde.  4th Bde.  Staff tents

[diagram]

and looks very fine from down town, all the tents being snowy white, and the weather has been magnificent these last 2 days. I slept last night in my large tent, and slept excellent. All our boys are in fine spirits, though we grumble somewhat at being sent to this unimportant little town of about 1000 inhabitants, which is only important as being the junction of the 2 branches of the railroad. There are some soldiers around in this district, but they amount to nothing. Yesterday the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, is at St Louis, and
had very encouraging talk with him, which makes us firmly believe, that we shall not stay here long. We all wish to come in under Genl Curtis' Brigade, when he takes the field, and you can easily imagine that Curtis himself is anxious and will do all in his power to get us with him. The nights have been very cold, but I am well protected, and find the Campcott to be an excellent thing, as it keeps me away from the wet ground. I enjoyed my breakfast this morning. Address your letters as usual to St. Louis, as they will be forwarded from there wherever we go, and for all we know we may be ordered back to St. Louis if things go as we expect. I saw yesterday here Simon Cameron and Genl L. Thomas from Washington, who passed through to meet General Fremont in the interior. Mrs Vanderer came out here last evening with the Colonel, and will stay here until we move again. Last night I received here your dear letter from last Tuesday and feel happy to know that you are getting along well. It is impossible for me to tell when I shall be able to visit you - as yet I have far too much to attend to to think of leaving.

Good by, dearest!

Yours loving,

[Signature]
Camp Herron

Franklin, Saturday evening Oct 19th 1861.

Dear wife, Today I received your loving letter of 13th Oct, and you will have learned before this, that your letters have all been duly received. I am sorry to learn that you are again suffering from toothache and wish to God you could get rid of it sooner or later. You will by and by think more of Stephens than you need to do. He writes me almost daily, often long letters covering four pages of that long lawpaper, and is so busy and open to me. He is one of those men whom it is exceedingly hard to become intimate with, but if you have reached that stage in his affections, he is true as steel, and though he would not come to see me, I know he would never do it if I asked him, and hence will probably pay me here. I laid out $100 for Ratcliffe's wife here for his share in the purchase of instruments for our Band, and told him when he came to Dugue to send it in cold by express to you. - I have never heard a single word from Blum or Christensen, and have no idea where Christensen really is. If you get any news from any of them, you might let me have the benefit of them too.

I went last Tuesday evening with Col. Vander and his wife to St. Louis. We had heard that our arms were at Dugue and expected to meet Mrs. Burlock, who attended to their shipment in the last, in St. Louis. In that case was it the intention that I should have gone straight through to Dugue to receive them, and I would then have telegraphed you through Amos Reade to meet me in Dugue. But nothing came of all this. I waited and waited in vain in St. Louis for Burlock and finally learned that the arms had not yet arrived. I had a very tedious time of it there, except last evening when I called on Mrs. Koepner, who lives way up town in a large boardinghouse. Koepner was out on a large beer spree and did not return when I left, but I saw him this morning on the train as I left St. Louis. They are both well and content. The boy was well when I came. Thursday evening I passed out at General Curtis. He
is very anxious to have me accept an appointment on his staff, but I will not do it until he enters the field and our Regiment is made part of his Brigade. Our Regiment is now doing service along this railroad, and is posted along a distance of twelve miles. I will refer you to the Dubuque Times for a description of the same, which will save me a repetition.

We expect daily to hear that General Custer is taking the field, and to be ordered somewhere by him, which will be exceedingly pleasant to all of us, as it is rather mean work to lay here and act as police guard, when that ought to be done by the Mexican people.

So now everything is changed again! All on a sudden, Parole appears and I am ordered off to New York City at once to receive our French rifles, which are to arrive in a few days with sailors Arago from Europe. Tell Sketchers I cannot write anymore here, nor can I write to Times. Kiss the dear children and think of your loving husband.
Thursday, October 24, 1861.
Newtown, Christendens
House.

Darkest wife,
Here I sit again at the same table where I sat in February last and wrote you a long letter which you perhaps will remember. Mother sits to my right and knits very diligently — Matthias, Dagnor and Agatha make all the noise possible around me — but let me proceed in order and tell you all that has happened since I last wrote you from my tent in Franklin.

Lieutenant F.F. Burlock arrived all on a sudden at our camp Saturday night just while I was writing to you. He is the man who has been urging all our equipments at Washington and New York. He brought word that our arms, the French musket rifle, would arrive from France with the Arago, which would be due in New York about October 20th, and that Major Wintley on Governor's Island had distinct orders from Washington to furnish us our arms the very first of all Regiments. Vanderer ordered me immediately to go to New York to receive and superintend the shipment of the arms. A train for St. Louis was due in a few minutes — I threw all my clothing around loose in my trunk and started with Col. Horren and Burlock for the train. We reached St. Louis at one o'clock in the morning. Next morning I went out to Gen. Curtis, and he there insisted upon my accepting the position of Adjutant General on his staff, which is a U.S. grade appointment as he is Brig. General of the Regular Army. Flattering as this was, I declined the offer and recommended Burlock, who was half crazy for joy at this piece of good luck. He is a good officer, and makes a jump which he little expected. At three o'clock I left with the Ohio Mississippi Railroad, reached Cincinnati next morning and went over Zanesville, Bellaire and Pittsburgh to
Philadelphia, which we reached Tuesday at one o'clock. From here I telegraphed to Blem that I was coming. We left for Longo and sailed on a steamer to the foot of the Battery where we landed. Blem was there and we took a Carriage and rode to his house in Stillman Street in Brooklyn. Mother had just left the same day with Ophelia for Emmy's house, so we only took Louise by surprise. Blem has a very big house, beautifully furnished. Louise looks very well now although she has been very sick and poor. I like Blem the more I see him - he is a warm hearted fellow and I have really changed my notions of him entirely. He and Christensen are intimate friends and brothers now, and Blem acts very nobly with the whole family. Christensen had to admit of all the debts that bothered him, and Blem is helping him to his interest.

Rupnow and Karro promised Christensen to pay $100 a month during his absence, but cheats and races as they are, they have never paid the first copper yet, although Blem has done all he could to shame them into doing what they promised. So Christensen has nothing to live on but his salary $136.25 per month, which is not much as he needs a good deal himself. - Yesterday Wednesday, I went to Governors Island; the steamer has not arrived yet and the good Major was mistaken when he thought the Avro would be here on the 20th - she sailed from Havre on the 16th and will probably not arrive before the 25th or 27th. In the meantime I am obliged to stay here and wait. I also visited yesterday Chief Mattock and Fritz Stallknecht in their offices. Mrs Stallknecht was last week delivered with her third don, and is very well! I went home with Blem for supper and we then started for
a regular space—we went to Academy of Music where the magician Herrmann from Paris performed. It was a beautiful performance, the finest I have ever seen. We took a nice and long supper of Oysters and Edinburgh Ale, and arrived home at 2 o'clock in the morning. It is a terrible distance to his house, Kilman street being several blocks beyond Classon Avenue. This morning I rode out by Classon Avenue to Green Point, took the cars at Hunters Point, and have passed all this day with Mother and Emmy. I had a plan to propose, and it meets with approval on all sides, and you may prepare yourself, dearest wife, in the course of a week to see me return— with Mother, who will spend a couple of months with you. She is very poor on her feet, but is else well enough, and will be very well able to make the trip, as she can sit quietly as much as possible. As soon as I have seen the arms shipped, I start with Mother and go straight to Cedar Rapids—leaving here in the evening we will be at Cedar Rapids on the second evening after and take the stage for Marion. If we go over Dubuque, we lose a whole day. I will then stay that night, next day and night with you, and then go on to St. Louis. What do you think of this, my dearest wife? Could you think of anything better, getting mother out and having me for one day and two nights? Emmy is better now—but we will keep all family gossip until mother arrives, and you will then have lots of days of quiet enjoyment in chatting over all these things and get perfectly posted in all family affairs.

Is not this a wonderful welcome letter to you? Now kiss the dear children—I shall let you know when I know when we can depart from here, so that you can calculate when we arrive.

Your loving affectionate, J. C. Newland

Dearest wife, Here I am yet without any sign of the "Arraga," and I should not wonder if I had to stay here most of the week. I wrote you last week from Emmy's house - I think it was Thursday. On Friday morning I went to town here and passed most of the day with Chief Watsell; I also visited Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Belfont - they are all very well. Business is rather poor with them. I have just gone over to New York, so I did not see her. I went home with Blem in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Westmunn were there - they are just as old. Yesterday morning (Saturday) I went up to call on Mrs. Wight, she is sick at bed, but asked me up to her room. She was very glad to see me, and to my great surprise told me that Ed. Stimson was in town since last Tuesday, shopping at the Lafayette House. I went there and made accidentally some romantic discoveries, which I do not dare put down on paper but shall tell you all about when I return - very amusing. I spent about an hour with Stimson, and have not seen him since. In the evening the Chief and I went out to visit McKellar's family (his partners) in Harlem, where I was last February. We had a good time of it with all the young girls in the family and neighborhood, I playing for them all the time and I could certainly have had a great many kisses for the mere asking - but I was fool enough not to ask for them. It was over 11 o'clock
when we left, it rained like blazing, and I took quarters for the night with the Chief in his office sleeping comfortably on a mattress on the floor. I went over to Blends in the morning yesterday (Sunday), took a carriage with them and drove out to Newton after mother, who wanted to get home to prepare her things for her visit to you. Emmy was very well, but could not go with us on account of the many children. It is a shame of Christensen to keep her living there all alone without hardly any neighbors. Blen had written to him and got the prospect of a cheaper house in his vicinity and Emmy was willing — but no, Christensen wanted her to stay merely because he is so fond of the idea that he shall come back just there and find them all in the old place. We drove back to Blens, had a good dinner at 4 o'clock. Proctor and Kendrick came home in the evening and we played Whist. I am writing this letter in the Chief’s Office. I called this forenoon on Mr. Christen, he was very glad to see me and I learned to my surprise that old Mrs. Parrague, who went to Europe about the time we went West, is back here again, so I must make sure of going up and see her before I leave. I might just as well have spent all the time I waste here, at home with you and the dear children and had a fine time of it, and you cannot imagine how much I regret that kind fortune would not have it so. But then on the other side, as far as you are
concerned, you won't in that case not have had another
come and to see you, and that is worth some of my sufferings.
I am sure it will do mother a great deal of good and restore
her former health entirely - she is only week on her feet - else
she looks and feels very well. Louisa is a fat little round body,
very heavy and plump - all, as I believe, without considering.
The weather is beautiful today. I hope to God it shall
not be long before we meet again, even if the happiness is
only of short duration - kiss the darling children from their poor
papa and your devoted husband

[Signature] Ferdisand
[Incoherent and blurred text]
New York, Nov 1, 1881.

