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Miss Carson

The Filson Historical Society

Memphis May 13<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My dear Father,

Day after tomorrow we go into camp and organize a Regiment. Nelly of Workman will probably be our Colonel. As soon as we are formed into a Regiment Williams and I will go to Nashville to be examined by the Military Board - he for Surgeon - I for Assistant. We feel quite confident of getting the appointments - though of course all human plans are uncertain and liable to be defeated. I shall go to Louisville before returning to Memphis, I think. Marion is better. I am well and in great haste. Love to all

Your affectionate son  
 Sanford P. Yandell Jr.

7222

Memphis May 10<sup>th</sup> 1861.

My dear Father,

I am out at Masons this evening and shall stay with him tonight. He improves most tardily, if indeed he does improve at all. I hope he is better tonight than he has been yet, but I have no confidence in his symptoms, for several times he has seemed to be convalescent, when an ugly feature of the disease would present itself, proving that he was far from well. I made ten dollars at the Recruiting office today; vaccinated Mr. Brown's four children; visited a patient, and then came out to see Mason. In addition to this I dilled once and wrote two letters. My work today is worth over twenty dollars. You have seen by the papers, that Genl. Pillow is Major-General, and has command of the Troops in this part of the state. His appointment gives unbounded dissatisfaction. He is generally considered wholly wanting in military knowledge, wanting in discretion and common sense, and he has the reputation of being tyrannical and even cruel to soldiers. The election of Mr. Lincoln - Kentucky's abominable tardiness of action upon the great question - the seizure of Tennessee arms at Cairo - all these things, combined never gave me so much pain and annoyance, as has this unfortunate appointment of the notorious ditch digger. I wish I could turn him into a pillar of salt. I do not fancy the thought of having Pillow for my master, and I have had notions of leaving Tennessee in order to get rid of Pillow. If Kentucky would only show a disposition to fight, I would make some excuse to my company and break out from it and go to my old state. I do not like the thought

of joining the Mississippi, or Alabama, or Arkansas armies because I should be a stranger in either of those states, and although I am perfectly willing - yes, more than willing to go as a common soldier, I desire to fight amongst my friends. On the 15<sup>th</sup> we are ordered into camp, and I have but a brief time to decide what course to pursue; and I can not say what I shall do. The chances are, I suppose, that having put my foot in it, I shall remain where I am, and wait for something to turn up. I understand from Genl. Pillow that all applicants for surgeons or assistant surgeons positions, are required to go before the military Board at Nashville to stand an examination before they are appointed. Never having paid particular attention to surgery, and having neglected anatomy entirely, I have my doubts about my capacity to pass the examination. Even being surgeon General, he might possibly do something for me, but that I dare say is extremely doubtful. I rather think I shall not go into camp with my company on the 15<sup>th</sup>, but will wait till we are called into actual service before joining them - I will do this if I can so manage it. I should prefer to take an actual part in the war and be actually in the fighting; but your conversation with me has somewhat shaken - though it has not changed, my determination. And I must confess I am not so keen to fight under Pillow, as I was when I thought someone else would be our commander. The appointment of Pillow is condemned by almost every man I have heard speak of it, and I fear it will dampen the military ardor of West Tennessee. I received the New York Observer yesterday, and I find the church of the North perfectly united upon the war question. Even Vanduyke

is out and out for coercion. The Herald bears it committed  
and a terrible blunder by its former course, which deprecates  
to a war policy. They are all for a fight. Surely this is no com-  
plaint. nor war, and no human agency is to blame for it. "Whom  
chief the gods destroy &c" The people of the north are certainly crazy  
what and I sincerely trust, and am inclined to believe that we are to  
may be the instruments of their destruction. Dr. Hexter called at the  
thing office yesterday to see you, and expressed great regret at not  
applied meeting with you. I did not know him at all. He said  
that he would write to you soon. He lives near Dickburg. I went  
yesterday to a gentleman in St. Joseph Mo. yesterday, to read the amount  
of my medical bill against him, which he had written for,  
my to brother David at Louisville. I feared it would never reach  
the me here. The patient is named Hughes, formerly of Kentucky.  
I advised him to go to brother, which he promises to do, as  
soon as he could get away from Mo. Dr. Seance is his phys-  
ician at home. We had a splendid storm last night, and  
since I never saw such lightening before. There was one almost un-  
interrupted blaze of light for - I should think - half an hour.  
It was brighter than the brightest moon light, and I am  
sure I could have read by it - I got out of bed to watch it, and  
the leaves on the trees, and the blades of grass were perfectly  
light, visible. It was most wonderful, and many persons were  
well struck by it - I mean impressed by its novelty and grandeur.  
The wind blew furiously and did some damage to houses  
and trees. The rain came down in torrents, and the thunder  
shook the house. I do hope the Cairo fellows had it there.  
The lady, I hope will overlook my neglect of her two last letters.  
I have very little time to write, and one letter will come for

the whole family. It is growing late and I will stop  
writing for tonight. - Saturday morning. It is bright and  
very warm out doors, and the mocking birds are singing from  
every tree - each a different tune. I am sorry to say Mason is just  
about the same. His stomach still deranged, and his discharges unnatural  
and offensive. He is better however than he was four days ago, and  
I hope soon to report him decidedly convalescent. In a few moments  
I shall breakfast and then go to town when I will have no time  
to write. I hope to hear from you soon. Love to all, and kisses to  
Solly and the children.

I am your devoted son

Sanford P. Gaudette Jr.

Mason and his dear wife and love to you all.

Memphis May 30<sup>1861</sup>

My dear Father,

I reached Memphis at 9 o'clock Tuesday night and left for Camp early next morning, where I have been very busy since. Last night I got a furlough and come here to look after my horse who I am sorry to find has not yet come. I need him, and shall not have another opportunity to leave camp in a long time, but if he does not arrive by tomorrow morning I will make arrangements to have him shipped to me. We have some sickness in camp but not of a dangerous character - no people ever showed much joy at seeing me, as did my old comrades of the Shelby Greys. Several men

had refused to have medical advice till I returned - one fellow had kept them an obep a week for me to open. Mrs. I have so far succeeded in winning the good will of Officers and soldiers. Sam I am in excellent health and fine good spirits. A young lady is working me 1/2 or a green silk dress and another is at work working the wreath and letters for Bill my Cop. I am in much need of my long uniform and beg you will enquire if Herrick has yet sent it to me.

I am very much occupied this morning and though I could make a long, and interesting letter I have not the time. Oceans of love to Sally, Liza, and the three sweetest children in the world. Love also to Willy and my noble, generous brother David. Remember me to Sam and

medical advice the servants - I was sorry not to tell  
- fellow had kept them good by. I enclose a letter from  
me to open Mrs Boullard - and an account of  
had in winning mine from St. Mason. Please ask  
ficers and soldiers. Sam to collect immediately fifteen  
health and fine dollars from Mr. Wood (at Warrens)  
ady is working me He owes it to me for medical services  
and another is at two points - Sam will pay Morns  
and letters for bill which I regret has remained so  
much out of my long outstanding.

you will enquire  
sent it to me.

enjoyed this man  
could make a  
y letter I have  
ceous of love  
e the three swaters  
d. Some also to  
generous brother  
me to Sam and

In haste

Your devoted son  
Samuel P. Gaudin Jr.

