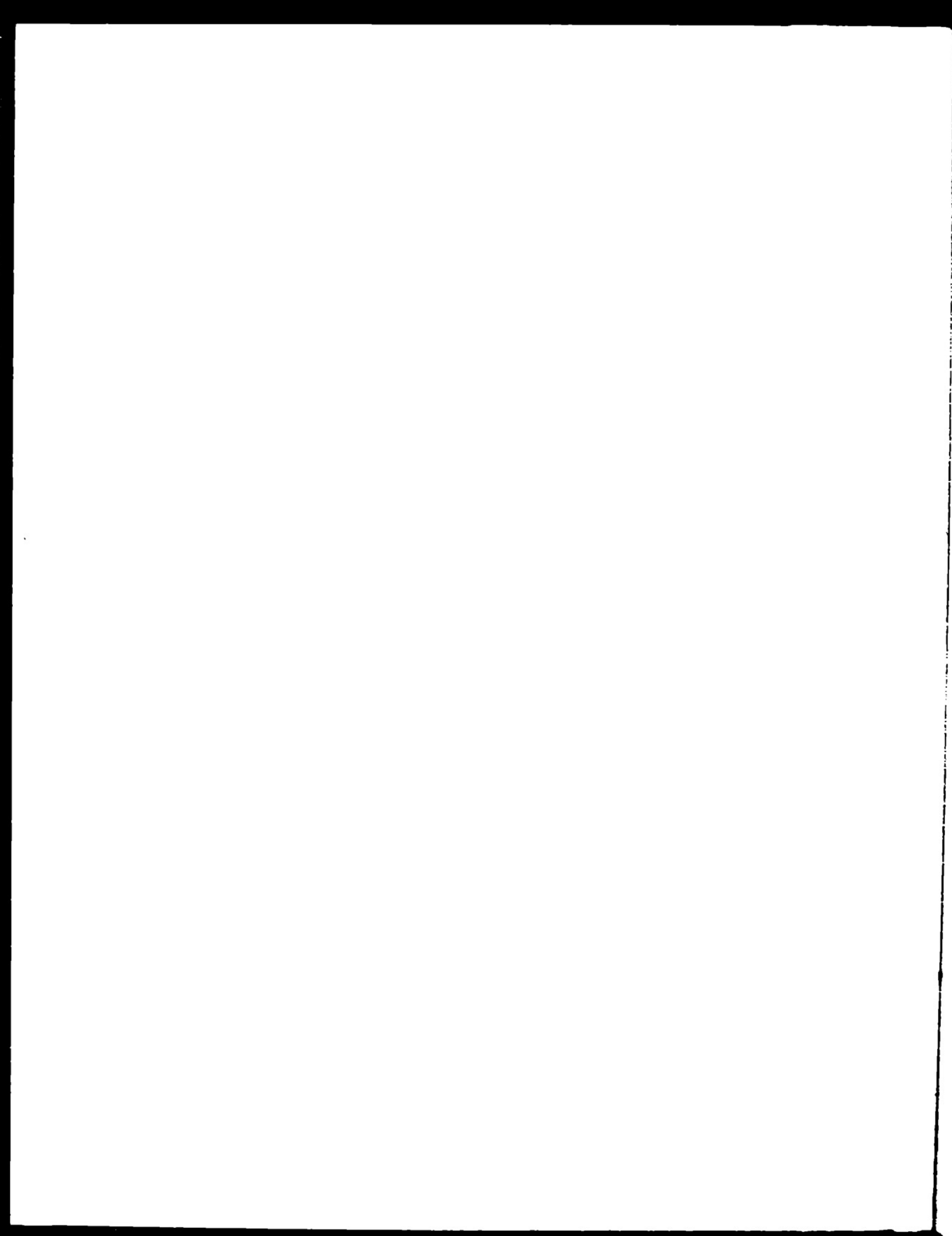
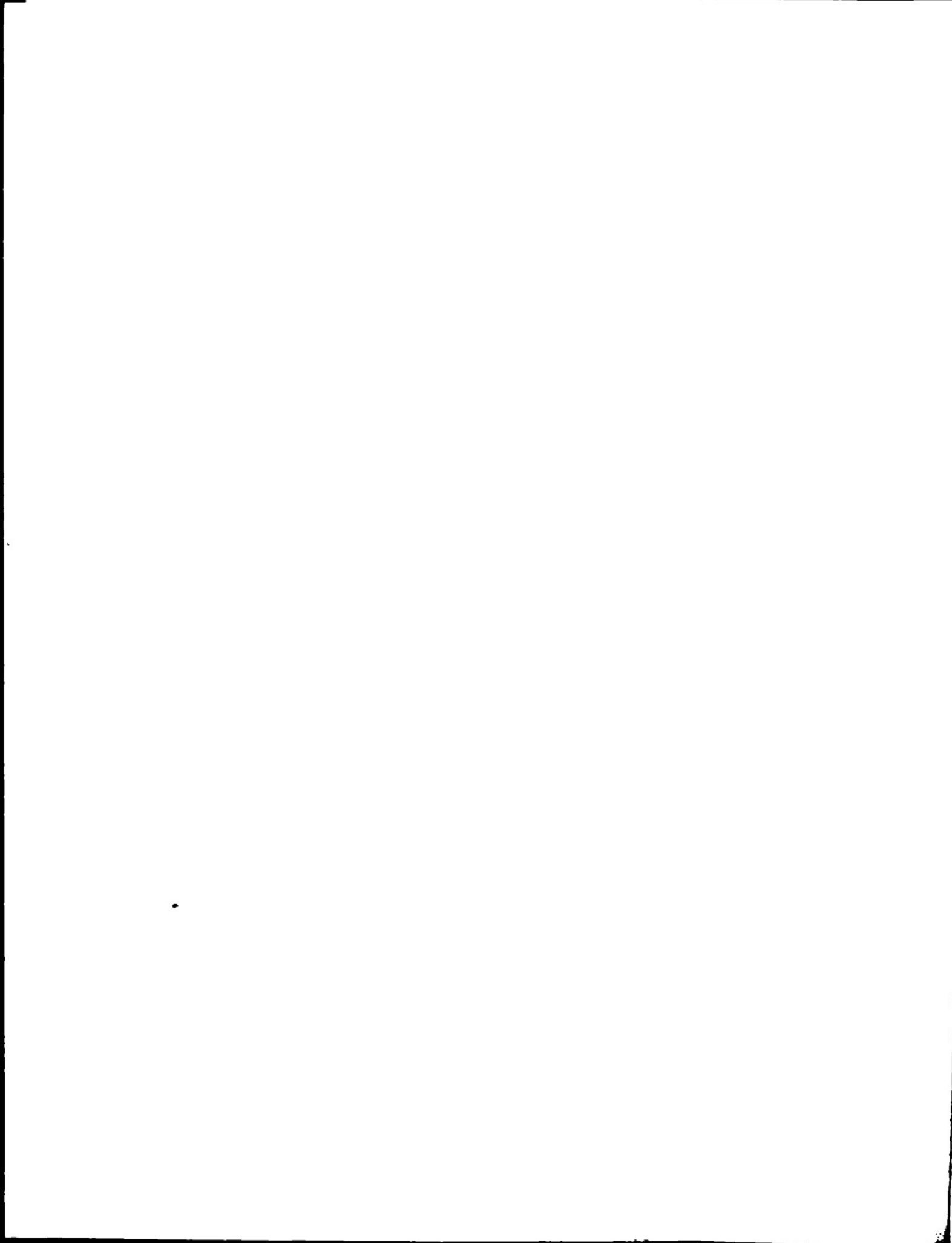


Civil War Letters
of
David Joshua Easton
(19th Michigan Infantry)

BOOK
GE



Not For Circulation





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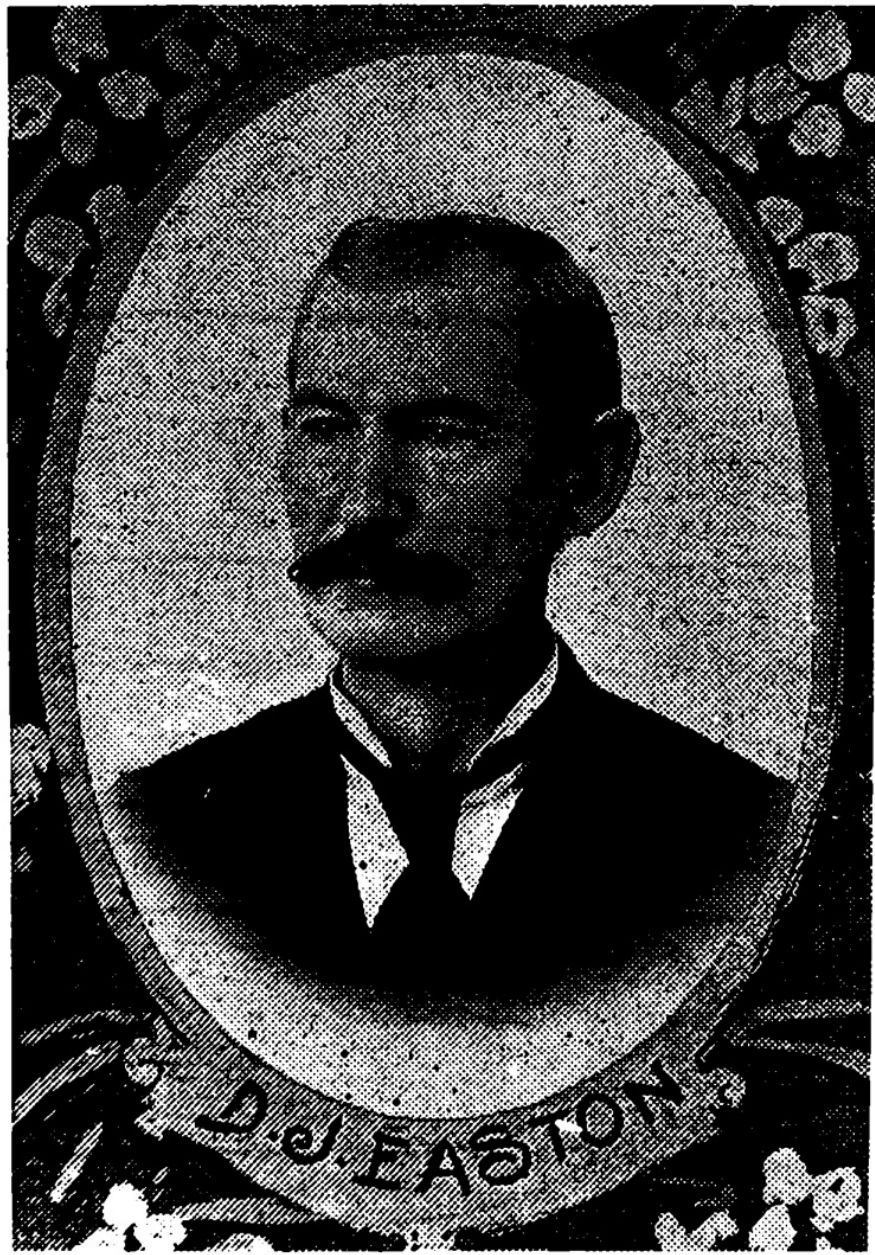


The original hand-written letters by David Joshua Easton have been in the library at Coldwater since they were sent by Thelma Friedrich Easton in 1979, however they were not available on the open shelves because of their value. So that they could be read by those interested in the Civil War, Thelma Easton's transcribed pages have been copied and bound in this book.

At the back of the book a few pages telling of the life of David Easton have been included. He was the son of Slocum Easton who died in October 1864.

Charles L. Woodward
Heritage Room Volunteer
January, 1994

BRANCH DISTRICT LIBRARY
10 East Chicago Street
Coldwater, Michigan 49826



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111 Beach Drive
Pass Christian, MS 39571
April 11, 1979

Ms Phyllis Rosenberg, Director
Branch County Library
10 E. Chicago Street
Coldwater, Michigan 49036

Dear Ms Rosenberg:

Alma Hildebrand was her usual efficient, helpful, kindly person in contacting you promptly about the letters written by David Joshua Easton during the Civil War. My husband and I are delighted that you feel they will have historical interest for the people of Branch County.

David Joshua Easton was my husband's grandfather, his son, Glenn Stowe Easton, my father-in-law. Glenn and his wife Lucile Hess Easton gave the letters to Paul and me to pass on to our son and daughter.

During the devastation of Hurricane Camille, August 17, 1969, the letters were damaged, fortunately not too seriously. Most of the stamps-of interest to philatelists-came loose from the envelopes and were lost. Because of the threat of hurricanes to us, we asked permission of the Senior Eastons to present these letters to the Branch County Library having learned of the Phyllis Holbrook Room and the interest in local history of Branch County people. Permission was readily granted before their deaths.

We have on request. There are only three great grandchildren of David Joshua Easton. Bruce Easton Fowler, the son of Jane Stowe Easton Fowler, my husband's sister. Friedrich Stowe Easton and Jill Johanna Easton our children. Should any of these great grandchildren wish to peruse these letters, we would appreciate their having barrowing rights with the understanding they be returned to the library in the same condition as when barrowed.

There will be a short biographical sketch of David Joshua Easton as well as his military service record. We had a picture of him when in the State Legislature but think that was lost in the storm.

I am very worry I shall not be able to send these letters immediately. I am leaving April 13th for Egypt and the Greek Isles. I shall attend to it as soon as possible after my return.

Also my apologies for the typing, I am no expert. If you remember Carrie Kempster, or have ever heard of her, you would know she was an excellent commercial teacher of Coldwater High School many years ago. She would not be proud of my typing.

Thank you for you interest.

Cordially,

Thelma F. Easton
Thelma Friedrich Easton

David Joshua Easton, born June 5, 1842.

At age 20, he and a number of young men from Coldwater, Michigan formed a group to "fight-for-the-right". They supplied all their own equipment; guns, uniform, shoes etc. David was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Company E, 19th Michigan Infantry Volunteers. Later commissioned Captain and Major. He was mustered in at Dowagiac, Michigan and served nearly five years.

He married Della Stowe sometime in the late 1860ties. Seven children were born to this union.

D.J. Easton established and published the "Coldwater Republican". Later the "Sturgis Journal". Thence later to Union City and for 28 years published the "Union City Register".

He served many terms as village president, four terms as postmaster also one term in the Legislature.

He died August 17, 1901 at Union City, Michigan.

DAVID JOSHUA EASTON---Born June 5, 1842-----Died August 17, 1901
at Union City, Michigan

Residence: Coldwater, Branch County and Sturgis, St. Joseph County, Mich

August 8, 1862		Commissioned, 1st Lieutenant, Co. E, 19th Michigan Infantry Volunteers
September 5, 1862		Mustered-In U.S. Service, at Dowagiac, Michigan
February	1863	Taken prisoner of war near Franklin, Tenn. at Brentwood, Tenn. Prisoner nearly two months when exchanged. Was in Libby Prison, Richmond Va.
March	5, 1863	Wounded at Thompson Station, Tenn.
March	5, 1863	Muster-Out Roll
January	1864	Absent sick
February	1864	Absent Sick
May	2, 1864	Commissioned Captain, Co. G, 19th Mich. Infantry Vol.
May	25, 1864	Wounded slightly at Allatoona, Ga.
May	1864	Provost Marshall Second Brigade 3rd Division 20th Army Corp.
June	30, 1864	Mustered-In U.S. Service of Officers by Vice Bigelow (Captain of Co. G., Charles Bigelow)
July	1, 1864	Reported as Captain, Co. G
September	1864	Commanding Regiment since September 24, 1864
October	1864	Present
November	1864	Aide-de-Camp of Brigade since November 15, 1864 to May 1865
June	10, 1865	Muster-Out near Washington, D.C.
June	15, 1865	Commissioned Major

To Emma J. Easton, probably visiting in New Castle, N.Y.

Coldwater, Mich.

Feb. 13, (Probably 1861, perhaps earli

1860 is correct year

Dear Sister:

I think it was only a week ago last Sunday that I wrote to you; but not wishing to attend church this evening I thought "thinks I to myself," I'll write to Emma and so you see I am at it although there has nothing transpired in this place that will interest you very much.

I am having just the best time this winter that can be imagined; don't have to work very hard,--not a bit of it. Was I ever known to work very hard that you know of?

Uncle Calvin and Harvey were out here a short time ago--last Sunday I think a week ago. I have not seen Harvey for a long time before and Mary says he is a great awkward country grunty--that she wouldn't recognize him in the street as a cousin of hers. Now, I do not presume to uphold her in what she says at all. That he is very "verdant" I will not deny; but with all his gruniness he has some good qualities. They say that he is the Beau ideal of Miss Sarah Clark. Besides being the gallant of Miss Clark he also attends school. For my part I do not see how he can attend to two such very important things at the same time. I admire her taste but "darn" her judgement. (Please don't read that quoted word).

We had quite a fire here on Friday morning last which resulted in the destruction of Mr. James Smails clothing store, Parley Burton's grocery, Cook & Gibbs meat market and D. Bovees grocery. The corner looks desolate enough now I can assure you. The fire originated in a billiard saloon over Mr. Smails store. Those girls that occupy one of the rooms in our house have been working for Mr. Smails, and as he thinks he shall not have a "back shop" in connection with his next clothing store, they are thrown out of employment although I believe one of them intends to work for Mr. Wood, I cannot vouch for the latter part of this, however, as I hardly ever see them.

You were acquainted with Mr. Pierce were you not? He is dead. He has been very feeble for a long time but had been able to be around to his business. I think he was driving his own horse the day previous to his death which occurred on Saturday last.

It is reported that Ester Mary Smith was married last Sunday, although I do not know how true it is.

This sheet is full and I am done.

D.J. Easton

Burn this as soon as you read it as I am ashamed of it and will have to excuse myself on the ground of indisposition.

Please do not discommode yourself in the least to write. Done.

Sturgis Nov. 10, 1861

Dear Sister:

Not being particularly engaged to-day, and having nothing of any great importance to do, thinks I to myself, thinks I, to drive dull care away I'll write an answer to sister Emma's letter, which was received last night.

Cold and chilly blows the wind into my open window as I sit writing benumbing my fingers, and throwing delightful and pleasant feelings over my person, and causing that beautifying sensation to creep over the frame not easily described; but wonderfully understood when a personal application is had.

There is nothing in nature that is so well calculated to excite the morbid fancy of man, and inspire him with soul-stirring and heavenly thoughts; nothing that is so well calculated to develop the mind and strengthen the body, and nothing that will give one a better opinion of one's self, than to write touchy and pathetic letters to the girls fraught with the loftiest and holiest expressions that ever entered into the undeveloped mind of man, and more especially where your sweet-heart is slightly unsophisticated.

I see that you and mother take matters like these into serious consideration, and advise me to beware how I broach upon the affections of the tender-hearted female girls. "Rest Thee!" There is no danger of breaking their hearts, though they may, like the graceful hickory of the forest, bend and writhe before the rugged winds of Autumn. Their hearts are made of sterner stuff than to be thus broken and dissevered at every bit of romance of poetic effusion that may, by chance, be thrown them.

I am exceedingly anxious to know what that joke is that has been played at my expense. Have the kindness to write and let me know, that I, too, may have "some fun, fun, fun," for that is now in my line of business and nothing would come more acceptable or be more highly prized; and surely if it is at my expense who has a better right to know it than myself? Write and let me know all the particulars, and oblige.

Mary and Ranse will be at home on Tuesday of this week, without fail; but I believe they intend going with a horse and buggy so you need not look for them on the cars. I cannot tell when I shall be at home again; but probably this week some time.

Love to all the pretty girls
David

Tell father if I can get that money this week I will send it. Write soon.