Dearest wife,

I think it pretty sure that mother and I leave here Sunday afternoon - we would then if we made the connections, be in Marion (with stage from Cedar Rapids) on Tuesday evening. It might be possible that I could not start before Monday, and in that case you would not see us before Wednesday evening, but you can look out for us one of those evenings. So you will see us soon after you receive this letter, and I hope you feel as glad as I do at the thought of being again with you - even tho' the stay be so short. We passed all last evening with Hoss. Christensen is well - I enclose his letter to me.

Your loving husband,

[Signature]
Dear Mrs. A.,

Here I am again at our old quarters, but exceedingly busy. I was mainly on my arrival here put in charge as 2nd Quartermaster U.S. of all the stores & public property of the whole District, which consists in large amounts of goods, buildings, a couple of hundred of mules (old Yankee, you will remember, from Anamosa Depot, is my wagonmaster here) horses, hay, straw, oats, corn and God knows what more. I also took charge of some 3,000 dollars Government funds. The $200 I sent you the other day when I drew my own money, I think you might deposit in your own name and get a Bankbook for it, with Stephens. It is perfectly secure and he might just as well use it a little in the Bank, and whenever you want to draw against it, you can do so. It also relieves you of the anxiety of having so much money on hand in the home. I drew for my mileage $124.45 and for pay $138.00, so you see I have yet plenty in my pockets. I have now made some $800 dollars since I left Marion on 1st L_depth., which is excellent for 2 months. The weather is delightful here, rather too warm. Tomorrow I shall
probably go to St. Louis to receive the arms, which we learned from to-day as being in Chicago.

Half the regiment was crazy for joy at my return, and I feel rather proud at the position I occupy amongst them. Col. W. VanDever does not know all the good he will do me. Some eight of the officers and the Colonel were at the Planter’s House the evening I arrived and treated me magnificently with Champagne and everything else. I arrived there on Tuesday evening at 10 o’clock. General Curtis was also very cordial to me and I took dinner with him on Wednesday.

Give my love to mother, kiss the dear children from your devoted husband

[Signature]
St. Louis, Mo.
Tuesday, April 19, 1861.
at General Curtis Headquarters.

Dearest wife,

I came to St. Louis Sunday night. The train that took us in arrived from Rolla with several hundred wounded and sick—every day in these times three or four trains arrive all day with lots of sick and wounded, and it is pitiful to see so much misery. Saturday I went through such a train—there were six corpses there—sick men that died during the trip. Typhoid fever is also taking quite many of our men—seven have died during the last three weeks.

The measles seem to gain ground all around—our men at Franklin have been taken with it—Schaffers here had to go home today with the measles. I came here Sunday to get our arms out to Franklin, but have had to wait until today.

Yesterday General Halleck, our new commander-in-chief arrived. He looks like a plain common-sense active man. The city is now again full of military life. The whole army from the west is gradually progressing towards here, and regiments arrive every day. There are over 10,000 men in Benton Barracks. It seems now sure that a great expedition down the Mississippi is on foot—troops are also gathering up in great numbers in Cairo, and we expect in 8 or 10 days to be marched.
off for Kentucky. As a matter of course we are all delighted at the idea of an active campaign.

Last night I went up to see Hoepner. They are well as usual. He is now knocked out of his place.

I spoke today very warmly of him to General Curtis, who asked me to present Hoepner to him, and I have the best hope that he will put him to work again.

The celebrities from the western army commence now to come in here. I have already seen Genl. Sturgis, Genl. Sweeny, Genl. Wymann and Col. Potter. It is quite interesting to be around now.

I hope when I go back tomorrow to get some letter from you. I heard from Stephens last Sunday, he said you were all well. How is Mother getting along with the children—do you talk Danish together? I am going to write a letter to Olm, to whom I only wrote a short letter after my arrival here, so now good bye, dearest wife—give my love to mother and the dear children.

Yours loving,

Ferdinand
St. Louis
Saturday Nov. 23 1861.

Dearest wife, In less than an hour I am off again for Franklin, having the arms for the Regt. on board the Car. I have had a great deal of annoyance and trouble in getting them so far, but now tonight they are with me in Franklin and all trouble in that respect is over. I have been a couple of times with Hooppner yesterday I introduced him to Genl. Curtis and he has the best prospects of getting a permanent Commission as Engineer Officer. His wife is in the family way - 5 months gone he told me and everything promises to go right. This time Major Theo J. Mckean is appointed Brigadier General - he came to St. Louis today - I went with him to Genl. Curtis and afterwards to dinner - he also wants to get hold of me - the Vanderer left for Washington the other day - and will probably be Brigadier himself.
I have had a very tedious time of it here in St. Louis, where I was detained beyond all calculation. I am glad to join the Regt. again.

When I now get in a little more quiet feeling and time, I shall write you some good long letters again.

Give my best regards to Stephens and my love to mother and the children. When I come out tonight I expect to find lot of letters waiting for me—as yet I have received none from you since I parted.

Your Loving,

[Signature]
Pacific Novr 24 1861.

Dearest wife,

Here I am back again at my post and with lots of business on hand. Capt. Casdallon is going back to Kansason a visit to morrow—he can tell you how I am doing. I sent you enclosed a note for $45 signed by me. I have namely taken a war visitt on my life Insurance Policy for $3000 the premium $100 half cash, half my note due in six months. Now I have written to E. C. David the Agent in Dubuque, he will send you the permish form the Company as soon as he receives it, and you will then send him the enclosed note and $45 in a check on cash—Stephens knows about it and will help you to fix the matter right—you can send $45 of the money I sent you. It is very cold in these days— I am glad I have a warm comfortable Office to sit in.

Give my love to mother and the children

Your loving husband

[Signature]

The enclosed note has got to be dated to correspond with the date of the permish.
Pacific M. Tuesday evening
Nov 26th 1861.

Dearest wife, I do not think I am writing more letters to Stephens than to you. Sometimes I have to send him a short answer to some business inquiries of his, and I then answer very shortly, having no time and feeling no disposition to go into further communications. You know, a man cannot always sit down and run off a pleasant or entertaining letter at will—the humor must be somewhat adapted to the task before you. It is forc’d impossible during the day, even if there are moments when no business is on hand; but a good deal expected, to control the mind enough to write anything worth reading. I know you think I can write almost at any time, and that is a mistake; there is a time for everything, except your torture yourself into abortive attempts of stupidity. — I will tell you an interesting chapter of my late experience in St Louis. You know at the time we laid in Boston Barracks, the Colonel, the Major (Boy) and I were welcome guests at General Curtis house. But Major, a young impetuous, untaught of some ability, all drowned by an enormous amount of conceit, commence’d clearly courting Miss Tarpley. We were all disgusted at it; because she evidently looked very favorably on him without knowing much of him, on account of the endorsement he seemed to receive from Vardens and Barron — two old friends of the family. It went so far, that the Major was never to be found anywhere near the Regiment, but always near the girl. He plainly told me all (kind of course) to each of us as a matter of deep secret) that he was as good as engaged to the girl, and we concluded presently over it, hardly knowing what to do, and thus matters stood when I left for Redfield. On my return it was a matter of general talk amongst the friends of the family, all of whom saw through the Major — all except Sarah, who seemed to be entirely blind, although she is a very sensible and smart girl. Then I went to St Louis Sunday a week ago; I made up my mind to put a stop, if possible, to this scandal. I was disgusted to see her throw herself away to such a fellow, and thought that if she really wanted to do it, she should do it with her eyes open. I went out three today a week ago, and found...
her alone in the parlor. She asked about the Major, who was out here, and I at once told her, that I was sorry she should take any interest in him at all. She arose at once, and shut the doors to the hall and the other room where her mother was, came back near her chair up to mine and asked me what I meant. I said that it was my honest conviction, that if she seriously thought of trying herself to him, she voluntarily signed her own doom of misery for life, and I then reviewed the whole ground from the commencement, giving her his whole history, his first connection with the regiment, his relations to the same, and gave her plenty of evidence that he was really no real gentleman. She was very moved and cried—her mother opened the door, looked at us in astonishment, and retired without saying a word. She then told me that she really had had a fancy for the man, but that for some days she had been rather uneasy in her mind, something having occurred which rather had caused her to doubt his character. Yet she said that matters had not gone far enough but that she didn't want to do all at once; she had not taken advice with her parents yet, without which she anyhow should not have engaged herself to the Major.