The Filson Historical Society



Fired at a boat  
down, which remp  
, and failed to air  
hailed. The two  
her officers detained  
land of course as it  
idity which cannot  
angle was sounded,  
The batteries, and  
red out and every  
a fight. A man  
The counting on  
The guard, was  
night. Who he was  
ed. There is some  
Chris - bowl offi-  
in are ill, and we  
Very soon Williams  
is systematic &  
not be very ardent  
little Irishman, a-  
old but not larger  
, who is very smart

Camp Cheatham -  
Fort Wright - Randolph Tenn.  
Sunday Morning June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1861

My dear Father,

This is a glorious summer  
day, hot in the sun, but a constant  
river breeze blowing over our bluffs from  
The swamp lands of Arkansas, makes  
The atmosphere all that the most luxurious  
man could desire. My messique is next to the  
Colonel's - between his messique and mine stands  
a splendid, wide spreading white oak, sha-  
ding us perfectly. In the rear of us we have  
a large and beautiful black gum, un-  
der which is our dinner table, made of  
posts driven into the ground with boards  
nailed over them. This is our writing table  
also, and on it Williams and I are now  
writing, under the shade of the gum tree.  
The wind drives so hard that we have to  
hold our paper with one hand while we  
drive our pens with the other. Our posi-  
tion is somewhat removed from that of

The Regiment - We are on the summit of, filled an  
a hill - or rather on the table land on road for a  
top of the bluff - on either side is a no dry pa,  
deep ravine - in front a forest - in an out duty,  
the river flows the Father of waters, two strictly. Three  
hundred feet and more below us. All camp for  
The trees have been removed for a quarter of a mile  
of a mile on every side, and nothing is left. He had no  
streets. The wind, or the view which embraced a plain  
of hundreds of white tents, numerous he may see  
beautiful flags, soldiers walking and horses were  
lounging about, and horses tied to stakes. The route, an  
and fallen trees, notwithstanding the flies off & I got a pair  
dozing between bites. I breakfasted with me, enquiring  
our map this morning on fried chicken, leaders at  
Scrambled eggs, cold ham, light bread, Mr. McFarrell  
biscuits (?) (by courtesy) coffee and butter. (Knows him) &  
After breakfast I visited and prescribed for. Next we  
for the sick; returned to my margin, and he arrives &  
bathed all over in a small tin basin, do not leave him  
and clean clothes - had my shoes blacked, it may be  
went through the ceremony of brushing my morning  
brief britches, stretched my coat in the shade, was an a

We are on the summit of, filled and fired my pipe, and then  
on the table land on read for an hour in my bible. I shall let  
2 - on either side is a no dry pap without performing this plus-  
a foot a foot - in ant duty, and I shall observe the Sabbath  
the Fasher of waters, two strictly. Thursday night at Boalock I left  
D more below us. All camp for Memphis to procure some ne-  
en removed for a quarter ceparies and hoping to find John there.  
y side, and nothing of - He had not arrived when I left yester-  
or the view which embra day afternoon, and I have fears that  
white tents, numerous he may not reach there soon, as I learn  
soldiers working and horns were sometimes ten days or more on  
and horns tied to stakes the route, and often without any attention.  
withstanding the flies off & I got a print to write to Nashville for  
bites. I breakfasted with me, enquiring if he had arrived, then Ete-  
ring on fried chicken, Guder at Burlington wrote a letter to  
cold ham, light bread, Mr. Mc-Fadden (I think that is his name - Irving  
tery) coffee and butter. (knows him) who keeps a stable near the de-  
I visited and prescribed it. Next will send him to me as soon as  
nd to my margin, and he arrives in Memphis. I shall probably  
a small tin basin, don't leave here again for many weeks, &  
had my shoes broken, it may be months. I arrived in camp this  
remony of brushing my morning about day. Last night I threw  
up my cot in the shade, was an alarm of a river attack, and

several shots were fired at a boat  
towing some rafts down, which seemed  
disposed to slip by, and failed to drive  
over when she was hailed. She was  
brought to, and her officers detained,  
but, they will be released of course as it  
was only their stupidity which caused  
the disturbance. The bugle was sounded,  
at the signal from the batteries, and  
the soldiers were ordered out and every  
preparation made for a fight. A man  
who refused to give the countenance or  
pay any attention to the gun, was  
shot and killed last night. Who he was  
I have not yet learned. There is some  
sickness among the soldiers - bowel affec-  
tions - but none of them are ill, and we  
have had no deaths. Very soon Williams  
and I will have things systematized &  
then our labors will not be very arduous.  
I have procured a rare little Irishman, a-  
bout seventeen years old but not larger  
than a boy of twelve, who is very smart

Wily and Sally - Mein - Allison, Sunie,  
Sara - The servants - The whole home-  
hold seemed better and brighter than ever  
before. I saw in my dear old home, no-  
thing but sunshine - amiability, affection.  
I am invited to dine with Captain White  
of the Tennessee Guards, and as the time  
for dinner has arrived I must be O.P.H.  
After dinner - pipe in mouth - pen  
in hand - in a good humor. Had a  
capital dinner. Broiled ham - Bacon &  
cabbage - Tongue - Lobster salad, Salmon,  
New potatoes - cornbread - Croquettes - Butter  
Ketchup - Raspberry vinegar - Pickles.  
Dessert - Fresh peaches (can) pound cake and  
Gambles - Company - Officers - Conversation  
varied & pleasant - Appetites - unbounded.  
I weigh seven pounds more than I did  
two weeks ago. I must close here and  
send my letter to the boat. Because  
love to all - Hugs to Sister - Sally - Mein  
, Allison, and Sunie - Regards to Sam and  
kind remembrances to all the servants - not  
forgetting Edward. Affectionately yours  
your son  
Junston.

[2 June 1861]

and, I think entirely competent. I made  
his acquaintance by being called to draw  
a sword cut in his temple which he had  
received accidentally. I took a wonderful  
fancy to him and he seemed at once to  
appreciate and reciprocate my feelings.  
He is now in the ranks, but is too small  
to carry a musket, is very anxious to be  
my servant, and I am very confident  
of getting the Colonel to discharge him  
so that I may have him entirely under  
my control. He worked with Brennan in  
Louisville in his printing office, and  
has also been a steamboat cook. I am in  
excellent health, and as tough as a border  
Ruffian. The two nights I was in Mem-  
phis & my bedclothes being packed up -  
I slept on the sofa in my office to save  
the expense of Hotel lodging. Last night  
on the boat I slept on the hurricane deck  
on a plank eighteen inches wide, with  
nothing for a pillow, and the same for  
cover. I slept so soundly that I did not

hear the booming of the cannons although give happiness, and will be as perfect as  
within half a mile of them - The boat motors ever are. It seemed to me when in  
came into port just before the firing. I Louisville, that I never loved Sister Fanny  
heard the first of the alarm this morn - so much before, though I was here before then  
ing. If John gets here safely and I love I love her with my whole heart. I could  
could in getting my little tiger "Mickey" not love anyone more than I do her, and  
I shall be most charmingly and entirely when I held her three purple children  
field. Yesterday I received your letter of the 10 on my knees, I could not help wondering  
day previous. Its contents gave me most if I should ever love my own children as  
sincere pleasure - no letter ever afforded me much, if I were a father. My visit to you  
greater satisfaction. I was disappointed in all was one of unalloyed happiness, and  
but one thing in my visit to Louisville, I constantly felt impeded with <sup>my</sup> unworthi-  
which was, that I did not have an opportunity of my inestimable blessings. I am  
portunity to talk to my two darlings, no word of you all - I glory in you all - I  
ble sisters as I had hoped to do. I would very hope to be worthy of you all. I tried all  
very much to have a talk with dear Sally, the time I was in Louisville to thank her  
who has improved so much in every respect, for his generosity towards me - to tell him  
and who is a sister worthy of the pride I have much I feel - I have endeavored ever  
ful in her, and who will grow in worth since I left there to frame some adequate  
as she increases in years. Bless the jewels and satisfactory expression of my gratitude  
heart - tell her to be like our sainted Mother to him - I have failed - I can say no more  
and she will deserve and receive the love and more than I could then - only a simple flat  
respect of all, will live happy - will, unsmooth - but a hearty, "Brother I thank you"

Louisville July 10<sup>th</sup> 61

Dear Pat,

Long before you received this I will be far on my way to the South to fight for my Southern Brethren. I cannot stay in Louisville doing nothing while the South is fighting for her liberty. I feel that it is my duty to go. I have wished continually since I came to L. this Spring that Ky. would take a decided stand for the South. But it looks to me as if she was becoming more & more northern every day. I have done very little since I came to L. and if I were to stay I should not do anything as I am continually thinking of going South. If you do not hear from me you may know that I am well for if I am sick I shall write to you certainly. I will be in a

The Episcopal Library

12x2

good company with good officers -  
God bless you all is the sincere  
wish of

Yours truly

W. M. G.

Dr. L. P. Vandell

Levinville, Ky

The Filson Historical Society



is my pride and the admiration of all  
beholders - He curvettes, and prances, and  
rears (not too high either) all the time. He  
looks terrifically wild but is tractable as a  
lamb. May be I may sell him for that, or  
if I do will purchase a cheaper animal  
and remit to brother the surplus money.

