When he could find the time, Wallace decorated many of his letters to his wife with ingenious and painstaking designs like the one shown here, sometimes using varicolored inks.
DURING February of 1863, the year of Gettysburg and Chancellorville, William Wallace was forced to retire from the army to his farm in Dodge County, Wisconsin, because of rheumatic fever, which he had contracted in a Civil War hospital and which had led to his discharge from the Third Wisconsin Infantry. While he tended to his farm, his family, and his health, Wallace's former regiment compiled an impressive record for gallantry and service.

The regiment had settled in for the winter near Stafford Court House, Virginia, while Wallace was spending the last days of his first enlistment in a hospital tent at Alexandria. The winter's encampment toughened the men and prepared them for a torturous season of conflict. The regiment's fitness was recognized by officers of the Army of the Potomac, who selected it as one of eleven of the army's regiments worthy of high commendation.

Late in April, the regiment left Stafford and marched southwest to the Rapidan River, where on April 29 it fought a successful skirmish at Germanna Ford. On May Day that minor victory lost its glamour as the Battle of Chancellorville began. For four days the Union and Confederate armies struggled, while General Joseph Hooker attempted to move between Robert E. Lee and Richmond. On the second day, Hooker relinquished the initiative and Lee skillfully assumed it, besting the Federals and forcing their retreat back to Stafford. Chancellorville cost the Third Wisconsin dearly: nineteen dead, and seventy-three wounded.

The regiment remained at Stafford for nearly a month, then was called to participate in a cavalry movement on the Rappahannock. The Union foray was largely exploratory, but resulted on June 9 in the Battle of Brandy Station, Virginia, which was actually two battles, one at Beverly Ford (where the Third Wisconsin saw action) and the other at Kelly's Ford. The Beverly Ford encounter was the greatest cavalry battle on American soil. Although the surprised Confederates managed to resist the intruders, the Southerners for the first time had met a match in the Federal cavalry. The infantry regiments fought skirmishing actions, and the Third Wisconsin lost two men.

In June, Lee sent Confederate troops into Pennsylvania, and the Third Wisconsin accordingly was moved northward towards Gettysburg, which was fast becoming the focus of both armies. On June 30, General George Gordon Meade, who had replaced General Hooker as head of the Army of the Potomac, ordered Federal troops to occupy Gettysburg, and on July 1 the great conflict began, lasting until July 3. At its end, Lee was forced to retreat and the Army of the Potomac took pursuit. The Third Wisconsin fought from a relatively sheltered position at Gettysburg and lost only two men, with eight wounded. Total Union casualties were 23,000 men out of a force of 85,000.
Following Gettysburg the Third Wisconsin spent about a month trailing Lee into Maryland and Virginia, then on August 16 was detailed to Alexandria, Virginia, where it embarked by ship for New York City to help control draft riots. The riots had begun in July, when on the eleventh the names of the first conscripts had been drawn. Dissatisfied mobs, composed largely of foreign laborers, stormed the city on July 13, and a further draft had to be postponed until August 19. In anticipation of renewed strife, Federal forces were moved into the city to suppress agitation. The Third Wisconsin did not arrive until August 22, and it encamped in City Hall Park, which still is a New York landmark. For the Third Wisconsin, the duty was a lark. The soldiers paraded regularly and received lusty applause. They enjoyed the city, its theaters, amusement halls, and amenities. But it was a brief holiday. On September 5 they sailed back to Alexandria, and by the fifteenth were scouting the Confederates along the banks of the familiar Rapidan River.

That stay, too, was brief. Within days the Third Wisconsin and its parent corps were transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland. The corps traveled by train across Ohio to Indianapolis, then to Louisville, Nashville, and finally, on October 4, to Stevenson, Alabama. From there it pursued General Joseph Wheeler back into Tennessee and prepared for winter and mustering out.

During December, the entire regiment was urged to re-enlist. The government desperately needed veteran troops, and to induce re-enlistment offered a $400 bounty and a thirty-day furlough to each veteran recruit. A total of 240 men out of the 314 then present accepted the offer and the regiment set off for Wisconsin from Wartrace, Tennessee, on Christmas afternoon.

January, 1864, proved to be a more than usually frigid month, but the men enjoyed their furlough and succeeded in personally enlisting more than 300 recruits from among their friends and neighbors. The influence of his friends and the draft situation generally probably together persuaded William Wallace to enlist once more in the Third Wisconsin. A call for volunteers had been issued on October 17 under the 1863 federal enrollment act, and volunteer veteran recruits from old regiments, including Wallace, too, were promised $402 in bounty. Later the governor's office urged each draft district to add a further bounty so that an official lottery would not have to be conducted. The deadline for volunteering was set for January 4, 1864, since another draft call was to begin on January 5 and the autumn quota then would have to be filled with conscripts. Wallace, although still living in the Town of LeRoy, journeyed to Madison to enlist on January 4, 1864, giving his residence as the Town of Williamstown, only a few miles south of his actual home. He was eligible for the draft, despite his veteran status and honorable discharge, so it is certain that he would have avoided the draft for a more lucrative arrangement—a veteran bounty payment plus a bounty from an accommodating nearby township, a bounty which he mentions in his letter of June 26, 1864.

The regiment reassembled in Madison on February 2 and left for Tullahoma, Tennessee on the fourth. Non-veteran recruits joined them on February 12, and seasoned recruits arrived early in April. The regiment soon moved from Tullahoma to Fayetteville, Tennessee, "to hunt down and extirpate" rebel guerillas in that part of South Tennessee. On April 10 the regiment was designated as part of the Army of the Cumberland under General William Tecumseh Sherman. Two
tieth Corps under General Joseph Hooker, Second Brigade under General Thomas H. Ruger, and First Division under General Alpheus Starkey Williams. Sherman’s army soon received orders from General U. S. Grant to advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta, one of the most famous and successful campaigns of the Civil War. The advance was to be a slow one, literally yard by yard at times, and Wallace describes its tediousness and difficulties, its deadliness and its lighter moments, using his experienced and observant eye.

Wallace obviously had joined his old company, Company E, by April 1, 1864, the date of the first letter preserved from the Atlanta Campaign. His friend David Clarke still was with the company, but he was now a sergeant and the two no longer shared a tent. The early days of Wallace’s second enlistment provided him a fair amount of leisure time. He wrote his diurnal paragraphs to his wife Sarah, again pregnant as she had been the first time Wallace left for the front, but this time with three children, not two, around the house. And he had time to decorate his correspondence with hearts and stars (the star being the symbol of the Twentieth Corps), rendered in red and black ink and adorned with familial, patriotic, and religious sentiments, like “Be kind, B gentle, B faithful, B prayerful, B loving,” and “Don’t fret, don’t chide, don’t doubt, don’t forget to write often.” Wallace also “ingled away” at something at Fayetteville, sewing and mending for officers, making himself generally useful—for a small fee.

On April 28 the regiment began the campaign in earnest and left Fayetteville for Tullahoma and, ultimately, Atlanta. Wallace himself takes up the story two days later.

As in the first installment, Wallace’s prose appears basically as he wrote it, except for a necessary abridgment and changes in punctuation and spelling where necessary for clarity.

_Camp near Tunnel Hill, Georgia_  
_May 7th, 1864_

_Dear Sarah,_

_When I wrote my last letter we were at Tullahoma [Tennessee] and it was dated the 30th [of April]. I said that we would stay there a few days but as Micky Free said: They had other notions in their head. At 7 o’clock [on Sunday, May 1, 1864] we started on the march to this place. The roads was very muddy and we marched all the way through heavy timber for a distance of 18 miles when we halted for the night. Was up early on Monday morning the 2nd, got our regular coffee, pork and crackers and started at 8 o’clock. We only marched about 2 miles when we came to a small river. We halted and two companies went to work and made a bridge in a few minutes. They laid two stringers across and went to a good fence and laid them [the rails] across wise and over we went and then commenced the climbing of the Cumberland Mountain. As we crossed the river 40 men was detailed to help to get the wagons up, and that was the hardest task that I ever saw. It was up, up, from one rock to another. It took the wagons a long time to get to the top. When we got over the worst of it, we sat down and waited until the wagons came up. We marched along the top of the mountain all day till we came to a spring of water. During our whole days march we only saw one house on the mountain. I think that the nearest neighbor is about 8 miles off him. How would you like to live there.

Down, down the mountain we came, crawling over rocks and precipices that you would think a goat could scarce go. At 11 o’clock we got safe to the valley below. I should think from the top to the bottom is not less than one and a half miles and it was a tiresome job on a fellow’s knees. Friday [May] 6th up and out again marching down Look Out valley. We got to the foot of Lookout Mountain at noon on the bank of the Tennessee River. Took dinner and then commenced to climb up one of the crookedest roads that ever man made along the hill of Look Out Mountain, or rather along the nose of it, leaving the mountain on our right and Chattanooga on the left. This is one of the most mountainous country that can be from Tullahoma. Sometimes I wonder how ever the folks make out to get a road through. It was very unpleasant marching on account of so many dead horses and mules all along the road and none of them was burried. Some places 5 or 6 would be lying together all apparently killed against the rocks [after] falling over the bank, and there laid the broken wagon also. One wagon
Monday 9th. Yesterday when I left off we went to hear our chaplain preach, and a good sermon it was but very few went to hear it. Some was washing, others playing cards.

[Tuesday, May 10.] The knees was out of my pants so I took them off and got under a tree to put a piece on but I was not long at that when the loud roar of artillery and infantry firing was heard right in front of us.

