Camp Roberts, Davenport, Iowa, May 30th

Miss Louise Jackson

"Hoping that you will pardon my presumption in addressing you "sans
ceremonies," and that you will allow me to retain
a position on your catalogue of friends, I take the
 liberty to address you thus unexpectedly.

You have already heard of the effect the
call for One Hundred Days volunteers produced in Hop-
kinton,—how nearly all the students who were capable
of bearing arms immediately enlisted, breaking up the
school,—and that a company was organized, with Prof.
Mr. Head as captain. After a good deal of wire pulling
for office by scheming and ambitious candidates, our
company was organized on Saturday, May 14th, and on
Wednesday the 18th we started from Hopkinton. On our
arrival in Davenport we were ordered on board the Steam-
ship Muscatine, and accompanied by four other companies started
down the river, cheered by the shouts and huzzas of some
thousands of people who had assembled to witness
the departure of the Governor's Guards and Union Guards from the city. We left Dubuque about 8 o'clock in the afternoon. The evening was pleasant. The sun shone brightly over our heads, the Majestic Father of Waters, whose placid surface was undisturbed and unruffled, rolled beneath us. The gallant steamboat, groaning and heaving as if in the exercise of its utmost power, yet gliding smoothly over the surface of the water, was bearing us rapidly onward toward the land of Dixie.

The scenery was grand, and in many places sublime. The bluffs on the Iowa side made a deep impression. They were high, and concealed their rugged and disproportioned outlines by immense cedars which adorned their sides, and capped their summits; contrasting finely with the low level flat that bordered the river on the other.

Numerous islands, resting quietly on the bosom of the mighty river, added pleasing variety to the scenery. Some of the scenes are worthy of being transferred to canvas. They are subjects that ought, without disdaining the artist, to call in into exercise the pencil of a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael, and if associated with some classical legend or historical event, of great interest; would find me lack of admiration, while admired of all grades.
"good, bad, and indifferent," would pay them frequent visits, for the purpose of reproducing them on canvas. But though less interesting to the masses because they have never been drenched over with human blood, or never have been witnesses of the plottings that created or overthrew empires, or that they do not contain the remains of some great hero, whose memory the world delights to honor, yet to those who love and appreciate the beautiful for its own sake, they are now the less attractive.

Night came on, and put an end to all our finely wrought fancies by suggesting the propriety of securing some place to sleep. Men you know are naturally selfish, and on this occasion as usual acted on the principle that "night makes right," and one by one coming to get the best place. Having at last secured the place that properly according to our degree of physical strength, we stretched out on deck to enjoy what was to many of us, our first experience of a soldier's life. Early next morning we passed over the upper rapids, and about eight o'clock landed at Davenport. We marched to quarters at Camp McClellan, where we remained about five days, when we were ordered to the place we now occupy. Soldiering so far has not been unpleasant, though it is not as
pleasant as living at home. It is much better than I expected. Our food is rather coarse and our cooks would not rank as first rate, but still good health and a keen appetite prevents our being fastidious. Sleeping on boards is a luxury many of us never enjoyed before, and is one that good exercise in drilling enables us to appreciate. We have not yet received our uniforms and don't look much like soldiers but one of these days we will "fix up" with the "blue coat and blue buttons" and other trimmings, when I expect to stand around as big as anybody.

I hope that you will succeed in playing school—Ma'am, and that you will have no occasion to use your power in subduing the little rebels placed under your care by the proper constitution authorities and Hoping further that you will consider as I am the pleasure of continuing the correspondence I subscribe myself

Very Respectfully Your Friend


Lancaster Iowa

care of Capt. McKean

S. E.
La Grange Tenn, July 26, 1864
8 o'clock A.M.

Maj. Louise Jackson

Dear Mrs. Jackson,

We have just now received by telegraph the melancholy intelligence that Captain Mr. Horne is dead after suffering from disease in camp for nearly a week. He was taken to the Officers' Hospital in Memphis on the 20th of June. He received every attention that could be promised. One of the company remained with him all the time, ministering to his comfort. On Monday & Tuesday, the 25th and 26th, I remained with him; his symptoms were favorable and very hopeful. He told me that he would like to live, but he was willing and ready to die if God willed it otherwise. On Wednesday...
morning, the morning we left Amesbury, he had recovered so much that we expected to see him among us again in the course of a few weeks. But death had selected him for his victim, and about two o'clock on the morning of the 9th he departed this life, supported by his hope of eternal life, which he had firmly fixed in the "eternal Rock of Ages." His remains will be sent home for interment.