It would be impossible to get a horse here  
from Louisville now I imagine - you  
know it took several weeks to bring your  
aron and cost \$21.50 besides. I wish I  
had another week here - or more - for  
I am sure I could sell John for \$500.  
I am entitled to two hours instead of  
one, and as I have acquired the reputation  
of being a great horse man, you need  
not be surpris'd to hear that I have  
gone to trading horses - It is too late to write  
more tonight so adieu till tomorrow -

Sunday - The day has passed off quietly &  
uneventfully - A boat is in sight and I will  
send this for fear of wanting an opportunity for  
some time - Love to all - Tell Sally and Sis  
to be patient -  
Sumnerford.

[3 Aug. 1861]

Fort Pillow Aug 3<sup>d</sup> 1861 -

My dear Father,

It is Saturday night,  
but never was <sup>there</sup> a hotter day than this has  
been. My shirt is wringing wet with perspira-  
tion though it is now quarter past nine.  
Our health does not seem to be affected by  
the incessant heat, and we have much less  
sickness now than when you were here.  
We hope to go to Missouri very soon, but our  
movements are uncertain. I know you  
are all terribly vexed with me for not writing.  
I can not say why I find it so difficult  
to write in camp - but I do find it next  
to impossible, and all my friends make  
the same acknowledgement - and like me  
can not account for it - This seems to you  
but a poor excuse, for you can not appre-  
ciate my obstacles - but if you - do not  
write - for you would write any where &  
under any circumstances - but if brother

David or Sis or Sally would try camp life for a few weeks, they would find that there was some palliation for any sort of negligence. It has been so long since I grasped my pen that I am at a loss how to make out a respectable letter. I was in Memphis on business a few days since, and saw May, Bartlett and a few other of my friends. How would you like to have me give up my present commission and get a Lieutenancy in a Kentucky Company? All things are possible. Three or four persons said to me in Memphis - "I hear Dr Williams is not popular in ~~the~~ the Regiment - that the soldiers all prefer you, and some companies declare he shan't attend upon them" - Miss Walker (daughter of Col Knot W.) said this to me coming down upon the boat. I apologized for him - deprecated the idea - smoothed the thing up - and appreciated the compliment. Williams does not understand managing men, very

well, but gets along with them as well as most of the medical officers that I know. Medical officers I find are generally the most unpopular - owing to the fact that they deal with sick men - the most unreasonable of all animals. My friends in Walker's Regiment wish me to be transferred to their corps - and on some accounts I would rather be an officer in an Irish Reg. than in any other. There it is like the Regular Army - the men are subordinate - and like Hospital or Dispensary patients - but our men when sick, are like spoiled children. I have no intention however of leaving the 4<sup>th</sup> Reg. at present. I have a great many friends here and have as good a time as falls to the lot of most soldiers. I went through the form of telling John today, but do not consider the trade as settled - an officer agreed to give me \$320 for him and as brother had advised me to tell him for three hundred could I get it - I consented to do so - though very unwillingly - for John

woods. One says "Katy did" another declares "Katy didn't" a third - a comic insect, cries out "she did" - a fourth blunt green-coat very angrily says "she did" - a young inquisitive fellow asks "did what?" and he is cut off with the sharp rebuke "Shut up" - but so they go on wrangling, disputing & quarrelling as if they never would settle their family dispute - and yet determined never to mention what Katy did do - nor can I blame them, for it's nobody else's business but their - and family quarrels should be family secrets - There is a skeleton in every house, and it should always be kept from the knowledge of strangers - I don't suppose my Pet we shall ever know what Katy is accused of, or whether it's true or not: for these noisy little foresters have been talking just so, since long before the time our Grandfathers were babies; and the chances are that centuries after our bodies have fed the worms, they will still say "Katy did" and "Katy didn't" - Won't all this seem odd to Genl. Polk's officer (if he exists) who opens all

Fort Pillow Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> 1861.

Sally my darling Pet,

You have been expecting a letter from me so long now, that I dare say you have gotten completely out of patience with me and ere this have overcome your feelings of vexation, and a gain gotten into a good humor with your protracting brother - I know dearest Sister you have been both mad and sorrowful because of my silence, and, as misery loves company, I will soothe your wounded feeling by the intelligence that I have not written to my Sweetheart, nor to any of my female correspondents - not to my dear friend Miss Nannie Williams - who answers all my letters promptly, and at last length - not to my sweet cousin Julie Williamson who wrote to me three or four times a week - (I have written to her once since the death of her noble brother at Manassas. I hint 4<sup>th</sup> pla. Reg.)

I am writing by the flickering light of a  
villainous tallow candle - it would astonish  
you to see what magnificent proficiency I  
have gained in snuffing it with my fin-  
gers - I can do it three times out of five  
without burning my digits!! This afternoon  
I crawled out of my bungalow, feeling as  
a stiffly starched shirt looks, after being in  
a hard rain - I had a rattling chill yesterday,  
followed by a toxic fever, which was worked  
away by a diluvian perspiration - leaving  
me about twelve o'clock last night devoid of thought,  
all of which seemed to have been taken up by  
a headache which rendered me insomniac,  
till overcome by morphine, it succumbed to the  
God of Sleep - and I knew nothing more till  
morning came, ushered in by the sun and  
the Regimental band with their drums and  
pipes - !!! There are the big words and strong  
language for you my duck - Excuse me  
a moment I must stop to snuff my can-  
dle - Now just see there what we do!  
But you can't see - you are too far off - &

I can't see either, for I put the candle out  
and burnt my fingers besides - I caught  
myself there - (you see that don't you?) How  
could I write without a light?! Well I did  
put the candle out, and ground both hands,  
and had to go to another tent for a light  
to work my (interrupted by a visit from a  
Captain's) hands - That's what one gets for  
self-annihilation. If I had not boasted of my  
digits-snuffing (i.e. digit snuffing) & still,  
the tallow disaster would not have happened.  
The Katy (Katie? young ladies always spell  
their names with the "ie" - but Katy did is  
an old maid if she is living - and if she is  
dead, she died before the "ie" became a fashion,  
so Katy is correct I think) To resume - The  
Katy dids are making a tremendous racket  
with their accusations and contradictions about  
Poor Catherine - or Catharina as the Germans  
have it - One old fellow in front of my  
tent stoutly denies the assertion of another  
Patroniser back of me, that "Katy did" -  
And so they are quarrelling all over the

ation that, all the letters were opened  
in Memphis and he didn't know whether  
or not I wished its contents to be known.  
I read it with this - I have forgotten what it  
contains, but it cost too much labor to be  
worthed, so Pa must take it, though it be  
dry and stale. His letter of July 31<sup>st</sup> reached  
me yesterday - I have sold John to Col. Kuly  
for \$321. Brother said well him if I could  
get \$300. I loathed to part with him and  
would not have done it except that I had  
put that price upon him, and had com-  
mitted myself to the Colonel - than whom  
I have no more ardent friend. It is im-  
possible to get another horse from Kentucky,  
and I will buy one here as soon as I find  
one to suit me. I will buy a less expensive  
horse. If brother does not claim what is left  
after I purchase another horse, I will give that  
money to you and Willy except a small am-  
ount to my darlings Maria, Allison, and  
Sonia. I understand I can not send money  
to Kentucky & if that is so I will place