We talked very seriously together for nearly two hours. She felt very grateful to me, considering me now as the best friend she had in the world, and felt so convinced of my representation, that she was determined to break the connection entirely. I told her the whole occurrence to Vanderve when he came in Thursday, and he also had a talk with the girl, corroborating all I said. Heron and two other friends of the family knew of it, and felt heartily regretful and grateful.

When I came here Saturday Heron told me the Major had received a letter from the dandies, bidding him politely good-bye, and our friend seems over since in very low spirits and very much cut down. He little dreams of the steps interpos'd between him and his glorious prospects of sneaking himself into such good society and relations, and thinks somebody else of his enemies has been interfering. While I am writing this letter he lays on a lounge opposite the table, reading 'Great Expectations' and would surely kill me if he knew what I am sloppily sitting and writing right opposite him here.
In our Camp, life is very monotonous. Rolling, scouting, marching, and maintaining guard go their steady rounds. Yesterday I distributed the new arms, about which J have had so much trouble, and letters from commissaries to end. The soldiers are perfectly delighted with the change—new guns are excellent rifles of the best pattern. The Gratification is general, and repay for the trouble. Vanderer went to Washington last Sunday, and there is great talk about that he is going to be made Brigadier General, in which case I shall probably be appointed Assistant Quartermaster with rank as Captain, and be assigned to his Brigade. I had a severe cold and cough last week in St. Louis, but that has left me now, and I feel better than I have for a good while. We have over one hundred sick in our Regiment, most down with the measles. They rage all over, east and west. The weather has been beautiful for the last days—not too cold but pleasant and refreshing. I have rented a room opposite my storeroom in a brick building, where I have a good store. A table, my camp bed, and three chairs are all the furniture. It is easy enough to accustom oneself to live in tents, if you do it always. But I have been so often away, and have had to go off to New York and St. Louis and enjoy comfortable beds, that the cold nights in a tent settles disagree with me. Even with a stove in a tent, the ground is always so cold, that the lower parts of my legs get chilly, and hence I get the cold. I am now well sheltered, and it really looks as if we should stay here a good while longer, so I thought it best to prepare for winter quarters. It is singular Blain never writes me anything, tell me when you hear from them. Do you ever dream any more of me? I shall not plague you any more with a description of what I sometimes suffer—you know how—but it sometimes makes me so mean and miserable that I lose all interest in business and everything else. Now good night, dearest wife—I will now retire to my lovely, comfortable, narrow cot—read till I get sufficiently sleepy to blow out the candle and sleep. Kiss the dear children from their loving papa, and give my best love to mother. Your loving,

[Signature]
Pacific Me.

Sunday night, Dec 1st, 1861.

Dearest wife, I rec'd today your loving letter of 23rd. I am so glad to hear you are all so well, and that they have become so attached to mother. I had yesterday a letter from Blem—nothing new in it. I have heard that Hoffman has taken command of the dragoons that were called after him and raised early in the campaign. Yet I know nothing positive about it. We cannot tell where and under whom we will be sent. There are many indications that we are soon to move off—and we expect that Curtis will be assigned command of a division, and I know that he wants us with him. We hope he will be appointed Major General and Vanderer Brigadier General—he is now in Washington working for that thing. Our Regiment is keeping the whole County here in awe, and we are daily arresting suspicious characters, returning from the Southern army, so that we have but little to fear. Most people all around are soldiers, but their arms and powder have been taken from them.
long ago and a gun or rifle here and there is yet found every day and turn o'er to me. I have some forty odd rifles of all sizes and kinds in my hands now as contraband, besides about 100 horses and mules. Parties from our regiment are every day out scouring the country — yesterday Captain Washburne brought in 17 prisoners, fresh returning to their homes here from Price's army, two of them had their southern uniforms on yet. If I had only time to spare, I should go along with these scouting parties — it is interesting to hear them tell of all their adventures, searching the secessionists' houses. Thus for instance, Captain Washburn was out some 50 miles from camp and was reliably informed that a wealthy planter had some gunpowder on his premises. He made a forced march during the night and surrounded the house at daybreak. The old gentleman is a confirmed rascal, having fitted out a good many soldiers leaving from his neighborhood for the rebel army. He was
called to the door, but professed his sincere assertions that he knew nothing about any gunpowder. The Captain is a resolute and daring fellow. He searched the house thoroughly, but found nothing. He again threatened the old fellow, who swore and denied everything. "Now," said the Captain, "take your choice: bring us the gunpowder or you will be hung without mercy." Nothing could move the fellow, so the Captain ordered a rope off one of the horses. "Bring him over to that peachtree and hang him!" was the order to the sergeant. The noose was made around his neck, the sergeant swung the rope over a limb of the tree - "Where is the gunpowder?" asked the Captain. He denied with solemn assertions. "Up with him!" said the Captain and turned to go. The old fellow was hauled up, but the tree proved to be an old decayed one and the limb broke down as he kicked with his feet in the air. He moaned as if he was half dead. The Captain ordered him taken to the next tree, to be suspended again.
and turned to go—"The gunpowder is down in the old forge-house," exclaimed the old fellow. Down he was taken to the forge. He said it was hid under the ashes in the hole made for the fireplace. "Dig it out!" said the Captain. The fellow took a loose piece of iron-hoop and commenced to scrape slowly in the ashes. "Throw away that iron," said the Captain, "and take the ashes out with your hands—quick!" So the old fellow finally brought out a large keg with buckshot and another half full of powder. This is but one of the many occurrences of our everyday life, and we all regret that we have to feed and provide for all these rascals, whilst thousands of Union people are driven from their homes out West, flying to St. Louis, starving and robbed of everything by the rebels. They ought to be quickly disposed of.

My health continues to be good. It was very cold this morning. There are some homeguards watching the railroad bridges between here and St. Louis. They are commanded by Captain King, who lives in Allentown, five miles from here on the railroad.
He was going home from here this morning and I took a notion to go with him for exercise sake. We walked down there and I dined with his family, wife and four children. His old mother lives with him. She is an old Pennsylvania Dutch lady of the old school, smart and talkative, with a neat white bonnet on her head. She talks always about the large family she has raised—seven children, 16 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren—all living around her. When I entered the room I was smoking a Cigarette, which I laid away on the mantelpiece. The old lady and I chatted away a good while, till she arose and to my great astonishment filled a claypipe with tobacco and smoked away with a great deal of enjoyment, upon which I quickly sprang to my feet and lit my unfinished Cigarette. She told me a great deal about her relations and filled and finished three pipes while I was there. After dinner we went over to another of
her married daughters - Major Inks family. He is quite wealthy, lost his wife 3 years ago, and has 6 daughters. The eldest are grown and quite good looking - all play piano tolerably and sing. We made all some music and at 4 o'clock I left to return to here. I walked the whole way back all alone and reached Camp just in time for supper, which we take at 5 o'clock. We had a fine Venison Steak. Deer are very plenty in the woods around here, and we bought a whole quarter of the most magnificent steak I ever tasted for - 40 Cents for the whole of it.

Captain King makes up for me a whole barrel of Hickory-nuts, of which there is any quantity around here. I have given him the address and they will be sent by Railroad to you. All they will cost will be the freight. I do not know which way they will go, so after some time has elapsed you better ask Stephens to have inquiry made for them at Cedar Rapids. If they go by Dubuque they will be sent to you.
Our Regiment is now complete in every respect. We have excellent guns in lieu of the old hardware. The Artillery attached to our Regiment, received their 6 smoothbore and howitzers last Thursday also all the harnesses and saddles for their 120 horses. It is a splendid affair to see them turn out for drill. We have besides a baggage train of 25 Army waggons, each drawn by six mules, besides that we have 4 two horse waggons and 20 horses. So when we ever get to move we will show quite handsomely - first our Band, 16 strong with their shining instruments, all dressed nice, caps with gold band around, each musician with a nice sword with gilt handle, which I got for them at the Arsenal in New York. Then our mounted Officers, 8 of them, their horses finally equipped. Then our 960 men - all the 70 Sergeants with swords and brass scales (epaulets). Then our battery with their shining brass pieces, five mounted officers horses splendidly caparisoned. Then our long
baggage train and surplus horses
and mules. I should like to parade
through Dubuque in this shape, and to
have you be there and see the sight. —
That wouud be something for Harman to wonde
at! I hear that the Iowa 12th arrived at
St. Louis yesterday — our old Major Brothbeck
is with them and will come out to see us
one of these days. We will make him a
grand reception. Last Thursday night a
Colonel Maupin of the Missouri troops stationed
here, gave all us officers an oyster supper
here. Colonel Harding, now Adjutant General
of this State, was present. Speeches were
made on all sides — I was in for a couple
of them. There is some talk about a ball
here next Thursday. Don't care much about
it. — I am too sleepy tonight after my long
walk today to write more. I should also have
written to Stephens — excuse me to him and let
him hear or read this letter. Kiss the dear
children and give my love to mother, and
believe me ever your devoted husband.
Ferdinand
Pacific, Dec 4th, 1861

Wednesday.

Dear wife,

I find this sheet belonging to one of my assistants, and as it gives a real good picture of the Barracks that I need to describe to you, I thought you would like to have it. The Villa in the middle is Gen. Curtis' headquarters, where I have spent many agreeable hours. On this side, this is not seen, are the headquarters of the staff officers.

I am well - today the snow is all melted away and it is a magnificent fine weather. Capt. Henry Curtis came out to visit us for a day or two and is up in camp today.

Give my love to mother and the dear children.