All that he had accumulated by years of toil and study, he has sacrificed for his country, just as he prepared to enter upon a career of usefulness to himself and to the world. We shall all mourn his loss, as a true friend, a kind and affectionate leader, a devoted christian, and a genuine patriot; but our grief will be softened by the consideration, that he died not as the warrior dies, but met his fate in the armies of Freedom, while nobly contending for the right, as for God.
and Liberty.

May such sacrifices have already
been laid on the same altar, and
many more may be necessary
before the "right of truth" prevails.

But the cause is just, the shrine
sufficiently holy, and the altar ade-
quately sanctified for the reception
of such noble offerings.

Yours in haste.

Sam Calhoun.
Lagrange, Ind., Aug. 5th, 1864

A friend, sir,

I was glad to receive last Thursday, but I found me suffering from an attack of fever. knowing that I could not write a suitable letter at that time, yet anxious to place your in my debt as a correspondent, I delayed writing from day to day, hoping that in a short time it would be better qualified for the task. But finding myself getting no better, I have at last written this after my the purpose of acknowledging the receipt of your letter.

When we learned that Gen. Preident was dead, I wrote a small note to each of my correspondent.
that I thought would put into the matter, yours I sent to Steavy. It will probably be forwarded by them, and reach you before this.

Our Regt. has been at this place nearly 6 weeks. I left Memphis on the 6th July. Our quarters are much better than they were at Memphis. We are on the upper floor of a large female Seminary that was in full blast here before the war broke out, as the place does not enjoy very good health at present, as many as 20 being at some time on the sick list. Ed Ward, Charlie Willard, and Johnny Graham have just recovered from a severe attack of fever. Henry lives. I have been sick for some time, Rest of the 4th in turn. Boy well.
My mind is so confused
and my hand so tremulous from
the effects of more than a week's
diphtheria and several doses
of quinine, that I found unable
to proceed farther at present.
This you must consider a
sufficient apology for the
incredible composition and
permanence of the letter.

Since the first of July, Steve
Collins have been at this place

since the last of July, Steve
has been in and stand a
full yard share of the time everyday
living since they. Today they go to their
regiments which is at Holly Spring

You have doubtless heard
in the face of Robert Sanders, Jerry
Lake, Myers, and Phillip Hughes, in the
Pea Battle between Secs. and
Forrest, Hopkins was again
called to account the loss of
writing.

Was sorry to hear of your accident, it must be very

awful to a person of your temperament to be able
to keep still.

I think Eddie is very highly

favored, indeed, and doubt

that he may be enabled to

resist these influences for will

that will unquestionably surmount

him where he is going. Wickedness,

in the form of Profanity, Drunkenness,

Gambling, and thousands of

kinds of vice, are all vice,

towards to an alarming extent

in the army and navy of this,

and all other countries, there

are no doubt consistent citizens

in both services, but they constitute

a very very small minority of

the great whole.

Yours Sincerely

June
La Grange, Tenn. Aug. 17th, 1864

Friend Love,

Your excellent letter dated Sabbath eve July 1st reached me last Sabbath, and all the hours next dragging wearily and heavily along, and I was passing restless in my couch in the Regimental Hospital at this place. Although I was not expecting a letter from you then, as I did not think you owed me any, still it was received with more than usual pleasure, and it is astonishing what an effect it produced, to think that far away, up in my Northern home, there were still friends who thought of me, as shown by these little evidences of their continued good will and friendship that reach me from time to time, containing precious words.
of consolation and encouragement, and breathing the spirit of true piety and patriotism, was a balm that the physician could not administer, and no more powerful in alleviating disease, than anything in the whole Materia Medica.