I got on one patch and then quit, got under arms and each piece was inspected at the same time giving us 60 round of cartridges. The cannonading in the meantime continuing very heavy. I went up to the road to watch the shell bursting on another hill where the rebels was. Great crowds of the boys stood on the fences and up in trees and it was a very exciting time I can assure you.

We heard today that Grant has won a victory over Lee in Virginia. I hope so. I also hear that our pay was raised to $15.00 a month. Let me know if it is so as we don’t get any papers here. From your affectionate Husband,

Wm. Wallace

Cassville, Georgia
May 21st, 1864

Dear Sarah,

The last letter I wrote was on the 11th and since then we have been on the march every day. The next morning we was marched out to meet the enemy. We came up with them in the afternoon. Our brigade was on the left and we put up breast works a mile and a half long in less than fifteen minutes. We carried whole trees, 15 or 20 men taking hold at a time. A fellow can work twice as much on such occasions than when at a logging bee of his neighbors. In the evening they began to fall back and we after them again on the double quick till dark, when Hooker’s whole corps camped together, about 30 or 35 thousand men. It was a sight to see so many men together. We were ordered to lay down on the ground and be ready to fall in in a moment. I can tell you we did not sleep much as it

*Grant defeated Lee in the Battle of the Wilderness on May 5 and 6, a battle in which Confederates took a bold offensive, but failed. “At headquarters, Gen. Grant coolly smoked a cigar and whittled. Gen. Lee rode among his men and was shouted to the rear by his protective troops.” Losses were tremendous. Long and Long, Civil War Day by Day, entries for the appropriate dates.

A private’s pay was increased to $16 a month, a raise of $8 a month over the wage that had been in effect from August 6, 1861. The legislation was approved on June 20, 1864. For a thrifty man like Wallace, the raise meant a good deal. Bell Irvin Wiley, The Life of Billy Yank: The Common Soldier of the Union (Indianapolis, 1951–1952), 49, 371.
was rather chilly and the pickets kept firing all night.

Before daylight we had coffee and moved off at sunrise about a mile, when heavy firing commenced on our right which was kept up all day. Our skirmishers was out looking for the Johnnys and in the afternoon heavy fighting commenced on our front. When near night, off our corps went on a full run with old Joe Hooker at the head and just as we got up to where the 4th corps was engaged, we met them all running before the rebs. The 31st Indiana came up to where our regiment was going and we soon made them halt and about face. By that time the rebels was coming through an open field shouting like devils. In the meantime they charged on the 5th Indiana battery which was in front and a little on our left. The battery men of our brigade and they captured a rebel flag. The 2nd Massachusetts was next in line, then ours. The 15th New Jersey [was next] and on the extreme left was the 107th New York.5 We dont know how many of them we killed for we had to march early on Monday morning. I was detailed out of our company to bury the dead but we had not commenced when we were ordered to join our Co. and so marched off. We lost 23 in our regiment. One was killed and one has died since. Joseph Dilger was wounded of our Co. and the chaplain was wounded in the leg. Had it not been for our breast works we should have suffered still more.6

5Wallace confines dates slightly in this description of the Battle of Resaca, just as he misdates his previous letter, referred to in the first paragraph and not printed here, but which was written on May 12. The battle for Resaca, Georgia, occurred on May 14 and 15, with the action referred to by Wallace taking place on the fifteenth. Sherman's Army of the Cumberland had approached the Confederates, led by General Joseph E. Johnston, via a series of ridges and gaps leading south-southwest from Chattanooga. Sherman hoped to skirt Johnston's main force at Dalton and to reach Resaca to the south, there to cut the outflanked Confederates' rail link to Atlanta by destroying the bridge across the Oostanaula River. Johnston of course regrouped his forces, and the Federals, under General Joseph Hooker, fought successfully enough to force Johnston to withdraw across the Oostanaula. His own troops burned the vital railroad bridge to hamper Federal forces.

6Ultimate Third Wisconsin losses from the Battle of Resaca were ten dead and twenty wounded. Dilger recovered, but Chaplain John McKendree Springer did not. He died in a Nashville hospital on May 28, one of a small number of chaplains (one source reports only a total of three, Federal and Confederate) who died because of participating in battle. He was born January 13, 1837, at Petersburg, Illinois, the oldest son of the Reverend Elihu Springer, who later became presiding elder of the Milwaukee district of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The son turned to newspapering at an early age, working for the Milwaukee Sentinel and the Northwestern Christian Advocate. After attending Lawrence University for a time, he joined a theatrical company in 1854. His acting conflicted with his family and personal moral code, and he became a Methodist minister in the fall of 1857. He served parishes at Baraboo, Portage, Poyntette, and Monroe, where he was drafted in 1863. His parishioners offered to purchase a substitute, but he refused. While in training in Madison, he was selected chaplain, and he served as volunteer schoolteacher to the regiment as it drilled in Tennessee, giving lessons in algebra, arithmetic, and grammar. He substituted for an absent lieutenant at Resaca, and was one of the first men wounded. His lower right leg was shattered, and he did not recover. He was succeeded by his brother, the Reverend Isaac E. Springer, Third Wisconsin Infantry Association, Proceedings, 1900, pp. 27-36; Methodist Episcopal Church, West Wisconsin Annual Conference, Minutes, 1864, pp. 20-21.
filled up again. One of the General's aids asked Hawley how his recruits stood fire [and] he replied that he had no recruits, that they were all veterans. It made the recruits feel big. We have been after them ever since until the 18th when we came up with them again. But as soon as we got in sight of them they evacuated this strong place. I never had such a race in all my life as I had on the evening of the 19th through a heavy wood with knapsack on and uphill at that. Yesterday the 20th we camped at this place, the rest of the army still pursuing the enemy. The whole town is sacked. I don't think there is $5.00 worth left in the town, furniture, feather beds and in fact everything is tore up, all the inhabitants fled from their guns, and the rebels was only a few rods off when the 3rd brigade of our division (Williams)\(^7\) came up in close columns and soon made the battery play vigorously on the rebels which made them fly in all directions. The firing continued until dark, when all was as still as death until morning which was Sabbath, the 13th [14th].

During the night we put up good breast works and lay down and slept well. On Sabbath about noon old Joe (as the boys calls him [General Hooker]) came along. Now, said the boys, you will soon hear from him, and so it came to pass. In 20 minutes after, we were all up and on a double quick each regiment taking its place in line of battle filing through the woods as fast as we could lay down a foot. We soon came in sight of the rebels.

We held our fire till they came pretty close, for [from] the regiment that came up to us we heard the Colonels giving orders not to fire until they should get orders. On they came pell mell and when they got nearly up to us our whole brigade let one volley which made them stagger and fall back. But they rallied again but the fire from the second brigade was so great that they could not stand it. We then charged after them. We killed and wounded a large number. They came 21 deserters into our regiment alone and has kept coming in ever since more or less. You will see all about the fight in the papers.

I was washing shirts, socks, etc. for the Colonel yesterday afternoon; I washed 9 pieces. He gave me 50 cents and said he was much obliged to me. We are going to Atlanta I guess so I think the rebels will not stand still there. It beats all what a lot of their men deserts. Every little while a squad can be seen coming in all sick and tired of the rebellion. I saw a rebel letter which said that socks was from 5 to 8 dollars a pair.

God knows when you will hear from me again for marching and fighting is the orders of the day here.

Wm. Wallace

Cassville, Georgia
May 22nd, 1864

Dear Sarah,

We drew seven days rations last evening of sugar, coffee and crackers and two days of bacon, the orders is that we shall get beef as we go along through the country. This plan just suits us. We not only have fresh meat, but it saves us from carrying a big load. We get the coffee in the berry all browned but we have to pound it the best way we can. Some pounds it in a cup, others in a bag, beating it with a stick.

I have not seen a bit of cotton planted in Ga.; all corn, wheat and potatoes and beans, so I think the people of the north will have to depend on wool for some time. It is curious to see the people and their ways down here. I have never seen them have a washboard or any kind of a washing-machine. At every house or at the creek close by they have a shed and a large bench with a big kettle and a large stick what they call a bat, where they do their washing. When the clothes is sufficiently steeped they lift them on the bench and a big wench or two goes at it with the bat, making the dirt fly in every direction. I have only seen one stove since I left Fayetteville [Tennessee]. I have not seen a pump since we left Louisville, Ky., all rope and bucket. I have not seen a reaper or mower or a thrashing machine and nearly every house

---

\(^7\) General Alpheus Starkey Williams. Williams was known as "Old Pap" to his troops, probably because of his unusually prominent beard. He was a native of Connecticut, an 1831 Yale graduate, a Detroit newspaper publisher and Michigan businessman, general, minister to Salvador, and Congressman from 1875 to 1878. General Thomas H. Ruger, former colonel of the Third Wisconsin, had been promoted, and commanded the Second Brigade. Hawley, a former furniture dealer from Madison, commanded the regiment.
has a loom in it. And I can tell you and you may believe me that not one house in a hundred has a window in it. All the niger and poor white folks houses is built of logs and they are the poor looking creatures, if you would see one of the women dressed in a homespun cotton white dress, with two breadth in it only and from all outward appearance it is the only garment she has on. No such thing as hoops. They stand like a marble monument. Their water pails is not like ours. Theirs is some longer and wide at the bottom and very narrow in the mouth hooped with brass mostly.