Yours devoted husband

Ferdinand
Pacific City, Thursday 3rd Dec 1861

Dearest wife, Last night I rec'd your loving lines of 23d Nov. I am so glad to hear you are all well and getting along pretty well. The address of Krausch is simply Theodore Krausch 3rd Chicago, as he always puts his letters at the Post Office. I had a very nice letter from Father, which came to Stephano - he has received the powwitis I send with Bartholomew and is very glad at them. He wants mine very badly, and I am going to send him the little photograph, of which I send you a copy. I am going to write him a long letter one of these days. I have a heavy cold in my head today, but feel else well. The weather is now springlike mild, and it is the change that affected me. Majr. McKean is now Brigadier General, and wants me on his Staff (like Austin) as Adjt. General - but I will still to Vanderover who writes me daily very affectionate letters.

On the other page is a picture of the great amphitheatre in the Fairgrounds adjoining Benton Barracks, where the soldiers attend service every Sunday. It can hold 10,000 spectators.

My head is rather confused today and I have several business letters to write. So good bye with my love to you.

Your devoted husband

[Signature]
Pacific M. Decr 6 1861

To my dear wife,

I read today your loving letter of last inst., with Lourias and others letters. I don't like the idea of your going to Dubuque - I feel anxiety enough about all kinds of accidents happening to you and the children anyhow, not to have it augmented by a knowledge of the fact that you are going over that railroad, which so nearly killed myself. Perhaps you can get something for the Christmas tree in Marion - anything else wanted you might ask Mrs. Amos Locke to buy for you - I know she would do it gladly. The cost of the train I won't then rather invest in livings - hire once or twice a week for an hours ride or two with mother. — I feel real sick yesterday but got it into my head to attend the ball given here last night by our officers. I went in with a will to dance the sickness out of my body - and in I went into it like a perfect maniac - I danced every dance - Quadrilles, Polkas and devastating Gallops - from 8 o'clock in the evening till half past five in the morning, only with interruption of a glorious supper at midnight. I sweated as I never have in my life - for hours and hours the water streamed out of all my pores and I worked myself into a perfect passion for dancing in one continuity with everybody - no matter how my partner looked - lean or fat - handsome (and some were very much so) or ugly. When I left this morning the sun was just about rising, the air was magnificent and bright, and I went directly up and saddled my horse and galloped him for 9 miles till I returned for a hearty breakfast. I have not slept a wink today - feel of course week and exercised - but I am smoking my cigarre while I am writing this letter, and feel tip - top, clean - out - over
my whole body. It was an excellent cure — I should else have been a-bed sick today. I was so weak in my legs yesterday forenoon that I could hardly walk — all my bones ached — my eyes were swollen, nose running, head aching — all sure forerunners of fever but that demoniac dance cured me. I think I shall enjoy a thundering good sleep tonight. — By-the-by I didn't dream there were any such nice girls in existence around this place as I saw there last night. How good bye!

Your devoted husband

Pedrinus
Pacific 9th Feb 1861 Monday.

Darkest wife, since Saturday the weather has been intensely hot - the sun is burning like in July with you, and I do not like it very much. I feel frighted - that ball cleaned me out excellently - there is some fear of smallpox spreading here - so to be very cautious I had myself vaccinated yesterday - having also been vaccinated as child and while in New York, I think there will be no danger for me. Else there is nothing new here. I ride a good deal on horseback - today I have to write 6 letters to the departments in St Louis - I perspire with windows and doors open - so I cannot write you anymore but merely want to let you hear from me and send my love to you all.

Your loving husband

[Signature]
Pacific M. Feb 10th 1861

Tuesday

Dearest wife,

I have nothing of interest to tell you. I sold my horse to Capt. Henry Curtis for $150, and sent you enclosed a check on New York for $150, which you will bring over to Steve and have entered on your book to your credit.

I have over 50 contraband horses in my possession and can ride as many as I please, so I thought I would rather make sure of the money than risk it any longer in horseflesh during the war with all its contingencies.

You must write your name on the back of the check as Stephens will show you.

God by, dearest wife - I am well and hope you and the dear children are likewise. God bless you all.

Your devoted,

Franz.
Dearest wife, I am all right. I have got to go to St. Louis tomorrow morning to try to collect the bills for transportation expenses of Officers of this Regiment. I am the only officer who got permission to leave the post from General Halleck - Capt Harper got telegraph from Iowa that his child was dying - he petitioned Gen. Halleck for leave to go home a few days, and other officers have petitioned likewise on very urgent business, but all of them have been flatly and sternly refused. General Halleck has inaugurated a strict military discipline, which however had in some cases, is nevertheless correct and right. The consequence is that whereas the Hotels in St. Louis used to be thronged with officers, who pooled lots of money away while there and neglected their Regiments whenever they laid in Camp, they are now all compelled to do their duty. That is the only way to make soldiers. — It is evening now. I am sitting alone in my office at my desk, two candlesticks burning on each side of my face. No, I am not alone — up by the door stands a Coffin with a corpse in it. It is one of our soldiers who died this afternoon and is going to be buried tomorrow. He had had the Typhoid fever, got over it and was apparently well, though weak. This noon he ate some beansup and chicken, gasped suddenly and died. The other night we buried a man of our Artillery. I went out with them. The Band played a dirge at the grave, near town in a little grove where all our dead lay — the coffin was lowered, music and all wheels roar about face, and with a merry "Yankee Doodle" from the Band we left the unknown solitary corpse.
to the worms. Such is life!

I shall try to see Hauppauge tomorrow. I have, as you may see from the above facts in relation to furloughs, hardly any faith in the possibility of coming home to spend Christmas with my dear ones. It is far more probable that we are even getting into an active campaign by that time. And if this does not happen, my present duties as Post Quartermaster would make it utterly impossible for me to leave. I hope you will have a nice Christmas tree for the children and feel as happy with them as possible without your old man. You may believe my thoughts will be with you—and I for my part shall try to get something or other up in the Regiment to try to enjoy ourselves as well as we can—it was on Christmas evening 1853 I landed in Philadelphia, 8 years ago. The weather today and yesterday is cold and fresh—the days and moonlight nights are brilliant, and this time of the season we feel far more pleased with such weather than with the warmer days we had before this.

Kiss the dear children and remember me with love to mother.

Your loving,

Ferdinand
Pacific Desk 16 1861

Dear wife, I returned yesterday from St. Louis. I did not see Happiness, having a good deal to run about. Saturday night I got through and went up to Genl. Curtis family - they now live at Barnums Hotel. I took dinner with them and went in the evening with Miss Sarah, Col. Worthington & wife (June 5th) to the theatre to see Maggie Mitchell. Miss Sarah is all right - Major Boyle came in the evening to town and went also to the theatre - he came up to me and made a great fool of himself. She is very grateful that she got rid of him. I read today your letters of 6th inst. with a letter from Jimmy which I will read tonight. I am too busy with other things - I got $5000 yesterday in St. Louis from Major Allen to pay all the small debts of the Regt. here and everybody & his wife is after me for money.

I got a long letter from Vanderveer today. I have sent it to Stephens to read and return - he will let you see it.

You can by his letters easily see what he is.

Weather is beautiful and fresh. I wish Stephens could convince himself to come down here for a couple of days. Why couldn't he in that case take you along? It would not hurt the children if you were absent 4 or 5 days. If we should stay here some such thing might perhaps be done after Christmas.

Kisses the dear children from their old papa.

[Signature]
Pacific Dec 12 1861.
Tuesday.

Dearest wife,

I have nothing new at all to write you and am very busy in the bargain. Col. Herron went last night to St. Louis to see the General—there is going to be a grand ball in the Barrooms Hotel tonight, given by the proprietors. Miss Curtis sent an invitation for Frank and me, but I cannot and do not care to go.

Weather is delightful here, our sick are getting out of the hospitals. Kiss the dear children and give love to mother.

From your devoted husband,

[Signature]"
Die Stadt ist schön.

Man sollte sich Zeit nehmen, um die Stadt gut zu erkunden.

Die Kirche ist besonders sehenswert.

Werden Sie liebwillig und schützen den Frieden und die Ruhe.

Ehre und Achtung sollen bei Ihnen bleiben.

Zeit die Ewigkeit zu erleben.
Pacific Dec. 21, 1861. Saturday

Dearest wife, I just see your loving letter of 16th inst. Telling me about Cornelia and Boba Tarzoo's. Day before yesterday I got a four-page foolscap letter from Stephens, giving me the most humorous description of the whole affair and all the gossip and jokes about it in the street, most of which you probably never heard of. One joke comes from Jim Harvey: somebody in the crowd remarked next morning after the affair that it was rather 'a hard case.'

'Oh no says Jim 'It will work easier after a few days!' Rascal!

It was really a delicious bit of scandal for a small town, as Stephens calls it—he seems to have enjoyed the whole thing mightily.

Weather is cold and dark—jews commenced snowing a little. This will reach you about Christmas time—may it be a pleasant and happy time for the children—Lord knows how I should like to be with you—do you remember the last one at Anamata?

Dearest wife, there are a good many things we ought to do and speak and council with each other about—especially as our children are growing up and the responsibilities become heavier. I hope we are gathered together again, that we can commence...
in earnest to make a real happy circle out of our little family - the fault is all with me if little has been done hitherto - even your silence is caused by my repulsive stupidity.

I have had a tremendous boil right in front on my throat - it spread for inches all around but broke this morning and let out a good deal of matter. I am glad that the bad blood comes out that way, but it made me feel sickish for several days.

Mr. Mr. Allison and his bride (Magie Harvey) from Dubuque are here on a visit - came this morn return tonight. They took dinner with us in Camp and liked everything very much.

My love to all, God bless you, dear wife.

Your devoted,

Ferdinand
Pacific Mr. Dec 22/61 Sunday.