2 [10 August 1861]  
the letters leaving Memphis for Ky or the  
North? This is one of the features of War  
which will surprise you doubtless. All our  
letters are opened, going either way. - Does it  
not seem odd? To return to self again - I  
am taking genuine and will have no more  
shills. I am in first rate health - in good  
spirits, and stune to do my duty. I endeavor  
that each day shall find me better than the  
one before. But this thing of being good, is a  
difficult and arduous undertaking. The path  
of duty is a rough and steep road - stumb-  
ling blocks and quick sands beset one at every  
step; and if we do not keep our eyes aloft  
and put our faith in the Great Guide, we  
will totter into that unfathomable gulf  
where the candle and the faith both are  
lost. I have been very busy of late - Dr. Williams  
being off on furlough I have had to attend to our  
own Regiment entirely, and to five other com-  
panies besides. He has now returned and  
my work will be lighter - though I shall  
still have plenty to do - We have not lost

a man yet from neckup. The spirits of our troops is excellent. They are confident, buoyant, and impatient to try their skill upon the hirlings of the vile usurper. We will have an opportunity before the leaves have fallen. Genl. Polk keeps his own council and we do not know one day what we ~~may~~ <sup>will</sup> do the next. But we are comfortable here, and if the Vandals ever attempt to pass by Fort Pillow, or to take it, there will be much need of crape in northern homes, and their tears will flow as rain falls in winter. With our batteries now erected (we are making others) and with the natural fortifications by which we are surrounded - defended by the strong arms of patriots (if need be martyrs) fighting for mothers, and wives, and sisters dear - fighting against brutes incarnate - with these barriers, and for these idols, and against these demons, we can resist twenty thousand Lincoln men. All men do not believe in the unity of the human race - but no man can deny

or doubt the unity of the human race at Magnapapa, counst by Johnston and Beauregard - under Providence - We may not go through the war without some defeats - it is not to be expected - Our forefathers experienced a series of defeats and yet conqruent their independence. Many a southern mother will be bereft of her children and many a southern wifes husband will be buried upon the battlefield, and many will be the tears shed by southern wives for their brothers shot into Eternity - but their the great triumph will come, and those of us who are left, will - in a free and independent Republic in the sunny South - raise their eyes to that Being who never forsakes a just cause, and praise Him with prayer and thanksgiving for his inestimable blessings - It grows late and I must soon to bed, for tomorrow I rise at five & a half o'clock - I wrote to Pa a number of days ago, and sent the letter to Memphis by a friend. Today he returned me the letter with the explain

afternoon to make up for it. I love you  
with my whole heart, and think of you  
night and day. Don't think I love you  
less because I write so seldom - This is a very  
long letter and will make up for part of  
penses - and my have to answer for a long  
time to come. Be a good girl, and strive  
unwearingly to be like our mother.

Good bye my darling  
Your devoted brother  
Samuel P. Young

Monday Night -

This is the first opportunity of sending  
this off that has occurred, and I am  
not certain it will go tonight -  
Dear &c.

it in Moros's hands or in Bank to Pass  
credit. I have no use for the money. Brother  
and Pa will do what is right. I am in  
such a writing mood, I believe I will write on  
while the fever lasts, for there is no telling when  
it will come on me again - This is the first  
touch of it I have had since the first day  
or two after I got into camp after leaving  
you. I do hope I may be able to write to dear  
sister Fannie and to my best of Brothers and  
not least of Father very soon - But if I do  
not, they must be lenient with me. Brother  
is too busy to think much about it, but do  
ask his particularly not to be mad with me  
for I love her just as much as ever. - Well! This  
is a regular mince pie of a letter - all sorts  
of subjects jumbled indiscriminately together  
, making I fear, like a mince pie, a most  
indigestible conglomeration. I neglected to mention  
two <sup>additional</sup> reasons for parting with John - I doubt the  
durability of his eyes and fear he is a soft  
horse - couldn't stand much hard riding. He  
had the colic once and it has been predicted

he will die of colic - This is Col. Nalys  
fear. He "gaunts up" - that is good horse  
talk I believe, but it is awful English - isn't it?  
I was going on to say, he "gaunts up" and looks  
mighty rusty after one afternoon's ride - though  
his fire never leaves him. I tell you what  
my duck, I create a sensation among the  
soldiers (pardon expression - it's all in the  
family - I don't mean all the family  
have it - but that I wouldn't write so to any  
body else) now for that "sensation" - when I  
ride through the camps on my war horse  
John accoutred in his blue and gold and silver  
saddle, and huge brass bit, with his high head  
curved downward upon his bowed neck, his  
nostrils expanded and his eyes like fire balls,  
and his mighty tail sloshing and cleaving  
the air, while he annihilates time and space with  
his speed. I, with high topped cavalry boots  
yellow spurs, white hantatoons, scarlet  
jacket, & military cap! don't you reckon I  
am a sight? My jacket was given to me by  
my friend Lieutenant Clark of Walker's Reg.

All their officers wear them as a fatigue  
drep. They are made of red flannel trim-  
med with green - very pretty. I changed  
John's name - a hoind name for a war charger  
is homely "John" - I changed his name to  
Foughaboughlia (pronounced Fogybollier)  
which means clear the way. Wellington's Fough-  
aboughlians were famous fellows. —

Tip all the children for me and give my  
love to Pa - his Brother - Darn - not forget-  
ting the servants. Be a good girl, be gentle,  
amiable, kind, dutiful. Pa told me what  
he intended to do, when he was here - I did  
not see him but for a few moments to talk  
with him. I approve of the step he intends  
to take. Ma thought it would be judicious.  
Her judgment was infallible. I felt just as you  
did about it, till I reasoned the matter with my-  
self. But I believe it is a wise step. Every one  
who knows the lady speaks of her in the highest  
and most affectionate terms. When does Pa come  
down. I have not till nearly two o'clk, in order to  
finish this letter. I will take a nap tomorrow



Columbus Sept 14<sup>th</sup> 1861

My dear little sister,

When I was in Memphis some weeks since I wrote several long letters to you, and Pa, and Sister, & Brother, but since then I have been silent from necessity. I feared you would not get my letters if I wrote, and besides writing has been impossible or at least impracticable since I left Memphis, most of the time. I have seen the rough side of a soldier's life since I wrote to you. I went up to New Madrid from Memphis on a villainous little stern-wheel boat, which was crowded to such an extent that Lieutenant Clark and I had to sleep upon two valises, a candle box and a carpet bag for a bed between us. Clark is six feet three, and you know I am over six feet high. You may imagine the crooked, cramped, and uncomfortable positions we were compelled to assume. All the other space upon the floor was taken up by soldiers. The cabin roof leaked, and the water dripped through it falling into our ears & eyes and down our necks. We were two nights and a day making the journey, and the rain came down incessantly during the whole time. I remained a day at New Madrid and then joined the regiment at Sibley twenty five miles distant. Here we remained two days, hourly expecting to march further into Missouri; but on the third day we received orders to march back to New Madrid, which place we reached that night, by making a terribly hard march. The road lies in a perfectly flat, sandy country, the day was very hot and we marched in one unbroken cloud of dust all the way. The sand was almost ankle deep, and three regiments of infantry with their wagons, and two companies of cavalry, you know must have raised a dust. Many soldiers sunk down upon the road side utterly exhausted, and had to be carried in the wagons.