The regiment of rebels that fought against us [at Resaca] was 18th Alabama. Their chaplain—an old gray headed man—has a son, a lieutenant, and he was killed at the first fire, so the old chaplain buckled on his son's sword and led the men on a piece further when he too was killed and after the fight the rebels fled leaving all the wounded and dead with us. One of company K boys got on the person of the chaplain 500 dollars in confederate money, a twenty dollar gold piece and a good hunting case watch. It is the fashion when the fight is over to search the pockets on both sides. It is something I never done, to rob the dead. It looks too much like murder and robbery. Our chaplain is regular here to fight. He took his gun and went at it, but had not been at it long when he received a ball in the leg, breaking one of the bones.

Wm. Wallace

In the woods near Dallas, Georgia
May 29th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

We have just come out of another bloody battle at this place on the afternoon of the

*While the encounter at Dallas, or New Hope Church, Georgia, does not rate the status of a battle in most accounts of the Civil War, it was one of the campaign's costliest fights for the Third Wisconsin. Nineteen men were killed outright or died of their wounds, including Private Fred Pankow of Company E, and ninety-one were wounded. The fight erupted as Hooker's corps met the Confederates led by Hood near New Hope Church. The Third Wisconsin faced a six-gun Confederate battery behind a sturdy breastworks. Despite its inferior artillery, the Third advanced to within 150 yards of the battery, hampered by rough brush and felled trees. The May 25 struggle temporarily halted Sherman's progress.

25th inst. and I am safe and sound. David [Clarke] got slightly wounded on the chin and shoulder and is at the hospital near here. I saw him yesterday [and] he is doing well. It was a hard fought battle. The rebels had a battery right in front of our company. They were behind breast works while we were in the woods and had nothing but an odd tree to shelter us. They threw grape and shell pretty freely. One shell struck the tree that I was beside and knocked it down on us. 6 of us was around it, [and] that shell wounded three of them. The explosion knocked me quite deaf for a few minutes. We got the tree to swing round and went to work again. We kept pegging away at the canoneers and we silenced them pretty well before night. I must conclude as it is near noon and we must get our regular coffee and crackers.

Wm. Wallace

Behind our breast works,
with the rebel balls coming over our heads,
 somewhere near Dallas in Georgia
June 4, 1864

Dear Sarah,

When I wrote last it was near Dallas on the 27th ult. Since then we have had very busy and exciting times here about. I had scarcely finished my last when we got orders to fall in line and march off toward the left of our line—a distance of some three miles.

Morning came at last, got coffee, and the skirmishers advanced and so did we, about 20 rods. We had to take down several houses that was in our way. The people had previously fled, and left everything in the house with a web in the loom, which was destroyed of course. Last night at half past nine heavy skirmishing right in our front awoke us, and it did not take us more than one minute to get behind our breast works. But they did not come up to us and we did not fire as the skirmishers kept them at bay.

We keep a moving towards the railroad which is somewhere on our left and North East of us. The rebels seem also to be getting nearer to Atlanta which is only about 50 odd miles from here. I dont know whether they will fight before they get there or not but

*Wallace again confuses the date. He previously wrote on May 29.
one thing I do know, we are getting very close to them, just close enough to be comfortable. We have a very strong force and if we don't whip them, it will not be for want of men and means and good stout hearts to do it. Yesterday 12 deserters came in to General Rugers. They seem to think they have fought enough for nothing.

June 7th
22 miles from Atlanta, Ga.

From where I begun this we are some miles nearer Atlanta. The rebels left in front of where I begun this letter on the 5th. The boys went a forraging and got pork, chicken and mutton which came in good time for we were out of meat. By some means or other we were off early on Monday morning the 6th but did not go far before we came smack up to the rebels. A few balls whizzing past us brought us to a halt, our regiment was the advance. 4 companies was deploid as skirmishers with the rest in reserve marching after them. We drove the rebels about a mile when we halted and commenced to make breast works some miles in length, which kept us pretty busy for a while as we had to build for the 4 companies that was keeping the rebels at bay in front of us. After we got finished we were ready to receive the rebs, but up to this time they did not attempt to attack us.

I had a good mess of new potatoes last night for supper, the first potatoes I have eat since I left Madison. I heard the officers say that the rebels is strongly fortified in front of us, but I guess that we will flank them again and compel them to leave for other parts. We are only 2 miles from the railroad where General Blair is with the 17th corps. The inhabitants has all left this part. We don't see neither white nor black males, and when the boys goes to their home for a sheep or a pig, they will all say that we ought not to take from them as they are all widows. The fact is their slaves and husbands has gone along with the rebel army, and their property is completely destroyed as far as our army goes, as nothing can escape the scrutiny of the boys. Yesterday when we were busy building our breast works, a big flock of sheep came along screened by the fencing, but they were not long on the land of the living. I had a good mess of wheat today. I bruised it between two stones and boiled it in my big tincup. The boys was all then at the same process in a short time. It was as good as barley broth. I washed my shirt and pants this forenoon and went naked while I was doing it, wrung them and put them on again for we don't

---

98 General Francis Preston Blair, Jr., an 1841 Princeton graduate and lawyer who practiced in Missouri. He was an ardent Free Soiler, edited the Barnburner newspaper, represented Missouri in the Congress, and helped save Missouri and Kentucky for the Union by capturing the St. Louis Arsenal. His personal financial contributions to the war effort ruined him financially, and his rejection of radical Reconstruction cost him appointive positions after the war.
know what moment we may have to fall in
and face the rebs, so I was not long in doing
it.

Wm. Wallace
June 8th, after dinner

Everything is quiet today, scarcely a shot is
exchanged between the pickets. On the con­
trary, our men and the rebels have had several
friendly conversations. I witnessed a meeting
of two of our men and two of the rebs meet­
ing half way between the skirmish lines and
after talking and shaking hands, the whole
four of them sat down in the cornfield and
commenced to read a paper. They had quite
a chat but I was not near enough to hear what
passed between them. After a while they shook
hands and each partties went to their own
post.

I had a fine mess of greens for dinner made
out of potatoo tops, boiled in my tincup which
serves for all kinds of cooking purposes—makes
coffee, beans, rice, peas, potatoes, boils meat,
stews apples in it, and in fact everything that
has to be cooked has to be done in it. It and
the tin plate, which is all the cooking utensils
I possess, spoon, knife and fork is all I have,
and it is enough. I sent you an order from
Cassville to get the bounty. I have not heard
from David since he left for the hospitle the
3rd day after the battle.

Wm. Wallace
Near Maryette [Marietta], Georgia
June 23rd, 1864

Dear Wife,

When I sent you the last letter, fighting
and whipping the rebs was the order of
each day.11 We came up with them on the
evening of the 15th and run within 200 yards
of their forts and breast works. It was after
night and we went to work in earnest and
put [up] temporary breast works. Next morn­
ing [the] 16th, they opened on us with mus­
ketry and 8 pieces of artillery which they kept
up all day and night and wounding 8 of our
regement. During the whole day we dare not

11 The ongoing offense directed at Johnston's army
forced the Confederate general to relinquish position
after position leading to Atlanta. Near Marietta, the
Confederates first occupied Pine Mountain or Pine
Hill, then Lost Mountain and Kennesaw Mountain.
The fighting Wallace describes involved Pine Moun­
tain.

stir. They had such a range on us. We had
6 pieces playing from our side and between
the roar of cannon, the bursting of shell and
the twang of musket balls, we were kept in
constant music all day. We persued them all
day on the 17th and got up with them at night,
built breast works, shelled them out and next
morning was in their works. No loss on our
side.

We are pretty well run down in flesh for
our rations is very short some times on ac­
count of the bad roads. Last Sabbath we fasted
all day until 2 o'clock on Monday morning.
The wagons could not get up with the mud.

Wm. Wallace
Georgia
June 26th, 1864

Dear Wife,

Your welcome letter of the 10 and 12 came
duly to hand last evening and brought me
the joyful intellegance of the birth of another
girl. You say would I not like it was a boy.
I am well pleased as it is and more especially
when you are well yourself. I am in first rate
health and bully good spirits. You want to
know what I would like to call her. I would
like to call her Margaret for my Mother.
What do you think yourself, would it not do?
If it dont, whatever name you like yourself.
I hope the cold the children has will do them
no harm. You speak of the town bond not
bearing interest.12 I think they gave you the
wrong bond. You ought to have got one of
the first that was isued, as I enlisted on the
5th of January and all that enlisted after that
was credited to the second call and the time
was the 10th of April and these is the bonds
that does not bear intrest. The board ought
to have given you one of those that would bear
intrest, for you were justly entitled to it.

We were up this morning and had break­
fast eat at 3 o'clock and moved north east
about a mile nearer Keneshaw [Kennesaw]
Mountain where the rebels has several bat­
teries. They throwed up strong works 6 feet
thick of solid clay battered together to resist
shell. We expect the rebs will attack us soon,
let them come.

12 The bond Wallace writes about is described in
the introduction.
We have cleared fields in front of us for \(\frac{3}{4}\) of a mile so if they come along we will have a good rake on them before they get up to us. I sent another letter to Dave yesterday with 60 cents in it to bring me some nails and some pulverised indigo to make ink. I had only five cents left. The adjutant owes me 50 cents; he said he would give it to me before he goes home. I sent to Ohio last week for some envelopes and paper again. I got 51 of these envelopes sent free of postage for 25 cents. That is cheaper than I could buy them from the sutlers, but the worst of it is they have no more now and some of the boys has no paper, ink or anything else. Everything is scarce and dear. Tobacco is $2.50 a plug that used to sell at 50 cents. Paper is forty cents a quire, I paid 50 cents for a small bottle of ink.

