Correspondence
Sept.-Dec. 1863
Detroit, Sept. 18th 1868

Dear Parents,

It is from a feeling of duty that I now seat myself in my little room. To pen a few lines, and let you know how I am getting along. I am well and have been since I left home. I have just returned from Sunday School, where I enjoyed myself very much, and it is all that I can do to sit still long enough to write. Parents, I am going round from one school to another, to see where I like best, but I know that you will begin to feel worried about me if you do not hear from me before long.
The fire bells are ringing and they told one, which means that the fire is in the first ward that is the same one that I am in, here the steam fire-engine rolling by. I will go to the door and see how near the fire is. The fire is out and I will resume my writing. It was but a few roots from me but three steam fire engines will put up a fire in a hurry. There has been a fire nearly every day since I came here but none to do any great damage. It guess that it has taken up too much telling about our fires. It will now tell upon a little about how I am situated, the man I am at work for, my prospects for the future and so forth.
Mr. J. J. Griffeths is a single man of twenty-six years of age, very much such a laboring man as Mr. B. E. Hardy I guess you know him Father. He sleeps with me in the store and is becoming very much attached to me as a friend. I have heard a number say that he likes me very much. He has three clerks in his employ besides me one the head clerk tall and another the third French and the fourth German. I rank as second although one of the others was here about two weeks before I came. I have a nice little room in the back part of the store well furnished. The first clerk Mr. Griffeths bought since I came here second handed for me, he is only going to
Sleep with me a week or two longer, that is until I get
for sufficient advanced to be able to put up the prescrip-
tions that come him in the
night open by the care
(that I will enlose) that some
one else to sleep in the stee
to put up prescriptions in
the night. Mr. Griffit told
me privetly that if there was
anything more that I
wanted in the room any
time to say so and I could
have it. The head clerk is
a learned young man the
son of a M.D. of all. He
told me last night up in his
room in the hotel that
he was not going to stay
over eight months longer as a friend of his handwriting.
To learn to go out and write
business with him, and he thought that he should go in about this time. Last night might before last, he invited me up into his room where we had a long table, he told me that he had the best chance of any chance at all in this he said to me to keep a stiff upper lip and you will get along for as long as suit. He's told me a number of times when him was around to work that don't just suit to him now say he you take right hold of your books and I will help you all I can and by the time I leave you will take my place and get nearly as big as big a size
Of study every evening
from seven until ten o'clock in Parish's Practical Pharmacy. We have in the store quite a library of pharmaceutical works, all or nearly all of which I have got to study. I spend most of my time during the day putting up medicines and learning their new prices and so forth. I board with the Rev. Mr. Chace's family, a very fine Baptist family they keep clarks from a great many different farms in Detroit. I hope that you will excuse this poor writing as I have written it in a hurry and have had to throw down my pen every few minutes to go and wait on customers who come here after sundown. I have just sold a bottle of Whitcomb's 'Kennedy for Coughing' to a sailor.
I am treated very kindly here by everyone. Mr. Griffiths gave me an introduction to all his friends and to several head clergy, and to the Overseer's family. Last Sunday I went to church with the Rev. Mr.'s wife in the evening. I went to the Methodist this morning to the Episcopal and Mr. B's Baptist School, where I was introduced to the clergymen, officers and some had the invitation to teach a class of men in a class taught by the lecturer. I shall go into his class I think. I must tell you what a present Mr. Griffiths made me. This morning he thought that my boots were to be new for Sunday, so he gave me a pair of...
nice French stuff that he gave ten dollars for in Surgoery
that had been lying in the clothes press at this room for a long time. They
are nearly as good as new or well be when I get them
stepped, they fit my feet as tightly as my stockings
and are an assurance that they fitted the day
I left Adirondacks, they are
probably as good as any boots
that & could have bought
for five dollars. Mr. Holbrooks
married me a number of pieces
of pocket handkerchief, melodies
Collars etc. some of which, now
he spends all his wages for
clothes excepting what he
spends for his food that is
twenty dollars a month.
His folks are rich and once
in a while send him a peec
of sixty or a hundred dollars.
Detroit. Sept. 13th 1863

Dear Parents,

It is from a feeling of duty that I now seat myself in my little room to pen you a few lines, and let you know how I am getting [sic] along, I am well and have been since I left home. I have just returned from Sunday-school, where I enjoyed myself very much, and it is all that I can do to sit still long enough to wait [sic], I want to be going round from one school to another to see where I like best, but I know that you will begin to feel worried about me if you do not hear [sic] from me before long. The fire bells are ringing and they tole [sic] one, which means that the fire is in the first ward that is the same one that I am in. I here [sic] the steam[sic]-fire-engine rattling by. I will go to the door and see how near the fire is. The fire is out and I will resume my writing. It was but a few rods from me but these Steam[sic]-Fire-Engines [sic] will use up a fire in a hurry. There has been a fire nearly every [sic] day since I came here but none to do any great damage.

I guess that I have taken up room enough telling about our fires, I will now tell you a little about how I am situated. The man I am at work for, my prospects for the future and so forth. Mr. J. H. Griffith is a single man of twenty-six years of age very much such a looking man as Mr [sic] D.W.C. Hardy I guess you know him Father. He sleeps with me in the store and is becoming very much attached to me as a friend. I have heard a number say that he liked me very much, he has three clerks [sic] in him employ [sic] beside me one the head clerk [sic] talks Latin another the third French and the fourth German. I rank as second although one of
the others was here about two weeks before I came. I have a nice little room in the back part of the store well furnished [sic], the furnitur [sic] Mr [sic] Griffith bought since I came here second handed for me, he is onley [sic] going to sleep with me a week or two longer, that is untill [sic] I get far enough advanced to be able to put up the prescriptions that come here in the night. you see by the card (that I will enclose) that some one has to sleep in the store to put up prescriptions in the night. Mr [sic] Griffith told me privately that if there was any thing more that I wanted in the room any time to say so and I could have it. The head cleark [sic] is a learned young man the son of a M.D. of Ill. he told me last night up in his room in the hotel that he was not going to stay over eight months longer as a friend of his had written to him to go out west into business with him, and he thought that he should go in about that time. Last night night before last rather he invited me up into his room where we had a long talk, he told me that I had the best chance of any drug cleark [sic] in Detroit he said to me "keep a "stiff upper lip" and you will get along for you just suit Griffith in evry [sic] respect."

"he has told me a number of times when you was around at work that you just suited him" now says he "you take right hold of your books and I will help you all I can and by the time I leave you will take my place and get nearly as big wages".

I study evry [sic] evening from seaven [sic] untill [sic] ten oclock [sic] in "Pareish's Practical Pharmacy". We have in the store quite a library of Pharmaceutical works all or nearly
all of which I have got to study. I spend most of my time during the day putting [sic] up medicines [sic] and learning their used papites and so forth. I board with Rev. Mr [sic] Chase'es [sic] family, a very fine Baptist family they keep clearka[sic] from a great many different [sic] firms in Detroit. I hope that you will excuse this poor writing as I have written [sic] it in a hurry and have had to throw down my pen evry [sic] few minutes to go and wait on customers, who come here after medicines I have just sold a bottle of 'Whitcomb's Kenedy for Asthiny' to a sailor. I am treated very kindly here by evry [sic] one Mr [sic] Griffith gives me an introduction to all his friends and so does our head cleark [sic], and Mr. Chases'es [sic] family. Last Sunday I went to church with the Rev's wife in the evening I went to the Methodest this morning to the Episcipall [sic] and then to the Baptist school, where I was introduced to the clergyman, officers [sic] and so forth, had the invitation to teach a class or go into a class tonight by the Minister. I shall go into his class I think, I must tell you what a present Mr. Griffith made me this morning he thought that my boots were to [sic] heavy for Sunday so he gave me a pair of nice french caff [sic] that he gave ten dollars for in Gorgice, they had been laying in the clock's press at his room for a long tim [sic]. They are nearly as good as new or will be when I get them teped, they fit my feet as tightly as my stockings and you know Mother how tight they fitted [sic] the day I left Adrian, they are probaly [sic] as good as any boots that I could hav [sic] the head cleark [sic] bought. For five dollars, Mr. Colburn made me a number of presents of pocket-handkiefs [sic], neckties, collars & cr. some of them new he spends all his wages for cloth [sic], excepting what he
pays for his bord [sic] that is twenty dollars a month. his folks
are rich and once in a while send him a present of fifty or a
hundred dollars,

[On top of pages 2 and 3]
[dont [sic] for lands sake, or any sake, show this letter to any one.]
Detroit Sept 22d 1843

Dear Mother,

I received your letter just before tea time this evening, and after I read it and saw how you was situated and how bad you felt I could eat but a few mouthfuls, went back to the store, and into my room, and sat bitterly for nearly an hour; then went up to Mr. Hunt's to see if I could come home tomorrow. I found out that I could not as Mr. Hunt has gone east; so I made up my mind that I would write to you tonight and take it up to Mr. Hunt's early tomorrow morning, as the mail has closed before this time.
but the man who is running for Mr. Hunt, during his absence, is boarding at Mr. Hunt and he will take it in his pocket and put it in the Adirondacks before he gets there so that you will get it tomorrow.