I walked two thirds of the way or more, in order to let some of the men ride, and I carried some man's musket all the way. When we reached New Madrid we were so begrimed with dust and dirt that it was difficult to distinguish the "human face divine" of one person from another. We encamped in an old wood field. Many men threw themselves upon the ground without supper, tent, or blanket, and slept there soundly. I confess I was broken down. I slept in the open air, but not comfortably, for I had a fever which made me restless. Next morning our regiment with the balance of the brigade embarked on boats and went up to Hickman. I joined them next day, having been detained one day in New Madrid. Just before I arrived in Hickman, our fellows had a little excitement with one of the enemy's gunboats, but it amounted to nothing. That afternoon I had a chill but went with the regiment next day to Columbus. We were put off the cars two miles from town at twelve o'clock at night - without having had supper, and no food with us - no water within reach of us, no tents, no blankets. By request of the Colonel, Sergeant Major Williamson and I, walked to town to get information from Genl. Pillow concerning what we should do. He gave us no satisfaction, and so we marched back, taking the rail road for our path. About half way to camp we came upon a long piece of trestle work, about twenty feet in height. The walking was hazardous - exceedingly - as the cross ties were much displaced, and often three or four feet, and more, apart; and added to this the only light we had was starlight, and the night was foggy. When about the middle of the trestle work the "bull's eye" of a locomotive shone in sight, coming at a good rapid pace. We saw it was impossible

to get of the tremb work at either end before the  
train would be upon us - and then I assure you  
we were in an uncomfortable dilemma. We were  
as afraid to jump, being uncertain of the altitude of  
our position; our next idea was to get out upon one  
of the cross pieces which support the track, but  
then I thought of the possibility of the locomotives  
blowing off steam and scalding ~~us~~, so we determined  
to climb down. Letting myself down by my hands,  
I threw my legs round one of the large slanting pil-  
lars and slid down like a bear. Williamson did  
like wise and we reached terra firma in safety, and  
in wet weeds as high as our chins. We had a tough  
time getting upon the road again, and a rough walk  
to camp, where we arrived about two and a half  
o'clock, and found every one asleep. I had drunk no  
water since dinner time and was almost famished.  
That night, for the first time in my life, I was re-  
freshed a drink of water. I saw two soldiers passing  
by our fire with canteens full of water - they belonged  
to another regiment which had come along with us -  
I asked them for a drink. They stopped and one of  
them said, "my friend our Colonel and our Captains  
have had no water for twelve hours, & we can't do it."  
He went said I, and stretched myself upon a log  
to sleep. That position I found untenable, and rolled  
off upon the ground, where with a limb of a tree  
for a pillow, and nothing for cover I slept and dreamed  
delightfully till day broke upon us, when we broke for  
town, where we breakfasted about nine o'clock.

The next day after we got here, an order came in the  
afternoon from Genl. Pillow to march instantly, with with-  
ing out guns and ammunition, to the assistance of  
Genl. Jeff. Thompson across the river, who had been  
attacked by the gunboats. We rode on steamboats

and marched rapidly seven miles up the river where  
we found Thompson, but the enemy had gone. Sev-  
eral of his men were wounded by bomb shells and  
one poor fellow by had to be amputated. I do not know  
the enemy's loss. We made our suppers on very hard <sup>corn</sup> ~~corn~~,  
partially wasted, partially burnt, and principally raw,  
& a minute quantity of middling furnished by Thompson  
and boiled on the coals. We slept, or rather, lay, upon  
the ground under the trees without blankets, in the rain  
till about four o'clock, when we were aroused by the  
reported approach of the gunboats. They did not come  
and we returned to Columbus that day. I found my wood  
very useful in cutting corn for my horse, the night we  
were in Missouri. After we got into our tents, it rained  
furiously, and being on the side of a hill the water ran  
through my tent in a yellow torrent. There was no fly  
on my tent, and the rain drizzled and dripped through  
upon me. My servant had my boots out cleaning them  
so I drew my legs up on the cot, Turk fashion, put  
my coat over my head, and patiently & moistly a-  
waited the appearance of my boots, and the sun-  
shine, both of which came ere long. I went down  
into the former and out into the latter, and was soon dry  
and jolly. Nothing exciting has occurred since, till this  
afternoon, when the gunboats came in sight and  
threw several bomb shells near to Thompson's camp  
on the opposite side of the river, and several near to  
some of our men. Our regiment was ordered under  
arms, but were dismissed in two hours as the boats  
decamped. I saw three of the shells explode. It was an  
exceedingly interesting sight. Nobody hurt! We expect  
an attack very soon, and our movements are exceedingly  
uncertain. All the soldiers are charmed by the Ken-  
tucky hospitality which we have received in such super-  
abundance. Our treatment here contrasts most pleasantly

[14 Sept 1861]

with the cold suspicion with which we were received in Missouri. This part of Kentucky is all for the South. Jeff. Thompson is the only person about here who is worth a description. He is a slender, slab-sided, stoop-shouldered, hatchet-faced, hook-nosed individual, with blue hop-eyes, sandy hair, long chin and no upper teeth in front. He wears grey clothes with military buttons - otherwise devoid of decoration. He sports a brown soft hat ~~with~~ for which looks like fur of some kind, and in it two slim, tall white plumes. He rides a curious-looking piebald horse. One of his aids is Flying Cloud, an Indian Chief, who dresses in regular Indian costume - painted face - head full of feathers; and is armed with tomahawk & scalping knife. Thompson was out for Big Genl. Pillow a few days ago, and when he came he said, "Genl, you must excuse me for being an hour behind time. I had to hang a rascal and it detained me some time". I heard one of his men ask him if he was going to hang three more they had, next day; he replied "I don't know, I'm pretty busy; if I have time I will." His men are a wild set of fellows, but have the profoundest confidence in him. He is a great oddity - a real character. It is late Saturday night, and I will wait till to-morrow to conclude this very long epistle.

Monday night Sept 16<sup>th</sup>

My Dear Pet,

Yesterday morning, about sun rise we were ordered to cook ~~our~~ breakfasts and get under arms and be ready to cross the river to support some batteries which had preceded us. The gun boats were expected down and also a large land force on the Missouri side. No boats nor troops come near us while we were over there, and the scouts report them as having returned up the river. We made ~~our~~ dinner, and supper, and

breakfast this morning and also dinner today, upon roasting ears and sweet potatoes. We had no meat nor bread - thanks to Pillow - our potatoes and corn were but poorly cooked, but still they tasted well to tired and hungry soldiers. For a bed, Adjutant Hampton and I, found gloriously. Near us grew a large thicket of young cotton wood. This we cut and spread on the ground in a cow lot, by the side of a log - it made quite a soft bed. Over it I spread my saddle blanket, upon which we lay down and slept soundly, though we were considerably annoyed during the early part of the night by muskitoes and crows. The farmer let me so, that to avoid them I tied my handkerchief over my face, and put my hands in my pockets. Soon after falling asleep I was awakened by a decided but irregular pull at my handkerchief - my head jerking with the handkerchief. I pulled off the handkerchief quickly, and found a calf had one end of it in his mouth, chewing and swallowing it; and the wretch didn't let go till I struck him.

We returned to Columbus this evening late; most of us wet, having been in the rain several hours.

I could tell you many incidents of our tramp which would amuse you, but they are not worth writing.

I have to relate one very sad incident which occurred yesterday. Captain Hamilton of the Southern Guards (united) had been up all night before, getting his cannon over the river, and had passed the day without food. In the afternoon he had something like sunstroke and died before twelve o'clock last night. Poor fellow he was a good soldier and a high gentleman; and in his death both his friends and the Confederacy sustain a serious loss.

Just before we reached our camping ground, a young man was killed within two hundred yards of our ground, by being run over by a team of oxen.