Camp Granger, Nov. 2, 1862

Dear Mother:

I received your letter a day or two ago and humbly beg your pardon for not answering it before this, and I know you will readily grant it, when you know my reason for not writing more frequent. I did not know that my long silence would give any pain to my dear parents and sister, but judging from my own feelings I am now convinced that it is not so. I am placed in a very peculiar situation. My position would not allow me to write home or any where else. I have not seen a "red" since I left Michigan, and an officer must never be under obligation to his men and consequently I could not barrow. I trust that with this excuse you will pardon my neglect, and consider it as a matter of necessity and not of choice. I have written several letters, but for reasons already explained have failed to send them. Rest assured Dear Mother, that while life is spared me I can never forget home, and the dear images I have treasured up in my heart there. I could have wept when I read your letter, where you charged me with having forgotten home and everything that is there so dear to me. There has never been an hour (may I say a moment) when I have not had my Dear Mother in my mind. I hope that before that time comes death may have taken me from earth. No, I have longed for the good times that I have so often had in my dear old home, with father, mother, sisters and brother. But that time is not yet to be. We must still stay in the field, to resist our country's foes, and put down the traitors who endeavor to break up one of the best governments on earth. If there is one thing that can never be swept from the memory of the soldier it is home and its influence. There is such a contrast between home and the home and its influence. There is such a contrast between home and the place we call "home," here. Many are the nights that (I have slept on the bare ground with nothing to cover me but my blanket.) When we were on the Ohio River, I have been on picket duty and slept on the bed of the river and in many places, it is just like a stone pile. On sandy ground I can now lay down and sleep as well as I could on a feather bed. I have not slept on a bed for three months, and have almost forgotten how it would seem. But I do not think it would be very bad after marching all day through a misty rain and mud about six inches deep. However, so far as the mud is concerned we have not had much of it to complain of having marched only one day in it; and one day through the rain. We have marched several days when it was impossible to see more than ten feet in advance of us. Our first march from Covington, Ky. was one of this kind. We marched ten miles after four o'clock P.M. and I do not think I was ever so completely worn out in my life. When we got to our stopping place I layed down on the soft side of an oak board that was there without supper and slept soundly till aroused in the morning by the beating of drums and blowing of fifes, which is called the "revelles" when we were ordered to take up our line of march again for another place distant twenty-two miles. This march was made in less than seven hours. But I will not attempt to give you a detailed account of our journey to this place, suffice it to say that we passed through some of the most forlorn looking country that was ever my lot to behold, nothing but hills and stone heaps. In fact, in some portions of the State the stones are so thick that one neighbor has to borrow land of another to pile stones upon. I do not see how it is possible for anyone to obtain a living on such land. But things have now changed and for the last two days we have been marching through one of the most beauti-

ful and fertile tracts of country that can be found anywhere on the face of the earth. Everything around here seems to be well arranged. The houses, generally speaking are large and commodious; but are not near so tasty as are our northern houses. They are more like castles than like dwellings for private families. Through this part of the country the people are considered very wealthy and you will not often see a dwelling that is smaller than H.C. Lewis' and many of them are much larger. Their farms are fenced with stone walls from four to six feet high and in lots of about 50 or sixty acres as near as I can judge. I presume it is a good country to live in in times of peace, but in war times it is very much like other places,-- rather hard. War makes sad havoc of everything it comes in contact with; when a rail fence happens to be where a regiment encamps for the night, it is generally nonexistent in the morning. I have seen many good fences eight and ten rails high "laid low" by "Lincoln's Hordes", as the rebels term us. It is almost inspiring to see with what alacrity and zeal the regiment known as the 19th Michigan can take anything which their commander allows them to. Once in particular I recollect we were ordered (to take only the top rail) and in about five minutes there was no top rail on the ground. You asked me something in relation to Col. Gilbert being tyrannical. I have the pleasure of informing you that there is not a word of truth in the rumor, or the assertion that his enemies may make. I do not think there ever was a man who thought more of his men than our Col. thinks of his. Some of the men seem to think that because they have not all the privileges they had at home they are sadly abused and that their commander is a tyrant, and cares nothing for the health or happiness of those under his control.

Yesterday I went to Lexington, three miles from where we are encamped, for the purpose of seeing the Michigan 18th--Regt. in which Albert Lawrence is in. I found them about a mile on the other side of the city. I saw Corporal Lawrence, and had a good long chat with him. He is Color Corporal. The position of a Color Corporal is not very dissimilar to any other in the same rank with the exception that he stands the first chance for promotion. If there is a vacancy among the Sergeants he is entitled to the position; he will probably be promoted in a short time. When on my way home I visited the tomb of Henry Clay. He has a splendid monument erected to his memory. The cemetery in which he is buried is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is said there are only one or two in the United States that surpasses it in beauty and splendor. Everything about it is in the most perfect order. Evergreens and shrubbery of every description are arranged in the most magnificent style. Iron chairs are all over the grounds which seem to invite the visitors to lounge in their arms. A macadamized road runs around the entire grounds. Magnificent carriages may be seen at almost all times in the day slowly wending their way around the grounds.

I have also visited the grave of Gen. Harrison. It is situated on the north bank of the Ohio, at a place called North Bend. There is a vast difference between his tomb and that of Clay. Ben Harrison is buried in a private family burying ground. The fences are all down and cattle and hogs may roam at pleasure over the tomb of the old hero. While there we used some of the very embankments thrown up by him to protect himself and his followers from the savages, and although we have no such thing as a rebel there yet we "went through with the motions," which--amounted to the same thing.

Adjutant Adams has just left our tent and says that the 19th stands "A" "Nol" at head-quarters. Well, without boasting, I will say that we have just the best regiment in the heart of the State; at least the best that I have seen--and I have seen a good many.

I do not know that I have any news to tell you. I never was in better health in my life. There was a time just before we left Michigan that I was pretty sick, but I have gotten over that now. I do not think that you would recognize me should I drop in upon you to-night. I weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds, a gain of twenty-five pounds since leaving Dawagiac. Exposure agrees with me. You would undoubtedly laugh to see me get down in the streets of Coldwater and drink the water from the gutters; but I believe that I could do it with a "clear conscience and a good stomach. We have often drunk water from the same river in which dead mules, absolutely rotten were just above us, and water that green scum would rise on as it boiled. They have not had a rain here for about three months until within a week. A little rain here will make mud six inches deep which makes very unpleasant marching as I can assure you from experience.

The call is sounding for roll-call and I must stop writing and go to my company's quarters and see that they are all there.

Do not neglect to write; but write as often as you can and tell all of our folks to do the same, and when Uncle Samuel settles with me I will be more faithful in writing to you.

Tell Sister Emma and all the rest of our folks and my friends to write just as often as they can possibly make it convenient.

I hope we shall get some pay before long; but Uncle Sam is slow and I am willing to trust him just as long as I can, although I suppose my say so would make but little difference.

Your aff. Son

David

Camp of the 19th Mich Infty
Near Danville, Ky
December 20th 1862

Dear Sister:

I have just returned from a Battle-field. It is near Perryville, about ten miles from where we are now encamped. It was fought between the forces of Gen. Buell on our side and the forces of Gen. Bragg on the rebel side. The battle was fought on the 8th of October last, and it was one of unusual fierceness. Stand after stand was made by the rebels, and our troops had to conquer the ground inch by inch.-- The contest was fearful, and nobly did our troops fight their way. The position was chosen by the rebels themselves, and it was one that was well calculated to retard the progress of our, and had they not fought with desperation defeat most certainly ensued. Should I live to be as old as time itself I do not think I could ever forget the scenes that I saw today.

The Colonel gave Capt. Baker, Quartermaster Turner, Adjutant Darrow and myself permission to go and see the "bloody field"; and we easily obtained passes and soon were on the road. Arrived at the little village of Perryville we took dinner of "mine host" Tucker, procured a guide to conduct us and started off. As we came in sight of where the battle commenced, my eye was directed to numerous little mounds (this was in the open field) and we soon learned that these were the resting places of those who had fallen. Both friend and foe are alike buried together here. Passing on we came to a strip of woods.--It was here where heavy fighting was done. The trees were completely riddled by bullets, and large limbs are cut off by cannon balls. The rebels passed on in their retreat--our forces following up the victory gained. The fighting must have continued for at least five or six miles with this same unabated fury, until at last our forces gave up the pursuit.

Now in relation to the burial of the dead. Some had fallen on the side hill, some in gullies, some in open fields, and some in the woods. They were buried where they had fallen, and when I say there was not one that had a foot of earth between him and the blue sky above him, I speak the truth, Many had much less. The rain has washed many of them out of the ground, and hogs have actually rooted them up and devoured their flesh.-- I saw at least fifty hogs that had died from partaking of this unwholesome diet. Many more will wash up the next heavy rain. The grave of one rebel in particular attracted my attention.--for the body was not there; it had been taken out by the hogs and devoured. Matted locks of hair was thrown over the grave; bloody-garments, etc. Pen cannot describe the scene. At one place in less than two rods square forty-seven of our men "bit the dust", and lots of other places their fire was just as destructive. I saw the place where Loomis Battery was stationed.

A general Secesh burial ground was being made and the secesh are being taken there. They were burying to-day and up to two o'clock they had buried, in a little spot of ground about two rods square three hundred and seventy-eight rebels. Trenches are dug and they are put two or three deep in the trenches.

The Capt. wishes to write and I must close my letter. I would like to give you a longer account.

Your Bro David

Enclosed I send you a bunch of red berries (I don't know what kind) taken from the spot where the rebel General Jackson fell.

Camp of the 19th Mich. Infty
Near Danville, Ky.
Dec. 25, 1862

Dear Sister:

"A Merry Christmas; to you all. It is now nearly 12 o'clock at mid-night, and I have just time to drop you a line or two. We are again ordered to march, We leave to-morrow morning at five o'clock. Gen. Baird came riding up to the Col's quarters while we were on "dress parade" to night, and I surmised that something was to be done. In a short time the "Officers Call" was sounded and we were informed that we were ordered to march. We go to Munfordsville, in the State via Lebanon. It now begins to look as though we were soon going to have work to do. The order was something of a surprise as we were to be paid off to-morrow. The moving of the troops of course dispenses with this operation. I presume we shall receive our pay in a few days. I will warrant it will seem good to many of the officers of this Brigade when it does come.

We have had fine times here to-day--a "merry Christmas" in reality. For dinner we had Turkey, cheese, oysters, butter, and in fact all the goodies of life and we enjoyed it (to use an old phrase) "hugely". Nothing like high living in the army.

Capt. Lincoln, of Coldwater is at home now sick, and both of his Lieut are sick here. I have been detailed to take charge of his company for the present. However, that is no new thing for me to command a Company as I have done a great deal of that kind of business since I have been in the service. Last night the Col. wished me to act as Adjutant on "dress parade," which duty of course I performed. Don't I put on airs. Nothing like it. Well this is a great world, and if I stay in the service three months longer I expect you will direct your letters to Capt. Easton instead as now. But enough of this. Everything is in a perfect "Hurley Burley" thing: upside down, and all that sort of thing.

I saw Mr. Lawrence to-day. He came out after his son who is in Co. "H"--Capt. White's Company. He informs me that he has procured his discharge and that he will probably leave for home with him next Monday.

I have no news to communicate.

Love to all friends at home. Write as soon as you conveniently can and as often. In haste.

Your aff Bro.

David

Camp of the 19th Mich. Infantry Vols.
Near Danville, Ky.
Jan. 9, 1862

Dear Sister:

I received your letter a day or two since, and since that time our Company has met with a very severe accident. It was occasioned by the bursting of a shell. Our Artillery had been practicing for a day or two and a part of the shells did not burst as they struck. Some of the boys of our regiment being on picket near where they struck took some of them and brought them to camp. One of our boys had a desire to see what was inside of one of them and, got our boy Tom (our Negro boy) to assist him and proceeded to open it. It seems that he employed the negro to hold the shell while he drilled out the fuse. He had been at work upon it but a short time when it exploded. The negro's left hand was completely blown off and portions of it were found some time after six and eight rods from the place where the explosion took place. One fore finger was discovered hanging on the limb of a tree with a cord attached to it fully a foot long drawn from his arm. Another piece of the shell entered his right side and came out his left, tearing his bowel out and mangling him frightfully. He lived about three hours after it happened, and altho he was conscious of everything that passed around him yet I do not think he realized any pain, as not a single groan escaped his lips.

The other was a member of our Company. His name is Ira E. Dexter. His wound is not dangerous, although it is painful. A piece of the shell struck him on the hand, and it is pretty seriously injured; but his hand will be saved. Another piece of the shell struck him on the outside of the right leg near the body and came out on the inside, inflicting a serious but not dangerous wound. The shell just missed the main artery that runs through the leg. It is almost a mystery how he happened to escape as he did; being equally exposed with the negro. He will not be able for duty for a long time. He may be thankful that he escaped as fortunately as he did. Accident after accident has happened in the regiment and brigade and still the boys are just as careless as ever. I actually am of the opinion that were a body of men to be told that by doing a certain thing the penalty would be death, yet they would all want to try and see if it were true.

There are no news that I know of of any importance. We may move from here in a few days and we may stay here for a long time.

I sent my ambrotype to you with Capt. Baker's by the Chaplin.

Your aff Brother David

Tell Flora that I received her paper and am much obliged. Have not received those others sent.

I am obliged to the Col. for his good opinion. I don't know whether I deserve it or not.

Camp of the 19th Mich. Infty
Near Danville, Kentucky
January 12, 1862

Dear Sister:

I do not know that I have any object in writing to you this afternoon. There is nothing to write about and so I guess I am doing it to while away the tedious hours. I haven't had very much to do lately and am getting tired of this kind of life. The fact is never before since I have been in the service has time hung so idly on my hands, and if I supposed that it would last much longer I do not know but what I should commit suicide or petition for a leave of absence, and come home and see my old friends. But I trust we shall not much longer remain idle. The fact we have been hoping for a long time that we might see something of what real war is. How soon we shall I do not know. Military is all an enigma, and too deep an one for me to solve.

I attended (church yesterday for the first time since I left the "Old Peninsula State!") The Preacher (who is a Kentuckian) is a long winded fellow and his sermon amounted to just nothing. He bored us for two hours and three quarters with an old day sermon, the same that I used to hear Methodist ministers use in my infancy. He did not advance a single new idea, and I felt that I was but poorly paid for the labor and pains that I took to go and hear him, (for commissioned officers are obliged to have passes here as well as the privates. They are obtained from Col. Gilbert.) There was only eight ladies there which I didn't like very much I assure you. After all I do not know but what I went as much to see the girls as to hear the sermon--Capt. White, Capt. Baker, Lieut. Anderson and myself formed the party.

I send you, enclosed a specimen of the "money" we have in this country. The paper that is burnt was once owned by "our boy Tom," but he was so unfortunate as to get blown up and his clothes mostly burned off him before they could be taken off, which accounts for the paper being burned as you see it.

I have no news to write am well and healthy. Don't think I am pining away. Weigh one hundred and eighty one pounds.

I thought you was going to send me your ambrograph.. Why don't you do it. How are our folks? Tell them all to write as often as they can.

Tell Uncle Damon if he don't answer my letter he may expect to get perfect fits one of these times.

Your Bro. David

POSTAGE CURRENCY

During the first years of the Civil War the minor coins in circulation very rapidly disappeared. Cash, in the form of coins, became a tangible asset. Anything else was just a promise. A most acute situation followed and in order that business could be transacted merchants were forced to issue Notes of Credit, Promises to Pay, Tokens, Store Cards, etc. as a means of making change. The Treasury of the United States found itself confronted with the same difficulty as everyone else. The Treasurer, Mr. F.E. Spinner, sponsored the plan of pasting postage stamps, singly and in multiples on Treasury paper and on July 17, 1862 an Act was passed by Congress authorizing the issue of such currency to be known as Postage Currency. This currency was not money, nor did it pretend to be. It was merely a means of making postage stamps negotiable and remained in use until 1876 when Congress authorized the minting of fractional silver coins, to redeem the outstanding paper fractional currency.

First General Issue August 21, 1862 to May 27, 1863. This series has on each note a facsimile of the postage stamp then current.

The Postage Currency and accompanying letter were sent by lieut. David J. Easton, Camp of the 19th Michigan Infantry, Near Danville, Kentucky, January 12, 1862. (Probably the date was January 12, 1863 though dated January 12, 1862 in his letter.)



I will probably not be again paid till about the first of March.
There is yet due this Regiment two month's back pay.

Write me often.

Your Bro David

I will send father that money that I barrowed of him day after
to-morrow.

David

American Hotel
Annapolis, April, 8, 1863

Dear Sister:

When last I wrote home I promised you a long letter; but I am now too busy looking after my company that I hardly think I can.

I am in excellent health; never better in my life. The good pure air of freedom agrees with me. I wrote you last on the boat on our way from Richmond to this place. The mortality of my company is very large. Since the fight, thus far I have found that I have lost thirteen men since the fight by death. How many more I do not know. I do not know how many men my company numbers now. But it must be very small. Several of my non-commissioned officers have been killed or died since. My orderly Sergeant Osgood a man as ever lived was shot in the aft arm and I learned this forenoon that he would probably lose it; I hope not. As soon as the Regt. is reorganized he is sure of a commission. My fourth Sergt was also wounded- how bad I do not know- and several Corporals.

I have just returned from the hospital in this city and saw one of my own boys. He was dying. Several others of the company are very low but I think they will be able to recover. One thing is certain- they have the very best care that can possibly be obtained. The navy buildings are used as Hospitals. Everything is in the most perfect order. There is a very large number of sick here from our Regiment.- The inhuman and brutal treatment which we received from the time of our capture up to the time of our release has sent many a good man and true soldier to his last home. Diseases contracted during our imprisonment has carried off more men for us than their bullets, men, too, who were strong and anxious- the best of the company.

Perhaps I will write you another letter this afternoon. I will if I have time.

It has been reported that we are ordered to report to Camp Chase and leave this afternoon. Have not received official notice to this effect, however, we have all been exchanged and shall probably soon be in the field again. I would like to hear from home very much but we shall probably leave here before a letter would reach me.

Give my respects to all my friends.

Your aff bro.

D. J. Easton

LIBBY PRISON, a notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Virginia, improvised from a four-story brick warehouse owned by a merchant named Libby, and containing six rooms, each measuring 100 ft. by 45 ft. Lack of sanitation and overcrowding caused the death of a great number of Union prisoners held there between 1863 and 1864. In 1889 the building was moved to Chicago to serve as a museum.

David J. Easton was taken prisoner by the Rebel Army in February 1863, at Brentwood, Tennessee, near Franklin, Tennessee. He and others of his Regiment were exchanged sometime before April 8, 1863.

David J. Easton went by boat from Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia to Annapolis, Maryland.

Camp Chase, Ohio
May 26th 1863

Dear Sister:

I am not exactly in the position, to-night that suits me. Instead of being sheltered by a tent, as has been my fortune for nearly a year, I am now sheltered by a beautiful frame house, painted with lime and water. Said house contains one room only, about fifteen feet square. Just imagine the comfort there is in living in a house of this kind in a warm sultry day; or imagine yourself standing on a large scale of iron with a boiling sun pouring down upon you and you will realize the position of affairs at the headquarters of "your humble servant." At the time I am writing, however, (9 P.M.) a heavy rain is pouring down which greatly relieves us.

I presume before this time Capt. Baker has been at our house and explained to you the reason of my leaving as I did. Indeed, when I went down to the depot that day I had no more idea of going off than I had of going to England or France while the rebellion lasts, and I assure you I have no such idea. Arrived at the depot I found the officers all there and absolutely bound to go forward. Of course I could have stayed; but I thought best to go with them, and so I did.

I was detailed to-day to take command of the 51st Reg't 2nd Vols and can assure you I have been very busy making out requisitions for clothing Etc. The regiment was captured near Rome, Ga some time ago, and have just arrived here. Their officers are all in the South and I suppose in the famous Libby Prison. How I pity them. I boarded at the same hotel for nearly two months.

Lt. Wing and myself went out into the country last Sunday to Sunday School. It was at a small school house about three miles from camp. I was invited to a seat by the superintendent behind the pulpit. Didn't we attract some attention. I "reckon" we did though. But the worst of all was there were no pretty girls there! "That is too bad!" I think I hear you say. Well, I fully agree with you.

Lt. Wing is rooming with me for the present, and presume he will until our Capt. gets back. He is on one side of my table writing while I am on the other. I suppose he is writing to his Dear Gerta or some one else. I am going to ask him to give her my love; but whether he will do so or not I don't know; doubt it. In case he refuses to do so I shall have to ask you to perform that act of kindness for me.

Haven't any news to write; everything quiet in camp so far as I know. News from Vicksburg creates a general good feeling in camp and the soldiers are joyous and happy.

Love to all the girls of my acquaintance. My kindest regards to your dear friend Miss----- I can't think of her name. Oh, yes, Miss Randall.

Wing is blowing like a forty horse power engine because I don't stop writing, and "come to bed!" I suppose I shall have to humor him and say---

Your aff. Bro.
David

Hd. Qrts. Co. "E" 19th Mich. Infty.
Near Franklin, June 19th 1863

Dear Sister:

Again after a fatiquing march we are in camp. We are now near the place where we were taken prisoners four months ago. Started from camp near Nashville yesterday morning and in the afternoon about three o'clock found us in camp at this place. The distance from Nashville here is eighteen miles. Made a pretty good march for not traveling for four months. About ten o'clock we stopped at a place called Brentwood Station-- the place where the remnant of our Regiment was taken--and stayed for a couple of hours. While there we learned that an entire Brigade of Rebels were only a short distance from there and as our force was very small--only one Regiment--the Col. ordered us to "fall in," and we resumed our march. This morning we were informed that in about half of an hour after we left the Rebels marched into our camp. We were very fortunate in getting out as we did. It is reported that we shall stay here for some time doing duty at this place. I suppose; however, that depends upon circumstances. Rebel deserters brought in last night report, that the Rebels are marching on this place with thirty thousand men. In case that proves true, there will be bloody work here.

We have a splended camp or will have as soon as the boys get it fixed up. They are busy this morning policing. The weather in this "region" is very warm--that term does not explain it, it is hot!

Day before yesterday I sent a box of things home. Enclosed in the box I placed a note directing what was to be done with them. I presume you will find it. How do you like my album? Pretty, isn't it? As fast as I can get the photographs of the officers I shall send them home, and shall have to ask you to place them in it.

Haven't much time to write a long letter this morning. Serg't Coblantz is sitting on the same seat with me writing to his "Dear Wife," and says give my kind regards to your sister! Which, of course, I will do. He is a tip-top fellow.