Five dollars is all that I can send you now, but I guess that that will help a little. Mother do not be discouraged about ever having a home of your own, remember that a home here on earth would be yours but for a short time at most, our home is not here where there is so much pain, sorrow, and death at last, but if we live as we are commanded in God's holy word, it is in a land beautiful beyond conception,
O Mother! if you do not feel sure that that home is yours strive to obtain that feeling. It would be worth more to you during these decline of years than the best of a home here on earth. But Mother I am in hopes yet that we may one of these days have a place that we can live together, and comfort each other during the remainders of our journey here below. You who have borne the heats and trials of life for nearly half a century, and be who have but just started out on the journey. Tell Father that I am very sorry that he is sick, also that he is displeased with me for coming here. Tell him that this place is just the place
for me, that is I think my health is good and I weigh 140 lbs which is more than I ever weighed before. So you see the thing brains agree with my health. It is a business that just suits me. I am learning it fast and what will be of a vast amount of value to me whatever business I follow hereafter. But as it is now nearly eleven o'clock I must quit writing and retire. Kiss the children for me.Give my love to what few friends I have in Adrian that enquire after me, and please write as soon as you receive this, and tell Mr. Smith that I want him to write to me and I will then write him more of the particulars.

Good night from your loving son
Franklin H. Bailey.
Dear Mother,

I received your letter just before tea time this evening, and after I read it and see how you were situated and how bad you felt I could eat (sic) but a few mouthfuls, I went back to the store, and into my room, and wept bitterly for nearly an hour. I then went up to Mr. Hunts to see if I could come home tomorrow, I found out that I could not as Mr. Hunt has gone early; so I made up my mind that I would write to you tonight and take it up to Mr. Hunts early tomorrow morning, as the mail has closed before this time, but the man who is running for Mr. Hunt, during his absence, is boarding at Mr. Hunt and he will take it in his pocket and put it in the Adrian bag before he gets there so that you will get it tomorrow.

Five dollars is all that I can send you now, but I guess that, that will help you a little, Mother so not be discouraged about ever having a home of your own, remember that a home here on earth would be yours but for a short time at most, our home is not here where there is so much pain, sorrow, and death at last, but if we live as we are commanded in God's holy word, it is in a land heartfull (sic) beyond conception, O Mother! if you do not feel sure (sic) that that (sic) home is yours strive to obtain that feeling. It would be worth more to you during your decline of years than the best of a home here on earth, but Mother I am in hopes yet that we may where one of these days have a place that we can live together (sic), and comfort each other during the remainder of our journey (sic) here below, you who have bourn (sic) the heats and trials of life for nearly half a century, and I who have just started out on the journey. Tell Father that I am sorry that he is sick, also that he is displeased with me for coming here, tell him that this place is just the place for me, that is I think so my health is good and I weigh 140 lbs which is more than I ever weighed before so you see that drug-business agrees with my health, and it is a business that
Detroit Sept 22, 1863--Page 2

amount of justices suits me, I am learning fast and what will be of a vast value to me whatever business sic( I follow hereafter, but as it is very nearly eleven o clock I must quit writing and retire, kiss the children for me give my love to what few friends I have in Adrian that enquire sic( after me, and please write as soon as you receive this, and tell Father that I went him to write tw o sic]. and I will then write him more of the particulars, Good-Night from your loving son

Franklin H. Bailey

On envelope with above letter

Clark & Maynard,

Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers,

No.5 Barclay Street

New York

P.O. Box, 2669
Dear Parents,

Having an afternoon to spend some way I thought it would improve it in writing again so if a letter from you would please as much as a letter from any would not I would not spend it better but when I tell you the disadvantage under which I labor you will almost wonder that I am able to write at all.

In the first place I will begin back to where I left you Dear Sister in Detroit if you took notice more in report I can tell you nothing more than common rail coaches, then in a boat which together with an baggage took up all the room. Before leaving Detroit Mr. Chapple came in and I signed any amount to an order for what and he pay my city bounty to you, he said that he could get any other in Detroit and then with the order that I believe he could have the return to you that I received before I do not sit and could not do any chance open in chance as there was no mention as to the amount I tell you this so that you may know whether the money alters to give in it or not it was simply in order to have the amount signed to upon occasion of any kind.
Will about our journey, we said good by to Washington in a short time after you left me. I watched you as long as I could see you but I shall not attempt to describe my feelings. It would be beyond my power, thinking of you only dear mother and dear Emma, I did not step outside that car until this morning and hardly out of my seat I could not drive from my mind the thoughts of home, parents, and sister. Emma. B. would have given any amount if I could have seen her for a few minutes before leaving Washington, she seems dearer to me than ever before, and it makes the tears come to my eyes and my lips quiver as I think of her.

It is some minutes since I wrote the last line. But I will try and go on this morning. We are not on the bridges of Louisville at noon, raining very hard and had been for about half the night. We were marched out and fell in to line and marched down to the river Ohio, where we stood in the rain waiting for the boat to take us across to Louisville, for about half an hour. It came near like several storms to us, went on to the boat in the rain, marched up through the streets of Louisville raining very hard we then had to stand for some time in the rain and it was pouring down harder than ever for the
officers to call the roll, they were under shelter, mind you, where they always are if there is only to get in. When instead of landing us on to Nashville as we expected we were marched into a building or one room of a building that I will now undertake to describe although I shall fall far short of describing its dismal appearance that it presents, it is more than any jail or state prison that I ever saw. It is on a brick building, and a very long, narrow, dark, room with one small jet of gas burning near the back end, there are a fewrickety benches but not one is enough for us all. I am sitting on one of them where it is so dark that I cannot see the lines without a great deal of trouble that is getting the paper ready to go. As for convenience, and as for writing it is very hard work for the benches are on a continual tremble they creaking the least bit and then being as sickly. It was not until after one o'clock that we heard anything about grab, then we were marched on to the next room, in a table on which was a plate with a very small piece of meat and a piece of bread and a cup of what they call coffee, no coffee no forth but we only got just the bread and mixing out of sight with our fingers I get it to our mouths, it went it may well if that had only been enough of it, so it seems I had to say a few burns on a pledge to satisfy any hunger for & we are hungry yes the huge grab.
Abdum mon. There was another squa of men marched
in to the room, with me and now the room is full end
me mistake and such noise and confusion as I never
seen before in any camp, or bocete, singing shu-
ning hollering, toshing, singing, hollering, shunning.
And I cannot tell what all. For this, you cannot
form a conception by what you saw in Detroit.
It is raining very hard and cold. I am in an upper
room, and within reach of the sky light, and can hard-
ly see to write, looking down, among the casette.
I can hardly tell where I am, for almost
any place would be better than such a place, as this.
The idea of 6 hours, is nothing about. And I think
that the idea of a journey by foot is, our stable,
would be preferable, with something confided to it.

When I write, you would instealace the love of a soldier's
life, but the feeling that I am doing my duty to God,
my Country, and to you. You know, that I do not delight
in such work company, that I mean when sick, if my choice
to be with these sick cases and Having, and when I keep
away from it as much as possible. And by any time
reading, writing, thminking of home. O Father and Mother,
what would I gain if I fell sick on the subject of
religion. I would be perfectly willing to have it be
and mine as home again. If I would feel there of nothing
for all its human, now as I pray, and I write with
stars in my eyes, think of this. As I say near some
again on earth, although I must sit all in the hands
of my God, and what if near again met again
then by only meet in heaven, such then is my
meeting, no longing home to go to war.
Oh how I wish that you knew just how I felt. Father, you once enjoyed religion, but you did not continue to grow in grace and therefore you lost that enjoyment. That religion appeals to the heart, as you read the Parable of the Sower, found in the 11th of St. Matthew, it is but a small favor that I ask of you, but I want that you should see where you are and if you will study that chapter I think that you will see a meaning in it how you have spent a few years to live here on earth, at most of Father, wherefore thou, for there is an eternity to come and that soul has that eternity to spend some where. Mother, dear, mother do look to the subjects and study the Bible.
you do not know what pleasure it would afford
me to see that your and Father had embraced
the Saviour, and were spending the remainder
of your life in his service, and Emma to be
never felt so much love for her in my life as
I do now. Oh that she may be an honour
to her sex and give her heart to be wise while
young and grow up to womanhood a virtuous
Christian sister. But it is getting late and
darker so I must close this. The little ones
for me, read this to Emma till I see her and
I wanted to see her before I left. Give my love
to all my friends that is this that thinks enough
of me to answer up to me. I will write again as
soon as I get back to stop your alarm so that you will know
we...
Louisville, Kentucky  Friday 2 o'clock P.M.

Dear Parents.  

Oct. 1863

Having [sic] an afternoon to spend some way, I thought I would improve it in writing you. for if a letter from me would do you as much good as a letter from you would me, I would not spend it better, but when I tell you the disadvantages under which I labor, you will almost wonder that I undertook to write at all. In the first place I will begin back to where I left you dear Father in Detroit if you took notice were were [sic] in second class cars the seats of which were smaller than common railroad cars, twice [sic] in a seat which together with our baggage [sic] took up all the room, Before leaving Detroit Mr. Chappel came in and I signed my name to an order for him and Co. to pay my city bounty to you, he said that he could get my papers in Detroit and then with the order that I signed he could pay the money to you. I read the order before I signed it and could not see any chance for a shave as there was no mention [sic] as to the amount I tell you this so that you may know whether [sic] there was any alterations made in it or not, it was simply an order to have the bounty payed to you no mention of any sum.  