This is our recent march into Missouri since we came

here. Both times we have been sent without food,  
shelter, or blankets, and so far as we can see, we accom-  
plished nothing. Pillow's unpopularity is unbounded  
to He is abused and ridiculed by all, and abominated,  
loathed, and detested by the men. May Heaven deliver  
us from such a General! When we got back to Col-  
umbus this evening - wet, muddy, and worn out, Col-  
Merrel, who lives here, come over to take Williams, Major  
Heny, and I to tea with him. I tried to keep from go-  
ing, though I was ravenously hungry, because, as I told  
him, my self respect and my respect for his wife would  
not allow me to go in such a condition as I was then in.  
But he would have no excuses and actually forced me  
to go. I did full justice to Mrs. Merrel's delightful supper  
and after sitting awhile with the family, returned to camp  
and found waiting for me another capital supper  
with hot coffee - cream, and white sugar, sent  
to me by a lady, in charge of two servants. I never saw  
such hospitality as we meet with here. It is as-  
tounding! Fannie Merrel tells me she is a school  
mate of yours. Well, sadly, I have written so much  
that I scarcely know what I have said or what  
I have to say. I received Pa's letter of the 8<sup>th</sup> (I believe it was)  
containing Brother's note of the 12<sup>th</sup>, and his letter. I received  
yours also, and one from Brother and another from  
Pa of May 16<sup>th</sup> - all these came Saturday. I suppose  
my horse will be here in a day or two.

I will not write any more. Love to Mother, Pa, and  
a thousand kisses for yourself from your devoted  
Brother

Jesse J. C. Yaudels, Jr.

P.S. A letter yesterday from Major informs me that he is about  
to go down to his farm. What will become of the horse when  
he gets to Memphis now? Pa could send him to me by  
rail in someones care. I need him. Tell Pa I need

a blanket and some wild horse skins.  
L.P. Jr.

The Filson Historical Society



Columbus Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> 1861.

My dearest Sally,

Your most welcome letter came several days since; but I was at the time laid up with chills, and yesterday and day before - the first days that I had done duty in a week, I was too busy during the day to write, and at night it was too cold. The weather has now moderated, and knowing your anxiety to hear from me, I have decided to write, though the task is a difficult one under the circumstances, there being four soldiers chattering around me in the tent, and constant interruptions by others inquiring for the Colonel, Major, Sergeant Major, Surgeon Etc. Etc. Etc. I had three chills which confined me to my bed the major part of four days, and rendered me unfit for anything for six days. I am now well, save an influenza that is most annoying. The horse came three days since, looking thin and gaunt, but with a smooth coat and vigorous appetite. He has already improved in flesh perceptibly, and when he gets two hundred pounds more upon him, he will be a very showy, elegant horse. As yet he does not attract as much attention as John did; but with such size as he has, and such a neck, and head, and color, he will I am sure eclipse John when he gets in order. He is nothing of a saddle horse, but he has fine action, is very springy, and full of spirit, and practice will make him one.

72x2

I have besides him a milk white mustang pony, which I bought about two weeks since; or rather traded for. I gave in the little watch you have run me wear, and thirty dollars to boot for him. He stands one at eighty dollars. He is valued at one hundred & twenty five, and I shall be able to get at least a hundred for him when I sell him. If I had not had him, I scarcely know what I should have done on our Missouri trips - in fact I have had pressing need of a horse ever since I reached Columbus. He is one of the finest looking horses I have ridden in a long time, and is an excellent saddle horse. He has but one objection, he is wild, and has thrown every one who has ridden him much, except me. He has thrown his holder several times, much to my amusement. Nothing of interest has transpired since I wrote to you. We have almost finished the fortifications here, and we are looking every day for marching orders. Enough men will be left here to guard this place and the rest of the army, will march either towards the enemy. Columbus is now a perfect Gibraltar and about twenty five hundred men can withstand twenty to thirty thousand, our leaders say, inside of our fortifications, as you have noticed by the papers that our country had a brush with the enemy not long since, and killed six of them, with only the loss of two horses on our side. The men say the bullets all went over their heads. They say Genl. Pillow has fallen in love with John and is trying to persuade Col. Nelly out of him. The Colonel talks of giving him to the General as they are great friends.

which The weather has been very cool lately, and our men are  
I gave in need of more blankets - I hope to receive mine very soon.  
dollars There has been a great amount of sickness in the army,  
is principally measles, but the health of the men is improving.  
able Everything goes on smoothly and soldierly since Gen. Johnston  
of I had a advent. He has given new tone and vim to the army.  
and We hope to winter in Louisville, Paducah, or St. Louis - I  
keeping sincerely hope we may get into some city, as tents are  
one of mighty cold. Every evening, and morning we have fires  
times, built in part of our tents, but they are but poor substitutes for  
station, fireplaces or stoves, as the heat manages to avoid one, while  
when the smoke fills ones eyes constantly - causing us to shed more  
than tears than becomes soldiers. My dear Pat, I have nothing more  
interest to write, I believe, save to speak of my wants. I suppose  
not find Pa has my trunk with him. I wish him to send me a  
very soy very thick pair of black pants I have in my trunk. They are  
me to really too fine to wear in camp, and black is not a good color,  
march either, but I think it is better to wear them than to buy  
Gibraltar any. If he could have me a very heavy pair of pants  
entirely made of jeans or of the heavy lining negro wear, I would  
satisfaction, as soon have them. If he has any made for me - I like  
had them small at the bottom and very large in the legs,  
killed just as negro pants are made. If you could make me  
one over a couple of heavy woolen over shirts - large sleeves pockets -  
heads. They would be most acceptable - no matter about color -  
is The woolen socks mother spoke of will be very agreeable. I  
talks am almost out of socks. I look anxiously for the box of  
kind. provisions you spoke of - hope it will contain a ham, a

love of comfort - that bread you always have cold  
of Sunday in the country - But like an Orisian I  
shall be delighted with anything to eat; for camp fare  
is not luxurious nowadays. What you do my Darling  
do quickly. Your letter was written in a better hand  
than I ever saw from you before. It is evident you are  
studying and improving yourself, and I have no fear  
that you will be an unworthy child of that blessed  
one who is in Heaven, and who is ever in my thoughts.  
I will write to Pa very soon. Give my love to Mother  
and thank her for her kindness to me. I am sure I shall  
love her. It gladdens my heart that you are so happy.  
Every one speaks of Mother in exalted terms, and all com-  
mend her for her goodness. I hope Pa's dyspepsia has  
left him.

Good night my precious one -  
your devoted brother

Samuel P. Yandell.

Columbus Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 1861.

My dear Father,

Yesterday I received yours and Sallys welcome letters. You speak of having sent me a bundle of things (of which I am much in need, & for which I am very grateful) but neither of you mention whether it was sent by hand, by the freight train, or Express. I called last evening and again this morning at the depot, but could hear nothing of it. I understand that things sent by the cars are generally lost or at least never reach their destination. I do hope these may reach me safely, for I am very much in need of them. Day before yesterday the Gunboats came down nearer than ever before, and for half an hour or so, we had a most interesting and exciting time. One of their sixty four pound shells fell very near a large crowd of our men and in close proximity to Genl. Johnston. There was a wild scattering of the men when the ugly iron ball dropped among them. Genl. Johnston, it is said, merely looked back over his shoulder at it and again resumed his pyglops. The shell buried itself in the ground and did not explode. If it had exploded there would have been much loss of life. One of our balls went through one of the Gunboats but did not disable her. This is the only shot which is known to have taken effect upon the enemy. The boats (there were two) were too far off to do us much harm or for us to hurt them. When our large guns opened on them they dived

it prudent to retreat, which they did "in good order." The bursting of shells and booming of sixty four pounders made it a very sublime spectacle indeed. For about a quarter of an hour the cannonading was continuous & it was grand. I wish you could have been here. We are kept in soldierly ignorance of our future movements. It is said that not even Polk or Pillow know the old Genl's plans.