Your Bro.
David

My address is, "Near Franklin, Tenn (with the no of the Regt.)

Hd. Qrs Co. "G" 19th Mich. Inft.
Murfreesboro, June 27, 1863

Dear Father:

We leave for the front to-morrow morning. Undoubtedly we shall have hot work as the fighting already is said to be desperate. We leave at five o'clock. Are very busy this evening in getting things in shape and everything ready for a move, and I have but just time to drop you a single line. I send by this mail several papers of importance to you. They pertain to the quartermaster department. Keep them till I send for them or return home. They are my receipts for clothing issued to the 51st Ind. Regt. while in Camp Chase. There may be no difficulty about the matter; but in case there is, these papers then become my vouchers. I trust my papers are all in the right shape.--

The papers sent are: 13 issue Rolls, 3 lists of stores received from Capt. B.P. Wells, 2 lists of stores transferred to Capt. B.P. Wells, and one trans. to Lieut. A.J. Mc Lachlen together with my order to report for duty to the Maj. Canndy the post. The reason of my sending them home is the fear that our baggage may be captured. I have lost everything once in that way and do not intend to again if it can be prevented.

Respects to all my friends in Coldwater.

Your aff. son
D.J. Easton

19th Michigan Inf.
Near Guy's Gap, Tenn.
July 6th 1863

Dear Sister:

I received your letter of June 21th yesterday afternoon while on picket duty, and you may be assured I was glad to hear from home. It's the first letter I have received from home for some time. I think I have not had one since we left Nashville. The reason, I presume is that Rosecrans has made his forward movement and our mail matters have not connected right. A large amount of mail was brought into camp yesterday, but it was mostly old. I have written you several letters since we left Franklin and presume that you have received the most of them before this time.

We are having pretty hard times in camp at present for the reason that we are building railroads around the etc. the entire Regiment is on duty every other day. It comes pretty hard on the boys, but they bear it without complaining. We are all hoping to get away from here in a short time and in all probability we shall leave as soon as we finish the railroad. It was partly destroyed by the Rebels when they were driven out of here by our forces. We are expecting to finish it this week when we shall go to Shelbyville. I am anxious to go and see this place. We were there one night while we were prisoners. It was at this place that the enlisted men of the Regiment were paroled, and I think we suffered as much as much at this place as any in our route. It was cold and stormy and the boys were crowded into a muddy wet court-yard and had to stand there until nearly morning. In the morning, however, we were all right that is so far as we could be and be prisoners. The citizens used us well and done everything for us they could with a rebel guard standing over us. Four or five of us got our dinner at the house of a Union lady and she informed us that nine-tenths of the towns people were Unionists. When we get there I think I shall go and see her. She informed us that she had one brother and her husband in Rosecran's army. I never fully realized until now what the Union people have to suffer in a tract of country situated as this has been. Hundreds of refugees are now returning to their homes from the north which they had to leave when our army retreated through here nearly a year ago.

It has rained every day since we left Franklin and with our little 'dog tents' you must know we have nice times. I do not know that I ever saw it rain harder in my life than it did last night. I got completely wet through; and dark horrors! I guess it was dark. I sent a lot of men out into the woods for perhaps a quarter of a mile and it was upwards of two hours before they retruned. They had lost their way in the cedar thicket, and as they informed me when they returned they had about given up the idea of finding us that night.

I am at present in command of Co. "F" Capt. C.A. Thompson's Co. of Kalamazoo. I have been here for some time. How long I shall remain here I do not know. The Capt. was left sick at Murfreesboro, and the 1st Lieut. is sick in Michigan. I like the Co. very well. It is to my notion the best Company in the Regiment; at least I like the noncommissioned officers (except my own Co.) the best.

Tell Clemmie that I received her little note with yours and for which I am thankful. I think I shall write her in a day or two. I at the same time received one from my orderly he is getting along first rate and the Surgeon thinks he will be fit for duty in thirty days I hope so it is really lonesome here.

Lieut. Wing has gone to Murfreesboro this afternoon with a train.

If Will Tullman is still in Coldwater give him my respects and tell him to answer my letter or there will be a sever fight.

Give my respects to all the folks, and ask Imogene and mother and father why they don't write me.

Respects to all friends in the city and country. Tell Uncle Damon that I say that if he can't write me he will wish he had if I ever get home.

Your aff. Bro.

David

I came near forgetting to tell you that I had one of my Corporals killed yesterday while fooling with another soldier. They were "going through the manual" and both brought their pieces to their shoulders and fired, both at the same time. One of the guns happened to be loaded; the ball entered the left side of the head tearing out his brain and passing through entered the arm of the man who owned the house where they were doing guard duty inflicting a severe injury.-- It matters but little, however, as the man was an old Rebel. If it had killed him and only wounded the Corporal it would have been a real blessing.

David Your Borther

19th Michigan Infantry
Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.

19th Michigan Infantry
In Camp at Murfreesboro
August 23, 1863

Dear Sister:

I have really forgotten whether I wrote you last night or not, but I think I did. Well, I am still here, and able to eat my regular meals. The Mosquitoes are bothering me pretty bad to-night, and I hardly have time to finish a word before I have to stop and take one of the fellows a "dig in the ribs," I assure you southern mosquitoes are not a diminutive set of animals. I have seen a mule knocked down by the force of one. When they strike either man or beast he may as well make up his mind to fall first as last. He is sure to tumble. I always fail to thank a kind Providence that it grows so cold before morning that they have to "beat a retreat;" but still that doesn't help me very much now, as we are obliged to get up every morning at three o'clock and stand in line until after daylight. Old Forest is reported to be within a few miles of here, which is the reason of our being obliged to get up so early,--although we always get up at five. I apprehend that he will not find us napping if he does choose to call on us and pay his respects. We shall be here on hand to receive him.

I have just returned from town with Lieut. Wing. Went up to get some ice-cream. That is not bad this warm weather; it is about the only thing palatable in this part of the country for me now. I have got another one of my damity spells and am ^{enjoying} ~~enjoying~~ it to the best of my ability.

The heat down here is always in the superlative degree. Whew! How my blood boils when I think of it. It has been several days since we have had rain and the earth is beginning to become parched and dry.

We have all the peaches now that we can use--only \$.75 per bushel all kinds of provisions are now down to something like a decent price. A price has been established by the Commandent of the post for all kinds of produce. This makes it a great deal better for the soldier and citizens who have to purchase these things.

Capt. Baker is still at Nashville sick. Received a letter from him to-day he is quite low. It will be sometime before he will be able to again be with the Regiment.

I have nothing in the shape of knowledge to report or news to give. If we all don't die of disease before we get out of here I will be thankful. A Capt. of Co. "H" was buried to-day and presume a Serg't of Co "A" will be dead before morning.

I haven't heard a word from Coblentz since he left the Regiment. Don't see why he don't write and let me know how he is getting along.

Respects to all friends and love to family.

Your Aff. Bro.
D.J. Easton

Col. Parkhurst, of the 9th Mich. was wounded in this town a few days ago and has gone north I believe.

19th Michigan Infantry
In Camp at Marfreesboro
September 1, 1863

Dear Sister:

It has been several days since I received a letter from home, and in fact I have not written myself for three or four days. I have been quite sick for the past two weeks but am now feeling a trifle better. I manage to keep around, however, and "do duty." I feel some better this evening and trust that I shall have fully recovered my health before this reaches you. We are still at Marfreesboro, as the heading of my letter indicates, and "judging from appearances"--which you know are often deceiving, and especially in military matters,--I should say we would stay here a long time. We are fixing up camp and it is being gotten in the most perfect order. My boys are hard at work now, and I think they will have their tents arranged in style by to-morrow noon. I think I will send you in a few days a specimen of our "houses." No doubt you will think they are grand things, as indeed, they are. In case you should fall in love with it, I do not object to you putting it up in the "back yard" and admiring it. To appreciate it sleep in it on some cold, and rainy night with a blanket just large enough to cover you about half up.

We have just been having a "spell of weather" down in this part of the world. It has been as cold as the icy lands of the frigid zones, and we have been seriously troubled to keep warm. We always have cold nights here but cold days are something that I am not much used to, and it doesn't agree with me.

I have been very busy writing for a few days. Nothing but reports all the time. Mustered for pay yesterday and of course a large number of muster rolls to make out--four of them at least.

Capt. Baker is still in Nashville sick. I received a letter from him a few days ago. He is getting better and I think will soon be able to rejoin the Regt. Also one from Sert Maj. Tollman of the 2nd Mich. Cavalry. Sends his regards to you.

Our Regiment goes on picket to-morrow I shall probably go with it if I am able to walk and I doubt not but that I shall be. We go on duty every four days.

The Colonel left the Regiment a few days ago for Coldwater and I presume he is there before this time. Sickness in his family was the reason assigned for going. I suppose Coblenz is in Sturgis having a good time. I don't apprehend that any of those men who went home recruiting will very largely increase the numbers of the 19th Michigan. Where is Sgt. Shoecraft now? Is he in town? And what is he doing?

No news. All is quiet around Marfreesboro! And I expect that peace and good order will reign as long as our Regt. is here. We have now but one of the old Capt. --those who came out with the Regt.--with us now. The rest are all "absent sick."

Enclosed I send you Sergt. H.S. Miles photograph. Have the kindness to place it in the album. Photographs are cheap down in this region as is also everything else. Photographs are worth only five dollars pr. dozen. Milk is also very cheap. We pay only from 25 to 35 cents per quart, and everything equally low.

Tell Uncle Damon that as soon as I get a little better I will answer that last letter of his. I wrote Cousin Cynthia a day or two ago in answer to a letter I received from her. She spoke of the draft and about the men around there paying, their three hundred dollars in preference to going to war. I shouldn't wonder if I made a few thrusts that would tell at home I at least didn't favor the plan of paying their paltry \$300. I suppose Aunt Laura will be out there in a short time. I hope she will enjoy her visit in the "Wolverine State," a State I am proud to call mine, and one that will never disgrace herself, by raising those accursed notes, that interfere with any plans of the National Government. Respects to all friends. Love to the family and girls!!

Your Aff Bro.

David

I will send by to-morrow's mail a Company Record. I got it up in a hurry; but think it is "C.K."

Also send one to Uncle Damon.

In Regimental Hospital of
19th Mich. Infty
September 17, 1863

Dear Sister:

For the first time since I have been in the army am I obliged to date my letters at a hospital. I have been here since Tuesday last, and have been having a pretty severe fit of sickness. I am however improving and shall soon be all right again. I shall return, in all probability to my Company in a few days. I have been a long time "coming down" as they say. In fact I have been sick for five or six week. Tuesday last the Surgeon concluded to have me removed to his own room where I am now, from my own tent where I had been until that time. I have been fasting for a few days. I ate a light supper last Saturday night--a week ago--and that was the last thing that passed through my lips until the next Friday morning about ten o'clock--medicine--of course excepted. My appetite is returning now and I trust I shall soon be able to eat my "usual allowance." It is a mighty big thing to be sick in the army! but I can't appreciate it. I have no desire for a further acquaintance with Mr. Sickness. Have seen enough of him. Don't like him. Is not a good companion, and besides, as the school girls say: "I don't like him anyway! so there now!

The Regiment is still here at Murfreesboro, and may stay for a long time. I think however that depends upon our success down beyond Chattanooga. It has a great deal of hard work to do now. I presume the Regiment never had more to do than at present. Officers as well as men are on picket duty every other day, and have to work hard the next about camp cleaning up etc. How long this state of things will last I do not know; but I sincerely hope not much longer.

The house that I am now in, was, while Rascoian's army was here, the headquarters of Gen. McCook! It is owned by a Surgeon in the Rebel army. The house is furnished about as nice as any that I have seen here in the South. I would like to own it and have it in the city of Coldwater. It would be worth something there.

The weather here has been very pleasant for the past few days; but warm and dusty. While I am writing, however, a slight shower has sprung up and "laid low" the dust. I wish it would rain for about an hour as I have seen it rain since I have been here in the South.

I suppose of course you are having a good time with the ague at home. How does Flora like it? I would like to be there for about an hour to hear your teeth chatter. Do you attend school now? And what do you study? How do you like the school etc.

You wrote that Lieut. Holloway and Billingsly were at home; if you see either of them give them my respects and tell them that the 19th is equal to the 17th in every respect.

I have nothing in the way of news. Everything is quiet in the Department.

Capt. Baker I presume has called on you before this time. He went home some time ago on a "leave of absence." When he returns I wish you would send my work on phonography if it is not lost. I can't get one here!--unless you or some of the family are studying it. I would advise you to as you have time. It is a branch of education that comes handy very often. I do not think of anything else I want. Tell Father I will send him in a few days--as soon as the paymaster comes around, \$300.00.

Well I hope this letter will find you all well and in the enjoyment of that peace which the citizens of this section of the country know not of..

Respects to all friends. Love to the family. I will write you again in a day or two.

We had one man die in the hospital this morning. He belongs to Company "P".

I have received the kindest of treatment at the hands of Surgeon Bennett since I have been sick, and have to thank him for my present comfortable quarters.

Tell Uncle Damon that I received his letter but yesterday, and I will answer in a day or two. The Col. has got back, bringing Mrs. Champion (wife of our butler with him.)

Your affectionate Bro.

David

19th Michigan Infantry
In Camp at Purfreesboro
Sept. 21, 1863

My Dear Sister:

Although I have mailed you one letter to-day, and one I think the day before; yet I propose again writing to-night, not because I have anything special to communicate, or any "good advice" to give; but for the simple reason that "I want to," and because I have nothing special to do this evening. And another reason is I wish to keep you busy reading my letters so that you will not forget me. In my letter of day before yesterday I promised to send you that "Summer Friends" arrangement, but entirely forgot it until after I had sealed and directed the letter. I will send it with this, if I do not forget it, and I hardly think I shall, as I have the "instrument" before me. By the way what will you give me to write you a few essays on "Summer friends". I think that a very good subject for a soldier to write upon, The Friends the soldier makes here in the South are very like those you describe in your essay. Like the frost of the morning they soon pass away. I received your letter of the 17th (presume it was) this afternoon, and notwithstanding it was not of much importance; yet I was glad to get it for I was quite anxious to hear from home. I was glad to learn that Aunt Laura had at last arrived in Coldwater. How does she like it. Now I want you to be very particular in writing me all about it. One-half, three-quarters or even nine-tenths of the news in this one particular will not do. I must have the whole. I think there is a book somewhere in existence that contains a story something to this effect: (I think that book is either the bible or Webster's Dictionary--It has been so long since I have seen a book that I think I would hardly know the difference). "Once upon a time" (all stories commence in this way) a certain man called Annanias (or some other jaw-breaking name) pretended to give up all his property, consisting of lands, cattle etc. and when asked if he had retained anything, he answered "Nay!" Now in those days wicked men were punished for their sins, (what a difference between those times and ours, when treason and traitors stalk through the land unpunished) and a divine Providence immediately converted him into a "pillar of salt" (I wish some of my secesh friends down here without salt had a chance to hew a slice off this pillar) for the use of the inhabitants hereabouts. I don't know but what I have got the story a little "mixed". Perhaps after all he was the fellow that was turned into an ox and ate the grasses of the fields; and no doubt he too "ploughed out corn" and done all such kind of work with a "nigger" on his back and a rope around his horns,--as these Southerners work their's and they take their styles and fashions from the ancients. Which of the two forms he assumed I have really forgotten. If you have any desire to know I would advise you to consult "Dr Adam Clark's Comment on Spiritualism", an interesting work published some years since. Well, now this little story contains a moral and here it is: MORAL:--When you are asked to tell a story never withhold a part; but tell the whole story!!!

Well I am not feeling very well and I think I have a right to be a little abusive to-night. You will have to excuse me for if you don't I shall be under the necessity of writing all the time home.

Enclosed I send you the photo. of our Surgeon--the gentleman who attended me during my sickness. Have the kindness to place him "among

the officers" and speaking of photos reminds me that I have never received yours yet. I believe you promised it to me "a long time ago" Send me any of my old acquaintances photographs. I would like to see how white people look once more. It has been a long time since I have seen any.

Well when I set down here I didn't intend to write more than about one page; but I have such a notion of "stringing out" as we printers used to say about lengthy communications, that I cant help it.

Give my love to Aunt Laura and tell her that I would like to see her very much but "my boss" want let me leave.

Love to all the family. I expect to fall in love with that Miss whats her name the first opportunity that presents itself.

But I must close my letter and go to bed as we expect an attack in the morning. Have to get up at three o'clock and stand in "line of battle" until daylight.

Well Good Night and Pleasant Dreams.

Your aff Bro.

W.J. Easton

SUMMER FRIENDS

Changing as life may be of all things, changing as summer friends the most passing for the hour of prosperity. Summer friends cling around the objects of their apparent affection but when dark clouds gather around the pathway of the once honored ones they leave them to their own sad reflection. Behold the man of affluence who has had wealth at his command, and everything around him to make him happy, who has been perhaps one of the most influential, the most fashionable and has been looked upon with envy and admiration-- by this class of admirers. He feels honored by the attentions of such ones. They will speak of him with a great deal of regard and extol his virtues highly always taking care to mention how genteel and fashionable he is and in what style he lives. But take from him his riches, let him return to his home after hours spent in restless anxiety when the truth has finally come to him with overwhelming power that he is penniless then let him look around for his friends. Where are they. Where are all those who have so recently crowded around him with professed attachment. They are gone, all the professions of respect are banished from their thoughts; all the advantage they have gained from his feigned friendship are alike effaced from their minds. They forget that such a person has ever lived and would not have it known that they associated with one in such humble circumstances, and this from man once at the head of prosperity. Popular favor turns to receive sympathy at the hands of those who have so freely lavished their attentions, he finds not one ready to extend the hand of friendship to the disponding one. It is these he feels how worthless is such changing fleeting friendship. A poet has well said:

"Let your summer friends go by
Like the summer weather
For these are friends, that will not fly
When the storms do gather"

Emma

They have left you in their sorrow
To brave life's storms alone
With no thought for your to-morrow
Your seeming friends have flown

Like leaves the wild winds scatter
When summer days are o'er
So they who only flatter
Will seek your side no more

The joys you've shared together
Have faded from their view
The sorrows of--love forever--
These are forgotten too

The golden chain is broken
That--linked your heart of yore
The words of love then spoken
Will cheer your path no more

They have left--you in your sorrow
To brave the world alone
With no care for to-morrow
Your seeming friends have flown

Emma P. Weston

19th Michigan Infantry
In Camp at Murfreesboro
Sept. 23, 1863

My Dear Sister:

I think of busying myself for the next fifteen or twenty minutes in scribbling a few lines to you and the other dear members of our family, and although I do not much expect to give you news, or entertain you very highly; yet I do expect to keep up this "style of warfare;" by writing at least once per day,--until I hear a little oftener from home. On an average I receive about one letter each week and if you think I am going to put up with any such arrangement as this you are "mighty mistaken" I tell you I want stand it any longer. "I'll fight first!"-- You need not think that because I am "away down South" in the army, I am going to be served in this way: it want do. I do not intend to threaten corporal punishment as I some times have to do her in the army; but I shall do one of two things: either write oftener or quit writing altogether. I have not as yet, fully decided which I shall do. The future must decide for me as I cannot now decide for myself in a matter of so grave a character.

Well, I am still in the land of the living, and, to particularize, "in and around Murfreesboro where I do not know but I shall stay during my natural life, or at least "for three years or during the war," Well, I do not know that there is a better place in Tennessee; but of one thing I am satisfied: there is not a worse one this side of the hot place the preachers tell us much about. Shades of the darkened realm!! There is no place on the American Continent, that I have seen that I so detest and despise. Under any other circumstances, to be banished to the burning shores of Africa would be bliss, compared to a "stay" in this region of darkness and degradation.

Hello! There is a call for inspection and I must stop writing and get ready, I will finish after inspection.

Inspection of Arms, Knapsaks and Quarters etc. being over; also the inspecting of an "excellent" supper consisting of beef soup, bread and tea, (without milk) and bread, beef soup and tea, and tea beef soup and bread. I return to my desk for the purpose of finishing my letter as "a bove stated," hoping that you may find its contents highly interesting and instructive.-- Had a very good time out on inspection this afternoon: dust and dirt not more than three or four inches deep where the line was formed; but still the best in this section of country

I have been feeling pretty well this afternoon, and if I keep on improving as fast as I have done for the last eight or ten hours I shall call myself well, in a day or two. It wouldn't do for me to be sick for any great length of time. I expect this world would stop turning on its "hinges" if I should take a notion to leave it "some very fine day!" But I haven't any idea of doing anything of this kind yet I can assure you.

I am on duty to-morrow here in camp as "Officer of the Day". It is the first duty I have done, other than light company duty, such as writing, making reports, etc. since the 9th instant. I am confident of being all right here after.

Hope these few lines will find you well, and enjoying all the blessings of civil life. But I must close, I have written more than I intended to when "I set out in this good work".

Love to Aunt Laura and all my other relatives, friends and the girls. Expect to see you all after we kill all these southern traitors and get them out of the way. I intend to call on a Tennessee lady to-morrow evening; but I can't now as I am on duty.

