



Civil War Letters

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

Compiled by Doris Simmons Clark Moore,
great granddaughter of Rufus Brooks Mann
And Mary Eudora (Mollie) Fanning Mann



2004

Preface

Rufus Brooks Mann and Mary Eudora (Mollie) Fanning "were married on Tuesday evening at the opening of a school concert at Mt. Vernon, Texas June 25, 1861." This was written by Mollie in a family history she and Rufus compiled for their children.



Rufus B. Mann

Rufus, about 31 years of age when he married, was born in North Carolina and was a graduate of the University of North Carolina. Following his graduation he taught briefly at Henderson, Greenville County, N.C. and later came to Jefferson, Texas to assume a teaching position there. In 1859-60, he relocated and was head of the Franklin Academy at Mt. Vernon.



The Franklin Academy

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
 COMMENCEMENT BALL.
Complimentary to
 The Graduating Class.
 Thursday Evening, June 14th 1857.

MANAGERS

W. Aron. H. C. McHester.
 J. H. Gilmer, Jr. W. F. Sutton, Jr.
 J. H. Jenkins. J. L. Whitted

ATTENDANT MANAGERS

Hon. J. P. Roussimoff. J. H. Gilmer Esq.
 Hon. R. B. Pasquett. Hon. R. J. Davis.
 J. L. Lancy Esq. J. H. McDowell Esq.

Invitation to Commencement Ball

Diploma (opposite Page)

This document is made of sheepskin
 and is written in Latin. Rufus was a
 Greek and Latin scholar.

Mollie was 22 years of age at the time of the marriage. She was the daughter of Dr. James Madison Fanning and Margaret Salena Davidson Fanning. James M. Fanning had died in Linn County, Iowa in 1848, and Margaret, at the invitation of her father-in-law, William Fanning, had moved with her children to Titus County, Texas in 1857. The Fanning children included Mary Eudora (Mollie), Maggie E. (Mag), Julia Burroughs (Jude), and James Madison Jr., (Jim), about ten years of age.



Mary E. Fanning

Mount Vernon Grays, TST

Soon after his marriage to Mollie, Rufus joined the Titus County Mount Vernon Grays, 8th Brigade of the Texas State Troops. His commanding officer was Capt. J. F. Johnson. The TST was a division of the Texas Rangers and provided frontier defense. The men were later mustered into the Confederate States Army.

CSA

Rufus enlisted in the Confederate States Army at Gray Rock, Titus County, Texas and was mustered into service on Feb. 24, 1862, as a Private in Company G of the 11th Regiment, Texas Infantry. Organized originally under command of Capt. William H. Christian, Col. O. M. Roberts' Regiment, the company was re-organized June 23, 1862, and placed under command of Capt. T. H. Roundtree and designated as Company B "Titus Hunters" of the 11th Texas Infantry Regiment.

The following letter was written from Rufus to his wife, Mollie, almost three months after he had been mustered into the CSA. During this six-month period of service Rufus was stationed at Camp Lubbock

Camp Lubbock, Texas
May 13th 1862

My Dear Mollie,

Another leisure hour and it gives the greatest pleasure to devote it to the amusement and satisfaction of my own Mollie. All I have to regret is that I have not more time and something more interesting for her leisure and lonely hours. I wish that I could write a letter long and interesting enough to withdraw her mind from all sad reflections and silence the ill forebodings of the future. I wish that I could add such charms to the reminiscences of the passed and illumine the future with such bright anticipations that she would be for a while unconscious of the present, thus living removed as far as possible from reality and distress. My Dear, you must be cheerful, you must recollect that the health of more than yourself is in some manner connected with this matter, the health, both mental and physical; your health is the greatest consideration with me. As I have often told you, nothing but this imperative necessity of my country could induce me to leave home, leave all that is near and dear to me, no position on earth could entice me away from her.

.....grieving on account of my absence. I am in pursuit of virtuous pleasure and I do not expect or desire to find or enjoy it until Mollie is there to share it with me; it seems that life would be a burden without her. Then for my sake, be cheerful Mollie. I wish to know something about your situation (I hope you will excuse me for mentioning.) I want to get a furlough sometime this fall or summer. I should like to be at home on a certain occasion, if it should take place. You have some idea by this time.