Well about our journey, we bid good by to Detroit in a short time after you left me. I watched you as long as I could see you but I shall not attempt to describe my feelings it would be beyond my power, thinking of you my dear Mother and sister Emma, I did not step outside that car un-till [sic] this morning and hardly out of my seat. I could not drive from my mind the thoughts of home, Parents and sister Emma. I would have given any amount if I could have seen her for a few minutes before leaving Michigan, she becomes dearer to me than ever before, and it makes the tears come to my eyes and my lips quiver as I think of her.
It is some time since I wrote the last time but I will try and go on; this morning we found ourselves opposite Louisville it was raining very hard and had been for about half the night. we were marched out fell in to line and marched down to the river Ohio, where we stood in the rain waiting for the boat to take us across to Louisville, for about half an hour, it seemeded like several hours to us, went on to the boat in the rain marched up through the streets of Louisville raining very hard we then had to stand for some time in the rain and it was pouring down harder than ever for the officers to call the role, they were under shelter mind you, where they always are if there is aney to get under, then instead of sending us on to Nashville as we expected we were marched into a building or one room of a building that I will now undertake to describe although I shall fall far short of describing the dismal appearance that it possesses it is worse than aney jail or state prison that I ever saw. it is in a brick building and a very long, narrow, dark, room with one small jet of gas burning near the back end, there are a few rickety bunks but not nere enough for us all. I am siting on one of them where it is so dark that I cannot see the lines without a great deal of trouble that is getting the paper rather near my nose for convenence is and as for writing it very hard work for the bunks are on a continual tremble boys climbing in and out, and their being so rickety. It was not untill after one o clock that we heard any thing about grub, then we were marched in to the next room to a table on which was a tin plate with a very small peace of meat and a peace of bread and a cup of what they called coffey, no knife or fork but we very soon
put the bread and meat out of sight with our fingers to get it to our mouths, it went very well if there had only been enough of it, as it was I had to buy a few buns on a pedler to satisfy my hunger for I was hungrier [sic] then before grub. About noon there was another squad of men marched in to the room with us and now the room is full and no mistake and such noise and confusion as I never saw before in any camp or barracks [sic], singing shouting hollering, talking bickering [sic] fiddling druming [sic], and I cannot tell what all Father you cannot form a conception by what you saw in Detroit. It is raining very hard outside. I am on an upper bunk and within reach of the sky light and can hardly see to write, looking down among [sic] the crowd it looks dark as a seller [sic], but I guess that we will stay here only over night, they say that we will be sent to our Reg. tomorrow morning I hope so, for almost any place would be better than such a prison as this the stanch [sic] I have said nothing about suffise [sic] it to say that the odor [sic] of a privy [sic] barn yard or cow stables would be purfumery [sic] worth purching [sic] compared to it.

Father and Mother what would induce me to live a soldiers life, but the feeling that I am doing my duty to God, to my Country and to you. you know that I do not delight in such ruff [sic] company that I never have made it my choice to be with those who curse and swore [sic], and here I keep away from it as much as possible and occupy my time reading, writing, thinking of home. O Father and Mother what would I give if you felt as I do on the subject of religion I would be perfectly willing to be a soldier and never see home again if I could feel shure [sic] of meeting you all in heaven, now do I pray, and I write with tears in my eyes,
think of this, you may never see me again on earth, although I trust it all in the hands of my God, and what if we do never meet again here, if we only meet in heaven where there is no parting, no leaving home to go away. O how I wish that you knew just how I felt Father you once enjoyed religion [sic], but you did not continue to grow in grace and therefore you lost that enjoyment that religion [sic] affords, Father please read the "parable of the sower", found in the XIII ch. of St. Matthew, it is but a small favor that I ask of you but I want that you should see where you are. and if you will study that chapter I think that you will be a wiser man, you have but a few years to live here on earth at most O Father improve them for there is an eternity to come and that soul has that eternity to spend some where. Mother dear Mother do look to the subject and study the bible you do not know what pleasure it would afford me to here [sic] that you and Father had embraced the Saviour and ver [sic] spending the remainder [sic] of your lives in his service, and Emma to [sic] I have never felt as much love for her in my life as I do now O that she may be an honour to her sex and give her heart to Jesus while young and grow up to womanhood a virtuous christian sister, but it is getting [sic] late and darker so I must close. Kiss the little ones for me, read this to Emma tell her how bad I wanted to see her before I left, give my love to all my friends that is those [sic] that think enough of me to inquire after me. I will write again as soon as I get to a stopping [sic] place so that you will know where to direct. Good by. God bless you all.

[On top of first page]

excuse mistakes and poor writing I guess that you can read it however.
from your son

Franklin E. Bailey.
Court House Barracks, Nashville,
November 4th 1863

Dear Parents,

The object of this letter is soon after
the one that I wrote in Louisville, is to inform
you of the good times that I am having here
with my old friends of the 13th Regt., and I
would like to let you know how I played cards
in the office where I was with them, and got here where
I am, but I would take too much room.

I will commence back to the time when I wrote
my first letter to you from Louisville, but first let me tell you my object in writing in
such a diary form; when I left home in the
12th Regt. I kept a diary, until the battle of Shiloh
where I lost all, that I had written; this time
I thought that I would write it in the form
of letters and send it home every month or two;
so in writing it in letters I should not write as much
in fact but a very little very few days, but
I thought that it might be of some interest
to you to read how I was getting along and
what I was doing all of the time, and again
would keep the letters for me in case of return
home so that I can have them when I
arrive.
should not be permitted to return home, after being
have them to read once when ever you wished.
I can go to my long long home.
Next I began, Friday afternoon I wrote you
from Lottsville which I suppose that you have
received before this time, please tell me the
first time you wrote, Friday night we spent
on Long Saturday morning three o'clock we
get our great fight the train for Nashville was
so crowded that we had to stand up part of the
way, passed through several tunnels, over bright
bridges while passing through that part of the state
of KY where Daniel Boone spent his days. Of the many
thoughts that passed through my mind while gazing
upon the beautiful Kentucky scenery through which
we were passing, when we got about half way out
for Nashville the car that I was in stuck fire and
me had to leave it burning and climb upon the
side of the water cask, where we had a very windy
time, for there was no body or hungry every
bridge was guarded with a group of men, and
reached Nashville about nine o'clock PM and
marched to the Lottsville building where we
stayed one night Sunday afternoon I spent running
about the building shooting in vain to get out,
The building which is called the Lottsville barn is
the one in which he kept the first rebel sal-
That he said, it is a very large building in an unfinished state, larger even than the capital ofennessee and capable of holding more men than all the buildings of St. Helens College combined. It is built as to include a large square, and the whole area in that square is built three stories high with by numerous sky lights, which would make a large building of itself, and that it is surrounded on all sides by one single building three stories on three sides, and four stories on one side, higher than itself, making up and seven stories. On entering this huge edifice you find yourself standing in a large hall surrounded by large pillars which sustain the arch of that hall, it made one think of the Temple of Jerusalem.

That he had read as much about, and had not imagined that it was standing in the very spot where Jesus had been, and that it was visiting but a few years after him, but to return, about three o'clock, I succeeded in getting a pass out of the building. It started for Fort Chilcote as fast as I could walk, as any pass lasted only until five o'clock, when I reached the gate of the fort which should have been shut, but my dear old friend Florence Palmer, he got a pass and walked down to the city with one, and I was now out, and I had to leave him, having seen him only about an hour.
He went and hunted up David Hovels, and about this o'clock or a little before, who should I run on to in the building, leaving it to me that Charley Bennett, went while looking with him in came my old friend and school teacher, Isaac Chappel. He went to the commandant of the barracks, Old or tolls and instructed a few for one until the next morning all the four old chaps murdered together to the chapel where I met him our old duty, orders left us and went back to the port. Charley to the barracks and I went once again with Rich Admon. I have a good thing while seated upon the stoop in came Henry Panroy of Adair College and parson of Bishop of Adair and several others that I was not intimately acquainted with. Sunday morning when I came Panroy came out, the main room, where I would spend it. I walked out to the asked him for a place for Christiana, where any they say Adair not know me for some minutes I learned it that there was a squad of men in camp but a short distance from the city from any they did not 7th. I was sent again to the barracks, where with one to inquire where the letter from the commander that if he would bring a receipt from the commander of the squad of the 7th, May, for one he would
obtained me up to that squad (who are here after horse to take one to the brig) instead of sending one along that day at eleven o'clock with the rest of the men. By sail to the brig, Charles Bennett went with one and we succeeded in getting also leave to remain in the city the rest of the day and until Tuesday night, at which time I was to report for duty. I met and took up the receipt and was free until the next night, which time I spent in running around the city and visiting with my friends of the 15. Shot Norton, for one! It would be impossible for me to tell you half I saw on the road in which I saw them or I will have told you a few things. The Capitol of the States is a very large stone building built on a high side of hill which one can see the whole city. It is built entirely of marble, marble walls, floors and seating, arches, etc. Splendid the stairs and colonnade. The stairs, railings are marble. I went into the representative hall, a hall in which near of the southheat met and split. As our new government I was at a splendid ball it was I never had seen away. Nothing would compare with it before, if you remember the orches. Thought I was full of anything.
There is no capital instead of Richmond, but I did not visit for a few minutes in the chair on which he sat. At one day, a governor of Virginia, I was, that I could describe to you the beauty of that hall and building, which I had passed by the governor's residence and through the general's private garden and pleasure grounds. From there, we saw many flowers in bloom, and I came at a quite a walk for the residence of James Madison. Park's family, we entered the yard and went to the tomb of the great men, who was for so many years governor of the state, and the chief magistrate of these United States. I stood for a long time and gazed upon his monument, in deep meditation; we returned to the churchyard where I saw the monument that stood on the grave of General Washington. Carroll, a General who distinguished himself in the service of the country in 1776 and another part of the yard over the grave of the Dollinger, in his private life, I saw the grave of General, the distinguished man, but at the same time, it did not readily come to my mind what their names, or instead, through the rebel soldiers being growing, and then through one, where there were once six thousand.
soldiers grew slept a few inches apart and wrote with a small hand with their name and "Yag and Jil," once in a great while a terrible shudder over them and by some friends, one of which I could not speak. I speak as gathering upon and made deeper impression upon my mind than anything there. I or announcement not except they even Oaths, it stood on us usual when date and so forth and then there two坦克