Forgetting all about disease of my own, I found myself thinking of home and its associations, of the many friends who would greet my return and of a kind mother, who, more than all others, will welcome me home again. Then almost involuntarily my thoughts were turned to Him whose ruleth among the affairs of men, and I thought that it might be His will that I should not again return, and trying to resign myself to His will and commit myself to Him, I gradually sank into a state of semi-consciousness accompanied with a total suspension of thought.
Later in the evening, I saw, washing from the western windows, a horse belted in clouds that hung heavily on the red

wine

an horizon. So the grotesque shapes

that they would sometimes assume, I

fancied I could trace a resemblance to men and animals. Horses would appear with other animals mounted on their

backs, then almost imperceptibly it would

hence change into a camel, tiger, lion or hyena

kind which again would change in turn, or

will dissolve in nothingness. Demons, dragons,

birds, and many other animals unknown to

modern naturalists would, in my

imagination, frequently appear upon

the broad blue expanse of the heavens,

again. And thus passed the day, and I fancied

I felt better, happier than during many

his many days that had passed before it;

and I think than some that have passed

since then. But I am feeling better

right now and I hope soon to be all
to leave the hospital and return again to my duties.

You will excuse me for writing this letter all about myself, but I have been here for some time, shut out of rather what is from the outward world, having seen no member of the family since I have been here. Eddie Smith is well, has been for some time.

Almost any style of letter suits me, provided the writer is in earnest and feels what they write. I admire your sober, earnest style very much.

The health of the regiment is improving, those in the hospital are all improving.

Accept this apology for a letter for the present, when my mind becomes a little more fresh and vigorous I will try to compensate for the dulness of this and my last.

Ever your friend, Sam,
La Grange Penn. Aug. 30 1864

Friend Lou,

I have purposely delayed answering your letter until Gen. Smith's army, which was reported on the march for this place, should arrive, in order that I might communicate any intelligence respecting the boys of the 12th.

They arrived here yesterday morning, and John Collins and James Morgan paid us a visit early in the afternoon. They report the boys of their Co. all safe and well. They are just now starting on the train for Memphis.

Accept my grateful thanks for your kind letter of Aug. 18th containing many assurances of sympathy. It would indeed have been "good medicine," but thanks to a kind Providence, who exercises a tender care over the most undeserving of His creatures, I was enabled to successfully resist the combined attack of the Billious Fever and two army surgeons; so that when your letter reached me I was so far recovered.
as to be dismissed from the hospital, though still unable for duty.

Was glad to learn that the prospects of the school are good for the coming term. Have not yet found out who are to constitute the faculty, but no doubt good teachers are engaged. Prof. Allen, I hope and believe, will be one, but who are to be the others.

I suppose of course you teach drawing and painting. I have not done anything in the way of sketching material and opportunities for that being scarce, but I have carefully stored away, in a vacant corner of my mind, a number of scenes and events which I intend some time to commit to paper with a pen, should a good opportunity present itself.

Still the world will lose but little, should the opportunity never come, and the scenes never be transferred to paper. This county is almost entirely devoid of anything picturesque. The country is nearly level, the soil being formed by successive layers of sediment, - clay and sand, - that has been deposited by an ocean of water, that has at some time submerged the whole of the Western and Southern States, and which sweeping southward carried with it the clay and
Land from the North which gradually settled formed the present soil of this county. These deposits are at least 150 to 200 feet deep in this region.

Camp near Memphis Sept. 1st 1864

Before I got through with my morning we received orders to be ready to march in one hour, and I had to pack up preparatory to starting. We did not start in an hour however, but waited till the next morning, yesterday morning, when we got on the cars, and arrived in Memphis about 3 P.M. Reports have it that we are on our way home and that we will start up the river tomorrow. Camp rumors are not always authoritative and this can not be relied on, but we will start before long as our time is out in just one week from today. I hope that by the time this reaches you we will be on our journey northward. I am on guard today and it is just time for me to to report for duty. So I will hastily subscribe myself

As Ever your friend

Sam Calvin
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