Mollie, I have just dined. I cooked my own dinner. I had baked potatoes, beef steak, good buttermilk and bis-

cuits. Ihard at this business. We have plenty to eat. It is coarse but strong and substantial, and I think-wholesome if it is cooked well. We are allowed plenty of time to prepare it and if the men live badly it is their own fault. Many of them live better than they do when they are at home. Yet all find fault with the hard fare. They complain about beef when they have been raised upon it.

I did very well about washing while Kim Smith stayed. His boy washed for me. He is a very good washer and cook too. I hated to give him up, but I think I can get on very well without him. I can get my clothes washed for five cents per garment as long as I stay here. I have plenty of money yet. They say we will draw a little money in a few days, some twenty-five or thirty dollars. This is for clothing. We are entitled to fifty dollars a year for clothing. The clothes I have I think will last me some time, a year I

..... You Expressed some uneasiness about their.....

... All that I have now stand first rate. Those linen shirts are thin, very..... They are cool and very easy to wash. My stockings.....anything else I have. My shoes are rough and heavy. I shall not need any of them before I need other clothing, as I have four pairs, and it is likely I shall learn how to do without by that time. I tell you a man very fast in the army. He becomes Texian indeed. I am sun burnt, as brown as ginger cake. I have the real Mexican tan. The College polish and parlor whitening soon vanishes in the army in this climate. I think it will be worth a great deal to me and give me some mustle which I need. I have been sitting in the house so much that my mustles are more like a female's than a male's. I shall not mind the little sun burn and blistered feet if I should ever get back to my Dear Mollie. She will know and own me and love me none the less. I enjoy looking at your picture. It is my constant companion. Many are the silent conversations that I have with it and I..... I sometimes speak aloud to it and would even dare to kiss it if I did not fear that it might think that I was too familiar upon such a short acquaintance. Mollie, I said....(he would have his picture taken).....as soon as we draw our money. I regret very much that I could not have it taken before now

I have read the first book of the New Testament since I came down here which is more than I have read in five years before. I attribute this to you. I could assign many reasons for this neglect though none being valid ones.

May 13th 1862, I had the great pleasure of receiving two letters from you, this evening. 27th of April and May 4th '62, also the note of 24th.....a beautiful rose bud. which I highly prize.(the last part of the letter is lost).

Temporary Discharge

By Special Order No. 290, issued at Headquarters, Tyler, Texas, August 16, 1862, Rufus was honorably discharged to resume his duties "....as a teacher of an academy at Mt. Vernon, Titus County, Texas."

Recalled to Active Duty

Rufus was recalled to active duty in the CSA February 8, 1863, serving in Col. DeMorse's Regiment, Capt. Hooks' Company. During this period he saw action in Arkansas.

Camp at Truckee
May 11 1878

My Dear Mother;

Another tedious hour
and it gives the greatest pleasure
to devote it to the amusement and
satisfaction of my own Mother; all
I have to regret, is that I have not
more time and something more
interesting for her leisure and
lonesome hours. I wish that I could
write a letter long and interesting
enough to withdraw her mind
from all sad reflections and silence
the ill forebodings of the future.
I wish that I could add such re-
 charms to the reminiscences of the
past and illumine the future
with such bright anticipations.

unconscious of the present, thus
living, serene and as far as possible from
sorrow and distress. My Dear Mother
be thankful, God much needed that
the health of more than yourself is
in some manner connected with
this matter. The health, both mental
and physical, your health is the
greatest consideration with me.
As I have given you nothing but
the impression necessity of my con-
tinuing could induce me to leave
home, leave all that is dear and
dear to me, no fraction on earth
could induce me away from her

for me, he is a very good washer and
cook too. I wanted to give him up.
But I think I can get on very
well with him. I have
my clothes washed for five cents
per garment, as long as I stay.
I have plenty of money yet, they say
will draw the little money in a
few days, you twenty five or thirty
dollars, his is for clothing, we are
entitled to fifty dollars per year for
clothing. The clothes that I have
I think will last me some
time, a pair of trousers, pair of pants,
some handkerchiefs, shirt, other things
fine; all things I have now. These
first ones that I have shirts are
the very best, they are cold and
very clean to wash. My stockings,

anything else I have. My shoes
are rough and heavy, I shall
not mend any of them before I
mend other clothing, as I have
four pairs, and it is likely
that I shall learn how to do
without by that time. I tell
you a man clownish as I feel
in the army, he becomes exasperated
indeed, I am sure bent all
down at ginger cake. I have
the real Mexican taste, they
College, which and fear the
whitening soon vanishes in the
army in this climate.