ing lines. "My only Brother, who fell for Country and for God," for some moments I could hardly have thought if I had been turned around to fence and said "I would rather have a plain marble slab with that inscription upon it, at the head of any grave than the announcement of the Carroll or James Polk" said he. It is the same here, but to leave the seat of the death, in the suburbs of the city and upon a pleasant hill I saw the house that of Carroll's, built for his daughter a splendid mansion but it was never finished according to the outside it looks nearly finished. On June we went to the military prison which was the old penitentiary and saw several prisoners almost without number.
..., so I must write what I have seen. I turn to the next page, and I had two or three pages more to write before I found it any sooner that otherwise I said. I have told you of the very little that I have seen, and nothing about the ride that I took with Charley Benet in the omnibus, nor in a little coach and the good things that we had, nor nothing about the prayer meetings that I have attended since I have been there. I have only mentioned with Charley and sometimes with Henry. I give that I shall not go to play a brand at school at this time. I have no friends in a decent place. I have said nothing about the mirror of concentric mirrors, which I intended to, nor about the news that the boys are continually carrying on from the street, of rebellions that have been going on for days or weeks. I must, that I can write better about after I get this, and can read it myself; one thing now wrong. If I must say something about and that is the theatre that I attended with Charley Benet. He bought two tickets and took me and I would have given a great deal to have had you there. It is, not because I think I ought to say something, but I know that you thrive, but it was a particular play.
That was played that night, that I should like to show up soon. It was called the "Octoroon," or Life in Louisiana. It was said to be a good representation of southern life, it was enough to make any one that had a heart forget that he was in the theatre, and sleep for three in Sunday and could not help my eyes filling with tears little while to see a sign of a representative of the amusing brought on by that cursed institution. Slavery. Of York to Charleston during the time between two of the ears and said that if this was around without ending that cursed institution, it would be perfectly willing to remove and fight for the freed man, but thanks be to God that slavery has come so near to its end, and its just dying. If you study the meaning of the word Octoroon you will find that it is a southern name given to the eight island. This was a young lady by the name of Liz (pronounced in two syllables) being the child of a quadroon (or one fourth Negro blood) to a white and only one eight part negro. I wish that I could and upon a letter make it can if I do keep it for one until I got back. I thought some of sending some certificate.
of my anticipation, to have planted and begun
on the front room and kept for me. They
are a very pretty flower and cost but thirty
cents more than I expect to spend and I
think that it will increase. I want to get
my pictures taken after I get my belt, cap,
carabiner, and I must be bringing my little
acrobats I will larect inform you first
that to night I have to report to camp as
they are going to get some more tent today
so after this I will have to stay up the
day camp instead of here in the barracks
where I have stood the last two nights
with Charles Bennett, we go not know anything
about the time when we will go to the Reg
it will be as soon as we get our horses
if you will write as soon as you get this
and direct it here. If my city and before I
leave here send if I do not Charley Bennett
and send it on to me. Please write an
answer to my first letter if you do not do
the report of this scribbling and keep
all of my letter until I come home, tell
the children again for me your mistake
and pen writing. Write more please writing to others
but I know that you write long letters. This
Dear Parents.

The object of this letter so soon after the one that I wrote in Louisville, is to inform you of the good time that I am having here with my old friends of the 18th Reg., and I would like to tell you how I played sharp on the officer who was with us, and got here where I am, but it would take to [sic] much room. I will commence back to the time when I wrote my first letter to you from Louisville, but first let me tell you my object in writing in such a diary form; when I left home in the 12th I kept a diary, until [sic] the battle of Ghilah where I lost all that I had written [sic], this time I thought that I would write it in the form of letters and send it home evry [sic] week or two; in writing it in letters I should not write as much in fact but a very little evry [sic] few days, but I thought that it might be of some interest to you to read how I was getting [sic] along and what I was doing all of the time, and you would keep the letters for me, in case I return home, so that I can have them, and if I should not be permitted [sic] to return home, you would have them to read over when ever you wished, after I am gone to my long long home.