We have not got any soap for a long time—about a month—and we can't wash shirts very well without it. The result is that the men don't wash at all and they are so lousy that they can't kill the half of what is on them. At the present time most of them has their shirts off and cracking away, I washed mine yesterday, pants and all. It is not very clean but it takes some of the sweat out, however these times won't last always. My love to little Margret, from your husband,

Wm. Wallace

Georgia
July 1st, 1864

Dear Sarah,

7 of our Co. started for home this morning, their three years having expired. I sent a testament, a pair of mits, with August Raisin. You will find a big button like copper in it with the figure 1 on it. That is a rebel button and is all the kind they have. Our commissioned officers is all down in the mouth today. Yesterday was our second month muster for pay [at] the end of the three years, and the officers thought they would get home and they were told at muster that they could not go unless they took a dishonorable discharge. That they would not do, so they had to muster for 3 years from yesterday. [Second Lieutenant Edmund L.] Blanchard was going and so was Dr. [J. Griffin] Conley and they all feel bad at being conscripted as they term it. Only 2 is going and that for disability, having obtained the doctors certificate to that effect.

Sargent [Amos A.] Wentworth of Co. F obtained a false discharge 16 months ago and was home. He was caught and brought back on the 29th, just the day his three years was up. General Hooker now makes him serve out his 16 months for nothing. Good for him.

So far today the boys is busy taking down the farm house and using the floors to keep themselves off the ground. Mr. Planter will find no house if he ever gets back. They left on the approach of our army as does every farmer. They left 6 feather beds, all their chairs, loom and a great many other things. The boys ripped open the beds and let the feathers go with the wind. Some of the fields looks as if snow had fallen. It is a pity to see such destruction, but they brought it on themselves. All their fruit trees is destroyed and some hundred acres of corn and wheat. Everything is gone up, as the boys calls it. Our line extends some 10 or twelve miles in length and besides the cavalrys on each flank. You may think that a good deal of property is destroyed and all their land broke up with fortifications. The country looks desolate. When a person stands on a hill and looks around, it is fearful. Some people will never get over it.

In line of battle
South of Maryetta
July 4th, 1864

The whole rebel force evacuated their position in front of us on the night of the second and we followed them early yesterday morning, following them for about 4 miles [and] taking quite a lot of prisoners. They are now in our front, well fortified on a ridge of high land but they will have to leave pretty soon again, as Sherman will come flank on them again.

I will send you a piece of a rebel news paper that I picked up in the rebel works. You will see in Texas that it takes $20.00 of rebel money for one of gold and that they refuse to take any of the trash. The boys got all new clothing on the 2nd and they all look clean and neat once more.

Wm. Wallace
Dear Sarah,

The last I wrote was finished on July 4th. Just as I got it finished, orders came to march; we marched until after dark to the right, then back to the left, then to the front, and finally camped for the night. The rebels found we were getting too close on them and that night they skedaddled, burning a large amount of cotton in front of us. Next morning we were close on to them, taking a good many prisoners. They had three strong lines of works and in front of each one they had stakes drove in the ground so that it would be an impossibility to take them by direct assault, but flanking is a game the rebels cant play at and hence the many evacuations during the campaign. We halted that night (5th) near the Chattahoochee river. We got up on the trees and saw Atlanta plain.

I have slept last night with my shoes off for the first time since I left Tullahoma on the first of May and I eat all my pork and bacon raw, all the time. Got a good appetite, but sometimes has not enough to satisfy it.

I see by the papers that the President has signed the bill, giving us $16.00 a month. Long life to him. All the soldiers will vote for him. I have only talked with one man that said he would vote for Fremont. All is for Abe.

Wm. Wallace
Co E, 3rd Regt.

Near Chattahoochee river
July 17th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

As soon as you get this, send me some thread for I have been very busy sewing this last week and my thread is nearly all done. DONT forget now. We expect to get paid soon. The boys owes me quite a pile for sewing and that will be enough for me for a while. You need not send me any more writing paper, for I sent yesterday for $3.00 worth. I get it sent free of postage for 13 cents a quire & 500 envelopes for $1.60. That is very cheap, for I saw paper sold yesterday at 75 cents a quire in camp. I did not get a letter from Dave since June 6th but I heard he had left the hospital.

The officers pays $5.50 a week for board at the sutlers now. I sold my razor, brush and
strop yesterday for 2 dollars and a half. It did not pay to pack it around just for shaving myself alone so I will let my beard grow again. We are rather short of rations all the time, which makes us growl. Some other corps gets more than they want. I guess the fault lies with the cheats of quarter masters we have got. We don't get any of the desecrated vegetables and no beans—only 3 times since we left Tullahoma in the spring. There is no need of such work, for Uncle Abe sends us enough if he had only trusty quarter masters, but it is no use talking about it. We have got orders now to be ready to march at 3 o'clock this afternoon, so it is hard to tell when I will get a chance to write again.

Your faithful husband,
William Wallace

Near Atlanta, Georgia
July 21st, 1864

Dear Sarah,

Yours of the 9th inst. came to hand and just got done reading it and seat myself down to answer. It found me in good health, all safe and sound. But many a poor fellow has not so to say, for about this time yesterday was a day of death to many a brave fellow. The rebels came on us in great force about 4 p.m. driving in our pickets over our breast works which we had scarcely half done, but when they saw we had our works they kept more to our right, to the 14th corps which joined to us, and for the first time the 10th and 3rd Wisconsin was side by side. The Rebs came on pell mell, driving that part of the 14th corps that was on our right back a little when they rallied and drove the Johnnies back in return, and did not come back again, since the 10th did not lose anyone. We lost 6 in our Regiment, 2 of Co. D was killed.

I was over part of the ground this morning by sunrise, and it was distressing for one to look at. I saw 11 of our men lying in death together as if they had been laid by man's hands. All was dead and the rebels was lying in every direction. There must have been some hundreds of them. We took a good many prisoners, flags, and all they had.13

13 The July 20 Battle of Peach Tree Creek, described by Wallace, hurt the Confederates. About 4,800 rebel soldiers were killed, wounded, or missing out of 20,000

Friday, July 22nd

We are about 21/2 miles from Atlanta, but some of our men is much nearer. Everything is quiet along the picket line. Some think the rebels has gone, but we will soon know. Our pickets advanced last evening quite a way, which caused us all to fall in behind our works, but it was soon over—when our men got possession of the hill that they were aiming for. I got me some matches a few days ago. I paid 10 cents for one small box but it will do me a long time.

William Wallace
Co. E

One and one half miles from Atlanta
July 24, 1864

Dear Sarah,

When I finished my last letter I was in rather a hurry having to march, which we did right off and got through the Rebel lines of works on the straight road to Atlanta. We got in plain sight of the doomed city when they opened on us from one of their forts. We had to about face a few rods and got a favorable position when we deploid our column and marched out in line of battle further than we were at first, the rebels shelling all the time, but we soon got inside of the range of their shells.

We drawed 3 days rations [on July 23] and eat supper tired and sleepy. But they kept up such a fire all night on both sides that I gave up all hopes of getting sleep and about 11 o'clock at night we saw great fire in Atlanta. It burned for a good while. At one o'clock this Sabbath morning we were ordered out to take up a new position a quarter of a mile nearer the city. So we got our spades, shovels, picks, and axes on our shoulders and marched out quietly to build our works, but the rebels heard us chopping and they pitched into us for a little while. We lay down flat on the ground and made no reply. We did not want to let them know what our object was. So when quiet was restored, up we got and went engaged. Federals had about 1,800 casualties in comparison, with the same size force. General Ruger's brigade was not heavily involved in the fighting, with the Third Wisconsin having only five wounded (Wallace reports six) and two killed. General Hood's loss greatly strengthened Sherman's position as he neared Atlanta.
HOLZHUETER: CIVIL WAR LETTERS

to work again, keeping one man on the watch. At 3 this morning got it finished, 10 feet thick.

It is now 10 a.m. and such shelling is enough to make a man deaf. We have 16 guns in the rear of us, playing away. Some of the big ones throwing into the city, while the 12 pounders is throwing into their forts. It is a curious way of spending the Sabbath, but we can't help ourselves. Most of the men is playing cards and when a shell will come pretty close to us they will exclaim: "Try it again, Johnie, a little lower," and so on. Not a man has his head over the works, for if he does he is in danger of losing his napier.

I know that we are bound to have Atlanta pretty soon. All the people has left their houses about here. In fact they have done it all through. Where we lay yesterday was one poor woman and two small children like [our] Mary Ann and Charles, and when a shell would burst near the house, she would jump up and the children cling to her dress crying and looking up most pitifully in her face, imploring help from their frightened parent. Colonel Hawley advised her to go back to another house out of range of the shell, which advice she took, and I saw no more of her. I think if the coperheads only suffered one thousand part of the loots that these poor people suffer here, they would certainly have a right to complain. But here they dare not say a word.

July 25th, 1864

Yesterday afternoon was a busy day shelling Johnies, but what damage was done I know not. Only one solid shot went into our works, and that while I was eating dinner. It threw dirt all over us, causing me to loose part of my fried crackers. The boys dug it out and put it immediately in one of our cannon and sent it back to Johnie again.

We have to keep close behind our works. When we get up on the banks to make coffee, we have to keep very low and quiet, so you may know that we are not in very comfortable quarters. We can't even wash our face. Water is not far off, but in range of their guns, so we have to get along the best we can. The weather is warm and the whole country is full of smoke, so that we can't see Atlanta in consequence. My big shoes I brought from home is wore out and I got a pair of Uncle Sam's, but the irons is still good and I took them off and put [them] on the new ones.