I think it will be worth a great
deal to me, I give me some matter
which I need, I have been sitting
down to write a letter to you
many times and never got beyond
than a snail. I shall not
wring the letter from my
blistered feet, if the Lord ever
bless to my writing, I will
know and our names will be
more the less to be looking at
Picture. It is my intention to compare
many are there in conversation
that I have written and I read
I sometimes speak about it
and would bring down to let it
if I did, ^{not} few that it might
think that I was to give any
a short acquaintance with the

as soon as we have our money
I regret very much that I cannot
yet have it taken before now
I have read the first book of the
New Testament since I came
down here, which is more than I
have read in five years before.
I attribute this to God & could
assign many reasons for this neglect
though I have many neglect ones.
May, 1st 80, I had the great pleasure
of receiving two letters from you this
morning. I got the first & the 2nd of
also the note of 2nd the great & beautiful
rose bud, which I highly prize

Headquarters, Tyler, Texas,
August 16, 1862.
Special Order }
No. 296. }

Rufus Mann, a private in Capt. Rowntree's Co. D, Col. O. M. Roberts' 11th Texas infantry, is hereby honorably discharged from the service of the Confederate States, for the reason that he is engaged as teacher of an Academy at Mount Vernon, Titus County, Texas.

Upon condition, however, that should said Mann abandon said business, he is to return to his company as a soldier.

By order of
Brig. Gen. Henry E. McCulloch
Jno. Henry Brown
Major W. A. G. Gen.

Temporary Discharge

Letters from Mollie

Mt. Vernon, Titus Co., Texas
August 1st (1863)

My Dear Husband,

Your kind favor of the 5th and also of the 13th inst. was received this week and like all your letters never fail to make me very happy. Yes my dear your sweet letters are the great elixir of life. The most precious part of my existence, in fact. I often think if it were not for mail day coming round again I would be more than willing to bid adieu to this tempest driven, storm beaten earth, provided I could get a safe transfer to a better command. What a long long time since we parted. On the 8th of next month it will be seven months but instead of repining I suppose I ought to be most thankful that so long a time has passed and you are still preserved. Dear you are a precious dear husband to write so faithfully. I have breathed a fervent "God Bless you" many times for this particular kindness. All your letters informing me of your encountering the enemy reached me before any reports. As of yet I know nothing of the dreadful suspense of a big battle and no word from you. Somehow of late I have become more reconciled to your being in the army, from the fact (I imagine) that I find I am compelled to be and besides I have concluded that you will survive the dangers to which you are exposed. I am ashamed to confess that an old card-cutter could make an impression on me, but you know we are always wanting to hope for the best. She said you would live through the war, but that you would loose a limb. I would regret such an accident very much but if such a thing should happen I thought I would have you forewarned, so you would not put down, believing that according to her prediction you would recover from your wound. I should not be surprised to get a lecture from you for being so foolish as to mention anything of the kind, but I hoped you will not be very severe for it was Jude that consulted the fortune teller about you and she had predicted so many things that afterwards occurred.

A Welch man who was wounded at Corinth had all his teeth shot out, his mouth and tongue dreadfully lacerated. I tuned our piano recently. I asked him how he felt and if he didn't despair and think of death. "Oh no no Madame, I never put down. If a sick or wounded soldier puts down he's going to die." I imagine you believe as He does from the cheerful letters you write me. Indeed I often feel sharply reproved for my sadness and despairing habit. When I think how much more you have to endure and that the pang of separation is the same. You have never told me whether or not you have suffered from Camp dysentery. And I thought probably (you) would not let me know if you have.. A Dr. gave me a remedy for it the other day which he said a soldier from Virginia, a Col, gave him for infallible. The Physician that made it saved thousands and said he could cure any patient that was not too far gone to breathe, begged me to write it to my husband and as it is very simple you might get the ingredients and give it a trial. Doubtless some of your friends need such a medicine if you do not. Now don't laugh at it my Dear. Yes, laugh as much as you please, but don't neglect to try it. Take equal quantities of anvil dust, browned pulverized egg shell and corn cob ashes mix into pills with tar and take 2 or 3, 2 or 3 times a day until relieved. This is so simple and if it is as good as it is said to be, is an invaluable remedy. I am anxious to have it proven.