But to begin. Friday afternoon I wrote you from Louisville which I suppose that you have received before this time, please tell me the first time you write. Friday night we spent in Louie' saturday morning three o clock we got our grub, took the train for Nashville, was so crowded [sic] that we had to stand up part of the way, passed through several tunnels over high bridges while passing through that part of the state of KY. where Daniel Boone spent his days. O the many thoughts that passed through my mind while gaiseng [sic] upon the beautifull scenery through which we were passing [sic]. when we got about half way to Nashville,
the car that I was in tuck [sic] fire and we had to leave it behind, and climb upon the top of the other cars, where we had a very windy time, for the last forty or fifty miles every bridge was guarded with a squad of men, we reached Nashville [sic] about nine o clock PM, and marched to the Lullicoffer building where we staid [sic] over night. Sunday forenoon I spent roaming about the building striving in vain to get out. The building which is called the Lullicoffer house is the one in which he kept the first rebel soldiers that he raised; it is a very large building in an unfinished state, larger even than the capitol of Gennessee and capable of holding more men than all the buildings of Adrian College [sic] combined. It is builed [sic] so as to inclose a large square, and the whole area in that square is builed [sic] three stories high lighted by numerous sky lights, which would make a large building of its self but that is surounded [sic] on all sides by one single building three stories on three sides and four stories on one side higher than itself making six and seven stories; on entering this huge edifice [sic] you find yourself standing in a large hall surrounded by large pillars which support the arch of that hall, it made me think of the temple at Jerusalem, that I had read so much about, and I almost imagined that I was standing in the very hall where Jesus had been, and that I was living but a few years after him, but to return, about three o clock PM I succeeded in geting [sic] a pass out of the building. I started for Fort Negley as fast as I could walk as my pass lasted only until [sic] five o clock, when I reached the gate of the fort who should I see but my dear old friend Horace Palmer, he got a pass and walked down to the city with me, my pass was out and I had to leave him having seen him only about an hour he went and hunted up Lieut'. Rowley, and about six o clock or a little before who should
I run on to in the building, hunting after me but Charley Bennet, and while
talking with him in came my old friend and school teacher Lieut. Kirk
Rowley, he went to the commander of the barracks [sic] No. 1 or Lolli-
coffer house and procured a pass for me untill [sic] the next morning
off we four old chums marched together to the capitoll [sic] where Lieut'
was on duty, Horace left us and went back to the fort, Charley to the
hospitall [sic] and I staid [sic] over night with Kirk, didient [sic]
I have a good time; while seated upon the soffa [sic] in came Henry
Pumroy of Adrian College and sargent Baker of Adrian and several other
boys that I was not intimately acquainted with. Monday morning when I
arose Pumroy send [sic] me into the next room where I would find Archiball
Mc kensey, I walked up to him asked him for a pass to Chattanooga where
my Reg' lay he did not know me for some minutes. I learned that there
was a squad of men in camp but a short distance from the city from my
Reg' the 4th Cal' [sic] so Lieut. went down to the Lollicofer house with
me to report where he learned from the commander that if he would bring
a receipt from the commander of that squad of the 4th Reg. for me he
would deliver me up to that squad (who are here after horses to take over
to the Reg') instead of sending me along that day at eleven o clock with
the rest of the men, by rail to the Reg'. Charled Bennet went with me
and we succeeded in geting [sic] it, also leave to remain in the city the
rest of the day and untill [sic] tuesday night, at which time I was to
report for duty, we went back gave up the receipt and I was free untill [sic]
the next night, which time I spent in running around the city and visiting
with my friends of the 15, Chet Norton for one; it would be impossible for
me to tell one half I saw or the order in which I saw it, I will however
tell you a few things the capitall [sic] of Ten. [sic] I traveled it over
from stern to stern, it is a very large stone building built on a high mole from which we can see the whole city, it is built entirely of marble, marble walls, floors, and sealing [sic] arched over so splendid the stairs and even [sic] the stair railings are marble. I went into the representatives hall, a hall in which men of the south had met and plotted to over-throw our government. O what a splendid hall it was I never had seen anything that would compare [sic] with it before, if you remember the rebels thought one spell of making this their capitoll [sic] instead of Richmond, but did not. I sat for a few minutes in the chair in which has sat many a governor [sic] of Tennessee how I wish that I could describe to you the beauty of that hall and building but enough of the building, going from which I passed by the governors [sic] residence and passed on through several privat [sic] gardens and pleasure grounds where I saw numerous flowers in full bloom I came after quite a walk to the residence of James H. Folk's family, we entered the yard and went to the tomb of that great man who was for so many [sic] years governor [sic] of Ten' and then Chief Magistrate of these United States. I stood for a long time and gazed upon his monument in deep meditation; we repelled [sic] to the church yard where I saw the monument that stood ovr [sic] the grave of General William Carroll a General who distinguished himself in the service of his country in 1776 in another part of the yard was the grave of Gen' Lollicoffer in his proved lot. I saw the graves of several the distinguished men but as their names do not readily come to my mind let them pass. I passed through the rebel soldiers burial [sic] grove [sic], and then through ours, where there were over six thousand soldiers graves but a few inches apart and with but a small board with their name and Reg' and Co'. once in a great while a marble stone erected by some friend, one of which I must not fail to speak as gazing upon it made deeper impression upon my mind than any other stone or monument not excepting even Folks [sic], it had on as usual the name, dates and so forth
and then these two touching lines "My only Brother, who fell for Country and for God," for some moments I could hardly have spoken if I had tried I turned around to Horace and said "I would rather have a plain marble slab with that inscription upon it, at the head of my grave than the monument of Gen' Carroll or James K. Polk." says [sic] he it is the same here. but to leave the city of the dead; in the suburbs of the city and upon a pleasant [sic] hill I saw the house that Lollicofer built [sic] for his daughter a splendid mansion but it was never finished off inside although from the outside it looks finished. I or we also went to the military prison which is the old peniten- tary [sic] and saw rebel prisoners almost without number. impossible that I have written [sic] nearly two sheet. I turned this over [sic] supposing that I had two or three pages more to write upon but found to my sorrow that this was the last. I have told you of but very little that I have seen, said nothing about the ride that I took with Charley Bennet in the Cumberland river in a little skiff and the good times that we had, nor nothing about the prayer- meetings that I have attended since I have been here one evry [sic] day some times with Charley and some times with Horace. I guess that I shall not go to day as I want to spend it writing to my friends in different places. I have said nothing about the horrors of smokey-row, which I intended to, nor about the news that the boys are continually [sic] bringing in from the front, of skirmishes that have been going on for five or six days past, that I can write better about after I get there and am in it myself. one thing more however I must say something about, and that is the Theatre that I attended with Charley Bennet he bought two tickets and took me in I would have gave a great deal to have had you ther [sic] Father, not because I think that you never saw such things for I know that you have, but it was the particular play, that was prayed that night that I should like to have you seen. it was called the "Octcrvon or Life in Louisiana" it was said by many to be a good representation
of southern life, it was enough to make any one that had a heart forget that
he was at a theatre, and weep for those in bondage I could not help my eyes
filling with tears evry [sic] little while to see so good a representation of
the misery brought on by that cursed institution slavery. I spoke to Charley
during the time between two of the scens [sic] and said that if this war
should end without ending that cursed institution, I would be perfectly willing
to re-enlist and fight for the freedom of the slaves, but thanks be to God
that slavery has come so near [sic] to its end, and is just dying. If you study
the meaning of the word Octoocoon you will find that it is a southern name
given to the "eighth blood" this was a young lady by the name of Lee (pronounced
in two syllables [sic]) being the child of a quadroon (or one fourth Negro [sic]
blood) by a white making only one eight part negrow [sic]. I wish that I could
send you a program baby [sic] I can if I do keep it for me untill [sic] I get
back. I thought some of sending home a certificate of my enlistment, to have
framed and hung in the front room and kept for me, they are a very pretty thing
and cost but fifty cents more than I want to spend but I think that I will
however, I want to get my picture taken after I get my belt, sabor, carbine & cox,
will I must be bringing my letter to a close I will however inform you first
that to night I have to report to camp as they are going to get some more tents
today. so after this I will have to stay up ther [sic] in camp instead of here
in the hospital [sic] where I have staid [sic] the last two nights with Charley
Bennet; we do not know anything about the time when we will go to the Reg'
it will be as soon as we get our horses. if you will write as soon as you get
this and direct it here I may get it before I leave here and if I do not
Charley Bennet will send it on to me please write an answer to my first letter
if you do not to this except of the scribbling [sic] and keep all of my letters
untill [sic] I come home, kiss the children again for me excuse mistakes and
poor writing. I take more pains writing to these but I know that you path [sic]
have long letters than pretty writing, Good Day from your son Frank.
Dear Father and Mother,

I was not able to write you letter last night, I thought that I would write a few lines and some this afternoon, as I did not write any long letter yesterday. This would fill up one little incident that I saw last evening.

I said of Jim started about dark for camp in report, just before I got to the fence I met with a squad of the 18th. Along came some Rebs by a line of some soldiers to the fence, just as I was passing by.

I was on the sidewalk, they were in the street one of them draw and run right ahead of me and aimed my shot up the street that we were crossing. The shots that were with the shots that were coming up to the one that I shot to, fell on the ground and green down to him, and I went to the first one that reached him, there he lay, pistol shot. He then bent in the net of shooting a long step, one ball passed through his body, near of foot, through his foot, other shot through his head. Some men came up and wanted to know what was the matter, I nothing said to one man, from...
a prisoner tried to get away, and they shot him that all, and since one of them is a little more careful now than ever, they shot one ball through my coat, right front of my breast. The other ball penetrated my head and cut other. I believe it was a very common occurrence after the 18th. In their blue coats, they say themselves they have drilled smaller breasts than they have gray coats, but enough about this. I hope bought a soldier certificate for which I paid $2 and will send it as soon as you get it filled up by the officers. Please write just as soon as you receive this letter of yours. Tell me all the news, and about the house since much upon their part, and about the French with Pat, and please send me the new Knight of Peace upon well paid for in my track. don't send the Relicellers. Col. not want of his. I have written this in a few minutes, as I must get back to camp in a very short time before they come. me, as it was a French pass, for the sake of getting a chance to write this half. I'll write Emma that I will write to her and Ayerstham, shortly if nothing prevents). Borel by about four to write by letter, and mail, and direct to "Franklin Mc Bailey, Co. B, 18th May, 18th Camp. Nashville, Tennessee."
Dear Father and Mother

As I did not mail your letter last night, I thought that I would write a few lines more this afternoon and as I did not write a very long letter yesterday this would fill it up. One little incident that I saw last evening I must speak of. I started about dark for camp to report, just before I got to the prison I overtook a squad of the 18th taking some unruly U.S. soldiers to the prison, just as I was passing by them (I was on the side walk, they were in the street) one of them broke [sic] and run right ahead of me and across my path up another street that we were crossing, the guards that were with them spotted him or told him to halt, he did not, so two of them halled [sic] up and fired. I stoped [sic] and steped [sic] back to give them room to aim, one ball passed but two or three feet before my face, I heard the man fall to the ground and groan, I ran up to him, and I was the first one that reached him. there he lay one leg strait [sic] the other bent in the act of taking a long step; one ball passed through his body near if not quite through his heart, the other through his head; some men came up and wanted to know what was the matter. O nothing sais [sic] one man, a prisoner tried to get away, and they shot him thats [sic] all, well sais [sic] one of them be a little more care-full [sic] when you shoot, one ball touched my coat passing right front of my breast, the other ball passed over my head sais [sic] th [sic] other. I learned that it was a very common occurance for the 18th to shoot blue-coats, they say themselves that they have killed more blue-coats than they have grey-coats. but enough about that. I have bought a soldiers certificate for which I paid 4/-
and I will send it as soon as I can get it filled up by the officers. Please write just as son [sic] as you receive this both [sic] of you tell me all the news, and about the house how much you have paid on it, about the traid [sic] with Pat. and please send me "The new Gospel of Peace you will find it in my trunk, dont' [sic] send the Revelations I do not want it here. I have written [sic] this in a few minutes as I must get back to camp in a very short tim [sic] before the miss me, as I took a French-pass, for the sake of getting [sic] a chance to write this half-sheet tell sister Emma that I will write to her and Lydia & even shortly if nothing prevents Good by dont' [sic] fail to write by return of mail, and Direct to "Franklin H. Bailey Co. B. 18th Reg. Mich' Inf' Nashville Tennessee."
Written in Nashville, Nov. 16th, 1848

Business letter to Father about city bounty

JOHN GOODISON,

Care of E. R. Smith & Co.,
J. M. Arnold & Co.

No 3, 4th Mich Lane

DETOIT.
Dear Father,

I received your and Mother's letters, not half an hour ago, yours I will answer immediately as you wish to know about that order I signed for Chappell, and why I did it. I was surprised on reading your letter, that you should reprimand me for doing as I did, for I thought it was all right, and think so yet; I did not do it without considering the matter beforehand, for some minutes.