Wm. Wallace

In front of Atlanta
July 28th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

I had a letter from David yesterday, he wrote the 20th. He is in Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. He said he would be back soon with the regiment again. We are in the front line, another line is in the rear of us a few rods. There is a large field in front of our regiment and a large number of houses where the rebel pickets was behind, causing us much annoyance. Yesterday morning, General Williams and General Ruger came crooching under the works and taking squints at them, when Wms. said he would soon have them houses out of there, and in a very short time the 13th New Jersey was sent out to burn them and drive the rebels out. So when they had their turpentine and other ignitable material in readiness, out the regiment went through a deep ravine, when they deploaid in double quick time. And while this was going on, the whole of our batteries threw shell amongst the rebel pickets, causing them to keep their heads down, when the Jersey boys pounced right onto the Johnies, capturing 35 and killing and wounding a good many. In less than 10 minutes the boys was back safe behind their works again, with the loss of 9 men. But all the planters' homes was in ashes in a short time, negro huts included. We all sat watching the whole maneuver, and it was done good. One Johnie was laying behind a stump and did not see anything until one of our men tapped him on the shoulder. Johnie did not have his gun in his hand and he grabbed Jersey, when a regular wrestle ensued, Jersey coming out best, fetching off his man. It caused a great merriment for a few moments. Since then we are not troubled so much with the rebels.

Saturday morning, July 30th

Yesterday afternoon I was down to the creek washing 14 shirts when the rebels tried to take our pickets, but they did not come to it, but it caused all that was washing to beat a hasty stampeded to their respective companies. I left all the shirts, but when it was
over I went back and finished the washing. I made 3 dollars this last 2 afternoons washing. If I could get soap I could make plenty of money. I only can get it when the officers want washing. Then they give me an order on the commissary and they pay for it, besides paying me for washing. I get 10 cents apiece for each shirt and drawers.

Wm. Wallace

In front of Atlanta, Ga.

Aug. 7th, 1864

We have been working nearer Atlanta, and hard work it is. On the evening of the 4th, we commenced to construct new works about 15 rods in front of the old works, but the rebels kept up such a fire that we had to abandon it until after dark, when we went to work about 25 rods nearer Atlanta. We worked all night and all day on the 5th pretty nearly, and at the end of that time we were pretty well tired out. For digging after night through stumps and roots is no easy job, and when daylight came the rebs was not very well pleased at our impudence in getting so near them. So if we keep encroaching in future as we have done in the past, we will get the city soon. This makes the 20th entrenchment we have built since we entered Snake-creek Gap, so you may think we done some hard work, and I think it is not over yet.

We have bad water here and a good many is getting sick in consequence. Three has gone to the hospital from our company, George Emery, Joseph Chapin and Orvil Hulburt [Orville Hurlburt] of Mayville. We have 26 in hospital from our Co. now—only 23 present for duty. Since we entered this state, we had 187 killed and wounded, 40 of the wounded died of their wounds, 14 died of disease, so our regiment does not number over 225 for duty.

Dear Sarah,

You and the news papers are greatly mistaken in saying that we got Atlanta. Not a federal soldier has been in it yet, unless it may be as prisoners. Very few more out of our brigade has been taken since we commenced the siege, only 2 of the 2nd Massachusetts that deserted 3 days ago. They had newly came out and had got large bounties, The stars [insignia of the corps] suits me well. They passed through a good many hands after I got them out of the envelope, everybody praising them sky high and asking where I got them. Captain [Julian W.] Hinkley [of Company E] thinks you are a very tasty woman. When David comes I will give him one of them.

The rebel pickets is very troublesome this morning. They killed Sergent [Robert W.] Jones of Co. K this morning. The ball passed through his head while [he was] sitting in his tent writing, and in a few minutes after Sergent [Jacob W. D.] Smith of Co. B was shot in the leg, and dear knows how many more before tonight.

I am well as usual, able for my rations of which we get enough of lately, except that we dont get any desecated vegetables, but we get some beans and ground potatoes, we get fresh beef 3 days a week and salt pork the rest of the time. We get the best of crackers, coffee and sugar. Last night was a busy night with the artillery, they kept up a steady fire all along the line, throwing shell into the city.
We can hear them burst every time and the other day I saw them knock the chimney right off a big white house.

**Friday evening, August 12th, 1864**

Last night we had steady firing all night. The 3rd division of our corps on our right advanced their lines about 20 rods nearer the city, and when the rebels heard our men chopping, they kept up a steady fire. But when daylight came, Yankee was firmly established and we then can shoot rebels in their forts with pistols, so we are getting a little nearer every little while.

**Sabbath, August 14th, 1864**

I got off picket at 8 o'clock last night all safe and sound, although we had quite lively times of it, shooting a few rounds and then calling out to Johnie if he was much hurt. They told me once to kiss — for a D—d yankee. Then we blazed away again at each other. The pickets is about as far apart as from Mathew’s [Mathew Clarke, father of David] to Mrs. Daltons. I called out at dinner time for them to quit and to go making corn cake, but the answer I got was a bullet whistling over my head. The question and answer made our boys all laugh, the ball coming so close but doing no harm to anyone. They are replaced today with new ones. Last night there was a terrible fire in Atlanta. We got up in the middle of the night to see it. We could hear the fire bells ring very plain.

We drew new hats, the same as the one I have at home. They cost $1.60. I put my new star on mine, and everybody wanted to get one. I was offered one dollar for mine, but of course would not part with it. If I had a hundred I could sell them at 50 cents apiece easy. Our division wears a red star, the second division a white one, and the third a blue star. Then we know exactly what division a man belongs to, and corps too, for the star is the badge of the 20th.

**Wm. Wallace**

*Before Atlanta, Ga.*

**August 19th, 1864**

Dear Sarah,

I got off picket last evening, having been out 24 hours. We have to be relieved after dark, so that the sharpshooters cant see us. And as the pickets on either side dont shoot any, a thing not very common, it makes it more agreeable. We can sit, and walk around in plain view of each other without being fired on. Our brigade is the only one that has made such a treaty. The rebels sits under the trees and waves their old caps at us, and we in return, assuring each other that the treaty is still kept up in good faith. We tried to change papers with them, but their officers would not let them. I found a piece of one of their papers in the woods. I will send it to you. While I was out, I got outside of the picket line into a garden, crawling along on my hands and knees, got a lot of onions and got back safe, so I will live sumptuously for a few days. While I was out on vidette [vedette] outside the picket to keep us from being surprised, I could hear the rebel vidette blowing his nose. One of them came in and gave one of our boys a chew of tobacco, and then went back to his post.

I could hear the rebel trains running to and from Atlanta and heard a rebel battery coming up in front of us, and at 4 o'clock in the morning they opened on us at a furious rate.

Anyhow we still circle around the great city. The shelling this morning set fire to a fine frame house back of the rebel works and burned it to the ground. Many a hundred houses meets the same fate, the whole country looks desolate around Atlanta and nothing seems to have life in it. Vegetation is all destroyed. It will take them many a year to repair all the damages that has been done by both armies.

**Sabbath, August 21st, 1864**

I washed yesterday but cant get them dry. I washed 17 pieces including 3 pair of pants, making me $1.80 for the day, and in the after-

---

15 While an actual treaty may have been unique between Confederate and Federal brigades, fraternization was not uncommon, even during the tense Atlanta siege. Bell Irvin Wiley, an authority on Civil War commonplaces, writes: "It would be easy to exaggerate the significance of the fraternizing that dotted the Confederate war. Hatred and fighting far outweighed friendliness and intermingling. But the latter always existed in such proportions as to worry high officers." *The Life of Johnny Reb: The Common Soldier of the Confederacy* (Indianapolis, 1943), 521. Evidence of more widespread Atlanta campaign fraternization appears in Wiley's *The Life of Billy Yank*, 356.
noon I made 30 cents sewing. So you see I am not idle when I get a chance of making a few cents. We drew a loaf of bread today, being the first we drew since we left Fayetteville, and after eating crackers so long I can tell you it tastes good. We drew some [pork] shoulder also, and some ground potatoes. Nothing makes us feel so good as to hear we have plenty of rations.

Wm. Wallace

Before Atlanta
August 25th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

Yesterday we had 4 guns firing steady into the city and during the afternoon a large factory was set on fire. When the Johnneys saw the smoke they got up on the top of the fort and kept looking steady at it until the building was entirely consumed. Our gunners kept firing steady at the fire in order to keep them from extinguishing the flames.

We hear it reported today that the left wing of the army is about falling back to the north side of the river in order to let the right wing extend across the railroads going out of Atlanta. It is reported that we will go tonight. One thing I know, that the hospital and wagon train has gone last night.

21 deserters came in two days ago. They say that no trains can leave for fear of being fired into. One of the number was a citizen with his little boy, who was drove before Johnston to the city of refuge, but he prefers going back to his place in Georgia again, fully convinced that it dont pay to follow the

Wallace's information is accurate. The maneuver, begun on August 25 by Sherman, was intended to cut off Atlanta completely by marching troops towards its south side, in the direction of Jonesboro.
rebels every where. He will say so perhaps, when he sees his place dug up in trenches and his houses torn down, all his crops destroyed, etc.