Good Night
Your aff. Bro. David

2nd Headquarters Co. "A" 19th Mich. Infty
On the field near McMinville
Nov. 2, 1863

My Dear Sister:

Col. Gilbert to-day informed me that you had not heard from me for a long time, and asked me why in the world I didn't write. Now I thought that a very strange question to ask of me. I have written at least as often as twice or three times per week for a long time and some times often. If the letters do not reach you the fault is with the mail and not mine. I have written you twice since we arrived at this place; but have not heard from home, I believe. The reason I presume is that our facilities for getting our mail is very limited. We have had only two opportunities of sending letters since we left Murfreesboro, and goodness only knows when I shall have a chance to send this. You see our mail has to go over forty miles by mules, and through almost as dangerous a country as though it were actually in the hands of the Rebels themselves. Rebel "bushwackers" are here in great abundance, and when a party goes through to the line of Rail-roads it has to be a large one. You may rest assured, my dear sister that I will embrace every opportunity of writing to those dear one at home that I love so well that presents itself. Never, I hope, shall I live to see the day when I shall not be glad to write to those who circle around the home fireside.

I was on picket yesterday and had quite an exciting time towards and during the night. The pickets fired into a lot of Rebels two or three times. I took a guard and rushed through the woods but failed to discover the enemy. If he was there he took great care to keep out of our way. Bushwackers are here in great "abundance" but I think Col. Gilbert will soon have them in such a fix that they will not dare to show their ugly and disgusting forms around here. The Rebels around here think he is a pretty hard man to deal with. I arrested a man this morning for sleeping on his post and preferred charges against him. It is the first thing of the kind that I have done since I have been in the service, and I can assure you that it is a very unpleasant duty. He will be tried by a General Court Marshall and perhaps be shot. I hope not, however, I am very sleepy and think I will stop writing and go to bed. Did not get a wink of sleep last night. I will finish in the morning or next evening.

Wednesday Nov. 4th 1863

We have been very busy moving this afternoon. Are now quartered in a good house, only in another part of the town. We were a little provoked when the order came for us to leave our camp. Had everything in first rate-order. Tents all fixed up in good shape. All the boys had windows in their houses and a part of them had even glass doors. And besides this, we had our fort nearly completed and of course we were not well satisfied in leaving, especially as we all supposed there was a new fort to be built. The fact of the business is the boys are not much used to such kind of work and when they found that the labor they had spent in building it was all in vain they were about disheartened and discouraged. Quite a party from the Regiment went out last night on a scout under the command of the Lieut. Col. They succeeded in capturing about twelve or thirteen Rebels, a few arms etc.

and returned to camp about twelve o'clock today. Boys were pretty hungry--they had nothing to eat since their supper the night before-- but well pleased with their "scoat". A report is rife here that a large party of rebels (I cannot call them soldiers) are within a short distance of this place, and that they have sworn to release the men we captured last night or die in the attempt. I expect they will all have the privilege of dying as I know they cannot recapture those Rebs. They are too strongly guarded and we have too strong a force here for them to succeed in anything of this kind.

I expect we shall change our quarters in a day or two. The Capt. and myself will then have one of the pleasantest places in the town. We shall have a whole house to ourselves. I have no news to write. We send a train to Murphesboroto-morrow and I shall have an opportunity of sending this. Have an opportunity of sending letters about once in two or three weeks. Will write every opportunity. Have just received orders to hold myself and company ready to march against the enemy at a moments warning or notice.

Respects to all friends and love to the family. Is Aunt Laura and Uncle Lee in Michigan yet. If they are give them my kind love and tell them I will write them both as soon as I get a little time. Don't forget to give my respect to the girls.

Your aff. Bro

D.J. Easton

Hd. Qrs. Co "E" 19th Mich.
McMinnville, Tenn.
December ;2, 1863

My Dear Sister:

I received two letters from you day before yesterday and one from Emogene. I was at Murfreesboro. Having been detailed by the Colonel to guard the paymaster through from this place. I was glad to hear from home and hope you will adhere to your resolution to write as often as you can make it convenient.

I had a pretty rough time on my trip through to Murfreesboro. It is distant about forty-two miles, and the roads are very bad. It was dark before I got twenty miles, and then to make bad matters worse my horse gave out and as there was no other one along I had to walk the balance of the way--. I got into town about one o'clock, and a more tired fellow never lived. Of course there was no such thing as obtaining lodgings in Murfreesboro at that time of night and I had to stay out in the rain. The next day I had a great deal of business to do and was engaged during the entire day; so you see I didn't enjoy my trip very much. Well I came back all safe and sound, and may now be found in my office, perched upon a high stool and scribbling away at what I term a letter.

Now for the news: Co "C" is stationed in the Court House now with. It came here yesterday. Capt. Lincoln, Lieut. Wing, Capt. Baker and myself all mess together and are having first rate times. I believe that is the only change that will interest you. I have not changed much yet; at least not my name and I think it will be some time before I shall do that; although there are some very pretty young ladies down in this region. One rich old fellow has been teasing me ever since I have been here to marry some southern lady and come here and live. I can't hardly see the point however and told him that I wouldn't live here one year for the whole State.

The Capt. and myself have been talking of having a box sent from home; but have come to the conclusion that we will wait a while longer--until after New Year's as we can tell better where we are going to be stationed.

I would write you a longer letter but have several to write and the mail leaves early in the morning.

Good Night
Your aff. Bro.
David

Enclosed is the photo of Sergt. Labatin of my Camp.

19th Michigan Infantry
McMinnville, Tennessee
December 19th '63

My Dear Sister:

Good afternoon Emma. How do you do? How is the family? And how does Cynthia and Bryon like Michigan? I think I hear you say that they think it a lovely State, and Coldwater one of the most beautiful little towns that they ever saw. I received your letter of the 10th instant yesterday; also one from Cousin Cynthia containing her photograph. I shall write her this evening, unless I "go calling" will write her at least before the mail leaves.

We are having splendid weather here now; almost like our Indian Summer, in the north, and I am enjoying it, too, to the extent of my ability.

Our Regiment was inspected to-day by Capt. Adams,--our Brigade Inspector. Everything was in fine order. In fact I never saw the Regiment when it looked better than it did to-day.

There is no excitement here in town. Everything and everybody have gone into winter-quarters. I manage to get along very well, however; occasionally a young lady secessionist gets pretty mad; but she soon gets over it and all is right again.

I have received those two works you sent me--subject "The New Gospel of Peace". I had read the first one some time ago; but the second book I had not seen before. I have read them both and like them; the author, whoever he may be, is a keen shrewd fellow, and displayed no small amount of taste in writing them. The works are sharp and to the point. His manner of concealing names is very beautiful, and the best of all is, he deals with "copperheads" as he ought.

How long did Thomas Aldridge stay in Michigan? I would like to see him very much. If you write to him ask him to send me his photograph and I will return the compliment.

I don't know but what I shall take a notion to give those fellows that joined that club a good blowing up in the Gazette or some other paper in a few days. I wonder how they would like it. I hardly think the dose will set well on their stomachs if I give it to them.

I presume I shall write you again before the mail leaves and feeling very dull and stupid this afternoon I will bring my letter to a close.

Love to all the family including Cousins Cynthia and Byron.

Your Brother
David

19th Mich. Infty
McMinnville, Tennessee
December 23, 1863

My Dear Sister:

I have just learned that the mail leaves here to-morrow morning for Murfreesboro, and I cannot resist the temptation to write to the loved ones at home--to those who are as dear to me as life itself. I would like to spend Christmas with you--have a good old-fashioned social time--help you eat turkey, chickens, etc, and perhaps attend Church, and listen again to "words of wisdom" as they flow from the mouth of the "man of God". I do not know whether I shall enjoy my "Christmas" or not.-- But I really don't think I shall. I expect to be as "lonesome as lonesome can be." Well as I cannot be ther in person just imagine me at the table, and share in all your joys and sorrows. I expect if I live to see another Christmas I shall be at Home. Then I will make up for all the privations I have been subjected to here in the army. I have been thinking of home so much to-day that I almost believe I am becoming homesick, and yet I know it is very foolish, to say the least. Perhaps another year and a half to stay in the army. How long it seems. How slowly time passes away. Sometimes I am almost discouraged and disheartened because this ponderous "military machine" moves no faster. Yet I do not think I have ever regretted entering the army--certainly not in my sober moods, for I know our cause is holy and just, and that justice must prevail.

Lieut. Wing to-day handed me a letter from you and mother dated some time in November--about the time that Sergt. Bryan intended starting for the Regiment. I was glad to get it and hope you will not fail to write me as often as three or four times per week. They will revive the (some times) drooping spirits of your soldier brother. A soldier prizes above all things those kind regards from home. I believe they make us better men, better soldiers, and better patriots and brothers. They make us better to command and better to obey the commands of those placed over us.

I shall commence writing a history of the Regiment in a few days. Expect to publish it myself when I get home. Expect I shall send you the manuscript to criticize. How would you like the appointment of critic?

I have nothing in the shape of news, and as a fit of the "blues" has settled on me for the past day or two I will subscribe myself.

Your Affectionate Brother
O.J. Easton

General Hospital
McMinnville, Tennessee
Feb'y 14, 1864

My Dear Sister:

Your long letter of January 8th together with Cousin Cynthia's of the 30th I received last night. I need not tell you of the pleasure, the joy, the happiness it gives me to hear from home from those who are so dear to me. I have repeated the same story many times; and yet it is a subject upon which I love to let my memory linger. I love to picture to myself all the joy and pleasures that cluster around the home circle, to laugh when all hearts are light and gay, and weep when sorrow comes to blight the pure joy of true and happy hearts.

I am still enjoying the luxuries of a hospital and know not how much longer I shall stay here. I am gaining, but very slow, and it may be some time before I shall again be able to resume my duties with my Company. I have every thing here that I could wish for, except good health. Our living is the best that I have had since entering the army. Warm biscuits and honey for tea, -only think of it- something, I can assure you that the soldier doesn't often get.

There is quite an excitement among the citizens to-day, occasioned by a report having been put in circulation to the effect that Morgan or Wheeler or some one else is marching on this place with a heavy force. I do not know whether there is any truth in the rumor or not. Indeed I have not even taken the pains to ask any one who would be likely to know anything about it. If they come I expect they will meet with a warm reception from both soldiers and Citizens, although in a far different way and style. One will be a military reception; the other a Rebel sympathizing reception--quite a difference. If we have much of a force to contend with I fear for the result. I do not like the disposition of our forces here at all. We can probably whip a force two or three times our own number as we now are; but I think in our present position we can whip a force that the Rebels would be likely to send against us. Well time alone can solve the problem.

As I am writing this the soft sweet music of the Hospital is gently wafted to my listening ears. Would you know what that music is I will tell you, tis the groans of the sick and wounded. The surgeon is performing an amputation, and he is making more fuss than a little. But aside from this we do have some good singing here. The surgeon with three or four of his nurses get together nearly every evening and--then the music suffers!!

It has been raining nearly all day, and judging from appearances we will now have a long "spell of weather" to make up for the beautiful weather we have been having here this winter.

Well, now about Miss Minnie. I have been having a regular jolification over your suggestion in relation to her. If I hopped to speak of a lady friend down here I do not know to what rule you suppose that I have fallen desperately in love with her. Perhaps it is something new something that has been gotten up since the war. If that is so of course I know nothing about it. No, I like her very well as a friend; nothing more. I do not think I shall honor (?) any southern lady by allowing (?) her to wear my name;--not at all; as one of my boys says; I understand

milady too well. If I should upon serious reflection conclude to get a sister for you down here in Dixie I shall certainly give you due notice.

The low, filthy habit of "dipping" is almost universal here in the South. In this town there are not to exceed ten young ladies that do not "dip", and besides this, a great many of them chew tobacco and smoke. I have become perfectly disgusted with it. A lot of ladies came into my office once when I was on provost duty and commenced "dipping" and spitting--over the floor. I bore it as long as I could and then very politely informed them that they would confer a great favor upon me if they would either go to the door or fireplace to eject their tobacco juice. Well, the upshot of the matter was, that they got up and left the office about as quick as they could, no doubt cursing me and Yankee cruelty. I do not know what I should be tempted to do if one of my sisters should adopt this filthy fashion of Southern Chivalry. I expect, go off and hate myself to death. But I have no fears of that. They are sensible girls, and would scorn a practice so low, so vile, so degrading to themselves and to society.

I heard from Sargt Maj. Tallman today. He is in East Tennessee and well. Do you know the post office address of my old friend, Geo. A. Randall? (He is no relation of The Randall's that live in Coldwater.) He went to California about the time I entered the service and I lost his address.

Write often and long letters. Regards to all friends. Accept half a dozen kisses from

Your affectionate Brother
D.J. Easton

General Hospital
McMinnville, Tenn.
Feb'y 22, 1864

My dear Sister:

No doubt you are anxiously looking for a letter from me, and as I do not like to disappoint any one I will write you one to-night, as I have a chance to send mail to-morrow. I received two letters from you this afternoon, one of the 8th the other of the 13th also one from Cousin Byron and Uncle Damon, another from a young lady in Ohio and another from a young lady in Kentucky; and several from my friends in the army. I have answered them all, except Uncle J's this afternoon and evening--thirteen in all. You may imagine I am about "played out" so far as writing is concerned so I think I will content myself by answering some of your questions. Well, I will turn over the letter and see what is wanted. Question No. 1 is about my going home. Well now, I am really sorry that General Thomas doesn't agree with you; but as he has seen fit to differ I presume I shall stay here for some time yet, in fact I don't know but what I shall take up my residence here during the war (unless sooner killed). The Colonel of a Regiment has nothing to do in the way of granting "leaves of absence" except to approve or disapprove them, although if they are disapproved by him they generally go up all the way in the same fix.

Question No. 2 relates to marriage. Again I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you, even for the purpose of going home. I am not prepared (as the scholars used to say in school when called on to read compositions) to assume the care and responsibilities of a family, I expect to live in "single blessedness" (as the girls say) all my life, and devote it to the service of my dear sisters. Now don't you think that a great deal better than being eternally chained to scolding, fretful wife. Of course you do and so do I, and so does everybody gifted with common sense.

Question No. 3 refers to Minnie. Yes she is a good performer on the piano but she does not sing. With reference to that young officer who is paying particular attention in that quarter I am sorry that I cannot give you his name. You would not probably know him if I should tell you, suffice it to say (as the story tellers say) he has never lived in Cold-water. Now I hope you are satisfied. Are you not?

I think your questions are now all answered, and now I think I shall have to say a word about myself, as I am the most important personage in this Department (at least I think so) I think I am some better now; but am not yet fit for service by any means, and it may be a long time before I shall be. I am quite anxious to get out of the Hospital, for to say the least, it is mighty dull. If I am not fit for duty when the Spring Campaign opens I think I shall resign and go home. I do not propose staying in the service if I am not able to do duty in the field, and I will not lay around a Hospital all summer.

I received a letter from Aunt Laura and Uncle John to-day containing their photographs. Uncle's I think is very natural--at least as he used to look;--but it does not seem to me that Aunt's is natural. I am impatiently waiting for Father and Mother's. I hope they will send them as soon as they get them.

I have no news to write you to-night. Everything is quiet in this section.

Love to all the family including Cousins, B. and C. Write me as often as you conveniently can.

Your aff. Brother

D.J. Easton

19th Michigan Infty
McMinnville, Tenn.
March 20, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I received a couple of letters from you to-day and was very glad to hear from you. We now get our mail here about once in ten days, and you may imagine that our mail is considered a luxury indeed. My health is a great deal better now. I am now on duty with my company and gave them a pretty extensive drill yesterday afternoon. I put the company through a few new movements in the skirmish drill on the public square, and as I had a pretty long line it required some pretty loud talking to give the commands so that they could be heard by the entire line. Of course I had a good many spectators, and several of the officers made the remark that they didn't think I would die with the consumption very soon. Well the fact of the business is, I do intend to live a year or two longer, unless I should accidentally get my head shot off by some stray Rebel bullet.

We had quite an extensive snow storm a day or two ago. It came thick and fast for about a couple of hours and then vanished equally as quick. The weather is now quite warm and pleasant.

Another of our men recruits died a day or two ago making three we have lost out of twenty-eight. I think the balance of them are all right, or will be as soon as they become acclimated. The great trouble with recruits is, they are very apt to die before they get used to the rough fare of the soldier's life.

I received a letter from 2nd Lt. Coblentz to-day. He writes me that he will return to the Regiment soon; also that he would call and see you before returning. I am glad he now holds a commission for he is worthy of it, and I know he is too high-toned to ever disgrace his parachment or the noble State that sent him to the field.

I have no news to write. Everything is quiet in this vicinity at present.

Your letter reminded me that it is "leap year." Really it is the first time I had thought of it. Well I expect the girls of course, will take advantage of it. It is said to be their right and why shouldn't they. I certainly shan't object to it in any case except in that of my own dear sisters, and I know they have sense enough to trouble gentlemen with any such old-fashioned foolish notions. If Miss Ana, or any other miss, chooses to run after certain young men, why should you or I trouble ourselves about them. The fault, if fault it is, is their own, and they alone are responsible for it. This is a matter, of course where each person has an opinion of his own, and if Ms. Horton and Miss Aina are satisfied with the arrangement I know of no reason why those not interested should trouble themselves about it.

I have learned that Uncle Damon was quite sick, although not the particulars of his illness. When you write me let me know about it.

I wish you would ask father to send me about twenty-five dollars, as I am nearly out of money. I could get it here in the Regiment but the officers are some like myself--out. It has been some time since we have seen the Paymaster, and the probability is that it will be some time before he will be around this vicinity again. He is now owing us five months. I think he had better send it by mail, and in about two letters. If he hasn't it handy tell him not to send it.

Col. Baker sends his regards to you all.

Love to the family
Your affectionate Brother
D.J. Easton

I have just learned that the 11th army corps to which our Regiment is attached, is ordered to the army of the Potomac, if that is the case of course I must go.

Co "A" 19th Michigan Inftry
Near Chattanooga, Tennessee
April 30, 1864

My Dear Sister:

Since last I wrote you I have been quite a tramp. We arrived at this place this forenoon, as "fatigued" a set of beings as you have lately seen I'll warrant you. I will not give you a description of our march from Bridgeport to this place, as I could but repeat the words of army correspondents for almost all the papers in the north--suffice it to say that we went through with far different feelings from those we experienced as we were passing through this section of country a year ago as prisoners. I think I will give you a bit of history. I'll tell you of the patriots who have fallen between Bridgeport and Chattanooga. How they have suffered, bled, and died for their country, and have now gone to reap their reward in that better land. The patriots to which I refer are called in the army "Mules". It is estimated that upward of ten thousand mules have died between these two places since Rosecrans made his advance. They are piled up on both sides of the road, thrown into the river half covered up by the wayside, and in all conceivable forms and shapes. Decomposition of course has taken place, and the odor arising from their putrid carcasses is almost too much for flesh and blood to bear. It was really amusing to see some of our new recruits as they were marching along, suddenly grow sick from the effect of the nausea arising from these decaying bodies, and to use a soldier's phrase, throw up their "hard tack." I saw a good many of them do this. Of course old soldiers made a great deal of sport of them.

Our Regiment is out about three and a half miles from Chattanooga and a little to the north and east of Lookout Mountain known as the north-easter slop of Lookout. Have a very good camp at least as good as could reasonably be expected with "shelter tents". How long we shall remain here I do not know; but presume not for any great length of time as everything here looks to me as though a speedy move was contemplated on the Rebels around Dalton. When that fight comes off that must of necessity be the result of an advance you will probably hear of the 19th as having been engaged, as we are now under a fighting Division and Corps commander General Butterfield commands the Division and General Hooker the Corps. You can draw your own inference from these facts.

In case the Regiment stays here for a week or so I shall endeavor to visit some of the haunts of interest in the vicinity. I am quite anxious to visit Lookout Station on the top of Lookout Mountain and hope to be able to do so before we make an advance.

I have been very busy since we got into camp making out muster rolls, reports etc. We have been on the march for some time and every thing must be done on time; and as this is the last day in the afternoon, you must know that I have had my hands full.

I saw Col. Barrett and Van Dunham a day or two ago. Their Regiment is here at Chattanooga now; they came through from Bridgeport with us; were looking well and hearty. I do not see that either of them have changed very much since I saw them in Coldwater four years ago.

In case we move from here I will endeavor to keep you informed of my whereabouts. If I wasn't quite so tired I would write you a long letter.

Enclosed I send you my photograph. Have no objection to your doing ~~to your doing~~ as a certain young lady in Mc Minnville did and that is "kiss it for its mother."

Love to all
Your aff Bro.
D.J. Easton

Nashville, Tenn.

May 1st 64

Miss Emma Easton.

Dear Lady

I arrived here on Friday night but could not find Lieut. he has gone to the Regt. and is on duty they have gone to Bridgeport, Ala. We start this morning for the Regt. but I thought I would drop you a few lines for fear there will be no mail from the Regt. Hurry I am. My regards to your folks.