Dearest wife, just read your loving lines of 17 1/3 inst. I had

just sat down to write a long letter to father in Copenhagen

and must use this Sunday afternoon for it too, or else

it will be a long time again before I go at it. I am really

glad Mrs Hoepner thought so kindly of Baby - I have planned

next Sunday to get her and husband out here with morning

train - they can then return same eve. The vaccination did not

take at all - all the bad in my blood has concentrated in

that tremendous boil on the throat. I am really glad

you bought those nice things and if you will just

look upon them as Christmas or Newyear's gifts, I should

feel very happy. I couldn't anyhow send you anything

but money to invest in what you would like best.

It is snowing very hard but I sit in my

comfortable office writing all day. Else nothing new

at all. I went on a spree last night with Caradon and

the Major - we played Billiards till near one o'clock and took

an Oyster stew with beer. Didn't get up till 9 this morning.

I am so glad Mother feels so well - does she long very hard

to get back or does she seem real satisfied with you and the

children? Kiss them all and God bless you!

Your loving husband

Ferdinand.
Pacific M.  
December 25th, 1861.  
Christmas Day.

My Dear love,

My thoughts were with you all last night. I was up in the Colonel's tent as usual after our supper — we had some nice mince-pies, cold Turkey and small cakes, which came down from Dubuque from a crowd of ladies, for Col. F. B. Herring and the Quartermaster. Mrs. Barney wrote the letter that came with it — they seem to think a good deal of me up there and wanted to know if there was nothing else we wanted. That's very kind anyhow. I laid down on the Colonel's bunk and listened to the Band playing their usual evening music outside the Tent. After a while I started to go down to my room and go to bed — I feel rather sick. Not only has the boil on my throat made me rather sick since last Wednesday, but I kept the bed on Thursday and Friday, feeling some kibions. I took medicine to move the bowels but it did not operate till Sunday. Day before yesterday I had the boil cut open by the doctor and keep it now well protected with flaxseed poultice. I cannot help smiling at your idea of having me come home if I feel sick — I could no more do that or get permission to do it than creep to the moon — so it is no use promising you anything of that kind.

And that is one thing I will promise to do if I get serious sick, and that is that I will go to St. Louis. On 48 Street there is an immense old brick building built like a cloister and owned by the Sisters of Charity. It is a very healthy institution and any sick will be taken in there and cared for as well as in any home, and if a man has the means to pay for it he can have the most elegant and comfortable rooms for himself and be cared for as tenderly and lovingly as anywhere. Some of the Sisters are out here in our public Hospitals and do wonders of good. There is where I would go to, and then I could also have Mrs. Hopkins come and see me.
As I told you above I started last night to go down to my room, but was stopped at the Adjutant's Office by a crowd of officers, who had invested in several boxes of oysters. I went back with them, had our cook prepare them, had some eggnog made and passed an hour quite pleasantly. Then I went down to bed at nine o'clock. That was all we had of Christmas Eve.

It is a very pleasant weather today. The boys have got liberty to do pretty much as they please today, and the camp is full of turkeys and other good things. I feel well enough, only a little weak. After the mail comes in the Colonel and I are going on horseback up to the other Camps, 6 miles from here. I think that will do me very good.

I hope the children enjoyed themselves last night. My thoughts were all the time with you. I wish you would tell me all that took place. Kiss them dearly from their papa and give my love to mother with a happy Newyear to you all.

Yours loving husband

Ferdinand
Dearest wife,

Monday 30 Decbr 1861

I have heard nothing from you for several days. I learn from Stephens toady that you had a glorious Christmas evening of it, which makes me very happy, as much as if I had been present. I long to hear a few particulars from you.

My health is very excellent — the weather is pleasant, fresh and clear. We were near getting off to Rolla, but it now looks as if we should stay here a good while longer still there is no telling in military life. Tomorrow evening the citizens are giving a ball here to which most officers are invited. I think I shall go there myself, if I feel in humor to go. I ought to make up for the poor Christmas evening I had.

Kisses the dear children and give my love to another.

Your affectionate husband,

Ferdinand
Pacific M. Jan 2, 1862

Darling wife,

I read today your dear letter of 27 Dec., recounting me your glorious Christmas eve — of which I was so glad that I can hardly describe it. New Year's night the ball went off here at which I amused myself pretty well although there were too many Secesh ladies and gents present. We have no news of any kind in military matters or movements — I am busy with my pen from morning till evening making out the Reports for Washington, which is an immense work. This makes it nearly impossible for me to write family letters as I shall not feel at ease until I have got rid of that job. I want to ask Tottenham to come out here next Sunday. I am going to write him about it today.

Kiss those dear children — I am so glad they had a glorious Christmas and hope to God never more to be away at any coming Christmas. Give my love to mother.

Your affectionate husband

[Signature]
dearest wife Your darling letter of 29th is received.
I am so glad to read your letters. — Today I was as busy
as yesterday with my reports — writing all day — I will
merely let you know I am well — nothing new at all —
weather dark snowy and dirty.

My love to all
Your loving husband

January 4th, 1862

Ferdinand
Pacific, Mr. Sunday, January 5, 1862

Dear wife, the weather continues gloomy and dark. My life is so monotonous that I can find nothing of interest to tell you.

Up in the morning at half past 7 - breakfast - to the office, where I am writing till 12 - dinner time - dinner, back again and in the office balance of day. To bed near 10 o'clock. I am so anxious to get quick through my reports and have everything ready in case General Curtis should send for me, which is rather likely. Or else to go with the regiment wherever it should be ordered to. - My bowels are all the time a little out of order - a thing you know has never happened for years. I think it will do me good in the long run and improve my constitution. I wrote to Happens about coming here today, but have no answer as yet - the train is not in from St. Louis so I do not know whether he is coming or not. I send you a picture of S. Herron and Commander since Vanderer is in Washington. I will try gradually to get a picture of most of our officers for a collection and remembrance. Kiss the dear children - love to mother.

Your affectionate husband,

Ferdinand
Pacific City, Jan. 30, 1962

My dearest wife, I read your letter of 21st inst., and am very glad to hear that you enjoy your bag of beer. I wish you would always be sure to keep it in the house. I am sorry you signed the petition for prohibiting beer, I should have held a pitcher of beer so long under her nose until she left. I wish I could have got hold of her.

On top of all my other business here comes a Missouri regiment mustered out of service and paid off in these days, and I have to receive all their arms and accoutrements of all kinds. There is a running in and out of my office all day disturbing me at every line I am writing, so I do not feel very sprightly. Sometimes they come about matters that just makes me feel like kicking them right out of doors, but I have to be patient and cool down. Just now there are about 800 of these Missourians in front of my office to be marched in by files of 4 or 6 to deliver up their equipments—and there is a brandishing and trampling and talking enough for any Be-Yan.

So good bye—love to all.

Your devoted husband

[Signature]
Pacific January 12, 1862

Monday.

Dearest wife, I have read your letter of 5th inst. Your expenses are not so large as you seem to think, being $33 dollars per month. Figures always look big when a long period of time is added together. I long to see the children — you may believe so — but it is no use flattering myself into deluding hopes that I know cannot be realized for a long while — if being next to impossible to get furloughs or any kind of furloughs. I have a very fine sleigh in Dubuque in Judd's stable — I have written him today to send it out to you by the railroad at once. I had forgotten all about it, for which I am sorry. The shafts to the sleigh you will find in our barn. — Those hickory nuts have probably been pilfered by the railroadmen — other officers who send nuts home have never heard from them neither.

It is awful cold today. Nothing new except that Hopkins came out yesterday to visit me — his wife is sick to bed, he is afraid she will get the Bronchitis. The other matter is all right with her yet. I am rather weak from the continuous diarrhoea and will take some medicine today to stop it. But maybe it has kept me from other troubles. A great many of our officers are now sick — Harper from Anamosa is so low that he it will be very doubtful if he ever recovers — Cascadden is sick too but he is strong enough to brave almost anything. Our men are getting better. I would not live in this confounded country and climate even if I had a princely fortune to consume here. It is a disgusting country altogether.

I just now learn from Dr. Hart that Harper evidently has got over
the crisis and that it looks very probable that he
will recover entirely. He had indeed a narrow escape.

She nothing new at all. Kiss the little blessings and
give my love to mother.

Your devoted husband,

Ferdinand
Pacific M. January 15, 1862

Dear wife, Your loving letter of 1st is read and I enjoyed the picture of the legs in the air very much—just like the time when you experienced the same thing in Dubuque, when we left our house in the wagon going down the hill from the gate. My diarrhoea lasted eight days—

Day before yesterday the doctor gave me powders (opium and camphor) to stop it—it did so much effectually and closed me up too much, so yesterday he gave me a dose Castor Oil, which—great heavens—kept me near all afternoon in close conference with the French King. Towards evening it stopped and I feel very well today. I have two very comfortable rooms across the street—one of my servant Homer, the other for myself. My room is small but very snug—a bedstead with four high posts—a strawmattress, with 4 blankets for to lay on, 2 others over me and a comforter. I have a comfortable howehair covered sofa, often used by strolling Captain who want to pass the night in town. A table—a drygood box used as washstand, a spittoon and 3 chairs constitute the balance of my furniture. All the day the room is kept warm and clean by my servant. Since I ceased messing in camp I hired Homer Grimes, an elegant free nigger from Dubuque, for my exclusive servant. I pay him $2.00 per month. I have found it cheaper to do it this way, than have servants in common with other officers—you get no comfort and it costs more in the end.