Chattahoochie River
August 28th, 1864

I seat myself down this Sabbath morning to add a few lines to my letter. As I said in the beginning of this, we were about to change fronts and so we did on the evening of the 25th. We swung our left around to the river all safe. We got here in the morning at daylight of the 26th. The rebels did not find out that we moved, and I guess they were in a quandry to find out where we went. We have not seen or heard from them yet. In front of our division which is on both sides of the railroad bridge, the second division is 2 or 3 miles above us and the third division is 4 miles below us guarding forts. The 4th corps is on our left. Now the rest of the army has gone around to the south side of Atlanta, there to occupy the railroads so the rebels will have to come out of their strong forts.

We expect David here every day. He left Chattanooga a good while ago with a drove of cattle for the army. The Officers is making out the regular two months muster roll, so we will be mustered on Wednesday. That is the last day of the month. They will owe me then seven months pay and one hundred dollars of bounty.

Wm. Wallace

Chattahoochie river
Near railroad bridge
Sept. 1st, 1864

Dear Wife,

That evening [August 28] I went on picket and the first thing I done was to advance out as viadette about 20 rods from the pickets into a thick wood, where I could not see but a very short ways over my nose. It was so dark and I got a regulare eating up with mosquitoes. I stood my six long hours and then got relieved. Came back to where the pickets was without seeing or hearing anything. When daylight came we eat some bacon and crackers and went to work to chop down all the timber in front of us, strewing it in every direction to keep Johnny from coming on to us in too much of a hurry. Eat again and at nearly sun down the relief came. The officer of the pickets made us fire off our guns before coming in, which had the effect of startling every one around, each man seizeing his piece and making for the breast works. Some was down in the river bathing. They thought shure that the rebels was acoming. They started out of the water on a double quick. Some had on their pants, some naked, while others had their clothing under their arms. It was a laughable sight to see them coming as we got to the breast works.

We drawed rations and amongst the other things was 22 pounds of potatoes divided amongst 25 men. They were in their original shape and they were the first we had drawed since we left Madison last winter. They put me in mind of old times.

The work of fortifying still goes on. 4 men from each Co. is detailed each day for to work on them, and it is no easy job in such hot weather. The mules is employed in hawling the tops of the pine trees for abbate [abatis], so that if they attack us we will have something that we can depend on to defend us. Cannon is placed on every knole along the line and the timber all cut down, so we feel pretty safe, the only fear is they will not come on to us.

We are all anxious to hear who will be the nominee of the Chicago Convention; two months more and we will know who will be our rooler for the next four years. I hope it will be our present incumbent. A large majority will vote for Mr. Lincoln in the army, but some will vote for almost any man so that peace may be brought about and then get out of the army. Such men is not worth much in a fight. Anyhow they were once democrats and dont care if the rebels does have their own way, but they are in a small minority and so we dont trouble ourselves about them. I think all or nearly all of our regement will vote for Lincoln. I cant hardly hear Fremont's name mentioned in our Regement.17

17 News traveled slowly from the Democratic National Convention in Chicago to the front. Democrats convened on August 29 and nominated General George B. McClellan for President and George H. Pendleton of Ohio for Vice President on August 31. The platform condemned Lincoln's administration for failing to restore the Union "by the experiment of war," and it
The Brigade Bands keeps us in good music every evening until 9 o‘clock, which cheers up the boys considerably. It brings to mind the loved ones at home when they play “The Girl I Left Behind Me.” As for myself, my thoughts are home in a moment and [I] thinks I see the children at their little play, driving their horse powers around the chairs, but I hope the day is not far off when I shall behold them once more and I hope will never part again until death separates us.

I counted a squad of 58 rebel prisoners this noon. They were the sorest looking sights ever I saw. Not one third of them had coats or shoes. They had all kinds of clothing imaginable. Some had straw hats with brims, while others gloried in a covering without brim, others had brims but no crowns and their long hair standing up through the top. No man could tell the original color of their shirts.

**Friday morning, Sept. 2nd**

I am seated behind a large pile of rails for a breast works, although we have no need of it at present or are we likely to [have need] for a screen to stop the messingers of death that is sometimes hurled against us; for I think from what I saw and herd last night at Atlanta that the rebels has evacuated and burned a good part of the city, or else one cannonading done it, for about eleven o‘clock an explosion took place and immediately commenced a heavy cannonading from 15 or so guns. It was a good way off from us, but we could hear it very plain and the fire still continued to rage; every now and then a great flash would burst up into the air as if powder had been exploding or the buildings falling in. The cannonading was kept up for two or three hours steady. I hope we will soon hear the particulars. The officers of the pickets seem to think that the rebels have left the city and set it on fire, or at least burned their military stores, for they could not get them away on the cars, for it has been reported in camp that Sherman has moved round on the Macon Railroad, which prevented them from using it. But whether it is so or not I can‘t say. I hope it is so any how.\(^\text{18}\)

Wm. Wallace

---

**Atlanta**  
**Sabbath, Sept. 5th, 1864**

Dear Sarah,

You have doubtless heard before this reaches you that the long looked for capture of Atlanta has come at last, and I will try and give you a little particulars of how things look here.

We left our camp at 5 o‘clock on the evening of the 2nd. The evening was very warm, thunder showers brewing all round. Well off we started for Atlanta, went about half ways as fast as we could walk, then rested a few minutes and was off again. Marched past one old breast works and in through town. The boys was in the best possible good humor, although it was 10 o‘clock when we halted, and swetting pretty freely. The men was full of fun and talk. At one hotel was a crowd of spectators. One of the boys asked them what they had to eat lately. The reply was: 20 pound parrott shells. And I think it was true to some extent, for nearly every house had a hole in it where a shell had went through. Some houses was completely riddled, very little signs of life was shown, for most of the inhabitants had left.

When tents was up I got my rubber around me and started down the railroad. Got there, and such a sight I never saw. There stood 4 large trains of cars and 5 locomotives all in ashes, except the iron. The engines was not much the worse and can be easily repaired. I walked from one of the burned wrecks to the other. There lay 10 cannon for the first sight, several more cars was loaded with rifles, some contained hides and leather, while the most part of them contained amunition of 1864.

---

**On August 31, General John Schofield’s Army of the Ohio cut the Macon and Western Railroad between Jonesboro and Atlanta. The next afternoon, Hood’s Confederate forces evacuated Atlanta, setting fire to munitions and supplies.**
A section of the Battle of Atlanta cyclorama executed by Milwaukee painters working under Wilhelm Wehner in the 1880's. Splendidly housed and displayed in Atlanta's Grant Park, the painting is 400 feet in circumference, fifty feet high, and weighs 18,000 pounds. Viewed from a raised platform in the center of the circular building, the effect is startlingly realistic.

all kinds, from a 100 pound shell to a rifle ball. The latter was melted in great chunks with the great heat. Grape and canister—there were no end to it. They lay around the track like wheat about a threshing machine, while pieces of cars were strewn for several rods on each side of the track. It was astonishing to see it. I went a little piece further and came to the rolling mill. There lay steam boilers, fly wheels, great piles of iron in various stages of manufacture. Nothing remained of it but the chimneys. Further on and nearer to the town was a large pond of water, that was nearly filled with ammunition in the boxes, some 150 pound shell. It seemed that the cars could not hold it and they dumped it there to put it from being any use to us. I then went to the engine house and machine [shop]. It was not disturbed in the least, nor was the passengers nor freight depots harmed in the least. The engine house is a good building of cut stone, so is the machine shop. At the latter place lay 7 large siege guns that they could not get away in their hurry. When I got to the freight depot it was nearly filled with rebel deserters and the gates all shut on them and a strong guard all round. While in the streets and at every corner was large groups of Georgia Militia who had deserted. When the rebels left, it seemed they were at liberty to go where they liked. They were mostly old men and did not care much about fighting.

I strolled around through various stores, but all was vacant; nothing that could be used by a soldier, but was cleaned out. One place I went into and there was a man about half crazy about “56 boxes of tobacco that the federals took this morning from me.” He would say, “worth about $500.00 a box in confederate money.” “Oh! I am ruined,” he would say, and then he walked out, leaving the doors all open, for there was nothing left of all he had in the store. I went down to a cellar where some folks had taken refuge from the shell. There was corn meal piled up in sacks but the owners had cleared out. Each man was helping himself to a little of it and so did I too. I got about a peck. It was not
sifted, but I made some broghan\(^\text{19}\) of it this morining and it tasted good, rough and all as it is.

General Slocums quarters is in the Front House, a large hotel.\(^\text{20}\) It is very provoking to the few people that is left to have to listen to the band at his quarters playing the national airs and especially when they play "Rally round the flag, boys." I think from what I can see that not more than one house in 20 is occupied and all the houses around the suberbs is clean gone and torn down by the rebels to make shelters for themselves, for they have no tents. It is a sight to see so many sheds around their entrenchments, of various grades of architecture. All the fancy garden fences is all gone. Every where the beholder turns his face, and take it all through, it looks a waste place. The people says that they have had no gas for over a year, as they got all their coal from Tennessee and none in Georgia. They had to live in darkness because their deeds were evil. They have no water works but the way they get water for the fire enjins is by having large cisterns sunk in the streets beside the pumps, and by the way, they are the first pumps I ever saw in the South. The water is pumped into the cisterns and kept constantly filled. So the enjins has to lift it up and throw it on the burning building of which they have had a goodly number lately, by the looks of the old walls and chimneys that still stand to tell the tale. And every house in the outskirts has a well and rope, but they took all the buckets and ropes away for fear they would do us any good, but we can do without them, as we have a first rate spring a few rods from our works.

This is the day for the draft in the north.\(^\text{21}\) We are all anxiously waiting to hear who will be the nominee of the Chicago convention. The boys says here that the taking of Atlanta will be a deadener on the peace men at home and will add many thousands of votes to Lincoln.