The old fogies in this precinct are jogging along as usual. Some of them were drawn the other day to be sent to Camp of instruction.. Among the number were Messers. Opiel W. Lacy, M. G. Miller, White, Lancaster, W. B. Wright, and Jim Ward. Old Cam English was frightened almost out of his wits, was offering \$2000 for a substitute. Said he could not go. Old John Hill left for Austin before the draft, but left his name as a volunteer. He will be back soon. Josh Johnson has declined in the scale of being about as rapidly as his dastardly course deserves. Bro. Sidener, speaking of his conduct religiously, politically and masonically, said to me, Josh Johnson is the mean-est man living. Old Lamb had informed him confidentially that Josh was the principle instigator of that document you

remember that was signed for the purpose of sending Sidener and the Turners to the Army and so dreadfully exasperated them and all of their friends. W. B. Wright, you know, is offering for Congress again. He learned that Josh was opposing him, not however until he had got to Daingerfield, and he asserted there in a crowd that Josh was the meanest man in the Confederacy, that he was a Coward and an Abolitionist. Well my Dear I'll not waste paper or tax you longer on so small a theme.

Mrs. Box paid us a visit recently and what do you think?———she looks as dignified as I did last summer——and Mrs. Sidener also. And such old simpletons as Old Box and Sidener would be hard to find. Why my Dear. I don't believe you are half as proud of your great fine boy that has been the praise of everyone as they are of the mere prospect. Sidener had to tell us even that his wife was a re-mendous woman and that he was going to write and tell us all about his fine boy. (They are in Paris now). No Dearest, I was only jesting like I was when I told you Wirt was growing ugly. I didn't mean it. I believe you think enough of your boy, and I would think you had lost your wits entirely if you were to do anything half so ridiculous as some others.

I received a letter from Cousin Lee Small yesterday. Sent his best respects and inquired particularly about you. I will send you his address so if you feel disposed to write to him he might sometime give you news from his quarters, Louisiana. There is nothing new from the boys from this place. All safe at last accounts. Bob Bell got into camp with Guss and into a skirmish on the following day. They saw Eugene Dade and that he had a late letter from his brother, Lewis, which was good news as they had not been heard from in a long while.

Julia rec'd a long superlative letter from Wesley the other day. Mr. McKnight writes often. Sam Cook is back now. He has hired a substitute, it is said but he has not been received yet. I saw Shirley the other day at Church. She had a great many questions to ask about Wirt and of course I returned the compliment. And we enjoyed it very much. How girls will change. We are deeply interested in matters now about which we once felt no concern.

My Dear, it is rumored here that Col. DeMorse is wounded. I have received no letter from you mentioning it. How have you got out of conceit with his Colonel-ship? I hope he has not treated you unfairly. Judge Dillahany(?) was inquiring about you. Long since said he could wish my husband under a better Colonel. He can't endure DeMorse, but you know every man has his enemies and the Judge is said to be a man of most vindictive feelings.

You must tell me how you like the drudgery. Do you cook and wash? I hope there are better times in store. I sent your boots to Paris by Mr. Sidener the 24th inst. I doubt about your wearing them, they are so hard. Dearest, I have inflicted an unusually long and badly written epistle but I know your sweet forbearing disposition so well that I venture to transgress.

Mother wrote to you and Mag also lately. You must not allow yourself any uneasiness about Mollie and Wirt. I know we are much better situated than you, in fact I have nothing to complain of but being deprived of you which I feel is an unavoidable necessity. Tho' I have not had the energy and good health I could have wished, I am truly grateful that I am blessed with this good.

Ma thinks I should wean Wirt and if I do not get stronger when the cold weather comes I may do so. I am quite lean and weak, but have good appetite. Wirt is very hearty. Ma and all join me in much love, and I will teach Wirt to do it before long.

As ever your devoted Mollie.