Homer sleeps on my Camp Cot in the first room. At six in the morning he makes fire—brushe all my clothes and blackens my boots—stands over me while I dress—he has charge of all my trunks and clothes—esc to the washing, and altogether I have first rate comfort by his attendance. When I am dressed he spreads the table goes down to the tavern, comes back with a waister with my coffee, milk, sugar, steak and other eatables, and there I sit in my lonely solitude, the nigger standing in front ready for any command.
Then I go to the office; I dine at the saloon. During all the day my room is empty and comfortable. At supper I have generally the Colonel or some of the officers for guest—not glorious cozy suppers we have there. I am in my room all the evening—2 bright candles at my head—and when nobody is in I lay and read all the night—for the last 14 days while I have been rather weak—I have never been away from my room in the night, feeling a benificent relief there from my hard office work during the day.

Capt. Henry Curtis sent me yesterday a box of sherry wine with his friendly compliments—I really love that man and he returns my feeling. I have always a lot of apples and some bottles of Whiskey in the room for calling friends. So you see I am well cared for—only your dear face around me and with me, and I should be very happy.

There is nothing new in military matters—we expect the final orders to move any moment. How kiss the dear children and give my best love to mother, whom I am so happy to know feels quite satisfied in our home and likes the people around you. How different anywhere you are situated than if you had been in Connecticut.

Your loving husband,

(Ferdinand)
April Pacifica in Jan 18 1860

Dearest wife, I have read your loving lines of 12th. and with letters from Tommy. I think anyhow Julia Beck acted quite sensible in asking Bendy to wait a little while— that's what the maid's in olden times told their Knights to do when they started out on their chivalrous expeditions—he is fighting the Saracens and Moors, and she is passing most of her days and especially the moonlight nights sitting by the small window up in the high tower, leaning her head on her hand, and staring with dreaming eyes towards the far horizon and the stars above her. Manners and customs alter with the times: the lover Bendy is smoking his pipes and preparing the delicious toffees and punch for the enemy's country, while the damsel is shopping at home and measuring her influence and captivating powers on young Yankeedom by the proportions of her new hoops and the style of her new dresses. Different times—that's all!

Frank Herron is not by any means engaged to Maria Jones. Whatever his feelings formerly may have been, he would never marry into any Lecceh family, and Maria is herself all Lecceh. I should not wonder if Frank finally should fall in love with Leticia Curtis she passed through here today going up to her parents at Bolla. She is very cold and indifferent to Major Cole, and the fact is that by this time the whole family have got a great deal of disgust towards the Major. Nothing new in military matters. All in expectation and no action. Kiss the dear Children from their loving Papa.

Your affectionate husband

Ferdinand
Eftir því það varð innsýnt af því

Hver dának? Við þú varð geyms þar sem þú varð. Ég þóttir þar.

hverdán

í Vestmannaeyjar

því þar sem þú varð. Ég þóttir þar.

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Sunday,
Pacific January 19 1862

Dearest wife,
Now again orders have come to go to Rolla to report to General Curtis. So we shall probably be off by tomorrow night. Yet we have been so often humbugged that there is no telling what may happen before tomorrow night.

Mrs. Cascaddon arrived yesterday; her husband is quite well and up. If it was not for our dear children I should certainly have asked you to come here long time ago.

Rainy and miserable weather - makes me dull and heavy - I long to see clear sunny weather again.

I cannot tell anything about how I will be placed at Rolla. I am tired of guessing and shall only mention changes when they actually take place.

I send you a little letter for my dear Herman. Kiss Francis and Sophy and all from

Your loving husband

[Signature]
Pacific, January 19th, 1867

My dear son Herman,

Papa loves you so much—he knows you are such a good boy and that you love your Mama with all your heart. Papa kisses this paper right inside this ring.

and so if you will kiss it too, it is like kissing Papa. You must also let dear Francis and little darling Sophy kiss the ring, so that Papa knows that all his children love him.

Papa would like so much to be home with you, but he cannot now, and you must try to be as patient as Papa and love Mama and Grandmama and mind all they say.

Good bye, dearest boy—
Your loving Father.
Pacific Thursday 23 Jan 1862

dearest wife: Terribly busy. The Regiment left this place Tuesday night quarter past eleven o'clock — arrived safe at Rolla 8 o'clock in the moon yesterday. Today all our transportation and my stores go up — tomorrow the Battery. It takes 80 cars to move me. I shall go tomorrow or day after. Don't know what I will be put to then.

Hooray — to my great joy — went up to Rolla yesterday to report on Curtis' staff. He shall have a good time there. I am so busy tasting invoices and turning over all my stores and property to Capt. Floyd from St. Louis sent out here by Genl. Hallock.

Good bye dearest.

Your loving

E. J. Moore
Pacific Friday Morning
January 24, 1862

Dearest wife,

In an hour or two the Colonel and I are off for Rolla. Late last night I finished the transfers of everything to Capt. Boyd, and we leave today with the Battery and whatever other men are left here except the sick.

So good bye, tedious Franklin, where I have spent over 3 months. New scenes and new fates will open on us — what will they be? It does me good to have to change — I think anything will do me better than stay here. You will next hear from me from Rolla or farther on. It will now be Camp Life in good earnest, and I will have to write when circumstances will permit me to get hold of pen and ink. — I am plentiful provided with heavy woolen shirts and everything that is warm.

We are told Col. Vanderer is in St. Louis — if so he will be with us today. The talk is that we with the Army push on to Springfield, from there south to Little Rock in Arkansas, from there down the Mississippi as far as we can get. Good bye! dearest kiss the darling & remember your

[Signature]
Rolla, January 25th 1862

Saturday.

Dear wife,

We arrived here safely last night at 7 o'clock, with the balance of our whole Regt. The Camp is about 1/2 mile outside town, if you can find the town anywhere. Houses spread on more than a square mile of ground, and an unfathomable amount of mud, constitute the town of Rolla. We visited Camp but had no time to get our own Tent up or Baggage sent from the Depot, so Herron and I waded through any amount of Mud to find some place to cook in. Finally we succeeded in an overcrowded tavern to find one double bedstead, and after a great deal of fun we passed a comfortable night. Today the weather is splendid. I have been on horseback all day, forward and backward and feel gay as a lark. You have hardly any idea how I feel easy at having got rid of Franklin and all my stores and troubles there, and how I delight at the thought.
of a tramp with the Regiment. It will be an active Campaign for our Regt.—we are not going like others to be put into any Brigade,—with our Infantry, Battery and probably 4 Companies Horse. We are going as an independent command under the eyes of General Curtis, who starts with us tomorrow or day after in the morning. We have to push ahead of all other Brigades already gone, and will be in the advance column. All extra luggage will be sent back to St. Louis. All I take along will be my blankets and woolen shirts, stockings and drawers. Everything else even the kit will be sent back. We expect to sleep in the ground and take the rough and tumble of real camp life. The Colonels the same way. Vandeaver will be here tonight (although he has a leave of absence for 30 days) to go with us. He and Hornum and I will mess and sleep together. I feel well and bright—just ready for a life that will make me handy and healthy. You must not expect to hear
from me as often or as regular as heretofore. I must take my chances.

General Curtis will get some particular use for me—I don't know yet how.

Tell Stephens what I have written. I will not get time for more.

God bless you dear Caesar, and the children and mother!

Address your letters as usual.

Your loving

[Signature]
In Camp near Rolla, Tuesday morning. 7 o'clock dark as pitch outside.

Dearest wife, All is life and stir around in the Camp. At six o'clock everything must be ready for the March. Fires are blazing all around, the wood-choppers are busy at work, there is singing, whooping on all sides. Last night it rained considerably -- yesterday the weather was very mild, so the ground is tenly soft and muddy. We hope today to make 10 miles. It has been our study ever since we came here, how to cut down our baggage. We have 10 days rations to carry, besides forage for all our animals, and as we have only 2 wagons for each Company and have all the tents and cooking utensils to carry besides, there is hardly room left for any more. There will be no place where to draw any supplies of any kind until we reach Lebanon, 14 miles from here. Yesterday after I had finished all the work I had on hand, the Colonel sent me word to come up to the house occupied by General Curtis family and take dinner with them at 4 o'clock. They occupy a house belonging to a Frenchman now in the rebel army. It is large but unfinished, all the rooms being neither plastered nor papered. The little furniture
there belong also to the Lewis family. Henry Curtis is sick in bed there. He hopes to be well enough tomorrow night to start after and join his father. Mrs. Curtis and Lacie return to St. Louis as soon as Henry gets well enough to start. My servant Hines used to be their cook formerly, so he was sent down to roast a magnificent wild turkey. I was hungry as a wolf, and ate heartily. Later in the evening General Asboth came dashing along to make a call. Part of his Brigade starts also today. After he left and at about 9 o'clock, Frank Harron came with some cans of oysters, Lacie got the chafing dish out, Vanderer made a nice little punch, and there we four sat around the table for several hours as smugly and pleasantly as could be possibly imagined. The rough and tumble of this kind of life is interspersed with many delightful occurrences — so much more appreciated and enjoyed as it contrasts with the tedious part of it. It would have been a perfect picture for anybody: here was a lady brought up in fashion and luxury — two empty bottles on the table (no cloth on it) with candles stuck in the mouth of the same. We three
dressed to our worst appearance - no dinner visible, worldwide, top boots bespattered with mud over the knees, I tumblers on the table going the rounds for us four, one spoon doing all the business in its line the whole evening, and so every-thing in proportion. It was terribly dark when we left and rode to Camp. — Hoepner is not here. He was sent out to the Gas- sade Bridge River to build a bridge. He calculates to reach the Gas- sansa tomorrow night and I shall then see him.