Respectfully yours

I.I. Coblentz

Co. "K" 19th Michigan Inftry
In rear of the Rebel Army
Near Dalton, Ga.
May 12, 1864

My Dear Sister:

Although I presume you will not receive this for at least three weeks or a month, yet I cannot resist the temptation to send it even as far as Nashville. Since last I wrote you we have been on the march nearly all the time. What we have accomplished remains yet to be seen. As near as I can find out it is the intention of Gen. Sherman to "gobble" the Rebel army. It is very difficult for any of us to find out anything about the position of forces here, but the impression seems to prevail that they are completely surrounded, and the grand finishing strike will be given in a short time.

Since writing the above the Colonel has called the commanders of companies' together and informed them that he had received orders to hold his Regiment in readiness to march during the night or early in the morning. He further told us that it was understood that that to-morrow would probably decide who held the position here, the Rebels or us. Several deserters have come in and report the Rebels in stronger force here than I supposed. They are reported at between eighty and one hundred thousand strong. If that is so, it will probably be as bloody a battle as has been fought.-- Of the result I have no fears. I am certain that we shall be victorious. Right must triumph over wrong. Justice and liberty over injustice, oppression, and tyranny. It may be my fortune to fall in the coming contest. All cannot expect to escape yet if I do, I shall know that I die in a glorious cause,--that I fall in attempting to preserve our glorious Union and in upholding the sacred banner of the free.

I would like to write you a long letter but I have nothing to write on except an old knapsack and nothing to write except a pencil the officers all carry everything that they are allowed on their back. Only think, their houses, their rations, their cooking utensils, their beds, bedding etc. To me it is a little "wearing"--as I have never had to do it before.

If I should survive the battle I will give you a long letter.

Love to all the family and regards to all friends.

Your Aff. Brother
J.J. Gaston

Hd Qrs 2d Brig. 3rd Div 22 AC
Near Dallas, Georgia
May 30, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I am still safe and sound, and as one of our officers was going to Chattanooga to-morrow I take the opportunity of writing you.

We have been under constant fire since the 25th and have lost a good many men. We went into the fight on the 25th and lost sixty men in killed and wounded and one officer killed, and two or three severely wounded. There has as yet been no regular engagement of the entire army, and I do not know that there will be here. The Rebels are strongly posted here and have a large force.

In the fight on the 25th I came very near being killed. A magazine which I picked up at noon saved my life. As the Major says I got a center shot. The ball struck me in the stomach, pass into my coat, the magazine, my shirt to the skin. It knocked me senseless for a while; but I soon got over it and am now ready for another.

On the 26th I was appointed Brigadier Provost Marshal and am now with Col. Coleman. I like the position very well, for several reasons one is, I have a horse to ride, and of course do not carry my own bed and bedding.

Capt. Baker is acting Major of the 19th and Lieut. Coblenz is commanding the company.

As soon as we get anything to write with at Hd Qrs I will write you a long letter.

Love to all
Your aff. Bro. David

Hd Qrs 2nd Brig. 3rd Div. XXAC
Mt Olive Church, Georgia
June 9, 1864

My Dear Sister:

Yesterday at ten o'clock I supposed that at this time to-day we should be fighting the Rebels and pursuing them in their flight. We had received orders to be ready to move at day light this morning, but with the morning came no orders to move, and I think now there is a prospect that we shall stay here during the day. But the fact is military life is so uncertain that it is almost impossible to tell in the morning where night will find you. It is pretty evident I think that the Rebels are in strong force in our immediate front, and the prospect is that we shall have a heavy battle before crossing the Chattahoochie River-- Our pickets and the Rebel pickets have come to an understanding and do not now fire at each other. I have just learned that they have been exchanging papers this morning.

There is nothing here in the shape of news. Everything is comparatively quiet for a campaign of this kind. I presume you get more details of the campaign at home through the newspaper correspondents than I could give you here. I have a very good chance to learn the news and movements in our survivors--nothing more.

At headquarters we are now putting on a considerable style "if not more." Only think, we have succeeded in capturing a Rebel cow, and have milk in our coffee a luxury not often obtained in the army I can assure you.

I am going out to see Lt. Tullman this afternoon also Lt. Holbrook, if I can find him and I would very much like to call on Miss Easton's people of Coldwater; but all things taken into consideration I think I shall have to forego the pleasure it would give me in the latter case. Well, you can just imagine me there, and have a good time. I do not know when I shall be at home but shall make application for a leave of absence as soon as the campaign is ended,--unless killed before which I do not think likely--as I have never been killed yet. Perhaps you think I am some like the old woman who said she "knew she should live another year" and when asked how she knew. She replied that she "had always noticed that when she lived till after Christmas, she lived another year." Well I have lived through two pretty big fights during this campaign, and been under fire almost constantly and have this far come out all right. Once I had a bullet shot through my haversack, and once a bullet shot through my coat, a Continental Monthly Magazine folded so that it was double, through my vest and to my body, but did nothing more than knock the breath out of me.

I saw Serg't Miles yesterday. He is in the Ambulance Corps--is well and sends his regards to all our folks. Lt. Coblenz is back with the company, feeling much better, and has taken command. Capt. Baker is well.

Tell cousin Cynthia I will write her as soon as possible,--perhaps this afternoon--and Byron the same. I received your letter written a long while ago sending me cousin somebody's address, in the army. I will write him.

Regards to all friends in Coldwater and love to the family.

Your affectionate Brother
O.J. Easton

Hd Qrs 2nd Brig. 3d Div XX AC
Mt. Olive Church, Ga.
June 13, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I have been wondering to-day if everything at home looks as dull gloomy and dismal at home as it does "in these regions roundabout here." If it does, I sincerely pity you, and hope from the bottom of my heart you may soon have more cheerful times. Since last I wrote you: we have had naught but one continuous rain storm and as a consequence the roads are almost impassable conditions. It is perfectly useless to think of a movement forward until the weather becomes more settled. I do not know that I ever saw the mud in Michigan half as deep as it is here. About a foot in front of where I am now writing is a large fire, and just a foot beyond it's influence, is naught but one grand forest in a grand sea of mud. The only thing we have to console ourselves is the probable fact that our enemies are in a worse condition than we are. Since we have been here our Brigade has made several captives, and they all report that they are without tents of any kind.

Yesterday I received a letter from you and mother the first late letter I have received since I have been on this campaign. I was very glad to hear from you, and should like to have been at home to have formed the acquaintance of that worthy uncle of mine. But fate has willed it otherwise, and I suppose I shall not have the pleasure of seeing any of them until the close of this campaign, at least--perhaps not then--unless, indeed, some of them should suddenly become patriotic and enlist--which I think there is very little danger of. You must remember me to them however. I hope if uncle if uncle somebody concludes to settle in Coldwater he will like the place as well as I do.

The Rebels are in our immediate front, and prisoners say in force of about sixty-five thousand. We can distinctly see their works from our own position, and from what I know of military positions I should say that it will be a hard one to take, unless we can "flank" them out of it. That seems to be General Sherman's "fort" as Artemus would say, and I should not be surprised if he tried the "flanking process" again. Yesterday just before night I went down beyond the picket line and we could distinctly see a Rebel Battery on a high summit in our immediate front. Occasionally the Rebels open on us with shell and solid shot but they have done no harm. A couple stuck in our works just in front of our quarters. We have now got used to those things, and they rarely make the boys "duck" their heads. I had heard of Napoleon's sleeping during the progress of a great battle, when the cannons were booming, and amidst the rattle of musketry, and when the soldiers were dying and groaning on every side, before I went to war, and I did not see how such a thing were possible. Now I believe the whole to be a truth. I, myself can go to bed and sleep as soundly and sweetly under a furious cannonade as when in camp and all is quiet. In the last

battle, after the fight closed, our boys were completely tired out and lay down among the dead and dying without so much as seriously thinking of it. When they were woke up at midnight to be relieved by other troops it was hard to distinguish between the living and the dead from the position in which they lay. Many a dead man got a rough shaking that night, and on turning him over and pulling off his blanket it was discovered that he had given up his life for his country there. And yet, strangest of all, these things do not create even an unpleasant feeling in any but new recruits. Old soldiers do not mind it at all. Since we have been on this campaign our Regiment has lost in killed and wounded about two hundred men, with our Colonel, and yet I never saw the Regiment as full of life and animation as it is at the present time. We all look upon death as a matter of course, and I presume it has not one half the terrors to the soldier that it has to the citizen who has not seen men slaughtered like sheep as we are. It is our profession.

You have two or three times asked me the reason why I was in Co. "K". I will tell you. It is a rule in military that when a company has neither a Captain or 1st. Lt. present with the company, a first lieutenant from some other company is detached to command the company. That is the reason why I was in "K" Company. I have been in nearly every company in the Regiment for the same reason. My old company is still "E".

My quarters are a little better here than they would be in the Regiment. Four of the staff officers including myself have two two flies-- that is a piece of cloth about seven feet wide by fourteen long. They are in the same shape as shelter tents--only longer and the Brigade commander and his Adjutant General have another consequently we manage very well.

I should like to give you a call this evening, but do not see how I possibly can leave the army. It might ruin it. However as soon as this campaign closes I shall endeavor to get a leave of absence, or resign and go home.

I wish you could hear some of our bands now playing. I think you would enjoy it. Within my hearing I presume there are now at least fifty bands and all playing. They make noise enough I can assure you.. In our Brigade I think we have just as fine silver bands as are in the service anywhere. All the bands of our Division meet this afternoon at Gen. Butterfield's quarters and practice "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia". I presume it is expected to have a grand time next fourth and the General is anxious to have his bands well drilled on those two pieces. Well, I hope I shall have the pleasure of listening to their music in Atlanta at that time

And by the by what are they going to do in Coldwater next fourth-- anything or nothing? Will they get up a celebration that states do "honor to the secession" or as heretofore shall that be "like other days" Well I do not expect to be there to take part in the joys or sorrows of the day, but I sincerely hope you will all have a good time, and that you may be rejoicing over the fall of both Richmond in the East, and Atlanta in the West

Since I commenced this letter the weather has partially cleared up and I shall not be surprised if we had some fine weather. If that proves so this army will soon be on the move, and you may soon expect to hear of another fight. And may God give us success.

Give my kind regards to Uncle Damon's family, Cousin Byron and Cynthia, and in fact all my friends in Coldwater. Tell them all I will write them as soon as I can get an opportunity.

The Rebels have just commenced shelling us again. I do not apprehend they will hurt anyone, however, I will leave this letter open till the cannonading closes, and in case there are any casualties I will give them.

When you write I wish you would send me a few postage stamps, as it is impossible for me to get them down here. In my next letter I will send you a picture of our headquarters.

Love to all the family. Kiss mother and all the rest for me. Also accept one for yourself from:

Your loving Brother

D.J. Easton

June 14, 1864
4 P.M.

The enemy ceased troubling us last night at dark. They opened again on our left this morning, and our batteries replied. Evidently they did not like that kind of play as they soon became quiet. The sun has been shining brightly all day, drying up the ground very fast. A few days more such weather and I apprehend we will be on the move.

Write me every opportunity.

Love to all

D.J. Easton

2d Brig. 3d Div XX AC
Near Marietta, Ga.
June 28, 1864

My Dear Sister:

Everything in this vicinity--seems to be at present in Status quo. A portion of the 4th Corps and ours made a charge on the enemy works yesterday, But were not very successful. The 20th carried the line all night and gained the position they were ordered to carry; but the fourth Corps was repulsed and lost many brave and valuable officers and men. Among the killed in the fourth Corps was Gen. Hanken, a brave and dashing officer who won his "star" at the battle of Chickamauga. Col. Mc Cook and Col. Chambers were also killed. Gen. Stanley's Chief of Artillery. I rode down to the fourth Corps last night and saw Col. Barrett. He came out of the fight all right, Capt. Knappur of Branch was wounded--how severely I do not know. Stanley's loss was about five hundred in killed and wounded.

We are burning down here the hottest weather I have seen for a long Time. It is almost impossible to do anything the air is so hot and oppressive.

Several bullets have passed through our tent this morning; but no one has been hurt--we have been very lucky this far. Nearly all the officer in the 19th are sick or have been killed or wounded. I saw Capt. Baker a few minutes ago. He has been quite unwell for some days and is now nearly sick. I should not be surprised if he had to go to the Hospital for a few days. I think there is nothing the matter with him but a bad cold. Capt. Baker will probably be the Colonel of the Regiment now as he is the ranking Captain. Who the other field officer will be I do not know. There are several aspirants for the position and I understand that some of the officers we have now at home are "figuring" for it. I do not think they will be successful.

Dinner is ready and I must suspend operations of this kind to eat. Our "Bill of Fare" is Hard Tack and Coffee. How do you think you would like to eat dinner with us. Perhaps I will write you again before this goes out.

Your aff Bro
D.J. Easton

Well, dinner is over and if the weather was not so terribly hot, I should write you a long letter but under the circumstances I do not think it possible. I can neither think or have I hardly the power to move a pencil.

Love to all
Your aff. Bro.
D.J. Easton

60

Hd Qrs 2d Brig. 3d Div. XX AC
Near Marietta, Ga.
June 28, 1864

Dear Friend Ed:

Everything in "this region roundabout" is for the present comparatively quiet. The weather is so hot that it seems almost impossible for anything to move. Yesterday, however not withstanding the extreme heat, a change was ordered by a part of the army. The assaulting party was formed about half past eight and in plain view of the Rebel works,-- a part of the 20th a part of the 4th and a part of the 14th made the assault. Our Corps was successful and gained all that was undertaken-- the others were driven back--although they held the line of Rebel rifle hit in front of their works. The loss in our Corps was comparatively light. The other two lost heavier. Among the killed one Brig. Gen. Hanken, Col. Mc Cook, commanding Brigadier, and Col. Chambers. I have heard that one Brigade lost all its field officers--but did not learn where Stanleys simmered down so far as the fourth and fourteenth Corps are concerned, amounts to a miserable failure. I should judge from the appearance of the attack that an attempt was made to break through the Rebel center, but through the mismanagement of some General with more brass than brains, the thing proved a total failure. I do not know who is to blame for this, but certainly someone is and he is probably high in authority.

Received orders--must stop and get to work and form the position of the skirmish line.

Your aff Bro
D.J. Easton

Hd Qrs. 2nd Brig. 3d Div.
Near Marietta, Ga.
July 1, 1864

My Dear Sister:

We are still near Marietta and judging from the looks of things, I should presume that we will stay here for some time to come. We should undoubtedly have been in Atlanta some time ago had not the Rebels objected, and placed an obstacle before us in the shape of any army. We are now comparatively quiet and have been for some time, not much cause to disturb the "even tenor of our ways." Firing on the picket lines still goes forward in its usual way. Occasionally a man is hit, but these things have now become so common that they hardly elicit an expression from anyone not directly connected with him or his officers. We have a very pretty place for our quarters; but the air is not very pure as is always the air around battle fields. Rebels and Union soldiers are buried all around us. From our present position we can distinctly see the Rebels in their camps, and can, with a glass distinguish the trimmings on their uniforms. They seem to take the thing as cool as the state of the weather will permit. As soon as it gets cool enough so that we can march half a mile without melting the troops down I presume we shall make an advance. We have a very strong glass and can distinctly see the top of Kenasaw Mountain. Last Sunday the Rebels were honored with a visit from some of the southern beauties. (I suppose) We could distinctly see the ladies. Evidently they went to the top of the mountain to get a good view of the Yankee army, I hope they were satisfied with their examination. We who were looking through a glass at them certainly were. I think it would have given me more pleasure to look at the fair ones who attend the different churches in Coldwater.

Perhaps you may wonder why I have dropped the pen and substituted in its place the pencil, well I will tell you. Pat (our cook & Col. Gilbert's old servant) told us that supper was ready--of course everything was dropped as quick as it could be, and before supper we received an order to move and pen and ink are now entirely out of the question, at least for the next two hours, and before that time the mail will have gone

We were replaced for the purpose of giving us a chance to clean up. Our Brigade has been under fire ever since we have been here, although not all the time in the first line, but the second line is nearly as bad as the first, so far as receiving the shots of the Rebels are concerned, and I think on the whole we have had as many men hit in the second line as in the first--When not actually engaged. Perhaps they will allow us to stay here for a few days to recruit and clean up, but even now as I write report reaches me of an expedition that has been planned and in which our Corps is expected to play a prominent part. I do not know whether it is to storm the Rebel works in front or make a " flank movement".

Maj. Gen. Butterfield has gone home on a leave of absence and the Division is now commanded by Brig. Gen. Ward. Who wouldn't be a Major General. They have no difficulty in obtaining leaves of absence while we poor line officers can hardly get a leave when all is quiet. The difference is in the rank!

Yesterday I received my commission as Captain, and of course am putting on all the style of that important office. I do not know whether I shall go back to my Company right off or not. I have not made up my mind fully on the subject. My Co. is "G" and of course I think I have the best in the Regiment. It is the late Capt. Bigelow's.

It is so dark that I can not see the lines on this paper and I think I had better close. It is rumored that we will not have a chance to send mail for some time to come. I hope it may only become a rumor. We can receive mail but not send any.

Give my kind regards to all my friends. Love to all the family. Remember me particularly to Miss Nellie.

Good Night
Your aff Bro
D.J. Easton

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Infantry
In sight of Atlanta, Ga.
July 7, 1864

My Dear Sister:

It is not often that I write you two letters the same day, and especially so close together as these two are. I have just finished and sent one; but I forgot to send you a little drawing to show you what in t army is called a "pup tent." Take a good look at the picture and then se what you think of the beauties of the soldiers life on the " tented field The picture is a very good representation of a house for two men. One of them you will observe is asleep in his tent, while his partner is seated the ground, with his tin plate between his legs, engaged in eating his breakfast. Perhaps, to make the picture more perfect the artist had draw a rainstorm; with little drops of water falling on the face of the unconscious sleeper, and small streams running over his legs. These are the kind of tents that we all have now and all that we have had since we commenced the campaign.

As I am writing a furious canonade is going on off to the right. Boys in the front report that our forces are shelling the rebellion. Probably an attempt is being made to cross the river and occupy some position where we can force the Rebels to leave their stronghold and the river. The boys report the bursting of the shells as beautiful beyond description. I have often witnessed a furious canonade in the night, and I can say in all candor, that the "Red glare of shells bursting in ai is the most beautiful sight that ever I witnessed. I would very much lik you to witness a scene of this kind.

In my letter of this afternoon I forgot to tell you that Col. Wm. L. Stoughton of the 11th Michigan had a leg shot off the fourth by a cannon shot from the Rebels. I understand that there is about one chance in fifty that he will live. The Col. once was from Sturgis, and at the time he received his wound was commanding a Brigade. He was one of the very best officers the State has ever sent into the service.

I have not seen Lt. Tullman for sometime. The cavalry to which he belongs is on our left I believe.

Well, as I have nothing of special interest to write you I think I must close my letter inasmuch as I wrote you a long one to-day. I am ver sorry that I cannot invite you to "go a calling;" with me consequently I do not ever expect an introduction to Miss Randall. I think I had better not forgive you for not introducing me when I was at home a year ago. Perhaps it might have been a serious matter if you had. Well I must agai bid you good night "with pleasant dreams". A dozen kisses for all.

I will write mother to-morrow if I have time.

Your affectionate Brother
J. J. Easton

P.S. Oh horrors!! I think I hear you say. I wonder if he really has to have a . For once, yes! My company are fixing up one of the prettiest arbors you ever saw for their captain. Call with your friends to-morrow at ten and see me.

DJE

65

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Inftry
Near Atlanta, Ga.
July 15, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I have just got my new house fixed up and taken possession, and as a matter of course I feel pretty proud. It is a fine Bowery about eight or ten feet wide by about fifteen in length. It is a beautiful "summer retreat." I think if you could see me now as I am sitting "all alone by myself" you would envy me in my gay little house and happiness. My boys fixed it up for me; don't you think they are pretty good fellows? Of course you do, and so do I.

We had a very fine refreshing shower this morning, since which time the weather has been "bearable." We also had quite a shower last night, and as usual I got pretty wet. Just imagine yourself enjoying a good sleep, dreaming of home of friends, and perhaps of being there, and having a good time generally, and then suddenly find yourself awakened by a perfect sheet of water Pouring down into your face, and drenching you completely, and you can then appreciate the beauties of camp life, such as last night. Well, all things taken into consideration I manage to enjoy myself pretty well. We don't often get wet more than two or three times a week.

We have a rumor to-night that we are to march tomorrow morning at four o'clock. If we do we shall probably cross the Chattahoochee River, and up into a fight with the Rebels in a day or two. Of course our Corps will take the advance when it comes to the fighting, (as it always does) A surgeon who has been back in the hospitals reported to-day that he says estimates of killed and wounded in this army during the campaign, and he says that more than half of the entire number belongs to the twentieth corps. I do not know whether this is a correct estimate or not, but I do know that we have been in every fight since the campaign opened. The 11th Michigan has only been in one fight, and then only lost fourteen men. Our Corps is gaining a big reputation for it's fighting qualities here in the army I can assure you.