August 12

My Dear Harriet

You had I fear of the 3rd day of the 1864
 and we read this week and like all your letters we find to be a
 much more happy - yes my dear - your sweet letters are the
 great elixir of life - the most precious part of my existence is
 just it - I often think if it were not for brother day coming
 round again I would be more than willing to be admitted
 to this wonderful and strong human earth - provided I could
 get a safe transfer to a better command - What a long long
 time since he parted on the 8th of last month - it felt like months
 but instead of expiring at suppose it ought to be most thank-
 ful - that is long it there has passed and you are still present
 Dear you are a precious good making of it quite so faithfully -
 I have breath a sweet "God Bless you" many times for
 this particular kindness - See your letter expressing one of
 your encountering this enemy (reached me before my report as
 last of having nothing of the beautiful surprise after big battle)
 And got word from you - some hours of late I have become more
 reconciled to your being in the army (from the fact of my injury).
 That I find I am compelled to be and besides a how enclosed
 that you will remind the danger to which you are exposed - I am
 inclined to confess that an old Carol on the Coast makes an impression
 upon me - but you know me and always feeling to hope for the best.
 He said you would live through the war - but that you would
 lose a limb - I would regret such an accident very much
 but if such a thing should happen I thought I would have
 you for reward - so you would not put down believing that

according to her prediction you would recover from your wound -
I should not be surprized to get a letter from you for being so
foolish as to mention any thing of the kind, but I hope you will
not be very severe for it was a kind of accident that occasioned the mention
about your death had predicted so many things that afterwards
occurred - A fellow man who was wounded at Bunker's
had all his teeth shot out his mouth & stomach & intestines lacerated
turned over & under recently - I asked him - how he felt and if
he didn't despair and think of death "Oh no no Madam I
never put down if a sick or wounded soldier puts down his
going to die I imagine you believe as he does from the Church
letting you write me - instead of often put down his head and for
my darkness and despairing habits when I think had much
more you how to endure and that the pang of separation is the same
you have never told me whether or not you have suffered from
the Camp dysentery and I have thought probably you would
not let me know it if you were - A Dr gave me a remedy for
it the other day which he said a soldier from Virginia a bit
gave him for himself the dysentery that made it send
thousands and said he could cure any patient that was not
too far gone to breathe - begged me to write it to my friends and
and as it is very simple you might get the ingredients
and give it a trial - doubtless some of your friends need such
a medicine if you do not - now don't laugh at it my Dear
you laugh as much as you please but don't neglect to try it -
Take equal quantities of Rye's dust - Browned pulverized
Egg shell & burn the ashes mix into pills with Tar and
take 2 or 3 - 20 or 5 times per day until relieved This is
as simple & if it is as good as it is said to be it is an
invaluable remedy - I am anxious to hope it
proves

The old papers in this packet are freezing along as usual - some
of them have dissolved - the other day I took down the Cambridge -
action among the summers - Spencer - Joseph M. Spence -
White - Launceston - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
was frightened out of his wits - was offered \$2000 for
a portrait - and he could not go - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
for W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
he will be W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
The scale of W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
diverses - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
politically and W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
the W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
him confidentially that W. B. Wright was the principle investigator
of that W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
of W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
and so W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
W. B. Wright is W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
knowing as W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
knowing that W. B. Wright was W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
he had W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
knowing that W. B. Wright was W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
key - that W. B. Wright was a W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
Well my Dear all W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
a theme - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
you think? - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
if W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
and such old W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
hard to find - Why my Dear - I don't believe you
are half as proud of your great fine boy - that has
been the praise of W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
proof - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
was a W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
and tell us all about his fine boy - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
No I don't - I was only W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
you think W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright - W. B. Wright -
you think enough of your boy - and I don't think you

[illegible]

Mt. Vernon
Titus Co. Tex.
Oct 21st/1863

My Dear Husband,

I promised you a long letter next time, but I am in very poor plight this morning to write at all. My eyes I hope are well, but for the last ten days I have been suffering very much with a severe rising under my right arm. I have lost a good deal of rest from it, and in fact it has unfit me for any thing. Ma wrote to you once and Julia twice. I hope you received their letters tho you may depend it was serious times when we were everyone down except Julia and Wirt. He had them first and got well. The rest of us, myself, & Ma, Jim and the negro boy, Henry, couldn't see to wait upon ourselves. Ma was blind 12 days, I was about 20 and the most acute suffering part of the time that I ever felt. Tho I knew the eye to be a most sensitive organ I never could have imagined the intense pain that could be felt in so small a compass. We have lost two months and suffered dreadfully. Mrs. Collins declares she wouldn't be willing to have the siege we had for \$500. It is decidedly the greatest affliction we have had in our family for years. I regret it exceedingly my Dear from the fact that it has been the cause of a most grievous disappointment to me in regard to your winter clothing which I had hoped to have all ready for you before this. I engaged wool rolls from Mr. Holbrook's early in the spring but the machines were so crowded that I didn't get them until Sept., the very week we all took the sore eyes and instead of some good comfortable jeans in case of your coming or sending home for clothing I have only a bundle of wool and a bale of warp. Old Mr. Satterfield is making us a loom and it may be that I will get it woven someday but I have so often found that human hopes are uncertain that I am almost learning to count upon nothing until I realize it. I have weaned Wirt and hope my health will soon improve so that I can help myself some for it is what I have not been able to do for a long time and I am getting tired of it. It would have been a hard trial to have weaned poor little Wirt but I had become so reduced and thin that I began to think it doubtful about my wintering through at the same rates and