I wrote yesterday to Stephens about my appointment as best. Quath, Mr. U.S. — The Commission is expected daily. It is perhaps possible that 16a. Curtis will send me in charge of the Post here at Rolla, where Captain Small has been acting as Qu. Mr. ever since last August. But he is such a slow and unbusiness qualified person, and the duties here are enormous and responsible, that the General contemplates a change. In that case I would have to return to this place from any point where his orders to that effect would reach me. The whole Army (15,000 strong) now west of here depends entirely on this Post for supplies, so you
Can easily imagine its importance. I wish Jim Harvey would come here at once if I was ordered here. Capt. Small employs about a dozen clerks, and I should at once send some if they were if I superseded him.

Now good bye, dearest wife. If I am put in here, it will be a permanent thing during the war, and some time after, and I should then insist that you came to see me for a week or two. John is just now (John is Morses man) pouring out the coffee (no milk) and Homer bringing in the ham - the last meal at this Camp. When Homer left Curtis house last night, he lost his way entirely in the hollows, and had finally to sleep at the foot of a tree, until the Campfires this morning showed him the direction.

God bless you dearest wife, and the children. My love to mother - write as usual addressing letters to St Louis.

Your loving husband

Ferdinand

I shall not be able to write Stephens - so give him my best regards.
In Camp 12 miles from Rolla
1/2 mile from the Gasconade River
Wednesday 28 January 1862

Dear Sister, Here we are on our second day's march from Rolla. We started yesterday from Camp, and I tell you it was with a solemn feeling I finally saw the whole Regiment drawn up in line, all the Wagons loaded, the whole Battery mounted and ready, and finally when the Bugle sounded the March orders, to see the whole long line of glittering Bayonets, the 27 Wagons with their white duck covers, the six cannons and six caissons, all the 175 males and 150 horses move slowly ahead and passing me as I stopped on the hilltop mounted on my horse (I had just been over and breakfasted and had goodbye to Henry and Eddie Curtis and their mother) — what fate were we going to meet? How many of those noble fellows would ever return? What scenes were we going to witness? And yet when I put the spur in my horse and galloped past the whole train and joined the Colonel ahead of the whole — I felt proud and happy, I have never yet in my life felt as elevated — ready to meet anything and to.
face any hardship—really, dearest wife—I even to sacrifice even you and my dear, dear children to participate in woe and woe with those thousand men, with whose fate mine now is so entirely linked. Well, on we went. Such mud you have never seen, and I am wondering yet how our heavy loaded wagons were ever dragged through such mine. Our men marched abysmally in spite of being encumbered with their heavy loaded knapsacks and haversacks. We marched nine miles and arrived at 2 o'clock yesterday at an opening in this tremendous hilly country, where we halted and struck our new Libby Tents, which I received for the Regiment in Rolla. A Libby is a large Conical Tent with a hole in the top to let the smoke out. In the center inside a small stove is put which keeps the tent warm and comfortable. Each tent rooms 18 men. Just as we pitched our tents it commenced raining, and it rained most unmercifully all the balance of the day, making the inside of each tent a perfect mudhole. Yet in spite of everything we all felt well, and I slept soundly all the night. During the night the rain changed to snow and there was several inches of snow on top of the mud.
In spite of this the order to break up was given and at 10 o'clock this morning we started in the heavy snowstorm and dirt. We made only 3 miles to this place where we learned that the bottomland between here and the Gasconade was almost impassable, and we halted here pitch our tents again. We hope to be able to go ahead tomorrow. I started ahead on my horse down to the river, where I found friend Hoepper camped with an Engineer Corps, with which he is trying to build a bridge across the Gasconade. I had a cup of coffee with him in his tent and he rode back with me here to Camp. He is in excellent health, but has not heard from his wife since he left.

I took up quarters with Vanderer in a farmhouse, where we have a splendid open fireplace and comfortable beds. My boots have been all day in mud and snow, and the only trouble I have is in getting my boots on in the morning. Our Band is just now playing some fine pieces outside the door. Vanderer wants to write some letters, and there being only one pen and one small table at our command I have to close and send you my love and kisses to the children.

Your affectionate husband

Ferdinand
Écrire ici

Lire ici
Lebanon, Mo. Sunday Evening
February 2nd 1862

Dearest wife, You will be surprised to get a letter from me from this place. When I last wrote you we were in camp 1/2 mile from the Gasconade River. This was 29 Jan. The next day (30 Jan) we all crossed the Gasconade and on the west side of the river I wrote in my tent a long description of our march thus far and sent to the Times signed Scribbler. Friday 31st we marched 6 miles over the most horrible road imaginable, and camped in the woods. Next morning (Feb 1st) after I had bought some 200 bushels Corn and 100 bales for our hungry stallions and had 2 steers slaughtered for the men, I went up to Vandermeer's tent when a messenger came galloping from the Wreck with a dispatch for Col Vandermeer. It was from Earl Curtis at Lebanon, ordering me to come post haste to Lebanon. Half an hour after I started on horseback followed by my servant Homer and Otto Brookbank, who served me at Clark in Pacific, both of them also on horseback. I took with me strapped on my saddle my shawl and one blanket. We had 55 miles to Lebanon, the roads terrible. All in the timber, up hill and down hill, the roads so cut up and bottomless that we could hardly ever let the horses go outside of a walk. I knew there was some 50 cavalry commanded by Major Root of the Kansas Rangers ahead of me, guarding an ambulance wagon carrying 40,000 dollars to Lebanon for the Quartermaster, and after dark, having travelled 23 miles without stopping, I caught up with them at a farmer's house, where we got a good supper and bed. I was sore over the whole body, but felt well this morning. To start,
again short after daybreak—it was freezing cold, and
pushed ahead again. At 2 o'clock today I reached this
place, and was heartily welcomed by General Curtis and Chief
Quartermaster Captain Sheridan. I will be put in absolute command
of the whole forage department, laying in and buying all grain
and hay there is in the Country for the whole Army here. this is
the most important charge anybody can take hold of. tomorrow
morning I take hold. when you remember that the country is pretty
well eaten up, and that those who have anything are all
lessees and hard to deal with, and that the welfare of the whole
army depends upon the forage (without which no food for the men
can be brought from Rolla, between which place and here there
are over 300 sismicale teams moving forward and back all
the time), not only for the present, but when the forward move
towards Springfield takes place, all the supplies must come
from this place, which will be the main depot during the whole
campaign, you can see it is no little matter.

There is therefore hardly any doubt but that I shall have
to stay permanently here until the close of the campaign.
Lebanon (although it has snowed all day) is a good looking place
about as large and widespread as Anamosa. Two thirds of all the
houses in town are deserted entirely and occupied by soldiers. The
balance are all lessees. I shall get myself a good room
and have a mess of my own, Homer acting as cook. When Henry
Curtis and Major Schaffer arrive, I shall have good friends around
me. The Iowa Ninth will probably not be here much before the 5
g. the road being so awful. I write this in great hurry in General
Curtis's room. Goodbye dearest wife—God bless you and the children.

Ed Stephens read this—Jim has courage

to come on—I shall have plenty for him to do. Best
he was too.

Your loving husband

[Signature]
Lebanon, Mo.
February 4th, 1862

Dearest wife,

Today some 10 big bundles of letters for the Iowa 7th came here and I called them all and found 3 letters from Stephens and 1 from you, which make me very glad. I am getting along pretty well in spite of the difficulties in gathering in supplies enough to satisfy the enormous demands. I have to furnish every day over 400 bushels of corn to keep the animals alive. There is a good deal of forage in the country but the difficulty is in getting it hauled in, the farmers having no teams left. So I have to use the teams belonging to all the Regiments here. Col. Van dear came here today. The Regiment is about 15 miles from here, and we may expect them tomorrow noon. I have had to shift in all manners and ways for lodging and meals—every room and corner in the whole neighborhood is taken up by soldiers and if it had not been for Capt. Thedan I don’t know where I should have got any thing to eat. Tomorrow I hope I shall get some or other fixed. There are no stores left in this town—everything cleaned out. The
people in this country have had no groceries of any kind for months back. Sugar, coffee, butter and the like are unknown things, and I have lived on pork, cornbread and coffee (without milk and sugar) until I got meals with Sheridan. Two meals a day is all we can raise. I will get some provisions from Rolla in a few days.

In a day or two the whole army will march on Springfield and fight Price. I will have to stay here. Hope to God they will clean him out - there will be some hard fighting done. Price has 14,000 men with him, and his men all believe they can whip me. Everybody is desolate here. The men are all with Price and the women left behind. They express freely their devotion to the South and hatred to the North. Sheridan is boarding in a family where we spent last night. The ladies sing their "southern Dixie" and it seems curious to hear them sing of the "heroes of the South" - and "driving the
northern robbers from this hallowed soil:—they are all suffering the extremest wants, but cling to their cause and nothing can convert them.

I hope Cascadia will soon be here. The Maine Stephens speaks about it soon; he was of the 12 bottles Capt. Curtis presented me with.

Kiss the dear children from their loving papa, and give another my love.

Your devoted husband

Ferdinand
Head-Quarters, Camp of Instruction,
Benton Barracks, (near St. Louis, Mo.)

Dolly Feb 17th 1862

I have been

Since your kind letter at Benton
Barracks is answer to, but yours
are unless better late than never
and I will answer it now.
Rolla is dull — something now
I suppose you think.
Kate Perry arrived last evening.
She spent most of the day with
me. When she started home
I thought I would go with
her, so I went along. That's being
contraband) after the horse
you sold him. I thought I
Should have had a glorious good time and after trying for about a week (more or less) I managed to mount him. I was feeling so nicely when the race concluded he would like to go. Fortunately for me Major Perry had not let go, and so I suppose my horse was saved. He dragged the Major for a short distance and we then succeeded in stopping the animal. He had no martingale on, so Brother made one dictionary. I can assure you I was not pleased at the idea of giving up any ride, but as the Major & Brother insisted I could not say a word. The horse has not been out of the stable for a couple of weeks and felt
a little like playing. Perhaps it is better as it is, but I must say I went to try the horse, he looks so nice.