Wm. Wallace
Co. E, Third Regiment Wis. Volunters

From the tenth to the eighteenth of September, Wallace was ill with a fever and unable to write. He finally recovered sufficiently to "sit and scribble" a few lines to his wife on the eighteenth, then on the twenty-fourth reported that he was regaining his strength rapidly.

Camp of 3rd Reg't, Wis. Vol.
Atlanta, Ga.
Oct. 16th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

It is now about time for me to pen you a few lines, as you will no doubt think me very ungrateful for not writing oftener, but to tell you the truth I had no time this last 2 or 3 weeks, and even if I had, it would not have went out, for the rebels had hold of the road so that no mail or other matter came to us here. Only one mail came and that was yesterday.\(^\text{22}\)

We have had the busiest times that I ever experienced in the army lately, building forts and fortifying Atlanta. Generally from 10 to 20 men has to work on the fortifications from

\(^{19}\) Brochan, meaning porridge or oatmeal, from the Gaelic.

\(^{20}\) General Henry Warner Slocum had succeeded General Hooker as commander of the Twentieth Corps on August 27, 1864. He previously had commanded the post at Vicksburg. Slocum continued to lead the Twentieth Corps on Sherman's March to the Sea and through the Carolinas. The Front House probably was the Trout House, a leading Atlanta hotel, the name of which Wallace seems to have misunderstood. No Front House has existed in Atlanta, but the Trout House was burned by Federal troops as they left Atlanta. Slocum's headquarters also were reported to have been in the dwelling of William H. Dabney on Washington Street near Atlanta's City Hall. Franklin M. Garrett, *Atlanta and Environs: A Chronicle of Its People and Events* (New York, 1954), 1: 640; conversation with Garrett, January 16, 1974.

\(^{21}\) The third draft under the enrollment act was arranged for September 5, 1864, after fifty days had been set aside for men to volunteer. The government hoped for 500,000 men. Fred A. Shannon, *The Organization and Administration of the Union Army, 1861-1865* (Cleveland, 1928), 2: 130.

\(^{22}\) General John Hood and his Confederate Army of Tennessee on October 2 reached the Union rail link between Chattanooga and Atlanta, a connection on which Sherman's forces relied for supplies. The next day Hood's forces seized Big Shanty, Kennesaw Water Tank, and the nearby area, forcing Sherman to detail some troops northward. Hood hoped that such action would force a full retreat from Atlanta. But by October 17 he had abandoned his plan in face of Union opposition along the railroad line north towards Resaca.
each company in the corps each day, while 6 or 7 is doing picket duty and every spare minute the rest has to drill. So you see we have not one hour scarcely to ourselves. We are tearing down some of the finest buildings in the city to make room for forts. We have built two large ones in the court house square and now we are taking down the female Seminary\textsuperscript{23} to make room for another, and so we go.

We got our pay on the 9th, and the next morning at 4 o'clock 3 Brigades, 4 pieces of Artillery, and about 1,000 cavalry with 600 wagons started on a foraging expedition towards Jonesburg [Jonesboro].\textsuperscript{24} We went within 12 miles of it but encountered very little opposition. We got all the wagons loaded with corn and cotton, a lot of cattle and sheep, and I must tell you that it would astonish you to see us get into a forty acre field of corn. A regiment would deploy, each man taking a row, one stalk in a hill and one ear on a stalk, the wagons going ahead of us, and as fast as the mules could walk, we get to the end of our field, corn husked or rather pulled the ears off the stalks, for they dont cut corn down here. Then comes another set of wagons and into another field, until we got them all loaded, which was on the 3rd day out.

This morning another foraging expedition started. One brigade from each division. Sherman, it seems, is calculating to make us live off the country. While we were out, our company foraged for our own private use 7 geese, 3 sheep, 2 of which I butchered, 2 pigs, and lots & slathers of sweet potatoes and molasses and chickens at will. We would like to be out every day, but others must get a chance as well as us.

\textit{William Wallace}

\textit{Atlanta, Ga.}
\textit{October 31st, 1864}

Dear Sarah,

I sent ten dollars off to New Hampshire a few days ago for paper and envelopes. If it comes safe, I can double my money on it by selling it out to the boys. It cost 50 cents a quire in camp and I buy it for 20 to 25 and sent free of postage. I keep making a little money every day almost. I made one dollar and 25 cents washing and sewing today. The amount of pay I got was $201.25, so I sent you, in addition to Dave's $200.00, $215.00, and 10 dollars to N. H., and five. Now that is 240 and I have 20 dollars still in my pocket, so you see I have made between 50 and 60 dollars since I left Madison. That shows that I have been very industrious and saving too. I have washed many a shirt for that & put in many a stitch in old and new pants. I made myself a good vest out of the backs of my old pants and the backs of a shirt. I cut it out myself and it is the best fit can be. I am knitting myself a pair of mits of stocking legs ripped out. My needle I made of wire. The Captain [Julian W. Hinkley] thinks I ought not to have ever married when I can do such things.

We have been drawing clothing today for a fifty days march. We dont know where we are going, but it is out on a grand raid perhaps.

\textit{Wm. Wallace}

\textit{Co. E.}

\textit{Atlanta, Ga.}
\textit{November 7th, 1864}

Dear Sarah,

It is reported that we will start again on Wednesday the 9th, and I think there is some truth in it from all appearances, for they are sending off ammunition north, and I think it is beyond a doubt that we will go south this winter, and burn up the Gate City [Atlanta], for it dont do us any good now, since Hood's army has took a new plan of fighting.

\textit{Atlanta, Nov. 8th}

Well election is over and the result was 325 for Abraham and 23 for Mac. Only 2 of our

\textsuperscript{23} A “female institute” was established in 1859 by a private stockholding group in Atlanta, and by 1860 the stockholders had erected a building on a hill, long known thereafter as College Hill, on the northeast corner of Courtland, then Collins, and Ellis streets. It was converted into a Confederate hospital in 1863 and burned by Union troops in 1864. Garrett, \textit{Atlanta and Environs}, 1: 456-457.

\textsuperscript{24} Edwin E. Bryant, \textit{History of the Third Regiment}, 273, reports that the foraging expedition began on October 11. He adds that the massive food-gathering operations resulted from near famine. From October 2, the regiment had been on half rations of meat and corn meal. A similar operation southeast of Atlanta was undertaken October 23.
Ruins of the Atlanta depot as photographed by G. N. Barnard in mid-November 1864. The building, which had escaped damage during the incessant bombardment, was blown up by Sherman’s departing troops. A Hollywood reconstruction served as the locale for several important scenes in the film version of Gone With the Wind.
Co. voted for McLellan. The election was conducted with as good regularity as if we were at the old school house. Our tent served as a school house and cigar box for a ballot box. Captain Hinkly as chairman, Dave Clark and John Dubois [Du Bois] as inspectors, myself and John Hook as clerks. Both tickets lay on the old rickety table and each man took a ticket and voted whatever one he chose. There was no peddling of tickets whatever. All was good humor all around. A good many of our men could not vote, being under age. 32 was the number cast in Co. E. I signed the list this afternoon and sent it off to Madison. The polls kept open until noon, so that those who were on guard and picket came in. So every man voted who was qualified. Let not the copperheads say that deceit is here, for no election could be conducted fairer. Every officer was sworn in, according as they are done at the school house, with "Hear Ye, Hear Ye," etc. We are to start on our expedition this week. We had the orders read to us on dress parade this evening. We are to live mostly on the Country, Slocum says, but we are to carry 10 days rations of salt and coffee and 2 days of hard tack. We expect to have some gay old times, although we will have some hard ones too. I still hear that Savannah is our destination. Atlanta will be evacuated, from all appearances. This will be the last letter for some time. 50 days is a long time to march.

Wm. Wallace

Before Savannah, Ga.
Dec. 18th, 1864

Dear Sarah,

I was appointed wagon master at the Brigade head quarters on Nov. 12th. Colonel Hawley selected me out of all the Regt. and recommended me to [General Ruger's successor] Colonel [Ezra A.] Carman, Commanding Brigade. He gave me a good advice, such as a father would give his son. I thanked him for such a good situation. and I have charge of five wagons, 30 mules, and 20 horses. All I have to do is to see that they are fed and taken care of. I have a horse of my own to ride always, so I have no walking to do and no fighting either. I have the best of times. It was a lucky thing for me, for on the 15th we left Atlanta on our long and tedious march. But it would be an impossibility for me to give you a detailed account of our operations. But one thing I can say is that we made a clean sweep of everything that came in our way. But the thing that suffered most was hogs, potatoes, chickens, etc. Horses and mules in great abundance was captured. Niggers came to us by the thousand. We tore up every railroad and bended all the iron to within 4 miles of Savannah. When we got there, which was on the 10th inst., all the negroes was sent off to the Ogeechee river. I saw a drove of 1,500 sent off yesterday that came across from South Carolina. They were so glad to see us that they made several attempts to kiss us, and at Milledgeville one old hag called out: "Lowd de yeah of Jubille hab cum to town." We burned all the principal buildings at every place we came to. The capital [Milledgeville] suffered awful—Madison, Sandersonville, and such other places as lay on our route.25

We are now closely besieging the city both by gun boats and by land forces. Our brigade is on Hoggs [Hog] island and has both sides of the island blockaded so that no supplies can come down the Savanna river. We have communication with the fleet. The supply train is off to the harbor for rations and other supplies, all of which is much needed. We live altogether on rice since we came here, but the men seems content. The journey was so prosperous, only one man was lost of our company, and he strayed away from the company while forraging and was captured. John