was not only willing, but anxious to do anything that would promise to better my condition. I presume you have heard of Dr. Hendricks marriage which took place some time since. He married that Miss Nellie Martin of Jefferson that has been writing to Mt. Pleasant for the last two years for a school I have heard no particulars except that she has a school of some 14 pupils and teaches in a room in the yard.

Our concert for the benefit of the soldiers came off on the 9th well and gave general satisfaction to those who attended. Others said ours surpassed all. The exercises consisted of musical charades, tableaux and addresses and was all original with ourselves. Mrs. Brooks, Ma and I did the writing. I wrote a charade I called the Speculator. I represented the old fellow as mean and niggardly as possible. His family living in ease and elegance, perfectly regardless of the want and misery around them and denying relief in any form to all that asked it. Refusing leather or provisions to bare-footed soldier's wives, refusing time after time to take in soldiers and a great many other ugly things selfish and villainous. And finally a soldier to return in great anger and make a dreadful speech to the Old Wretch and finally drive him off the platform with his gun to the infinite gratification of the audience. I did not take an active part. My eyes prevented. I wrote a little before they got sore. We took in \$140. which I think was better than nothing. We have not appropriated it yet.

We have cheering accounts here. Bragg's victory and also the capture of Pope and staff. I have been in fine hopes of our utter.....for a long time.....in.....

Mag is teaching with Mrs. Brown again this session. Julia is at home. There has been more sickness in this county this year than has been known for years. Dr. Patillo and Thad Turner are home on furlough in fine health.

The crops I believe are considered good but high prices and higher ones expected. Such a crowd of negroes here, consume so much. 700 pass sometimes in a day. There is nothing local of interest. The commissary stores in Mt. Pleasant are filling up every building that can be had.

Cousin Lee Small wrote to me from Velasco. He is

in full faith, says he will come to great extremity no doubt but that we will finally wring from the hated North our independence.

My Dear I hope you keep well and that this painful separation will not always.....I can write nothing further of interest and for all the blotches, smears, and spoiled words you may charge Wirt. He has frolicked around me all the while, every few minutes making a grab at the paper or ink. He is noisy as half a dozen common brats, but no more.

Ma joins me in much love.

Your devoted Mollie

Wm. Linn

Letter to Lex

Dec. 27th 1865

My Dear Husband

I promised you a long letter
past time but I am in very poor health this morning
to write at all. My eyes I hope are well, but for the
last few days I have been suffering very much with a
severe itching pain in my right eye. I have lost a good
deal of rest from it, and in fact it has kept me from
anything. We wrote to you once and I am sure
I hope you received them letters and you will be pleased
that there was one thing more serious. The 11th, this
you may depend it was a very serious time here when
we were very sick except I am sure that he had then found
and got well. The rest of us myself & Ma Linn and the
nephew boy Henry could not see to wait papers ourselves.
Ma was blind 12 days. I was blind 22 and felt
most acute suffering part of the time that I can
felt in the corner of the eye to be a most sensitive
organ I never could have imagined the intense
pain that could be felt in so small a compass.
We have lost two months & suffered dreadfully.
Mr. Collins declares she would not be willing to have
the surgery we had for it. It is decidedly the
greatest affliction we have had in our family
for years. I regret it exceedingly my dear husband
just that it has been the cause of so much serious
disappointment to me in regard to your health & ability.