We hope to move forward soon on Paduska, but we may all remain here, and the advance may be entrusted to Buckner, Zollicoffer & Hardee - we being kept as a reserve. I regret to say we have much sickness in camp - The most obstinate dysentery & diarrhoea is prevalent & in some cases is fatal. The cases are lingering, and some of them seem to defy all treatment. The worst cases are those following measles. We have lost one or two poor fellows with typhoid fever & another will die today I fear. We are striving to enforce strict cleanliness in our regiment, and to impress upon the men the importance of good cooking; but the men are exceedingly careless and imprudent. Disorder of the bowels accompanies almost every case of sickness, whether it be intermittent fever, remittent fever, typhoid fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, or colic. I find mercurials indispensable, and in fact am compelled to use them in the majority of cases. Sickness in camp is different from disease in town. I have heretofore been almost an anti-colonial doctor, but the cases which we have to deal with here demand the use of mercurials. We have difficulty in getting proper and sufficient forage for our horses, and consequently they do

The not improve as fast as I could wish. My horse is however  
is improving in flesh, and will be splendid when he  
out a is fat. He is not so general a favorite as John was  
it was however - but I believe I will bring him out eventually.

Kept Genl. Pillow now aids John, whom he begged from  
is with Col. Kully. The Colonel was under obligations to The  
plans. Genl. - having received from him in times of peace, several  
may equine and foot-operations presents ~~from him~~. Pillow has  
to been after him for John for a long time. Col. Kully says  
vernal. he never did anything in his life with so much regret.

Not having anything else to say I will close, with love  
our is to Mother & Sally - Tell Sally I will write to her soon.

Your devoted son  
Saml. P. Mackay.

to my  
sister  
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The Filson Historical Society

Columbus Oct. 10<sup>th</sup> 1861 -

My dear Sally,

This afternoon I received by Express the welcome box of "goodies" which Mother and you so kindly sent me. I have issued orders to our cook to have some of the beautiful biscuits, & one of the broiled chickens for breakfast. The ham, & bread, and cakes will afford us many sumptuous dinners. You have no idea what a delicacy ham is in camp. No meat is so welcome. I should mention all the articles separately, and demand upon the merits of ~~to~~ each, but it is not worth while to go into details, and as the Generals say in their official reports of engagements - "where all acted so well, any distinctions would be invidious, but I must avail myself of this opportunity to ~~express~~<sup>utter</sup> my thanks to my volunteer aids whose conduct upon the occasion was all that a General could desire." All of the things are excellent and just the things I wished for. I have but one regret concerning them - that is that they will go so rapidly. The only objection that can be urged against good things in camp. We are not charged any freight on things sent to us - at least I did not have to pay anything on the box - but maybe Pa paid the Express - if so, ask him to accept my thanks and compliments to his wisdom and consideration.

I hear talk of our moving, but really I know nothing of it. A few days ago a Captain & Lieutenant of artillery from this place were recruiting near Mayfield, when they were surprised



by a large party of Lincolnites who fired upon them, killing the Lieutenant. The Captain's horse stumbled as he retreated, and the balls passed over his head, and taking to the bush he escaped. Today our Cavalry had a brush with the enemy near Paducah - One of our men was killed and another shot in the arm - Four Yankees were killed and two taken prisoners. The Cavalry report one of the enemy's gunboats was sunk about fifteen miles above here. It seems to be credited, and if true, proves that they were worse hurt than we believed they were the other day. I saw a gentleman yesterday just from Nashville, who saw John C. Breckinridge & Mr. Preston in Nashville. They were going to Bowling Green to join Breckner. This is all the news I have to give. Your last letter was very creditable. You are improving more rapidly than you ever did before, and I am sure you are making a more determined effort than ever before. You must work hard my darling, you have no time to lose, for you will soon be a young woman, and you must be a scholar and must write a good hand. I dare say your tableaux were very pretty, and interesting, & well worth seeing. I think they are capital things for children & young people to indulge in. I applaud the motives which prompted you to go into them. You can not do too much for the soldiers. My brain is very dry tonight and I shall have to send you a short letter this time. I have heard nothing of the blankets & clothes. What can have become of them? I will make strict inquiries again tomorrow. I can not afford to lose them. My horse is improving in appearance, and I shall soon have the pleasure of riding

them, the finest horse in the army. Genl. Pillow complimented  
him yesterday & said he believed my horse was a gayer one  
Taking straw his - to which I assented. I think I shall ask brother  
Bush to let me have him for what he cost him, and then  
as killed him myself instead of selling him. He will not be in order  
killed to sell however for a good while. If brother had not let me  
The horse John, Pa would have given me Maran, so I think  
have her. if brother or sister are not willing to my arrangement, I shall  
we were call upon Pa to help me out, by advancing to me part of  
or a Maran value, which I will turn over to them. This looks  
John very reasonable to me, but I know I have a very odd way of  
ing to looking at things sometimes, and Pa & brother may view this  
have thing differently. Brother will need all the money he can  
e in- get, to take care of his family, and to the utmost of my a-  
n our bility I shall assist him. The wind is roaring lustily &  
e. You we will have rain tonight I expect. Give my love to  
, for Mother and thank her for her kindness to me. Remember me  
a whole to Margaret, (is that the girl's name?) and tell her I am  
we were much obliged to her for getting up my things. With much  
are love to Pa, and a kiss and oceans of love for you my precious  
, I put I remain your devoted brother

Leicester, P. Yaudell, Jr.

[14 Oct 1861]

Nashville Oct 14 1861

coming after her in the morning  
 to come up to his house and  
 then Mr Garvin came to see her  
 The next morning we went  
 to Dr Way and in the evening  
 I went over to Mrs Courtney's  
 Mr Courtney is dead he died  
 died <sup>Lucius</sup> just a week before we got  
 there Nelly and Emma were  
 both in black I did not see  
 Miss Julia Mrs Courtney did  
 not look very well Louis and  
 Will are as large as Susy but  
 Tommie has not grown much  
 Little Becky is larger than  
 Susie. Give my love to all

My dear Auntie

We arrived

here on Saturday evening just a  
 week from the that we started  
 from Memphis we had a very  
 pleasant trip to Louisville indeed.  
 The boat that we came up to  
 Louisville on was called the Darby  
 it was a very nice ~~that~~ new boat.  
 I will tell you how we pass our  
 time from the time we left Memphis  
 until we got to Nashville. We  
 left there at dark and then we  
 all went out on the guards and  
 saw the last of Memphis and  
 then went in and in a little

I Am yours affectionately  
 Millie  
 Haran

while the barkeeper and one of  
waiters came and he played on  
the piano and the waiter on the  
fiddle they played every night  
while we were on the boat and  
then we went to bed. The ~~next~~  
next morning I was awakened  
by a great noise I jumped out  
of bed and ran to the <sup>over</sup> wind  
to see what was the matter  
but did not see anything I  
then dress myself and went  
out on the boards to see and saw  
that it was a very large boat  
called the Magenta stuck on  
a sandbar and that we had  
stopped to help it of we learn<sup>ed</sup>  
afterward that the captain of  
our boat got a great deal of  
money by it he got three  
hundred dollars the first day  
and seventy all the rest we  
got it off late Monday evening  
We had very good meals indeed  
Every evening we went up on the  
deck and stayed until supper.  
If it had not been for that boat  
that we met we would have  
gotten to Shausville Wednesday morning  
but instead of that we did not  
get there until ~~Friday~~ <sup>Thursday</sup> morning  
about two o'clock. We went right to  
the Galt house as soon as we got  
there and then Mr sent brother  
up to Dr Way and Mr Garris to  
let them know that we were there  
and then Dr Way came right  
down and told her that he was