---

25Wallace's reaction to the plundering was more compassionate than historian Bryant's. The latter wrote: "Milledgeville was tenderly treated by the Union army. The penitentiary was burned without orders; but the Third Wisconsin prevented much mischief that otherwise would have been done, strictly enforcing Gen. Slocum's orders." Bryant, History of the Third Regiment, 285. Bryant's account of the March to the Sea is fairly complete, in contrast to Wallace's. Also see Julian Wisner Hinkley, A Narrative of Service with the Third Wisconsin Infantry, Wisconsin History Commission, Original Papers, No. 7 (Madison, 1912), 146-153; and George S. Bradley, The Star Corps; or Notes of an Army Chaplain During Sherman's Famous "March to the Sea" (Milwaukee, 1865), 181-214. Bradley served with the Twenty-Second Wisconsin Regiment. Only a portion of his book deals with the actual march.
Dear Sarah,

I must tell you that the coveted city is occupied by the blue coats, as the rebels calls us. The event took place on the morning of the 21st. The civil authorities surrendered it after the soldiery had evacuated it the night previous. They left nearly everything. They left most all their cannon all right for us to use, all the railroad cars and enjines, all the stores as they were when they occupied the place. But the troops that was first in broke open the stores and helped themselves to whatever suited their fancy. Our brigade was on the South Carolina side of the [Savannah] river at the time, and it took them two days in getting over. It blowed so hard that the flat boats was dashed against the banks and consequently the work of ferrying them over was commenced with small boats, some only holding 6 or 8 men. I rowed all day and all night. We got them all over safe and I was pretty tired, too.

Yesterday it took us fixing up things for a months stay. Brigade quarters is in one of the splendidest Mansions can be found. We have plenty of everything now. The fleet is getting up to the wharf and landing their stores of various kinds. I got up a load of oats last evening from the vessels for the horses, and today we are sending requisitions for clothing, something that we all stand in need of. I got 40 quires of paper from New Hampshire when I first came here and 20 bunches of envelopes, and I sold them all out and made 24 dollars of profit on all. I have sent for three reams of paper more and two thousand envelopes, so you see I make something more than 16 dollars a month. When we came to Milledgeville they captured a ton of tobacco and I took one of the wagons...
out after night for it. And the officer that had it in charge gave me a lot of it that I sold for 25 dollars, so that paid me well for a few hours ride. Then I bought an overcoat for 5 dollars and sold it for 8 dollars cash. I saw David this morning hauling brick to build his chimney for his shanty.

Wm. Wallace
2nd Brigade Headquarters 1st Division
20th A. C., Savannah, Ga.

Afterword

A NOTHER half a year elapsed before Wallace returned home, a half a year of almost constant marching through and some skirmishing and fighting in the Carolinas. No letters by Wallace survive from this period. He may have written, but he also may not have, since the brigade's wagons, mules, and horses had become his responsibility. Shepherding them through Carolina swamps under drenching rains understandably may have preoccupied Wallace, whose sense of duty and dedication to labor are amply documented in his letters.

The regiment rested in Savannah until January 17, then began marching along the Savannah River northwest to Sister's Ferry. There it veered almost due north towards Robertsville, where it encountered some resistance. The march covered an average of ten miles a day, with much of the route having to be paved with logs to make a corduroy road. The swamps of the Coosawhatchie River proved especially trying. The regiment finally mounted a ridge, then descended again into swampy lands around the Salkehatchie River and its tributaries.

On February 7 the Third Wisconsin reached the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, then proceeded to destroy miles of track westward on the line. Again the corps turned north, crossing swamps and the north and south forks of the Edisto River. Finally, on reaching Columbia, South Carolina, the terrain became less formidable and the march moved steadily north to Winnsboro, where the regiment helped to extinguish a blaze set by Union foragers from another corps. Foragers had become a major problem. They generally operated without military approval, and occasionally were preceded by Southern troops, who committed similar outrages.

Along the way the regiment had frequent brushes with Confederate cavalry, but rarely any serious encounters. An interim goal was set for Cheraw, on the Great Pedee River. There the Confederates had built an arsenal on the scale of the early one at Harpers Ferry. The goal was attained, and another set for Fayetteville, North Carolina, on the Cape Fear River. The route was made treacherous by the burning of turpentine-producing forests and mills along the road, but on March 11 the corps reached Fayetteville, where it found mail, supplies, and a brief respite.

Four days later the corps again set out—this time for Raleigh, North Carolina. Bloodshed immediately interrupted progress. On the sixteenth, the corps was summoned to assist in meeting the Confederates at Averasboro. The regiment lost five men, with twenty-four wounded. After the battle, Sherman altered the corps' destination and turned it east to Goldsboro, North Carolina, believing that the remnants of General Johnston's army would confront him near there. He was right. From March 19 to March 21, the Battle of Bentonville occurred—a somewhat desultory action in which the Third Wisconsin played a minor role and did not lose a single man. It was the last Confederate attempt to halt Sherman's advance. On the twenty-second, the Union army was in Goldsboro, where it marched in review before Sherman and established a camp nearby.

Sherman still supposed that he must fight a conclusive battle with Johnston, and accordingly on April 10 sent his forces towards Raleigh. Oppressive heat wearied the troops, but the discomfort was mitigated by news of Lee's surrender on the ninth, which reached Sherman belatedly on the twelfth, and Johnston's surrender on the thirteenth. The Third Wisconsin rested at Raleigh until April 19, then, after some maneuvering around the North Carolina capital, set out on April 30 on a 320-mile march to Washington. Only nineteen days later the regiment was in camp opposite the city. There both William Wallace and his friend David Clarke received promotions—Clarke to second lieutenant on May 18 and Wallace to corporal on May 20. On May 24 the Third Wisconsin joined with
Sherman's army in a grand review around the Capitol and up Pennsylvania Avenue. Bouquets and garlands of flowers were fastened by admirers to the colors of the regiment in such quantity that they overburdened the color-bearer, and he was forced to discard the tributes.

Men of the Third Wisconsin impatiently waited mustering out at a Washington area campsite. One by one the regiments of the brigade left Washington, including the Third's companion regiment, the Second Massachusetts Infantry, until only the Third remained. Finally on June 11 the regiment left for Louisville, Kentucky, arriving there on the sixteenth. On July 18 the Wisconsin men were mustered out of service, on the twenty-first they broke camp and took a train for Madison, and on the twenty-fourth they arrived in Madison. Of the original complement of nearly a thousand men, only 194 were there for the last parade, William Wallace among them.

Wallace returned to his farm in the Town of LeRoy. He and his wife soon added two more sons to their family, and by 1873 they had accumulated sufficient resources to purchase a larger farm about forty miles southeast in the Town of Lisbon, Waukesha County, near Sussex. The family continued to prosper, but serious divisions grew between William and Sarah Wallace, and on August 24, 1886, they were divorced. Sarah received half the couple's property, and William generously supported her for the rest of his life. She moved to Waukesha, where she lived with her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Anderson, the mother of the donor of her husband's correspondence to the State Historical Society. She died in 1921.

The Wallace's neighbor, David Clarke, too, left Dodge County for better prospects. He became a skilled machinist in Milwaukee and died there at the age of 65 in 1902. His widow and a son survived him, and she kept faithfully in touch with members of the regimental veterans association.

After his divorce, Wallace visited his birthplace in Ireland, returned to the United States, and settled at Newton, Kansas. He eventually was married to the woman who had been his first wife's choice as a witness at their Philadelphia wedding, Kate Fleming, who became "Grandma Kate." Together the Wal- 

laces established themselves slowly in Kansas. William's first investments at Newton cost him $7,500. Then he moved to Stafford, purchased wheat lands, and succeeded. At the end of his life he owned about 1,000 acres of fertile prairie.

Wallace maintained an active interest in the regimental association, but he was not able to attend its reunions. His place at them was taken by Mrs. Anderson, who had been born during the Atlanta Campaign, and she became an honorary member and assistant treasurer of the organization. From time to time she shared her father's letters with the membership.

In October, 1921, the association honored the Wallace family with a gift of a section of its regimental flagstaff. When the Third Wisconsin's colors were taken to the GAR Memorial Hall in the state capitol building, the staff was found to be too long. It was shortened, and the problem of disposing of the unneeded but not unwanted piece was settled by presenting it to Ralph E. Wallace, William's grandson. Ralph had served in World War I and had been gassed at Argonne. Two of his uncles, Wallace's youngest sons, had served in the Spanish-American War, and two other grandsons had served during the First World War.

The gift was a tribute, too, to Wallace himself, for he had died more than a year earlier, on April 10, 1920, at the age of 89, in his home at Stafford.26

26 Bryant, History of the Third Regiment, and Long and Long, The Civil War Day by Day, provide details about the Carolina campaign and the regiment's last days. For Clarke's biography, see the Milwaukee Sentinel, February 27, 1902. For Wallace's biography, see Wallace vs. Wallace, equity 12, page 426, box 234; Circuit Court, Waukesha County Courthouse; letters from Ruth H. Roberts, Milwaukee, to the editor and William C. Haygood, July 24, September 2, and September 10, 1973; clipping from a Stafford, Kansas, newspaper, dated February 20, 1908; Third Wisconsin Infantry Association, Proceedings, 1901, p. 3, 1917, pp. 3, 14, 1919, p. 19, 1920, p. 11, and 1921, pp. 3, 9-10; and Atlas of Waukesha County Wisconsin (Harri- son and Warner, Madison, 1873), map of Town of Lisbon.