I received a letter from you to-night also a Coldwater Sentinell. I see by the paper you had a grand time the fourth of July. It would have given me great pleasure to have been there and participated in the exercises, especially about the time the eating came in the play. Next fourth if "this cruel war is over" and I am "present and accounted for" I hope to be able to eat dinner with you. To tell you the truth I do not much fancy the dinners they get up here in Georgia. They evidently do well enough for every-day dinners (Uncle Sam thinks so) but for grand days like the fourth, when luxury and plenty is supposed to be all around, it won't do!

I have nothing particular to write you about to-night. Have written you every night I think for two weeks.

Give my regards to Uncle and Aunt----- (I can't think who) and tell them that it would give me much pleasure to introduce ~~to~~ them to Capt. Easton. Also love to Uncle Damon's folks and ask him why he doesn't write me I have not heard from him for a long time. Kiss little Uffinnie for me. If she is as dear a little thing as her namesake she is indeed a treasure. Now, don't think because I made that assertion that I am "dead in love", and go off into--what do you call them--pes-tinches, catnipation fits or something of the sort. (I expect those words are right).

Well good night. Remember me to your friend Uffin N. and all the rest.

Your affectionate Brother

D.J. Easton

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Infantry
4 Miles from Atlanta, Ga.
July 19th 1864

My Dear Sister:

Since last I wrote you as you will see by my date we have changed our position. On the afternoon of the 17th we received marching orders, but did not get started until six o'clock,--we started off towards the left, the army marched about eight miles to the river, and crossed it on pontoon bridges--then marched about two miles further and went into camp. Yesterday at noon we again got marching orders and formed "line of battle" a short distance from where we lay. We then marched through the woods for about two miles in columns of division by Brigade, but did not come up with the army. We then received the intelligence that the enemy was on the retreat, and took the road and went a short distance further and found "line of battle" in the woods and have been here since. Cannonading is heard off to our right and this morning a few guns were heard in our front.

We have the rumor that Atlanta is ours, and that Sherman now has his headquarters there. Such a thing would not be impossible; but still I do not hardly believe it. If it is not ours it probably will be before the close of the week. I should not be surprised if we got a short rest then; but I do not think the campaign will close. I think it is the intention of the Government to push the Rebels to the last extremity. They must either whip us or themselves be annihilated, and then glorious dreams of a Southern Confederacy forever disappear from this union.

This morning I saw Capt. Townsend, a young man whose acquaintance I found while in Libby Prison, and of whom I presume you have heard me speak. He is connected with our Illinois Regiment although he belongs to Michigan.

July 21, 1864

Dear Sister:

Since writing the above we have had another fight. Yesterday morning we were ordered to march at daylight; but did not get started till about eight o'clock--marched about four miles, three to the right of the army and one to the South--towards Atlanta. We immediately went on to the front line. About three o'clock we received the intelligence that the enemy were marching on us. Of course not to be out done in gallantry we advanced to meet them half way. We had but a short distance to march before we came up with them, and to work we went. The affair lasted about an hour when the enemy were beaten and commenced a precipitate retreat--our boys hot after them. Rebels were driven in fine style. This was the first fair open field fight we have had with them since the campaign opened. The forces employed were about equal, and neither party had the benefit of much woods. We fought in an open field, and at no time were the contending forces more than ten or fifteen rods apart, and often they came together. One very large Rebel attempted to bayonet a little bit of a fellow in Co. "C" but he "reckoned" without his best!--the little fellow shot him dead through the brain.

Note: Penciled at top of first page.

All things considered our loss was comparatively slight. We only lost five or six killed and forty-four wounded. Maj. Baker was wounded quite severely in the hip. Lt. Pullman killed. In my Co. I lost six wounded nine killed.

Note; Three or four words unreadable.

Your aff Bro

D.J. Easton

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Infantry
1½ miles from Atlanta, Ga.
July 24, 1864

My Dear Sister:

You see we are gradually approaching the Rebel City Atlanta. After the Rebels found they could not break our lines, they did the only thing they could do-- retreat. We followed them close. They left on the morning night of the 22nd inst. and we followed them at daylight. About half a mile from our old position we came up to their breast works. They were as strong as any field works I ever saw and could not have been carried without great loss of life if at all. The army is now in position one and a half miles from Atlanta. We never built stronger works and are prepared for the "Rebellion;" let it come in whatever form it chooses. Yesterday afternoon the Rebels attacked Mc Pherson in heavy force, but they were terribly whipped although our victory cost us the life of the gallant Mc. It is not known to us yet how he was killed. This is a loss to our army not easily repaired.

The Rebels have been shelling us ever since we occupied this position but they have done but little damage, only one man in our Regiment has been hit. He belongs to Co. E and was not seriously injured. They do, however, succeed in getting their shells and solid shot in pretty close, several have struck just in front of my Co., and they are continually busting over over and around us.- One solid shot has just now passed about ten feet to the right of my tent and not more than seven feet high, as the bushes through which it passed show. The Rebels are very careless in shooting. They had just as leave hit us as not. I do not know what the program is to be. It may be that an attempt will be made to carry the enemy's works by assault, or we may quietly settle down and "shell them" out. I do not think the campaign will close until the Rebel army is utterly destroyed or broken up.

I presume that Maj. Baker will be at home before long. I think he will have no difficulty in processing a "leave of absence", as his wound is such that he will not be able to do duty in the field again for some time. I wish I could go home with him but such a thing is impossible now, I suppose. If I live till the close of the campaign I shall make an effort to go home for a short time.

Last night the Rebels drove in our skirmishes and we all confidently expected they would make an attempt to break through our lines; but they gave it up after driving on pickets-- in a short time they again returned to their original posts--the Rebels having fallen back to their works. If they do choose to give us a call here they will probably meet with a very warm reception. Our boys are quite anxious for the Rebs to attack us.

The nights here are quite cold, so much so that we always freeze with one blanket over us. I do not recollect to have suffered so much from the cold in Michigan in July and August, as I have down here in Georgia. The days are warmer--the nights much colder.

My health is quite good, much better than I had reason to expect it would be three months ago I think I have been about as much fatigue as any man in the Regiment. Lt. Coblentz is at present with the Regiment although not doing duty. He has tendered his resignation and is waiting for his papers to come around. They will undoubtedly be accepted. He says that he will call and see you when he goes home. He is "messing" with me now.

Two or three days ago I received a couple letters from you dated away back somewhere in the "dark ages". I have not had a late letter from home in some time. I would like very much to see Grandfather, as I see by your letter that he is now at our house. Tell Uncle Damon that if he doesn't write me before long there will be a fuss in the family.

News all dull. I do not have an opportunity of gaining much information of interest. Our Regiment joins the 4th Corp. on the right. The badge of the Corps is an acorn. The Rebels told some of the 4th Corp boys that they were coming "over to crack some of those acorns!". The boys replied that if they did "they would see stars before they got back". The "star" is the badge of our Corp (the XX). The Rebels have a horror of the 20th Corp.

Well I must bid you "ajew", as A Wash says. Love to all the family and kind regards to all my friends. Remember me particularly to Miss. Nellie R. also to Miss Mary Bradley, if she is in Coldwater now. I wonder if she shakes her head as much as she used to when I was acquainted with her.

Kiss father and mother for me, and tell them that they are constantly in my thoughts; and Imogene, Eddie, Flora, I often think of them.

Write me often, as I presume I do not get more than half your letters.

Your Affectionate Bro.
D.J. Easton

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Inft.
Near Atlanta, Ga.
July 27, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I received your letter of the 18th instant last night. I was very much fatigued and tired out with the labors and anxieties of the day, and you do not know how much good it did me to read it. We had been laboring hard all day and a part of the night before our breast works having made another advance nearer the enemies works. While we were at work the Rebels threw a few shells at us, but no one was hurt. Musket balls came whizzing uncomfortably close to our ears, causing the boys to hallo at the Rebs and tell them that they were mighty poor marksmen. We completed our works about four o'clock and at six we received notice that we would be relieved as soon as dark. We moved back about eight o'clock about three quarters of a mile and are now in reserve. Occasionally now a cannon ball comes whistling over us but that is all we have to fear from the Rebellion. I think perhaps we shall remain here two or three days.

I saw one of my old Mc Minnville friends last night--Mr. Price. He informed me that he will probably visit Coldwater the coming fall and he will give you a call. If he should preach while he stays there you must be sure and go and hear him.

I have got my table fixed up and think I will now finish my letter.

I think it would amuse you if you could see us when we were building it. It is a table made of small poles, with a blanket thrown over them to "take off the rough edges". It is very convenient however for a soldier.

"Well," my cook says, that "dinner is ready", and I suppose I shall have to stop writing and eat. I would invite you to eat dinner with me; but unfortunately I have only one plate. We shall have for dinner "Hard tack"; beef soup, boiled beef, peaches, and tea. Don't you think that is living pretty well for us?

Dinner over, and as the fellow said, "I am too full for utterance", so it is with me. I have eaten such a hearty dinner that I do not much feel like writing.

We have just received a congratulatory order from Gen. Thomas, congratulating us on our victory over the Rebels on the 20th. I presume you will see it in the papers before you receive this.

Perhaps I will write you again before the mail closes. I don't feel much like writing at present I can assure you.

Regards to all my friends. Particularly remember me to Miss R. I have seen her name so often in your letters that I began to think I am pretty well acquainted with her.

Love to all the family
Your Aff Brother
J.J. Gaston

Co "G" 19th Michigan Infantry
1½ miles from Atlanta, G.
August 21, 1864

My Dear Sister:

I have not written you, or in fact, any of our folks for several days, for the reason that our communication has been cut off by the Rebel cavalry making a pain in our rear and tearing up the railroad. It is now in running order again, however, and I take this, my earliest opportunity of writing.

Since last I wrote you our Corp has remained in status quo. I do not think we shall make another move to the front till we either go for the purpose of carrying the Rebel fortification, or perhaps to give them a big scare. Our line of works is now only about twenty-five rods from them and the nature of the ground is such that it is impossible to get any closer without giving them a decided advantage. We have built works within ten rods of them but the ground was as good for one side as the other.

Everything around us now looks gloomy and dreary enough. A slow drizzling rain storm has been "raining all the morning. It makes us all look as blue as an indigo bag," and I presume none of us are in the best of humors. I for one must confess that I am dueced cross entirely "out of sorts," and it is barely safe for one of my boys to speak to me. If I should have the good fortune to get home and you should catch me in one of these moods, I would advise you, if you have any regard for you personal safety, do not speak to me. I tell you it is dangerous. I believe I never wore "round-a-bouts" when at home. I do now. I think you would nearly kill yourself laughing could you see me in one. If I go home this fall I think I must wear one so that you can have a good hearty laugh at my expense.

I received a couple of letters from you last night, and was very glad to get them. We had been without mail for some time, and letters seemed like old friends-especially as they came from home.

I came near forgetting to tell you that I have lately received a new acquisition to my family. It is in the shape of a negro. He was captured by Gen Ginsant on his last raid into Georgia. He is a fine active and intelligent fellow. I do not know but what I shall take him home with me. In fact I do not know now. In fact I do not know how I can get along without some one to black my boots brush my clothes and do a thousand and one other little things that constantly have to be attended to here in the army. My other nigger the one I have had for a long time got scart out the other day when the rebels thru shells into our camp so thick, and ran off. Henry Easton is a great deal whiter than many of the citizens of Coldwater who call themselves white.

Maj. Baker has not yet returned to the Regiment, I presume he is still in Michigan. I have just written him.-

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I have got to stop writing and go to dinner. I do not know but what I shall have something pretty nice. If I know for certain that we should, I would invite you, as it is I will wait till after dinner, and then if everything is pretty nice I will invite you to eat at the second table. How will that suit you?

Well, dinner is over and what do you think I had: for fear you cannot guess I will tell you. To begin with, Tea with milk and sugar boiled beans, dumplings, Hard Bread and--and that was all. That is what I call pretty good for a soldier. I am very sorry I cannot be at home to eat water-mellons with you. I do not know whether there are any down here or not. I have not seen any if there are any. I do not expect I shall get any this summer. We are with too large an army and do not have much of a chance to get "out around"

I would like very much to see Miss Mattie Witten, also her sister Celia But I do not suppose I should know either of them now. I dare say Celia has grown to be quite a young lady. I recollect her as a little girl. She was wearing short dresses the last time I saw her. Well give them my regards, and tell them I shall be happy to accept their invitation to call on them when I return home. Also remember me to Miss Nellie R. and Nellie W. and all the rest.

Love to all the family, and as many kisses for you as you know what to do with.

Your Aff Brother
D.J. Easton

Co. "G" 19th Michigan Inftry.
Turner's Ferry, Tenn.
August 27, 1863

My Dear Sister:

You will see by my heading that we have again changed position. The entire 20th AC is now on the Chattahoochee River doing duty. We moved down here from our old position night before last, and are anticipating comparatively a quiet time. We have not heard a musket shot from the enemy for nearly twenty-four hours until this morning. I was given duty as "Brigade Officer of the day" and about eight o'clock I received notice that the Rebels were in our front and advancing. The Lt. commanding the detail from one of the Regiments reported that he had seen about an hundred of the "grey backs" and I succeeded in getting a glimpse of a few more. They fired a few rounds, shots, at us, and some of them came uncomfortably close to our ears.-- The excitement was kept up till about noon when they opened on us with two pieces of artillery. They made some splendid shots, but did not have the good fortune to hit any of us. After firing a few rounds they 'packed up' and left the Yanks to their fate. Scouts report that they are still hovering around us and we may have a fight with them before the thing ceases yet. Our skurrying line was driven in by the Rebels--but rather the line was thrown back to draw them in, and but few rounds were exchanged with them. We had in the Brigade two men wounded and the Rebels probably lost something more. We killed two of them and they have been brought into camp. How many wounded we do not know.

We are now on the south bank of the Chattahoochee. I do not understand how it is that the 20th Corps has got to the rear. Since the campaign we have always been assigned the posts of danger and honor. I think perhaps they consider this one for the reason that we are new. The balance of the army are making some important move, what it is I hardly know and perhaps it would not be advisable for me to give an opinion as this letter is liable to be captured by the enemy. I hope we shall be allowed to stay here for a month or so in order to recruit up and get our reports and accounts settled up, and ever thing in running order again. Such a campaign as we have had plays the "very Dickens" with officers responsibilities. Our company desks and papers are now all with us and I am going to be very busy for the next week or so you may "reckon" and I do not think I can write you oftener than once a day.

I received to-day a letter from you dated as far back as June 20th, and was very glad to get it, as it contained so much of Easton news. Well, I am very glad to get letters from home of any date I can assure you and if they do happen to be behind the times do not think that I do not read them. Every word is read and re-read, and then read even again.--

I am having a good time with the tooth ache to-night, and I think if the Surgeon was here I should have it extracted. Tooth aches are not a very good thing in this place, and I think this place should be in some good old Rebels head.

I have got me a good nice bowery house fixed up and am enjoying myself as well as the state-of-the-weather and the Rebels will permit. I am now like the Rebels; all I want is to be "let alone."

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I don't want them to disturb my slumbers to-night, by the rattle of their musketry or the booming of their artillery. If my teeth and I get on good terms again I will risk the Rebels.

I heard from Maj. Baker to-night. He is in the hospital at Nashville, doing well and says he will return to the Regiment as soon as the Surgeon will let him. We are all very anxious to see him.

I have not yet made an application for a "leave of absence" but think I shall as soon as the Major gets back and I do not doubt but that it will go through all right.

Regards to all my friends. Remember me to Miss Bain, Miss Nellie W. Love to all the family, also grandpa.

Your Aff Bro

G.J. Easton

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Co. "G" 18th Michigan Infty
Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 29, 1864

My Dear Mother:

Your letter announcing the death of my dear father has just been received. Oh! how I wish I could be with you now to cheer you in your loneliness and sorrow. I have made three applications for "leave of absence" but two of them have been returned disapproved. I have another one in now, that I have not yet heard from. I have but little faith however that it will come through approved. It seems that another campaign is soon to be opened, and for that reason I can hardly believe that it will be approved. I would resign my commission in the army and go home if I thought there was the least chance for it to go through; but I do not. Write to me, dear mother, and tell me how affairs are in the family. I am anxious to assist you and my dear fatherless sisters and brother, not because I consider it my duty but to prove the love I have for you all.- Oh! dear mother, you and the rest of the family are constantly in my thoughts, there is not an hour during my waking hours that I do not think of you, and how much you need me there in this our sore affliction.

I have received but two letters from home for now more than two months and both these from you, and both bearing sad news. It is almost impossible to get anything over the road now, and for more than a month we were cut off from all communication with the outer world and even now it is not much better. It is almost like running the gauntlet to get either to or from Chattanooga. My 2nd Lieutenant was captured yesterday, and our Quartermaster informs me that engines are run off all along the line of the road. Rebel bushwhackers are thick all along the road, and this accounts for my not hearing from home I presume as often as I should hve done under more favorable circumstances.

We have received orders to send all baggage to the rear; and rumor says we are to have a fifty day's campaign. I hardly know whether to believe it or not. Of one thing I am certain, our corps is to leave this city, and I think we shall leave within the coming week. I have no doubt but that we shall have a hard campaign, and perhaps a bloody one. But this cannot be avoided. The Rebels must be driven from their position, at whatever cost of life. I think we shall be relieved by the Army of the Tennessee.

Now, dear mother, write me a long letter and tell me your plans for the future or at least until my term of service expires. Perhaps I shall then insist upon a change. I do not know that I can make Coldwater my home but I shall insist upon being with you, and my dear sisters and brother. If I do not fall in my country's service; I shall spend the ballance of my life with you and the family.

I cannot write you much to-night. I wrote you a long letter yesterday; but do not know that you will receive either of them. Mail is now so uncertain.

I am on duty as "Officer of the Day" in town, and have been very busy all day. I am quite tired. I have not set down since early this morning until I set down to write you this letter. I shall be up all night.

I have just heard that Major Baker has returned to the Regiment I have not seen him. I shall call on him as soon as I finish this letter.

Now, dear mother, write me in regard to all the affairs of the family, I am anxious to know, that I may make calculations accordingly.

Good night, dear mother, and God bless you all.

Your Affectionate Son
D.J. Easton

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Hd Qrs 2 Brig. 3d Div XX A C
Punysbury, S. Carolina or
Punysburg, S. Carolina
January 23, 1865

My Dear Sister:

I shall have an opportunity of sending a letter to the city to-night, and so I will scribble away for a short time. An officer in the Navy is going to the city and has kindly promised to take letters for us. We received our mail to-day; but I am sorry to say that I did not receive a letter from home. I do not understand why you and my dear mother do not write me. I have not heard from home since we started from Atlanta and you must know that I am very anxious to hear from you. I do not know but what another joint calamity has befallen the family, or perhaps that you have left the city of Coldwater and my letters do not reach you.

I wrote mother a day or two ago. We have not moved since the date of my last letter. It seems that we are mud bound. At least it is impossible for us to move on that account. The water here almost covers the entire surface of the ground. It is now, however, gradually going down, and soon I expect we shall be able to see old mother earth again. In the time of the Revolution, the the year 1779-I think it was-General Lincoln was stuck also in the mud and water, as we now are, for a month; and it was the same month. When we occupied this place we captured an old piece of Artillery, that had been here since the war between the United States and Great Britan in 1812. It is an old looking piece I can assure you, and bears the mark of weather and wear. It was posted upon the river bank, probably with the intention of frightening the Yankees should they attempt to come up the river. It does not much resemble the guns we now have in the service. I do not suppose it could possibly be discharged.

I have been very busy to-day. Making our returns for the different Departments at Washington. One more day's writing will close up my business for the last quarter and I can assure you I shall be highly pleased when it is completed.

Captain Ford of the 19th came up to us to-day. He has been back at Nashville with Gen. Thomas. Col. Baker is sick in the hospital at Savannah. I should not be surprised if he resigned and went home. He has not been well since he was wounded at least not as tough and hearty as he was before.

I have not heard from home for so long a time I hardly know, what questions to ask or who to enquire after. I have no news to write. I hope you are all well and enjoying yourselves.

My love to mother and all the rest of the family. Write me often. You do not know how anxious I am to hear from home.

Your Affectionate Brother
D.J. Laston

Hd Qrs. 8th Brigade 3 Div. 20th A.C.
Punysbury, South Carolina
January 25, 1865

My Dear Mother:

Your letter of the 10th instant was received by me yesterday. I was very glad to get it you may be sure. It was the first letter I had received from home since before the army left Atlanta last fall. I see by your letter you have written me several in regard to affairs at home, but I have never received them. It has seemed to me that it was always impossible to hear from home. I trust now, however, that we may receive our letters more regular in as much as they have made a start in the new direction. I understand that an arrangement has been made whereby we are to receive our mail at least once per week. I can assure you that it rejoices the heart of the soldiers to know that this is so.

I have nothing new to write you in regard to our position here. We are in status quo, kept here by the order of King Mud. I have no idea of the time when the order will be revoked, and we again ordered to move; but I think the fine weather we are having now will have a tendency to bring forth the order to move before many days. I dare say we are all anxious to be doing something. We have no particular affection for the low swamp on which we now are camped, and are desirous of leaving it for a more comfortable place. If the weather continues fair I think the roads will be in such a condition that we can march within a week.