I sat in my seat, in the car, for several minutes, and listened to Chappell talking with the other Adrian men; I heard him read the orders that they signed, to have their bounty paid over to different persons, as he turned to leave them I spoke to him, says he "what have you done about your city bounty," says I "nothing" then he said in these words, as near these words as I can remember, will you sign an order to have your city bounty paid to your father, if I will write one, and then your father will get
It without any trouble. I suggest that it would; he then wrote the letter which I think you have a correct copy of, I asked him to read it he said I looked on at the same time to see that it was word for word as he read it. I could not see any chance by which he could cheat you out of any of it as there was no mention made as to the amount that he was to have. At Brown and Chapell James H. Bailey the bounty due him for enlisting to fill the quota in Adrian City. I then signed it and that was all that I signed. Then said I to him Father will pay you out of it, for your trouble, says he that will be all right and left.

As I have but a few minutes to finish my letter and mail it before the mail closes I will not write any more till Mother that I will write her and Emma as soon as I can so that you will get it in a day or two after you do this. I was on guard yesterday and last night and feel tired.
and sleepy so you will excuse mistakes just writing Sec.
Good night from your son

S. Franklin H. Bailey

(Do) Write just as soon as you know how the thing is to be, and direct as before.


Nashville,

Tennessee.
1863

Nashville, Tennessee, Nov. 15th

Dear Father,

I received your and Mother's letters, not half an hour ago, yours I will answer immediately as you wish to know about that order I signed for Chappell, and why I did it. I was surprised on reading your letter, that you should reprimand me for doing as I did, for I thought it was all right, and think so yet; I did not do it without considering the matter beforehand, for some minutes.

I sit in my seat, in the car, for several minutes, and listened to Chappell talking with the other Adrian men; I heard him read the orders that they signed, to have their bounty paid over to different persons; as he turned to leave them I spoke to him, says he "what have you done about your city bounty" says I "nothing" then he said in these words, as near as I can remember, "will you sign an order to have your city bounty paid to your father if I will write one, and then your father will get it without any trouble." I said (sic) that I would; he then wrote the order which I think you have a correct copy of. I asked him to read it which he did I looked on at the same time to see that it was word for word as he read it. I could not see any chance by which he could cheat you out of any of it as there was no mention made as to the amount simple as you have it. Brown and Chappell pay James H. Bailey (sic) bounty due me for enlisting to fill the Quota of Adrian City. I then signed it and that was all that I signed then says I to him Father will pay you out of it, for your trouble, says he that will be all right and left.

As I have but a few minutes to finish my letter and mail it before the mail closes, I will not write any more tell Mother that I will write her and Emma as soon as I can so that you will get it in a day or two after you do this; I was on guard yesterday and last night and feel tired (sic) and sleepy so you will excuse mistakes poor writing.
Good Night from your son

Franklin H. Bailey

P.S. Write just as soon as you know how the thing is to be, and direct as before.

Co. B. 18th Reg. Mich' Inf'

Nashville,

Tennessee.
Near Nashville, Tenn.

Nov. 14th 1863.

Dear Mother,

I received your short but kind letter yesterday about noon, and was as a matter of course, very much pleased to hear from home. If you should have got your letters in the morning and our short "inspection" in camp over, you would not get out after inspection. It was too late to get a pass to our officers to not give any after nine o'clock A.M. I feel almost sure that there was a letter from town for me, so I took a fresh pass and ran the guard; Charley Russell handed me the letter. I read it and wrote a short letter to father. Started one night with Howard Robinson, who has been removed from the first to the Bay, in the evening and attended a soldiers prayer meeting in the Baptist Church of the Court House. In the morning started back in camp, stopped in the State House and there met 2 other men with Henry Denison going through the country. They are both detailed to the same road to write letters for the ladies, who need them. Went on both sides of our pickets into the country or to some and I went there all the same. I was so used there all the women and the boys wanted that I should stay there to with the sum of the soldiers. Bland and someone met them. I had 20. All was unconfined. In this little intelligence there is a warning to them.
Saddie would come in dressed in silk, some rich man's wife or daughter that could not read or write; she told me that she did not believe one out of ten could write, and not more than half could read, although almost all of them can play in the Prescott and King field, in absence of Nashville, the seat of the government. The city has no institutions of learning, they have none throughout the south, but what are they compared with our free-schools of the north, some of them have been a curse to our country, instead of a blessing. The Military Academy, for instance, where almost all of the rebel officers were educated, I saw them, several times from a distance, they are but a short space out of the city, and are used for hospitals by our army, better men than they ever were sent to before. Another thing that I will mention, although while I was in Detroit, I saw some on Lake Erie, but it was not a comparison to the way they paint the, inns of all ages, from little girls that could just look after the table, up to grandmothers, would have their faces daubed with white paint of some sort.

Then of another institution, that I will speak of, it is the, in the institution of prostitution, sanctioned by law, and licensed by military authority, there is one street running the whole length of Nashville, where every house is kept by courtesans, and there are many others situated although the city on every side.
This is called 'Smoky-row' and there are men in a
squad, scattered all along the it and in the largest houses
in the place, among the soldiers. It is frequent the places
they are called the 'Pickets' and are there all of the time.
They and might, there is a hospital kept by Uncle Sam
where these convicts are brought every ten days, and examined
by the Surgeon if proved to be sound they are given a license
for ten days, for which they pay one dollar, if not they
are kept there and doctors until they are; there are between
1400 and 1500 licenses given every ten days, this money goes
to pay the expenses of this hospital. There are a great many
kept by officers who do not get licenses, making in all over
one and a half thousand of these abominable, low, vile,
mean, illegitimate, wanton, obdurate, licentious, indecent,
immoral, wicked, keepers of hell-holes; I should
need a Webster's dictionary to find words enough, and
then I could not find them bad enough to express
my hatred of these beings, calling themselves women.
But I won't disgrace the name of women by applying it to them, and when I say that they
are unworthy the name of men, I do not say it
simply to express my hatred toward them, but because
I believe in the sight of an omniscient God,
that they are beneath the dumb-beasts that we call brutes,
but I have written enough about them, more than I intended
it, but not as much as I would, were I addressing
them, for I am determined whenever I have a chance
to let them know just what I think of them, and
(I have done it more than once already.) What is the cause of this degraded state of things through the South, but the cursed institution of human bondage, directly or indirectly? I believe that it is the same evil than any other, in the land of "Uncle Sam," I will not except monarchy. I wish that all of our democratic, age, and republican friends, could look at the institution of slavery as I do. They republicans because I believe that a large part of that party, do not go far enough in their politics towards appeasing the South.

Thursday, Nov. 19th, 18-- Dear Martha,

While I was writing yesterday morning I heard two bands of music approaching each other, at the head of two different regiments, supposing that they were going to have a sham fight. I just ask any writing and in company with one of the 4th boys started in the direction where we thought they would meet on reaching the grounds we found several other regiments there and the sight coming in until there was a company of "flying artillery." They gathered them for a drill and sent a battle yell. I stood there 30 or 40 and saw them drill, one much ago, they had a sham fight and are going to give another in a day or two. I saw it from a distance but the next one I want to be nearer to. I noticed as soon as I saw the first melody to start in a hill about half a mile distant, when I can look down upon the battle-field and see all much plains than I did before, it is a beautiful sight. It will pleased sham fight, when there are about 10,000 troops engaged. Infantry, Cavalry and Flying artillery.
presses nearly all the garnish and liceties of a genuine battle, without the horrors of Sand-blast accompanying it: to see regiment march up to each other with spoons and slings, and see in yellow as thousands of guns at one time, just as though they were in earnest, and to see them change on a battery so near that the round of the cannon will knock them down, some of the lay and officer shot others among a wounded, drive the men from the gun, turn them and fire upon the retreating enemy, has very much the appearance of a genuine battle, and will wrack the blood of a soldier almost to a boiling heat, but I guess that I have written enough about them fights, for if I should scribble one, a quire of paper, you would know a little about it, you must see it, in order to realize anything of it: I always think when looking at such things that I would never have seen at home that they are a small part of our revenue, for doing our duty toward our country and toward the common rice, the greater part of that revenue is to come hereafter: It is not pay or bounty that I have reference to, that is everything compared to the ruling that are doing our duty. It seems to me that I should be the most miserable being in the army if I had not that feeling in my breast, which assured me that my daily march not with the approbation of Almighty God, you know also Parents that the society I am obliged to live in is less where I am, in fact that I should choose more where I would have my choice. My opinion is the only man in our array of recruits besides myself, but what despite this
For at least five years your parents have been bringing up a country boy, a backwoods boy, as they would term it. He is a boon and a source of pride to his honored parents. His name is Robert Stewart, and he is a cousin to the rebel General Stewart, who says that he wishes he could have the privilege of seeing his cousin's brains cut off. When we are abroad of duty, we study the Scriptures together, when I am duty I study Phonography. It is quite dull, and I sometimes think to get my letter perfect, and then I spend a great deal of my time in the city, and around it the streets of the city at night, after I was in fort, I occasionally go and talk with the inmates of the fort. I was telling about being out from away from camp, I saw the drill, went up to the fort, and went down through the city, got the paper and the other People of this city, and got back to camp a little after dark. I had not let a smooth full since morning was pretty clear, for we had walked a long distance. I must bring your letters to close for the sake of seeing the last half of this sheet. Writing to Emma, I have not written half as much as I should like to be addressed this morning. I am sorry Mother said or course they are to Father also, when I write please write long letters, I shall make other requests in Emma's letter, have not seen here, my health is as good as I thought to expect, how the Ken grown, step as a mother of course. Do not hear praises wrong about me. I shall do the best that I can and trust God, with the result. Call in Emma.
Camp of detachment from the 4th Mich' Car'.