which I had hoped to have all ready for you before
this. I engaged Woodville from Mr. T. H. Woodville only
in the spring but the numbers were so crowded that
I didn't get them until Sept. the very week you all took
the same year and instead of some good some fantastic
fairs in case of your coming to see me for
for clothing. I have only a bundle of some old
kind of cloth - Old Mr. Sturges is making new
books and it may be that I will get it sooner
some day but I have so often feared that
you have forgotten that it was almost burning
to come before reaching while I writing it - I
I have feared that I had hope my last I will
soon improve so that I can write myself
some for it is what I have not been able
to do for a long time - and I am getting
very tired of it - it doesn't seem to be
until I have heard from Mr. H. that it had
become so rough & thin that it began to think
it would not last my writing through at
the same rate & it does not only writing but
anxious to do any thing that would promise
to better my condition. It seems you have
heard of Mr. Hendricks writing a little book
place some time since the material that I had
Martin of stuff that has been writing to me up
for the last two years for a school. I have
heard no particulars except that she has some
of some 14 pupils & teacher in the yard

Our concert for the benefit of the soldiers came
off on the 9th inst and gave general satisfaction
those who had attended. There said our surperintendent
The exercises consisted of music chorales
solos & addresses and was all original
with ourselves. Mrs Brooks Ma & I did the
singing. I wrote a chorale I called the Spectator
of repentance. The old fellow as usual was
niggardly as possible. - His family being
in perfect ease and elegance - perfectly ignorant
of the want and misery around them
and denying relief in any form. He shut
us out - refusing to let us in - refusing to
be comforted soldiers wives - refusing time after
time to take in soldiers - and a great
many other evil things & selfish and
villainous. But finally a soldier to return
in great anger and make a dreadful speech
to the old wretch and finally threw him off
the platform with his gun to the infinite
gratification of the multitude. I did not
take in either part my eyes prevented, I
wrote a little before they got here.
The sock in his which I think was better than
nothing. We have not appropriated it yet.
We have clearing accounts here. Briggs' victory
and the capture of Popov's stuff. I have been
in fine hopes of our better
for a long time are

May is teaching with Mr Brown again this
session Julia is at home
There has been more sickness in this country
this year than has been known for years
Dr Patten & Thad Turner are home on furlough
in fine health
The crops I believe are considered good
but high prices and heavier ones expected
such a crowd of negroes in here - consume
so much - You pass sometimes in a day
There is nothing head of intellect the
commissionary stores at Mt Pleasant are
filling up every building that can be
used I believe Mrs Wm D. Smith is to go
from Valasco - he is in full faith says he
will come to great extremity no doubt
but that we will finally bring from
the hated North our independence
My Dear I hope you keep well and
that this painful separation will not always
last I hope I can write nothing further
of interest - and for all the blotches & marks
and spoiled words you may charge
that he has pressed around me all the
while every few minutes making a
grat at the paper or ink - he is noisy
as half a dozen common brats but his own
Ma joins me in much love
Your devoted Mollie

THE FOLLOWING IS PART OF A LETTER
WITH NO DATE. IT SEEMS TO BE WRITTEN IN THE
FALL OF 1864

.....Henry Haynes and several others pursued them to Mt. Pleasant. The thieves took Josh Johnson's fine clay bank matches, tried at Mr. Bickerstaff's but he fearlessly placed himself between them and his stable with only one load in his gun, and said he'd kill the first man that advanced. They said well I reckon we'll have to let you alone. Are you a Southern man? Yes I am a Southern man, but you're a pack of horse thieves. As soon as they left he got a company and pursued. They stopped at the hotel in Mt. Pleasant, had their horses put up but left them with their saddles on. Mr. Bickerstaff got into Mt. Pleasant about 15 minutes after they did, but having only four men, everybody in town asleep and not knowing how many there were of the thieves he parleyed a little. They took alarm and fled, took the Paris road. Our boys came up with Mr. Bickerstaff and others from Mt. Pleasant until they numbered 30 men, only half an hour behind the rascals all day Monday. They got three fine horses in Mt. Pleasant. They left word at the houses and sent word by anyone they met to tell their pursuers they needn't try for they couldn't catch them. Donk left on a fresh horse today hoping to hear something yet at Mt. P. There are a great many opinions about the identities of the thieves. Some think they are deserters from the White Oak bottom. Others, that they are fellows from the Flathead nation out here, mounting themselves to go to Shreveport to meet the Federals. Others think they belong to Rhine's company of Paris who is soliciting men to join him who had no horses, assured them he would mount them on the finest horses in the county. There was evidently someone well acquainted here in the crowd for they knew all the fine horses. They didn't take a common horse at all, and I think they must have known Grand Father's horse was old and probably wind-broken as they didn't molest him.