All the supplies for the entire Corps are received now at this place. A gun boat patrols the river to keep back all the Rebel Infernal Machines, Gun Boats etc. that they may have up the river towards Augusta. I think that our position, poor as it is here, is preferable to that of any other Brigade in the Corp. The most of the Corp. is at a small place called Hendersonville, some three miles in our rear, and as they all have to draw their supplies from this place, and carry them to their respective commands or forts. I think we have rather the best of the bargain.

I was sorry to hear of Uncle Damon's ill health. I trust that with the return of gental Spring he may recover his health. Is his family in Coldwater? I have not heard from them for a long time. Where is Uncle Calvin and his family now? I think you wrote me a long time ago that he had gone to the far west to settle on some wild land, or some thing of the kind. I have almost forgotten what now; it was so long ago.

We are expecting another mail either to-night or to-morrow and I will not tell you what I think best be done about affairs at home until I receive some of your letters telling me how matters stand. As I before said I have heard nothing from you in regard to our affairs there, and do not know how to write or what to advise. Some of your old letters will probably come in with the next mail, and then perhaps I shall know what to advise. I do not know what there is due on the place, whether there has ever been a payment made, howmuch there is due, or anything about it, consequently I cannot give my opinion.

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HD. Qrs. 2d Brig. 3d Div. 20 AC
Goldsboro, N.C.
April 8, 1865

My Dear Mother:

We have just received orders to be ready to move to-morrow morning at daylight, and also the information that this will be the last opportunity we shall have to send letters home. I presume we shall again cut loose from our base. I have not time to write a long letter as the postmaster is now waiting for me. I would like to have seen you this spring but do not know that it is possible for me to get home.

In your last letter you told me that your law suit comes off some time in May. I hope that I may be able to get home before the trial takes place. I wish I knew just how matters stood with you. Have the kindness to write me in your next letter and give me as full an account as possible. How much money you have on hand etc. I have never received any of the letters you say you have written me in regard to our affairs. I also wish you would tell me who has charge of the suit in question. I hope you will be successful; but even if you are not I do not think there is very much danger of our starving or freezing. I will be at home now in a very short time and trust that I shall be able to make matters all right. I have not time to write much. It is late. Give my love to all the children and believe me, dear mother, I am constantly thinking of you and those under your charge.

I wish you would also ask the lawyer who has charge of our affairs to write me in regard to them..

The soldiers are greatly excited over the news from Richmond and all are confident of an early close of the war. I trust the coming summer may close it. I am well. Col. Baker will probably be at home in a short time. He has promised to go and see you.

I can write no more. Excuse writing, and believe, my dear mother,

I am as ever
Your Aff Son
D.J. Easton

Hd. Qrs. 2d Brig. 3d Div. 20th A.C.
Raleigh, N. Carolina
April 28, 1865

Dear Mother:

It is probable I shall not have an opportunity to write you again for two weeks or perhaps longer. We shall probably start for home on Sunday, and as we go across the country by the way of Petersburg and Richmond, we shall be for some time out loose from communications with those outside the delapidated and God-forsaken confederacy. We carry fifteen days rations with us and orders have been issued prohibiting foragings on the country. We all are confident that peace has been declared but have, as yet no official knowledge of it nor upon what terms is not known. It is generally believed that the prime movers in the rebellion will be dealt with according to the present laws of our country; but that the rank and file of the army will be fully pardoned. Perhaps all the military leaders will be pardoned, but certainly not such men as Jeff Davis and his Rebel congress. If all are pardoned our soldiery will feel as though they had been terribly abused and that one of the grand objects for which they have been fighting and pouring out their blood like water, was not gained and that President Johnson is hardly equal to the emergency. I trust and hope that the leaders of treason will be punished as they deserve.

On the morning of the 24th we received the orders to march immediately, and our high and pleasing thoughts of peace fell with a crash, and we came to the conclusion that peace was not quite so near at hand as we supposed. We moved out south-west of Raleigh for about thirteen miles and went into camp expecting to march again in the morning. But in the morning we received the intelligence that we would remain in camp for the day--and here we stayed until this morning when we received the order to return to Raleigh and take position in our old camp.

I have received your letter of the 16th of the present month, and must say that I am very much surprised that you received no more letters from me. I always write you as many as three per week when we have an opportunity to send mail. I trust that after the first of June I shall have no necessity of writing letters to you. I expect to be home then and we can converse together without the use of pen and paper. The weather here is very warm now and on the march the soldiers will suffer a good deal. The dust will also add to their discomfort, but now that we know that we are going home we feel almost equal to any task and willing to suffer any inconvenience and toil.

I do not know where we shall be mustered out of the service but expect not until we reach our own State--probably at Dowagac, our camp of rendezvous.

Col Baker has gone to the run sick. He left us at Goldsboro. I do not know but what he is at home now. I think I wrote you about his leaving us in a former letter.

I have no news to write. I anxiously looking forward to the time when I can see you and the rest of the family, and I trust within two months I shall be at home to stay.

I will write you again the first opportunity; and let you know more about us. I expect I shall next write you at Petersburg or Richmond.

Give my love to all the family and tell Imogene, Flora and Eddie I shall expect to see them all at the window on the first day of June. If I am not there on that day in person you will certainly hear from me.

I can think of nothing more. Forget your great sorrow, dear mother in thinking of

Your Aff Son
D.J. Easton

The two following paragraphs appeared in an 1895 publication entitled Union City on the St. Joe:

D. J. Easton, who is at present filling his twentieth term as clerk of the common council of Union City, is a gentleman who has the welfare of the city at heart. For a quarter of a century he has been a guiding spirit in the conduct of its affairs, and even at great personal sacrifice has he devoted his time and energy to advancing the material interests of the place. From 1885 to 1887 inclusive, he was president of Union City, and no man has done more than he to keep the wheels of government running smoothly. Mr. Easton was one of the prime movers in the matter of securing a public system of water works in our city, and he also worked hard for the establishment of a public electric lighting plant. As one of our most public spirited citizens he is ever ready to labor in the effort to make Union City the best town in southern Michigan.

The Union City Register

In the development and progress of a town there is no more important factor than the local press, and Union City has been extremely fortunate in this respect. The Union City Register was established in 1869, and ever since that date its weekly editions have been issued, giving not only a record of the local happenings, but reflecting, as well, the moral sentiment of the locality. Hon. David J. Easton, the founder and present publisher, was born in Castile, N. Y., June 5, 1842, and has been a resident of Michigan since 1846, the greater portion of that time having been passed in Branch county. Previous to coming here, Mr. Easton published the Sturgis Journal and the Coldwater Republican. In July, of 1862, Mr. Easton enlisted in Company E, Nineteenth Michigan Infantry, and upon organization he was chosen First Lieutenant. He served until the close of the war and was duly commissioned as Captain and Major, this last title being his when mustered out. Since the war his career as a public official, and also as one who takes a deep interest in public affairs, has been a prominent one. He was a member of the state legislature from Branch county in 1880; has served eight years as postmaster in Union City; has been chosen to fill numerous township offices; and in the city government has done excellent service--appropriate mention of this latter being made elsewhere in this volume. Personally, Major Easton is most affable and courteous, and socially he is deservedly popular. Fraternally he is a Blue Lodge, Council and Chapter Mason, and a member of Corbin Post, G. A. R.

DUPONT, CHARLES, Detroit. Entered service June 20, 1861, as Corp'l Company K, 4th Inf'y. Wounded in service. Discharged on account of wounds July 29, 1862. First Lt. 13th Batt. Dec. 11, 1862. Capt., June 11, 1861. Mustered out July 1, 1865, and honorably discharged.

DUPUY, MICHAEL G., Ann Arbor. First Lt. 4th Inf'y. May 10, 1861. Capt., Aug. 20, 1861. Killed in action at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

DURAND, SAMUEL M., Marshall. Entered service Aug. 20, 1861. Serg't Company B, 6th Inf'y. — Second Lt., July 20, 1861. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DURAND, CHAS. M. — Entered service May 1, 1861, as Pvt. Company B, 1st (4 months) Inf'y. Mustered out Aug. 7, 1861. Reentered service Sept. 12, 1861. Serg't First Lt. 1st Light Art'y. — Second Lt., Aug. 12, 1862. Mustered out Mar. 27, 1863, and honorably discharged.

DURAND, WILLIAM, Lee. Second Lt. 28th Inf'y. Aug. 12, 1861. Resigned July 9, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DUTCHER, GEORGE S., Saugateack. First Lt. 5th Cav., Aug. 14, 1862. Capt., June 14, 1862. Wounded in action at Littleton, Pa., June 30, 1862. Wounded in action at Brandy Station, Va., Oct. 19, 1862. Honorably discharged for disability Nov. 2, 1862.

DWIGHT, JAMES A., Ypsilanti. First Lt. and Q. M. 20th Inf'y. July 26, 1862. Resigned Feb. 2, 1863, and honorably discharged.

DWIGHT, MILTON, Jackson. Entered service Dec. 19, 1862. Serg't Company A, 3th Cav. — First Lt. and Q. M. Nov. 30, 1861. Mustered out July 21, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DYCKMAN, BARNETT, Paw Paw. Second Lt. 3d Cav., Sept. 7, 1861. First Lt., Jan. 14, 1862. Capt., May 25, 1862. Resigned Oct. 26, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DYE, CHARLES H., Niles. Entered service Mar. 9, 1862. Serg't Company F, 12th Inf'y. — Second Lt., Mar. 19, 1861. First Lt., Dec. 31, 1861. Mustered out Feb. 12, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DYE, JOHN W., Jona. Entered service Aug. 9, 1862, as Com. Serg't 3rd Inf'y. First Lt. and Q. M. Mar. 1, 1861. Mustered out June 8, 1865, and honorably discharged.

DYER, MILO E., Palisade. Entered service Dec. 24, 1862. Serg't Company D, 1st S. S. — First Lt., Aug. 12, 1861. Mustered out July 28, 1862, and honorably discharged.

DYERET, RIN S., Detroit. Capt. 1st Company S. S., 16th Inf'y. Sept. 3, 1861. Taken prisoner in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Escaped and rejoined regiment Jan. 28, 1863. Mustered out Feb. 4, 1863, and honorably discharged.

EAGLE, JOSEPH A., Detroit. Capt. 3th Inf'y. June 19, 1861. Resigned Oct. 11, 1861, and honorably discharged.

EAGLESON, THOMAS, Bedford, O. Entered service Mar. 28, 1862. Hospital Steward 8th Inf'y. — Asst. Surg. 1st S. S., July 23, 1861. Mustered out July 28, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EARL, JOHN E., Kalamazoo. Entered service Dec. 10, 1862, as Serg't Company B, 1st Reg't and Arch's. First Lt., Jan. 1, 1861. Taken prisoner in action near Shiloh, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1861. Exchanged. — Honorably discharged May 12, 1865.

EARL, LEWIS W., Jona. Chap. 23rd Inf'y. Mar. 28, 1861. Mustered out June 8, 1865, and honorably discharged.

EARL, JOHN, Harrisville. First Lt. 2d Inf'y. Aug. 1, 1862. Died of disease Oct. 13, 1862.

EARLE, EDWARD S., Grand Rapids. First Lt. and Adjt. 3d Inf'y. May 13, 1861. Capt. and Com. Subs. U. S. Vol's, Sept. 9, 1861. Honorably discharged April 1, 1863.

EAHLE, FRANCIS S., Grand Rapids. First Lt. and Adjt. 4th Inf'y. May 16, 1861. Wounded in action at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862. Resigned Sept. 26, 1862. Maj. and A. A. G. U. S. Vol's, Sept. 10, 1862. Resigned May 18, 1864, and honorably discharged.

EAKHLE, JAMES, Marathon. Entered service Aug. 20, 1861. Serg't Company F, 1st Cav., and honorably discharged. — First Lt., Mar. 7, 1865. Resigned July 10, 1866.

EASMAN, ANTHONY, Bay City. Entered service Feb. 1, 1862. Serg't Company A, 14th Inf'y. — Second Lt., Feb. 16, 1862. Mustered out July 18, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EASTBROOK, ASA, Allegan. Entered service Nov. 28, 1861. Serg't Batt. C, 1st Light Art'y. — Second Lt., Dec. 18, 1861. Mustered out June 21, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EASTMAN, EDWARD E., Kalamazoo. Entered service Feb. 1, 1862. Serg't May 13th Inf'y. — Second Lt., Mar. 19, 1861. First Lt. and Adjt. Apr. 27, 1861. Mustered out May 25, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EASMAN, HENRY, Ann Arbor. Asst. Surg. 1st Cav., Dec. 1, 1861. Mustered out Nov. 7, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EASTMAN, AETHER W., Mount Clemens. First Lt. 8th Cav., Nov. 1, 1862. Wounded in action Oct. 18, 1862. Honorably discharged for disability, Dec. 6, 1862.

EASTON, DAVID J., Sturgis. First Lt. 19th Inf'y. July 28, 1862. Capt., May 2, 1864. Wounded in action June 12, 1861. Maj., June 12, 1864. Mustered out as Capt. June 19, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EATON, JOB C., Monroe. Second Lt. 11th Inf'y. Mar. 1, 1863. Mustered out Sept. 16, 1863, and honorably discharged.

EATON, WILLARD G., Oshtemo. First Lt. 13th Inf'y. Oct. 3, 1861. Capt., Oct. 20, 1862. Maj., May 26, 1862. Col., Feb. 23, 1863. Killed in action at Bentonville, N. C. Mar. 12, 1863.

EATON, OSWELL, Oshtemo. Second Lt. 1st Reg't and Meek's, Jan. 1, 1861. Mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, and honorably discharged.

EATON, ALOYSIO, Detroit. Entered service Aug. 12, 1862, as Serg't Company E, 34th Inf'y. First Lt., June 9, 1861. Taken prisoner near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864. Paroled Mar. —, 1865. Mustered out June 30, 1865, and honorably discharged.

EATON, CHARLES W., Grand Rapids. Entered service Aug. 8, 1862, as Serg't (May 21st 1861. — Second Lt., Jan. 31, 1861. First Lt., to date from Jan. 12, 1862. Capt., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out June 8, 1865, and honorably discharged.

EATON, LEANN N., Albion. Entered service Sept. 20, 1861. Serg't Company M, 2d Cav., and honorably discharged. — First Lt., Oct. 7, 1861. Resigned Mar. 27, 1865.

EBERHARD, JOHN P., Pitts Oak. Entered service Aug. 22, 1861, as Serg't Company K, 7th Inf'y. First Lt., April 15, 1862. Killed in action at Middleburg, Me., Sept. 17, 1862.

EBFULE, THOMAS A., Lowell. Entered service June 8, 1862, as Serg't Company A, 6th Cav. Second Lt., June 10, 1861. Killed in action at Meadow Bridge, Va., May 12, 1861.

EBBY, ERMEN, Canfield. Entered service Sept. 11, 1861. Serg't Company G, 2d Cav., and honorably discharged. — Second Lt., Mar. 1, 1861. Resigned Nov. 12, 1861, and honorably discharged.

EBBY, CHARLES, Tint. Entered service July 6, 1861. Serg't Company A, 8th Inf'y. Second Lt., Jan. 1, 1863. First Lt., April 12, 1863. Mustered out Sept. 29, 1862, and honorably discharged.

EBBY, FRANK E., Flint. Second Lt. 16th Inf'y. Aug. 9, 1861. Wounded in action at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862. First Lt., Nov. 3, 1862. Capt., Aug. 11, 1863. Lt. Col., 20th Inf'y. July 29, 1864. Mustered out Sept. 6, 1865, and honorably discharged.

45

EARLY MARRIAGES OF BRANCH COUNTY, MICHIGAN

both of California Twp. #4310.

DYGERT, THEODORE A., 21, b Scott, Steuben Co., IN, of York, Steuben Co., IN, farmer, m Delorra (Celoma) C. Bennett, 16, b York, Steuben Co., IN, of York, Steuben Co., IN, on 4 Jul 1870, at Kinderhook Twp., by Enos Michael (JP), witnessed by Harvey Dygert of Scott, Steuben Co., IN, and Barbara Michael of Kinderhook Twp. #4485.

EAGLE, FRANCIS A., 25, b Wayne Co., Ohio, of Bronson, patent roofer, m Matilda Bryant (Brow), 29, b Crawford Co., Ohio, of Bronson, on 20 Nov 1874, at Bronson, by M. Morrell (JP), witnessed by William Bryant and Aaron Barnam, both of Bronson. Nee: Brow #5683.

EARL, FRANK L., 20, b Bronson, of Bronson, farmer, m Mina Smith, 22, b Jonesville, MI, of Bronson, on 23 Dec 1874, at Bronson, by Edward A. Gay (Clergy), witnessed by Frank E. Roberts and Edna Smith, both of Bronson. #5667.

EARL, GEORGE T., 27, of Jamestown Twp., Steuben Co., IN, m Laura C. Merry, 22, of Pleasant Twp., Steuben Co., IN, on 5 Oct 1862, at California Twp., by James Paul (JP), witnessed by D.W. Melendy and Elzira Paul. #2492.

EARL, JAMES C., 24, b Monroe Co., NY, of Bronson, farming, m Eunice A. Wood, 17, b Norwalk, Ohio, of Bronson, on 22 Feb 1870, at Bronson, by John R. Bonney (MG), witnessed by W.H. Wieand of Farmington, MI and Ella E. Brown of Gilead Twp. #4327.

EARL, WILLIAM WALLEE, 26, b Huron Co., Ohio, of Bronson, saloon keeper, m Mary E. Milliman, 24, b Bronson, of Bronson, on 25 Dec 1870, at Bronson, by Edward A. Guy (Bapt. Clergyman), witnessed by Geo. W. Guy of Mishawaka, IN and Nancy E. Guy of Mishawaka. #4639.

EASTERLY, OZEM M.(ORIN M.), 28, of Fredonia, Calhoun Co., MI, m Melvina R. Graves, 20, of Newton, Calhoun Co., MI, on 4 Jul 1853, at Coldwater, by James Summerville (Min.), witnessed by W.H. Gleason and Eliza M. Gleason. #1094.

EASTMAN, JEFFERSON W., 25, of Coldwater, m Jane Wood, 19, of Coldwater, on 12 Nov 1865, at Coldwater, by John R. Bonney (MG), witnessed by Allen Andrews and Charle Noyes. #3079.

EASTON, DAVID J., 28, b Castile, NY, of Union City, editor, m E. Della Stowe, 21, b Fairfield, Ohio, of Coldwater, on 17 Nov 1869, at Coldwater, by N. Pierce (Pastor Baptist Ch. Coldwater), witnessed by G.E. Stowe and Bee Wendell, both of Coldwater. #4246.

EATON, EUGENE F., 22, b Ashtabula, Ohio, of Bethel Twp., farming, m Ellen F. Mills, 20, b Cass Co., MI, of Bethel Twp., on 19 Aug 1874, at Bethel Twp., by John R. Bonney (MG), witnessed by Julia A. Mills of Bethel Twp., and M.A. Bonney of Bronson. #5527.

EATON, FRANCIS H., 25, b Rome, Lenawee Co., MI, of Coldwater, farmer, m Rilla Gallap, 19, b Bethel Twp., of Bethel Twp., on 13 Aug 1871, at Bethel Twp., by E.G. Rosecrantz (MG), witnessed by Ettie Gallap of Bethel Twp., and Leroy E. Rockwood of Ovid Twp. #4728.

EATON, JOHN, 20, of Bethel Twp., m Mary Joles, 18, of Bethel Twp., on 25 Dec 1859, at Coldwater, by David B. Dennis (JP), witnessed by William Joles and Silas Wiswell. #2008.

EATON, WILLIAM L., 26, b Lake Co., IL, of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co., MI, clerk, m Imogene R. Easton, 23, of Union City, on 3 Sep 1871, at Union City, by Rev. William Pack (MG Centerville, St. Joseph Co., MI), witnessed by D.J. Easton of Union City and ___ Eaton of Coldwater. #4784.

EAYES, ANDREW J., 26, of Pleasant Twp., IN, m Jane M. (Mariah) Wood, 14, of the same place, on 29 Aug 1842, at Kinderhook Twp., by Oliver D. Colvin (JP), witnessed by Miranda Colvin and Mary Eslow. #253.

EBERHARD, HENRY, 23, b Matteson Twp., of Matteson Twp., farmer, m Sarah Teller, 18, b Ulster Co., NY, of Bronson, on 24 Feb 1870, at Coldwater, by Elias Cooley Jr. (MG), witnessed by H.L. Sarrall of Coldwater and J.H. Perkins of Chicago. #4382.

EBERSOLD, CHARLES, 30, b Bethelton, Ohio, of Kansas City, MO, merchant & mechanic, m Adelia Rood, 22, b Madison Co., NY, of Holmesville, NY, on 7 Mar 1871, at Quincy, by E.M. Ney (MG), witnessed by Marin Spaulding and Mary Chittenden, both of Quincy. #4665.

EBERT, ISAAC, 20, of Jackson Twp., Steuben Co., IN, m Lorena A. Collins, 16, of the same place, on 1 Sep 1861, at Kinderhook Twp., by George Terry (MG), witnessed by P.A. Gorman and S.J. Gorman. #3214.