I heard you were taken away from the truth for the present. I am sorry on this account and on your's also, for I know you won't enjoy yourself half as much as if you were with them. I hope in your many wanderings you will not forget the Sagacity of the Vigils. For I assure you she is ever with you in thought and will take as much interest in the reports that come in from the south as you do.

One day to tell you she is very sorry you are not along with us. We are all very anxious about the night battle. I hope if you
remain at Lebanon you will send us the news. He had a telegram from Pa today, the first you knew of the news being up. You cannot imagine how much news you hear to us.

How are Col. Vandever & Arrows? I wish you would give any love to them when you see them. I suppose in this reaches you, they will have started towards Springfield. I wish we could be at Lebanon. I shouldn't wonder much if N. would go after the battle if Pa has an idea of making it his head quarters. I have been to some times since you left and supplied ourselves with every thing to make us comfortable. We will stay here any way for a month and perhaps longer to hope to have the pleasure of seeing you back here before we leave. Hoping it will not trouble you too.


Springfield Mo.
Saturday 15 Feb 1862

dearest wife,

I have not been able to write for several days. Last Tuesday (11 Feb) the whole army left Lebanon and I was ordered to go along and establish the Post, Or. M. and Commissary at Springfield. I started 85 train wagons with supplies from Lebanon, mounted my horse at 3 o'clock and rode with 7 followers till 12 o'clock at night when I reached the army camped at Marshfield 33 miles. Next morning I left with the Army. We went 15 miles and camped only 3 miles from Springfield. Next morning (Thursday) we went in 3 divisions toward Springfield arrived within 2 miles we learned that Price had run with the whole army during the same night. Col. Carr's division was ordered to the south of Springfield to try to intercept part of Price's army - I started with him but we were all badly disappointed, Price being too far ahead and our horses being tired we went in to Springfield - a beautiful town but entirely deserted and ruined. Yesterday morning the whole army left again in pursuit of Price and I was ordered to stay here to organize the whole Commissary and Ordnance Department and have horribly much to do. This is merely to let you know I am all right. No news from the army. Hope to catch him yet.

Your loving husband

[Signature]
Springfield, Mo., Feb. 15, 1862 evening.

Dearest Wife— I read today your dear letter with Christian's portrait with Capt. Casladdow, who arrived here safely. I wrote you this morning in a hurry, but will now try to go a little more into details. After I had got everything well started at Lebanon and gone to regular housekeeping, I was on Monday night the 10th, inclined all on a sudden order to go with the Army and transport all my papers and stores to East, moving, Captain Reidian, the Chief Br. Br. of the whole Army here, said he could not do without me, and issued an order to Capt. J. H. McKay the Post Adjutant and Commissary at Lebanon to turn over to me 125 wagons and all supplies and stores I choose to take, at the same time appointing me as Post Br. Br. and Commissary at Springfield. You can hardly imagine how much this make me work to organize everything necessary. McKay and I were and are the only regular U.S. Quartermasters out here, and having for many years in the service, felt rather slighted at having me put in charge here—the most important point for the whole Army. Anyhow I got quite well along with him. The Army had left the same morning. It was a proud sight to see all the 16,000 or more men march past my office, which has a balcony in front on which I witnessed the procession. The Divisions and Brigades were made out by Curtis to everybody's satisfaction. The 1st Division commanded by Col. Carr (who is a warm friend of mine) consists of 3 Brigades—one commanded by Col. Vandiver containing the Iowa 9th, Carr's Battalion of Cavalry and
and the Inigue Battery - the other commanded by Col. Dodge of Iowa containing the 4th Iowa, 24th Miss., 33rd Illinois & 1st Iowa Battery. The 2nd Division commanded by Col. Davis, who came down from Tipton with 5 Regiments (3 Indiana, 1 Mo., & 1 Miss. Regt.). The 3rd Division commanded by General Sigel embracing his own and General Asboth's Brigade.

I got ready the next day (Tuesday 11th) and left Lebanon on horseback at 3 o'clock. Charley Miller, Vanderes's old clerk whom I had engaged, my nigger Homer, Guest, Mr. Carr and his servant and 3 other mounted men followed along. We stopped 23 miles from town and fed our horses and ourselves at a farmhouse and went on again in the finest moonlight and over the most horrible by-roads, that wore our horses nearly out until we came near Marshfield, a neat little town. Camp after Camps stretched for over a mile this side of town, and everybody being asleep, it was a romantic sight to view all the shining tents in the woods with half extinct fires spread all around, seeing nobody except the picket and guards and giving them the countersign to be allowed to pass on. I came to town at past 11 o'clock and could not find anybody's quarters. I pushed the weary horses one mile on the other side of town, where I found the Camp of the Iowa Ninth. I crept inside Vanderes's tent - he was awake and creeping under his blankets. I tried my best to sleep, but was altogether too tired. At 4 o'clock in the morning we were up - tents struck and the whole Army was moving on by daylight. I went
with Capt. Sheridan to set some flouring-mills a going, and we then started after the Army. Carro Division led the advance, and I pushed ahead the whole line of the Army until I took up with Genl. Curtis. Within 14 miles of Springfield, we made quite a long halt at a farm, and in front of this on some old logs, we sat down and had a long chat. Just then Genl. Sigel and Rebuck came galloping in, and I here had the first introduction to this famous man. I like him well, in spite of the rather unfavorable first impression. Sigel Division had moved by a more northern route and was now very near us. The Cavalry in front sent reports back that the rebel pickets were driven in, so on we marched again with cavalry scouting in advance. We marched 3 miles further and camped for the night at a beautiful place, Danforde farm, with a sleeping hill and a splendid stream of water at the foot of it. Capt. Sheridan struck his tents and I put up with him. At 9 o'clock there was alarm in front - a body of 200 rebels fired on our pickets, the Artillery was sent up and fired some shells in the works, wounding several rebels. When Sheridan and I heard of it we galloped like a whirlwind past the Army up to a place where the Lebanon and Marshfield roads join each other, where all our Generals with their Staffs kept a lookout for further movements. Nothing further happened and so we returned. I very much disagreed that Curtis would not follow Sigel's advice and push on at once to Springfield without caring for the men's weariness and the non-arrival of the trains for the supper.
I went to bed but did not sleep a bit: we were all excited and shouts, drum-beating, buglesounds and hurrahs filled the air all the night from all the camps. At 2 o'clock I was up. At 3 we breakfasted and started in moonlight an hour after. I followed with Curtis. When we were within 3 miles of Springfield we stopped at a farm to wait for Sigel's Division coming up. It was a cold, chilly morning. After about an hour Sigel came up with his Staff and he had scarcely been seated five minutes before a Scout came in and reported that Price had left Springfield during the night on a run. Sigel jumped up from the chair, and told Carr to move his division quick along the Southwest roads and try to intercept the enemy. Carr, Colonel Phelps and I galloped over the fields to join the Division and on we went until we came with the Cavalry out of the woods on the open country with Springfield in the view towards the Southwest. It was soon ascertained that Price's Army was too far ahead for our tired horses and men to pursue. So we took the road into Springfield where the Stars and Stripes were already flying over the Courthouse which is used as a Hospital for the Rebels. I found General Curtis at a large Stonebuilding formerly used as a Bank - iron safes and Counters still standing there. I now occupy three rooms in the same building as my offices - they are filled with all kind of office furniture, being the former Land Register and County Clerk's Offices. I then took a look around town and a more desolate view can hardly be imagine. This has been a wonderful prosperous place, more than double the size of Marion. Elyard...
and tasty villas with shade trees are seen on every side. Around the public square is store buildings close to each other. Every single one of them is empty, windows broken, dirt and filth covering everything. Furniture of all kinds broken up, the finest stores nothing but ruins - it reminds one of those old towns in Italy dug out of the soil. The town is nearly depopulated. Only a few residences have any occupants in them, I have been into nearly every one of them, and what the Rebels have not ruined is polluted and broken to pieces by our own men. I am ashamed at what I saw- our troops do - there was no discipline at all - everybody did as he pleased- several houses were burned down by our troops and it is disgusting to think of the vandalism committed by our own men during Thursday.

Early yesterday morning our Army moved on after Price. Last night they had marched 25 miles and were within 6 miles of Price Army - just now the famous Colonel Fremont and 17 prisoners were brought in, and probably a fight or surrender has taken place today.

A heavy work was on my shoulders. Since yesterday I have started all Bakers in town to supply the Army - singular enough there is enormous amounts of Wheat, Corn and Hay around here. I started the Blacksmiths shops, Carpenters and Tanners (of whom I brought 17 with me from Lebanon) - have gathered up all kind
of property around town - sent numerous teams out for corn and wool - received my supply trains and established my stables - established public stables and thousand and one other things that I have got to look to. My worst troubles are to get clerks and help. I got 100 head of cattle in from Lebanon today and established the Post - but only. After all I feel pretty well satisfied tonight in getting the machinery working. Tomorrow I will have plenty a lot of soft bread ready from the bakers. I have 24,000 pounds of flour in the mills around here, and have over 800 barrels ready from the mills at Massfield and Lebanon. More supply trains are coming during the next days.

I took possession of a small house for myself and am quite comfortably fixed. A farmer brings me butter, eggs and chicken and I have cooks to prepare for us.

Now good bye, dear dear wife, kiss the dear children and give my love to mother.

Your affectionate husband

Ferdinand