Near Nashville, Ten' November 17th 1863

Dear Mother.

I received your short but kind letter yesterday about noon, and was, as a matter of course very much pleased to hear from home; I should have got your letter in the morning but we had "inspection" in camp and I could not get out; after inspection it was to )sic( late to get a pass, as our officers do not give any after nine o clock AM. I felt almost abure )sic( that there was a letter town for me, so I took a French pass and run the guards; Charley Bennet handed me the letters. I read them and sat down in the hospital where I was, and wrote a short letter to Father. I staid )sic( over night with Horace Palmer who has been removed from the fort back to the Reg', in the evening we attended a soldiers prayer meeting in the upper story of the Court-house. In the morning I started back for camp, stoped )sic( in the State-house and staid )sic( there untill )sic( noon with Henry Pomroy and Nicky Mc kenesey, they are both detached in to the same room to write passes for the ladies, who wish to go out side of our pickets in to the country or to some other city, there was a crowd there all the forenoon, and the boys wanted that I should stay there so as to see some of the southern beauties, and converse with them; I did so, but I was suprised )sic( to see how little intelligence there is among them. Ladies would come in dressed in silk, some rich men's wives )sic( or daughters that could not read writing: Archey told me that he did not believe one out of ten could write, and not more than half could read, although most all of them can play upon the pianoforte and sing: that is here in Nashville the pot city of the southwest, the city whose )sic( institutions of learning they brag of throughout the south, but what are they compared with our free-schools of the north, some of them have been a curse to our country instead of a blessing, the Military Academy, for instance where most all of the rebel officers were educated, I have seen them
several times from a distance they are but a short space out of the city. and are used for hospitals by our army, a better use than they ever were put to before. Another thing that I will mention, I thought while I was in Detroit that I saw paint on ladies faces, but it was nothing compared sic( to the way they paint here, women of all ages, from little girls that could just look over the table, up to grandmothers, would have their faces sic( daubed sic( with white paint of some kind. (There is another institution that I will speak of just to show what kind of a city the south praise and call the "flower of Tennessee". (I pray God to keep all such flowers out of my garden, and out of my hands) it is the institution of prostitution, sanctioned by law, and licensed by military authority sic(, there is one street running sic( the whole length of Nashville, where evry sic( house is kept by courtesans, and there are many others scattered sic( through the city on evry sic( st. this st' is called "Smoky-row" and there are men 4 in a squad, scattered sic( all along the st' and in the largest houses to keep peace, among the soldiers that frequent the places they are called the "Patrols" and are there all of the tim sic(, day and night: there is a hospital kept by Uncle-Sam where these courtesans are brought evry sic( ten days, and examined by the Surgeon if found to be sound they are given a license for ten days, for which they pay one dollar, if not they are kept there and doctored untill sic( they are: there are between 1,400 and 1,500 licenses given evry sic( ten days, this money goes to pay the expenses of the hospital; there are a great many kept by officers who do not get licenses, making in all over one and a half thousand of these abominable, low, vile,
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meane )sic(, illugaten )sic(, lewd, wanton, dissolute, licentious, vicious, immoral, wicked, keepers of hell-holes; I should need )sic( a Websters-dictionary to find words enough, and then I could not find them bad enough, to express my hatred of these beings, calling themselves women but I wont' )sic( disgrace the name of women by applying it to them, and when I say that they are unworthy the name of b-k, I do not say it simply to express my hatred toward them, but because I believe in the sight of an omniscient God. that they are beneath the dumb-brute that we call b-k. but I have written enough about them, more than I intended to, but not as much as I would, were I addressing them, for I am determined whenever I have a chance to let them know just what I think of them, and I have done it more than once already.) What is the cause of this degraded state of things through the south but that cursed institution of human-bondage, directly or indirectly I believe that it is the cause of more evil than any thing else in the land of "Unclepsalm", I will not except whiskey. I wish that all of our democratic, yes and republican friends could look at the institution of slavery as I do. I say republicans because I believe that a large part of that party, do not go far enough in their politics towards freeing the bond.

Thursday Nov' 19th  Dear Mother

While I was writing yesterday morning I heard two bands of music approaching each other at the head of two different regiments; suppoasing )sic( that they were going to have a sham fight I put up my writing and in company with one of the 4 boys started
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think when looking at such things that I would never have seen at home, that they are a small part of our reward, for doing our country duty toward our and toward the human race. the greater part of that reward is to come here after, it is not pay or bounty that I have reference to, that is as nothing compared sic( to the feeling that we are doing our duty. It seems sic( to me, that I should be the most miserable being in the army if I had not that feeling in my breast, which assured me that my daily walk sic( met with the approbation of Almighty God. you know dear Parents that the society I am obliged be in more or less where I am, is not that which I should chose sic( were I where I could have my choice. My chum is the only man in our squad of recruits, besides myself, but what defile their lips with oaths, we very soon found out each other and chose each other sic( as chums, his name is Robert Stewet an own cousin to the rebel General Stewert, says that he wishes he could have the privilege sic( of blowing his cousins brains out. When we are boath sic( of sic( duty we study the Scriptures together, when I am on duty he writes or reads such reading matter as he can find in camp among the boys, when he is on duty I study Phonography. It is pretty hard and takes me some time to get my lessons perfect. and then I spend a great deal of my time in the city, and around in the suburbs of the city yesterday afternoon I was in fort Confiscation quite a spell talking with the inmates of the fort. I was telling about being out some ways from camp to see the drill, we went up to the fort and round home through the city got the paper and the "New Gospole of Peace" and yet back to
Nov. 17, 1863 - page 6

Camp a little after dark. had not eate sic( a mouthfull since morning was pritty sic( faint for we had walked a long distance.
I must bring your letter to a close for the sake of using the last half of this sheet writing to Emma. I have not written sic( half as much as I should like to. I addressed these scribblings sic( to you Mother but of course they are to Father also, now when you write please write long letters I shall make other requests in Emmas sic( letter have not room here. My health is as good as I ought to expect, how the Gen' gruck sic( -step as a matter of course. Do not dear Parents worry about me, I shall do the best that I can and trust God as to the result. Call in Emma.

Written on tops of pages.

with the two maps of Palistine in it, and send it to me, pleaze sic( . . . deal to me, more than spending money, send it by mail.
Please send me one or two postage stamp sic( each time you write as I have but 1.15 to keep me in paper and envelopes. I dont sic( ask you to send money, put it side the house.
After I get to the Reg' I should like to have you send me the "Mornign Star", yes you may send it now if you will, to Nashville. Mother please go to my trunk and find those two sermons I used to think so much of, you know which they are one delivered by Rev Duffield the oth sic( by Rev' Fairfield, and send the sic( to me direct as before to, Co. B. 18th Mich' Inf' Nashville Tennessee.
Huntsville, Alabama.

Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, 1863.

Dear Father, Mother, and Sister Emma,

As we are under marching orders, and expect to leave here to-morrow morning, I thought I would write you, and let you know how I was getting along. I am thankful that I can say I am as well now as I was last, nor have I had so much as a cold in my life. At first as a young buck, can throw any one that can't throw one, so I do not mean that you should worry about my getting into the hospital for I think that I stand as good a chance as any of the boys of keeping out.

I must now make my excuse for not having written before.

Before leaving Nashville I wrote three letters home, and as soon as we arrived here to Huntsville I wrote back to let you know my mail went on to.me, which I supposed would be there by that time, these having been written to you to have answered my last letter but I have not heard any mail yet.

The first letter that you wrote dated Dec. 20th is the only one that I have received since leaving home.

We left Nashville the second day of Dec. and was six days coming through to Huntsville, we would ride until near sun down, when we would stop in the woods, fields or wherever we happened to be, throw of all of our baggage, and start out in search of a corn field where we would get corn for our horses, or if we happened to find a corn field filled help our selves from that, if the corn showed itself thank him for having his corn ready hushed for us. Take salt, peas, chickens, cloths, gun, turkeys, or any thing else.
that was about the premises that was capable, ask him for
the key to the vermin-shire of the house, and the latter
singes to the door and make it serving the way or
is he says that he has no sense search the premises
perhaps find some under the bed or buried up in
a barrel of oil or in some other hiding place, go back
to camp and our horses, and cook our flesh meat, or foul,
spread down our blankets, wrap up in our blankets and go
sleep looking at the stars, thinking of the loneliness at
home; sleep until about four o'clock A.M., when the call
to get up, feed horses, is blown, get breakfast by the
light of the fire over which we cook the remains of
our fagg, chickens or whatever we reached for the night
before, saddle up and get ready to move on by day
light; travel until near sundown again, part of the
time in a walk and a part of the time on a trot,
without stopping to get any chimera, as we did not have
any stock under none of the boys would stop whenever
they came to a large farm house ride up to the door
itch their horses go in get what they could find
ready cooked, sing them in Black Bood if they would
take it, if not it made no difference to be the first
and eat it, keeping watch of their horses all the time
after eating all they wanted as all they could find
mount and gallop up with the rest of the column
general of the boys had fought with the Bush-war
heroes who would ride into the road beside them
and the column, two of our boys were killed
Dear Sir,