ECHTINAW, ANDREW, see (KETCHUM, ANDREW). Echinaw probably correct.

ECHTINAW, EPHRIAM, 26, b Mahoning Co., Ohio, of Branch County, farmer, m Mary A. Spencer, 21, b Orleans Co., NY, of Branch County, on 6 Dec 1869, at Ovid Twp., by Levi Wilson (JP), witnessed by David Wilson and George Daniels, both of Ovid Twp. #4070.

ECHTINAW, JOHN, 25, of Ovid Twp., m Esther Maria Morgan, 20, of Ovid Twp., on 5 Feb 1862, at Coldwater, by Hiram Scofield (MG), witnessed by Sibbel Bushnell and Cordelia E. Scofield. #2327.

ECHTINAW, SAMUEL, 21, b Ohio, of Branch County, farmer, m Ida Hunter, 17, b MI, of Branch Co., on 13 Jul 1872, at Ovid Twp., by Levi Wilson (JP), witnessed by Olive Wilson and Melissa Zeluff, both of Branch County. #4990.

ECKERT, ABRAHAM, 23, b PA, of Steuben Co., IN, farmer, m Julia Leland, 18, b IN, of Steuben Co., IN, on 4 Nov 1874, at California Twp., by James Paul (JP), witnessed by Sarah M. Paul and Cynthia Melendy, both of Branch County. #5750.

ECKRIGHT, JOHN, 50, of Orland, IN, m Nancy Morrell (Morrill), 29, of Orland, IN, on 17 Mar 1856, at Bronson, by Ransom Compton (JP), witnessed by Wilson Payne and William Compton. #1449.

EDDY, GEORGE W., 20, of Liberty, IN, m Thirnutis Gill, 17, of Marshall Co., IN, on 23 Jan 1864, at City of Coldwater, by Joseph Jennings (Min.), witnessed by Israel Cogshall and Elvina Jennings. #2797.

EDDY, HENRY C., 26, of Fabins, St. Joseph Co., MI, m Delia A. Parsons, 27, of the same place, on 24 Jan 1867, at Bronson, by Darius Monroe (JP), witnessed by Adna H. Smith and John Haight. #3473.

RIVERSIDE CEMETERY

UNION CITY, MICHIGAN

Dunks, Mary H.	1854	1906		E
Dunks, Maude C.	1884	1961		E
Dunks, Oliver				E
Dunks, William				E
Dunn, Clara A.	1861	1925		3
Dunn, Samuel L.		14FE1859	30y4m22d	7
Dunn, Wm. Edwin (s/S.L. & R.L.)		25SE1854	3y1m19d	7
Dunton, Anna L.	14JL1837	01DE1905		4
Dunton, David	08NO1833	13SE1894		4
Eager, Mary L.	1928			2
Eager, Owen J.	1917			2
Earl, Chester H.	1908	1975		2
Earl, Emma F.	1899	1973		2
Earnfield, Charles S.	1847	1936		9
Earnfield, Mary C.	1856	1925		9
Easton, Alton A.	1870	1876		F
Easton, Clinton M.	1872	1872		R
Easton, Capt. David J. —	1842	1901		CW R
Easton, Della S.	1847	1921		R
Easton, Stephen L.	1825	1905		9
Eberhard, Ann (Mrs. George)	1850	17FE1892		5
Eberhard, D.O.	1890	1982		3
Eberhard, Edith L.	1893			3
Eberhard, Frances	1893	1938		4
Eberhard, George Jr.	08OC1950			5
Eberhard, George F.	1847	1934		GAR 5
Eberhard, Hattie (Mrs. George)	1877			5
Eberhard, Jennie	1867	1947		3
Eberhard, McDonald	1862	1940		3
Eberhard, Ora	1882	1948		4
Eberhard, Rosy May	1876	1881		5
Eberhard, Sarah E.	1860	1915		WRC 5
Eberhard, Vance A. Sr.	02JU1892	04AU1965		WWI 3
Eberhardt, Floyd A. (s/Mr. & Mrs. M.D.)	14DE1885	28DE1885		7
Eckert, Armond B.	1915			2
Eckert, Harriett M.	1917	1986		2
Eckert, Loa B.	1882	1944		3
Eckert, Maude	1884	1959		3
Eddy, Alice C.	1853	1914		R
Eddy, Annis M.	1840	1889		R
Eddy, Catherine	1840	1934		5
Eddy, Cora	1861	1862		5
Eddy, John R.	1835	1914		R
Edens, Eward I.	1895	1974		2
Edens, Mae M.	1878	1961		2
Edens, Marie B.	1897			2
Edmonds, Carrie Watkins	1856	1930		3
Edwards, Donald	1901	1958		4
Edwards, Donald L. Jr.	1958	1982		1
Edwards, Donald L. Sr.	1925			1
Edwards, Ella F.	1869	1948		4
Edwards, Gertrude	1906	1963		4
Edwards, Harry L.	1861	1941		4
Edwards, Homer L.	1895	1968		4

COURIER
Aug 20, 1901

DEATH OF MAJOR D. J. EASTON.

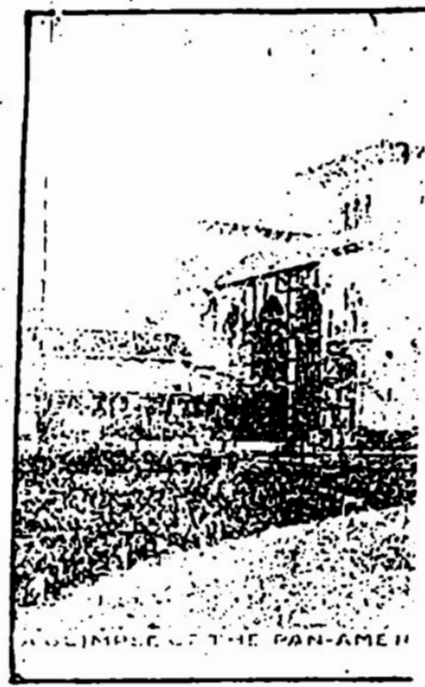
A Brave Soldier and a Veteran Journalist Passes Away.

It is with a feeling of sincere regret that THE COURIER is called upon to chronicle the demise of Major D. J. Easton, thus severing ties that have bound the writer and deceased for nearly half a century.

Major Easton began learning the "art preservative" under the tutelage of W. G. Moore, now of THE COURIER, in the Gazette office back in the fifties, and continued in the employ of the Gazette several years, then went to Sturgis where he leased the Journal in partnership with R. C. Sawdoy. The partnership did not continue long, Mr. Sawdoy retiring and returning to this city.

Soon after the great war between the North and the South broke out, and July 28, 1862, Easton changed his occupation from publisher to soldier, enlisting at Sturgis in the Nineteenth Michigan Infantry that rendezvoused at Dowagiac. He was with that regiment throughout the war and was mustered out as Captain, June 10, 1865. He was successively promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain and then Major, and was wounded in action June 15, 1864, at Golgotha, Ga.

Upon his discharge Maj. Easton returned to Coldwater and Aug. 23, 1866, issued the first number of the Coldwater Republican, which was consolidated with THE COURIER in March, 1897, and is still published under the name of THE COURIER AND REPUBLICAN. In 1867 he sold his interest in the paper and was appointed U. S. Internal Revenue Collector. Upon the expiration of his term of office he went to Union City, where he established the Union City Register Aug. 20, 1869, which he continued to



RURAL DELIVERY BOXES.

Effort to be Made to Secure a Uniform Pattern on all Routes.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23, 1901.

EDITOR COURIER:

Complaints have come from all parts of the country over the rules and regulations which the department has furnished governing boxes to be used on rural free delivery routes.

Ever since the unusually large extensions under the appropriation for the last fiscal year, the department has faced a problem in the rural free delivery boxes. It has been accused of enforcing unusual, rigid and unnecessary rules in relation to the boxes, and the most recent claim made in some of the rural districts is that the boxes authorized by the department are too expensive.

Some of the rural free delivery carriers have complained that the latitude which has been given by the department in permitting the patrons of different routes to select from a number of differ-

C. G. LUCE,
Vice President,
Cashier.

IONAL BANK,
MICH.

\$100,000
100,000

C. G. LUCE,
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not paid on Time
Scales and
Savings Deposits.

ings Bank
Savings.

\$50,000
10,000.

Bank are insured
by Fidelity and
Guaranty, the strongest
company in

Interest Paid on
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Directors:
L. BURDICK,
J. MOORE,
Dr. N. BALDWIN,
N. A. BETHUNDS,
C. T. GILBERT,
Cashier

54



at elegant line of
Wheeled Wagons
 in this section of
 my own make and
 feel to inspect my
 wish, whether you
 stock stock of the
 and other makes
ARNESSES.
 At The Rink.
 Michigan.

**Howard
 & Son.**

Values
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 we never offered
 the patronage
 vicinity as are

of office he went to Union City, where he established the Union City Register Aug. 20, 1859, which he continued to publish up to the time of his death.

During Maj. Easton's residence in Union City he has filled many positions of honor and trust. He was city clerk several terms, and was postmaster under the administrations of Presidents Garfield and Harrison. In 1880 he was elected a member of the state legislature on the Republican ticket, filling the duties of that position one term with credit to himself and the constituents he represented.

For some time past he has been in poor health and unable to do much, but he kept up good spirits, and was always the same genial, kindly "Dave" that he was when first we occupied the same "alley" in the Gazette office years ago.

Maj. Easton was one of the bravest of soldiers, apparently having no knowledge of such a thing as fear; always cool and collected in the thickest of the various fights he engaged in, he was an inspiration to every soldier in his company and regiment, entering a battle as calmly and fearlessly as though he were about to make a social call.

His genial smile, his hearty handshake his quiet, unassuming ways, will be missed in the village that has known him so long. Always courteous as a journalist, upon sufficient provocation he could write exceedingly sarcastic articles, but he seldom engaged in this kind of journalism. A kind husband and father, a most excellent neighbor, a valued citizen, Union City and Branch county could ill afford to spare him. An upright man, he "did right as God gave him to see the right."

Major Easton was married Nov. 17, 1869, to Miss E. Della Stowe, who survives him, together with five children. His funeral will be attended at his home in Union City at 10 o'clock this morning under the auspices of the G. A. R.

G. A. R. Special Train Excursion to

which has been given by the department in permitting the patrols of different routes to select from a number of different styles of boxes has resulted in great inconvenience to them. The carriers say that four or five different styles of locks make it necessary for them to carry a large bunch of keys and to waste time in the selection of the right key to apply to the boxes as they pass along their routes. They have been placed at different elevations by the roads, some open from underneath, some at top and others at the ends or sides. Some of the boxes can be opened by the carrier, from his seat in his vehicle, while with others it is necessary for him to alight.

The problem facing the free delivery division of the department is further complicated by the fact that a large number of newspapers have given boxes to their patrons, as subscription premiums. The rules of the department forbid their use, and this practice is the publication in question in the light of acting in bad faith toward their patrons. An order was issued permitting the use of these premium boxes.

When the claim was made that the boxes which were prescribed for use by the department were too expensive, different designs were selected, ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$1.50, and the permission was given for their use, the reservation being that the boxes on any one route should be of uniform design. Complaint arose over this regulation and finally the department ruled that boxes of any one of the twelve designs approved by the department might be used indiscriminately on all routes.

In spite of the changes and concessions, complaints continue to pour in on the department over the boxes in use. Just in proportion as the rural free delivery routes are extended do these complaints increase in number.

Post office officials now say that the matter will not be finally settled unless there is action by congress. At the next meeting of the assembly that on the 15th will

7.9

Dr. Anderson, of Constantine. Dr. Frankhauser has lived in this place for seven years and has gained an excellent practice as well as hosts of friends, not only by his professional skill but by his social qualities, and both he, and Mrs. Frankhauser will be greatly missed from social circles. The doctor has not yet made public his plans for the future but the best wishes of all will attend him in his new field of labor.

Major D. J. Easton died at his home on Ellen street, Tuesday morning, of heart disease. For weeks his sufferings have been intense and those ministering to him have looked forward to his death as a happy release from pain. Since the war Major Easton has been a central figure in this place, both in politics and all movements looking to the public good he has always been among the first to give valuable assistance. His scarred body gave evidence of the gallant services he rendered his country during the civil war and when his friends at Washington, by special act, procured for him a pension commensurate to those services, his keen sense of honor forbade its acceptance, his reason being that he had only served faithfully as every soldier should and had received payment according to agreement. He is survived by a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters, but the friends who mourn with them in their bereavement consist of the community at large.

to her home in Chicago. After a two weeks visit with relatives here and at Montgomery.

They Work While You Sleep.

While your mind and body rest Carecets Candy Cathartic repair your digestion, your liver, your bowels put them in perfect order. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

Auditing Accounts at Night.

In many a business office there is transacted a business at night of which none of the employees are aware. It is the auditing of books.

Of course in the majority of such cases the partners in the concern have had some reason to suspect some of the office staff of dishonest practices. At times, however, one partner may suspect another, or some reason may arise where the firm desires to ascertain its standing at an unusual time of the year and without its being known to the bookkeepers.

"It is by no means an unusual feature of my work," said a well known public accountant in speaking about the matter recently. "Many a time when a large mercantile house has closed for the night and everybody has gone home my men have entered the office taken the books from the safe and worked over them until daybreak.

"In such cases they never touch a pen or pencil to the books. They merely verify the figures and transcribe the entries on paper. Every care is taken in handling the books and replacing them in the safe to give no grounds for suspicion of what is going on."

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sphragis Pills cure all kidney ills. Get a box free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

M. P. POVERTY PARTY

resulted in a Gain in Money and in Members.

The O. M. P. poverty party, given McLane's hall Friday night, was ended by about forty couples, who waded the floor to the limit of its capacity and enjoyed the occasion to the utmost. The costumes worn were such as would have brought tears of envy to the eyes of a Hoochman or a gloomy Gus, and caused much merriment. The society made about sum over expenses, beside taking a number of applications for membership. The O. M. P. is now planning for one of their popular soles, to be held in about two weeks.

GOING TO OREGON

E. Jordan and Wife Leave for There Soon.

WON FAREWELL SURPRISE

Jordan Received Two Substantial Presents.

For some time past Mr. and Mrs. E. Jordan have been preparing to move to Oregon, having purchased a farm near Baker City, expecting to start on their journey about March 1. Last Saturday evening the employees of the Coombs Milling Co., whom Mr. Jordan is well known to, invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan as a surprise visit to them, and notwithstanding the cold rather outside it did not take the party a great while to "thaw out," and a royally good time resulted.

After refreshments had been served Mr. Jordan was again taken by storm, being presented with a handsome gold watch on behalf of his fellow-

DEATH'S RELEASE

Has Come to Two of Branch County's Sufferers.

A SAD DEATH AT BATAVIA

Stephen Easton Died Yesterday at County Farm.

Mrs. John Furney died yesterday at her home near Batavia Center, at the age of 23 years. Mrs. Furney was taken ill with consumption last August, and grew steadily worse until her sufferings were ended by death. She is survived by her husband and four children, the oldest a boy of seven years, the youngest an infant of only six months. During the past fall and winter Mr. Furney has been unable to work, being obliged to devote his entire time to the care of his wife and children, with the result that they have been compelled to apply to Supt. Bingham for assistance. He furnished a nurse for the invalid and secured the services of Dr. Legg to alleviate her sufferings so far as it was within the power of medical skill.

Stephen Easton died at the county farm yesterday at the age of 70 years. Mr. Easton's life has been an unfortunate one. At the age of seven years he fell and hurt his head, with the result that he has never since been right mentally, and since reaching an advanced age he has suffered two strokes of paralysis, which rendered him helpless from the hips down. His death was due to a stroke of apoplexy, which came at two o'clock yesterday afternoon as he was about to eat his dinner. The remains have been taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. D. P. White, at Union City, where the funeral will be held.

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM

Was Discussed by Former Coldwater Girl in Yesterday's Chicago American.

Yesterday's Chicago American contained a lengthy illustrated article on the servant girl problem from the pen of Alice Kellar, late of this city. Miss Kellar posed as a servant, went out for service, and then wrote a book on the subject. From the illustrations and description of the writer which precede the article, no one would suspect that "Frances A. Kellar" is the same Alice Kellar who was at one time a reporter on the Coldwater Republican. She has risen to fame in the field of literature through her own unaided efforts, and is making her mark in the world.

LINCOLN BANQUET

Supply of Tickets is Almost Entirely Exhausted.

THREE DISTINGUISHED MEN

Will be Present—Committee on Decoration Appointed.

Recognizing the splendid oratorical talent the Lincoln club of Branch county has secured for the coming annual banquet Feb. 14, the people of Kalamazoo have impetuned Congressman Gardner to bring Senator Burkett and Congressman Smith to their city to participate in their Lincoln club banquet, the date of which has been made Feb. 13, to enable such an arrangement to be made, and thereby the Lincoln club here has been paid a very handsome compliment. The matter has been fully arranged, hence these three distinguished gentlemen will come direct



Coldwater National

OLDEST BANK IN SOUTH MICHIGAN

CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$100,000

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G. J. HARRIS

Everything the Latest in Caskets

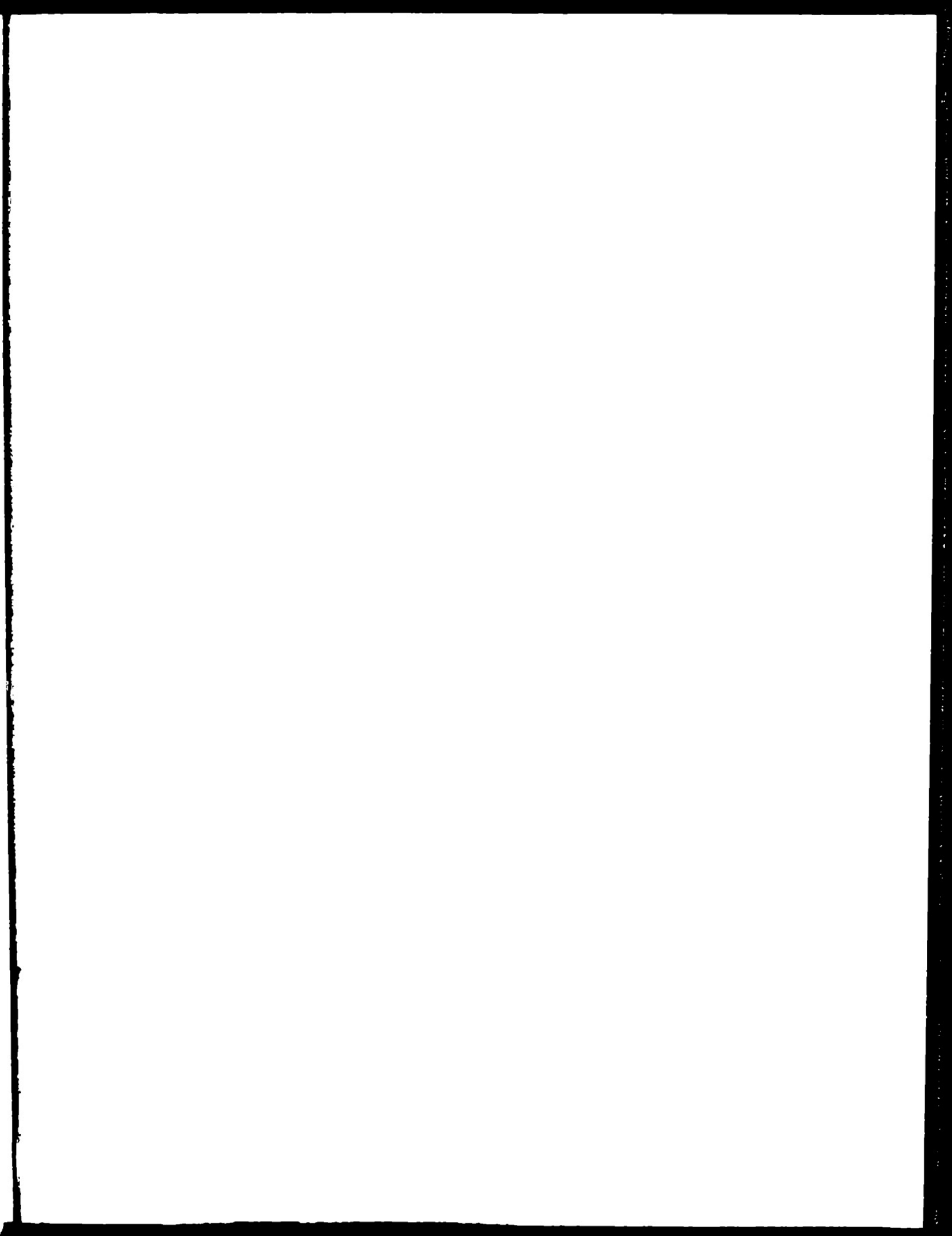
BUSINESS PHONE

D. B. SPIGGS COAL

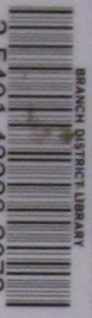
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