Columbus Saturday Oct-19<sup>th</sup> 1861

My dear Father,

Last Sunday I found where my bundle was, and went to Capt. Taylors quarts and got it - Williams was absent on furlough at that time and did not return till two days since. During his absence I had no time to write, having to visit the Hospital twice daily, and the sick in camp also, and with the other duties incident to a surgeons position I was kept very busy. Two very slight dumb chills during the week rendered me unfit for writing for a day or so - but you are already tired of these excursions. Give mother many thanks for the beautiful and most comfortable jacket. It is exceedingly warm, and is a great convenience. I wear it all the time except when I leave camp. It is greatly admired, and a number of persons have tried to get it from me. I am charmed with it. I prize it more than any garment I own - The drawers come just in the nick of time, as my last pair of flannel ones had become useless. They will last me till spring. The socks will add greatly to my comfort & will be quite sufficient for the winter. I must express my unqualified admiration of the shirts - they are elegant - I shall not need no more underclothes this winter - I now have sufficient ~~sh~~ clothes - but if you could fit me a very thick comfort not very wide, I should have nothing more to wish for in that

line. You know, I am exceedingly susceptible to cold and  
require much cover - Winter is coming on rapidly, but there  
has been no pinching cold weather yet. I sent word to you yes - Al-  
terday by Capt. Clayburn's brother that I had received the 3<sup>rd</sup> - un-  
Yesterday morning a young Mr. Kirkpatrick from Mecklin - also  
brought North Carolina - now a private in the 9<sup>th</sup> Tenn. Reg - We  
come over to see me - His grandmother and your father were I re-  
cister. He is a very nice fellow & I shall cultivate his ac- ions  
quaintance - Your welcome letter was handed to me yes ma-  
terday by Mr. Clayburn - I shall call upon Meason - over  
I wonder if it be possible that sister has never received the money to  
I sent to cousin Maria for the sale of Toha? I sent it ~~about~~ the  
about the latter end of Aug. or first of Sept. \$320. Meason had  
sent it from Memphis. I sent sister about ~~indoo~~ rise, or  
fifty dollars more. Neither brother nor I can afford to lose here  
that much money & I am surprised that I have not heard No-  
from her as I wrote a long time ago to her - Capt. Billy Jackson, tho  
does not fatten as rapidly as I could wish, though I use him for  
very little & very gently. He is a very fine horse, but is a low  
very poor saddle horse - All the horse men say he will not make  
a saddle horse - being too long in the back etc. He is very  
rough in his lope & walk. But with his action I hope to  
make him a much better riding horse than he is. I shall have  
no difficulty in paying for him, if I get my pay, and I sup-  
pose there is no doubt of that. My suggestion to you about  
assisting me, was merely a suggestion, and your reply does  
not surprise, or annoy, or put me to any inconvenience -

and The health of the soldiers is improving decidedly - But I  
think there a man you would be driven to the use of mercurials were you here  
you yes - All the late works on military surgery recommend and advise the  
use of it - Keenland you know believes it indispensable - Copeland  
Klein - also - as I learn from the "Military Surgeon's Handbook." -

My - What became of your two shotguns you had in Louisville?  
I wish I could get hold of one - There are vast numbers of pig-  
ions and ducks about here & during the winter I shall have  
many opportunities to hunt. If I had a gun I could supply  
our table with game very frequently, which would add much  
to our comfort of living! If you can send me one with  
the accoutrements you will confer a great pleasure upon me.  
Nothing of interest has transpired since you heard from me and  
I am not in an imaginative humor I will close my letter  
to you here if I do not think of something to say after dinner -  
Nothing occurs to me further & I will take my letter to  
Mr. Jackson the Office. I am under many many obligations to Mother  
for her kindness to me. Give my love to her, and much  
love to my dear Sally. I shall endeavor to write to you again  
not make room.

your devoted son

Samuel P. Gaudette -

very  
hope to  
all have  
I sup-  
want  
does

e you  
you to  
e will all  
ough to  
is now.

Columbus Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1861

My dear Father,

This afternoon I received your letter and the gun & accoutrements. Mr. Peyton was on the car that got smashed up & I congratulate myself that the gun was not broken. The inmates of the car made a miraculous escape. None of them were seriously injured, although the car fell some twenty feet - turned bottom upwards & was completely demolished. How signally does Providence seem to favor us even in these minor affairs. Two of our cannon - Parrot guns made in Memphis - burst last week, and only one man was seriously injured. He lost his arm. At one time, when we had defeated the enemy in several engagements, I felt a painful anxiety lest the next battle should prove disastrous to us, but we have whipped the enemy so often now, and sometimes under disadvantageous circumstances, that I have no anxiety upon the subject, and always look confidently to hear of our victory when I learn that there has been an engagement. What a glorious - wonderful triumph that was of ours at Harpers Ferry! I am confident we will be on the march ere long. Whether of course I know not you can form as good a conjecture as I can upon the subject. I am much obliged to you for the gun. I can not procure shot or powder just now, but I shall get some soon. But it is not very safe at present to venture very far from camp as the enemy's scouts come in very near sometimes. A small party of our cavalry was shot at about ten miles from here a few days since, by some of the enemy who were in a



-bush. Four of our men were hit - one badly hit. Several  
horses were seriously wounded. You have not in the papers  
of the flog of true which come down from Cairo. It was  
a singular sight, to witness our bitter foes coming down a  
march us so peaceable. One of the Lincolnites bought a pa-  
per from one of our little newsboys and pitched him a quarter  
for it. The little fellow threw it back to him, telling him  
with proud disdain "I don't want any of your Yankee money."  
The Yankee pretended to be amused. He must have been struck  
with the boy's pride & patriotism. Nothing else has occurred worthy  
of note since I wrote to you. Yesterday I received from a young lady  
friend a handsome comforter (for the neck) and a fine pair of woollen  
socks. I have as many socks as I shall need. I hope to receive  
the comfort before I have here as I shall need it this winter. The  
blankets I brought from the office were very mean and have  
begun to wear out very fast. At present however I sleep glo-  
riously, as Maj. Henry & I sleep together & combine our cover. I  
wish you could see our bed. I got the idea of it from Jim  
Fentress, and made it myself. It consists of four forks driven  
into the ground, upon which are placed cross pieces, and on  
these picket poles the size of your finger and eight feet long,  
on top of them I put my mattress & the bed is really equal to  
a spring mattress. When we move from here we may not sleep  
together and consequently I shall need the comfort. Aunt Matilda  
sent me four nice shirts a few days since - two colored & two  
worsted ones. This gives me as many as I need. The nights are  
very cold now, and writing is very unpleasant, as one has to sit  
still in tent without fire. Our health is now very good, and

Several the character of the disease is changing. Rheumatism is show-  
ing itself & according to my experience is one of the most uncer-  
tain & factious of all diseases to treat. I have made a fine hood and cover  
for Captain Billy Jackson, of an old tent fly, and have lined the cover  
with an old blanket which was given to me. He is improving slow-  
ly in flesh, but does not improve much in his gait & I fear  
he will never make a saddle horse. He is too long & too large for the  
saddle. Before this you have seen by the papers that brother has  
been made Medical Director of the western department of the C.S.A.  
and that he counts any man in the medical corps outside of Vir-  
ginia. I was perfectly overjoyed when I heard it. I do not believe  
I ever had anything in my life to give me such proud joy. He  
is so worthy of it, and will fill the position with such honor to him-  
self and such profit to the army. He is a man who richly des-  
erves the praise we all feel in him. I have heard nothing from sister  
yet - Sally too - bless the dear child, has not written to me lately.  
It makes me happier than I can express, to hear such good accounts of  
her from you. Tell her to work very, very hard. I do hope - devoutly  
hope, she may become a finished scholar. I am proud of her and  
Willy and brother David. To hear of their success and accomplishments  
is my greatest source of pleasure. Do you ever hear anything about those  
three little angels of sister's? Bless the darling! How I do wish I could  
see them! With much love for Sally & mother I remain your  
devotedly attached child.

Lundford O. Quaidell.

P.S. I do not believe you could stand the exposure of camp life & I  
do not think it would be prudent for you to go into the field at  
your time of life. But brother now has it in his power I presume  
to appoint you to the position of surgeon, and if you could get charge

Of some Genl. Hospital or something of that sort, where you  
would be stationary, I should not deem it unwise in you to  
accept it - if you can not do better at home. I think we will all  
do capitally well if we can get only enough to eat & enough to  
cover us with this winter. Paying debts is out of the question now.  
But your creditors must wait, like all the rest.

L.P.G. jr -

The Filson Historical Society