I mean our boys in that way, and we killed several Bush-Whackers, as we call them. On that way we passed six days and nights, forded two rivers on the way, broth of them deeper and wider than the size of a room, as at Adrian, and reached Huntsville, Alabama, 120 miles from Nashville, it was not very hard as long as we had fair weather but two days of the time we had a pretty wet time, mud, mud, feet and raining like the rain. I met with one accident coming through that nearly killed me up, I was thrown from my horse while on a galliput, my horse (which was a three-year old colt) got frightened and threw me to the ground. I had my gun string across my back, my horse stuck his foot through the strap of my gun, and galloped off with one dangling under his foot, several of the old soldiers said that they thought I was nearly tangled to death, but the horse made several jumps with me hanging to his paws, as soon as I got hold of tumbled out of the road. One of the boys stated some more, and in less than ten minutes, I was riding along with the rest of the boys; for about half an hour, the men that were in the rear and saw the accident kept riding up to see who had met with such an accident and came out so well, they all said that it was the luck that they saw saw I was very lame and fat for two weeks after, but kept on duty all the time, for I would not give up and go to the hospital, as long as I could help it.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Duck v Elk.
I have just been out to see call, or a few minutes ago, rather, where we had orders to be prepared to move to-morrow morning at six o' clock. I am now writing by candle light in my tent while the boys are eating "decent" and "first rate" supper. I have not time to write much about Huntsville. I will only say that we do not have as good a change to confiscate flocks or hens as we did on the way from Fort Pillow. The men who are stout and are rifles followed them back to camp, the next day, one said, "I saw the sun today."" But I must bring this letter to a close soon for my candle is getting low. I am one of 21 of our company detailed to go back to Nashville to-morrow morning after many horses, the rest of the morning. Those who are going to make an advance of the front, for they leave to-morrow morning the same time that we do, and do not know when they are going. I have a picture which I will send to you that I got at home in Nashville; please accept a copy or two after you receive this before you answer it. After I get to Nash I will write again sooner than this, for I must close close to all. Good night, yours,

[Signature]

I am sorry that I cannot write half as well as you.
It is true, as the other week of my news, I have drawn issues since we came, mine is a little cream. I cannot hardly believe looking at my letter after I have written it that they are my writing. I would be ashamed to write it to any one except my own folks. I make as many mistakes and write so slowly, it makes me feel more ashamed of my writing than I do any other time, to think that I have to put up with the inconvenience in writing that I do while selecting, and to see what a poor scholar I am and cannot be spending the time that I ought to in preparing myself for future usefulness.
Please do not expose the ignorance of your son by showing other letters to every body, write as soon as you receive this and insert a few postage stamps if convenient give my best respects to all enquiring friends.

Henry Brown, Cousin Betsy Ann and Briely Gould in particular.

When you write please write a long letter and all the news that you can think of, for I want to hear from you the worst way. Emancipate please and too.

Hoping that this may be so soon brought to a close (but not tending much signs of it) I subscribe myself your son and brother, 

J. H. Bailey

Dirc.

Capt. 4th Regt. M. S. Co. 1st Brigade 2d Division army of the Cumberland.
Huntsville, Alabama.

Wednesday P.M. Dec' 23d 1863

Dear Father, Mother, and Sister Emma.

As we are under marching orders and expect to leave her to-morrow morning, I thought that I would write you and let you know how I was geting)sic( along. I am thankfull)sic( that I can say, I think I am as well now as I ever was, never weighed so much as I do now in my life, stout as a young buck, can throw any one that can't throw me, so I do not want that you should worry about my geting)sic( into the hospital for I think that I stand as good a chance as any of the boys of keeping out. I must now make my excuse for not having written)sic( before; before leaving Nashville I wrote three letters home, and as soon as we arived)sic( here in Huntsville I wrote back to Nash' to have my mail sent on to me, which I supposed would be there by that time, there having been ample time for you to have answered my last letter, but I have not received any mail yet, so the first letter that you wrote dated Nov 12th is the only one that I have received since leaving home. We left Nashville the second day of Dec' and was six days coming through to Huntsville, we would ride untill)sic( very near sun down, when we would stop in the woods, fields or where-ever we hapened)sic( to be, throw of)sic( all our baggage, and start out in search of a corn field where we would get corn for our horses, or if we happened to find a corn crib filled help our selves from that, if the owner showed himself thank him for having his corn ready husked for us, take what pige)sic(, chickens, chicks, geese, turkeys, or any things else that was about the premises that was eatable, ask him for the key
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to the smook *sic* -house if he refuse, cut the leather hinges to the door and make it swing the wrong way, or if he says that he has no hams search his premises perhaps *sic* (find some under the bed or buried up in a barrel of ashes or in some other hiding place, go back to camp feed our horses, and cook our fresh meet, or fowl, spread down our ponchoes *sic* (, wrap up in our blankets and go to sleep looking at the stars, and thinking of the loved ones at home; sleep untill *sic* (about four o clock A.M. when *sic* (the call to getup, feed horses, is blown, get breakfast by the light of the fire over which we cook the remainder of our pig, chickens or whatever *sic* (we reached for the night before, saddle up and get ready to move on by day light; travel untill *sic* (near sun down again, part of the time on a walk and part of the time on a trot, without stoping *sic* (to get any dinner, as we did not have very strict orders some of the boys would stop whenever they came to a large farm house ride up to the door hitch their horses go in get what they could find ready cooked, pay them in Rail-Road if they would take it, if not it made no difference take the food, and eat it, keeping watch of their horses all the time after eating all they wanted or all they could find, mount and gallop up with the rest of the column several of the boys had fights with the Bush-whackers who would ride into the road betwixt them and the column, two of our boys I say we I mean our boys were killed in that way, and we killed several Bush-Whackers, as we call them. In that way we passed six days and nights, forded two rivers on the way boath *sic* (of them deeper and wider than the river raised is at Adrian, and reached Huntsville Alabama, 120 miles from Nashville, it was not very hard as long
Dec. 23, 1863 - page 3

as we had fair weather but two days of the time we had a pretty wet time, mud under foot and raining like fun. I met with one accident coming through that nearly used me up, I was thrown from my horse while on a gallop, my horse (which was a three year old colt) got frightened and threw me into the ground, I had my gun slung across my back, my horse stepped on my foot through the strop of my gun, and galloped off with me dangling under his forefeet, several of the old soldiers said that they thought I was nearly mangled to death, for the horse made several jumps with me hanging to his forefeet. as soon as I got loose I tumbled out of the road one of the boys stopped my horse, and in less than ten minutes I was riding along with the rest of the boys; for about half an hour the men that were in the rear and saw the accident kept riding up to see who had met with such an accident and came out so well, they all said that it was the luckiest that they ever saw, I was very lame and sore for two weeks after, but kept on duty all the time, for I would not give up and go to the hospital, as long as I could help it. I have just been out to ride my horse, or a few minutes ago rather, where we had orders to be prepared to move tomorrow morning at six o clock. I am now writing by candle light in my tent while the boys are cooking "old-cow" and "hard tack" for supper. I have not time to write much about Huntsville. I will only say that we do not have as good a chance to confiscate pigs hens &c as we did on the way here, but two or three nights ago however two boys out of our "shebang" went out, and seven hens and one turkey followed them back to camp, the next day we
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lived high. "For the goose hung high".
But I must bring this letter to a close soon for my candle is
geting )sic( low, I am one of 21 of our company detailed to go
back to Nashville tomorrow morning after more horses, the rest
of the Reg' that is here are going to make an advance I think,
for they leave tomorrow morning the same time that we do, and do
not know wher )sic( they are going. I have a picture that I will
send to you that I got taken in Nashville. please wait a day or
two after you receive this before you answer it. after I get to
Nash' I will write again excuse now for I must close love to all
Good night from your son

Franklin H Bailey
I am sorry that I cannot write half I want to.

The two rivers forded were the Duck and Elk)

Dec. 23, 1863 ?

I spoke on the other sheet of my horse we have drawn horses since
we came here, mine is a little cream. I cannot hardly believe
looking at my letters after I have written )sic( them that they
are my writing I would be ashamed to write to any one except my
own folk I make so many mistakes and write so poorly. It makes
me feel worse toward Jeff Davis evry )sic( time I try to write
than it does any other time, to think that I have to put up with
the inconveniences in writing that I do while soldiering, and to
see what a poor scholar I am and cannot be spending the time that
I ought to in preparing myself for futur )sic( usefulness )sic(.
Dec. 23, 1863 - page 5

Please do not expose the ignorance of your son by showing this letter to evry sic( body. Write as soon as you receive this and inclose a few postage stamps if convenient give my best respects to all enquiring sic( friends Mary Brown, Cousin Lydia Ann and Pricely Gould in particular. When you write please write a long letter and all the news that you can think of for I want to here sic( from home the worst very. Emma you please write too. Hoping that this war may be soon brought to a close (but not seeing much signs of it) I subscribe myself your son and brother F. H. Bailey, Direct,
Co. C. 4th Reg' Mich' Cav'. 1st Brigade

20 Division army of the Cumbland sic(.}