My Dear you may wish to know if Mollie cut a figure. It was the time of brother Sturman's meeting but he

failed to reach here. Mag and Jude were both here and other company. Fatigue and company had visited me with one of my uncommon headaches, and when they all blustered home with the fright I lay very quiet. Indeed I knew I would suffer much worse to become frightened and for once I held still. A suspicious fellow passed through here some weeks ago inquiring for gold and silver. Said he was confident that there was plenty of it in this county if a man could find out who had it. Grand Father took fright and paid Sam Cook \$275. in gold for a little negro boy. Holbrooks and Brooks paid him \$300. each (gold) for a negro woman a piece. Grand Father also paid John Turner \$200. gold for a mare. Tom Turner says he wouldn't have paid the same money at this time for any negro or mare that was ever born in the U.S. And I say so too. But Grand Dad has got clear of his money and I suppose it is all right. My Dear I have nothing of interest to tell you. My school is doing very well. I expect to teach six months. Ma and I are well. Wirt is as hearty as a pig. May God bless and protect you. As ever

Your devoted Mollie

Henry Haggard and several others - pursued them to Mt. Shasta. The thieves took Cash Johnson's fine clay bank matches tried at Mr. Bicker's staffs - but he fearlessly placed himself between them and his stable with only one load in his gun - and said he'd kill the first man that advanced - they said well I reckon we'd have to let you alone and you a Southern man - yes I am a Southern man - but I own a pack of Indian thieves as soon as they left the gates of Campan & pursued. They stopped at the hotel and their horses put up but left them with saddles on - Mr. Bicknapp got in to Fort P. about 15 minutes after they did - but having but 4 men - every body in town asleep, and not knowing how many there were of the thieves - he parleyed a little, they took alarm & fled - took the Davis road - our boys came up with Mr. Bicknapp's party from Fort P. until they numbered 30 men, only half an hour behind the rascals all day Monday - they got three fine horses in Fort P. - they left the word - the horses - and sent word by any one they met - to tell their pursuers - they couldn't try for they couldn't catch them, Doug left us a fresh horse to-day - hoping to head something yet at Fort P. There are a great many opinions about the identity of the thieves - some think they are Deacons from White oak bottom - others that they are fellows from the Flat head nation out here - mounting themselves to go to Shreveport to meet the Fidelity.

Mt. Vernon
Titus Co., Texas
Sunday Evening, Jan. 7th

My Dear Husband,

You must not expect anything of interest, indeed I should not have written at all this week but that I have an opportunity of sending it to Jeff. from whence you will be more apt to receive it than any nearer point as the mails are all confused. I fear I shall not hear from you often which will be a great privation indeed. We are all well as usual and jogging at usual rates. My Dear you can form but little idea how dreary and vapid life is without your presence. Your stay was so short it seems. Now more like a sweet dream than a reality. Several of your friends, indeed all our acquaintances, regretted very much that you left so soon, even unexpectedly to them, as the weather presented all chance of visiting you. But Friendship's ceremonies are not often worth much, and I presume you are not much offended. The next morning after you left at daylight Wirt was awake and chirping as usual. I asked him Where's Pa? He drew down his little face to a very thoughtful, sorrowful expression, pointed to the gate, gone, gone. I said Kiss Pa. He seemed pleased at the idea, waited a moment to think, then kissed the pillow where you lay over and over again. The originality of his motions struck me forcibly. He has not forgotten you yet. I have taught him to throw kisses after you with his little hand. And he has thrown dozens of them. Ma says I must not fail to tell you that she was forcing him on Dixie the other night against his will. He fretted a little then raised his voice May! May! May! Higher every time. I was half asleep and he wanted me to come to his relief. All the family agree it is the smartest and sweetest trick yet.

My Dear Husband, I am so sorry you have to be in Camp this wet, dreary weather. I know it must be a wretched, dismal, gloomy, unhealthy, uncomfortable quarter at this time.

We have a blast of Peace News but that is natural Phenomenon. I never believe anything of the kind.

I taught this week, Ma wove and the girls spun. We

have moved upstairs into our room. I like it better than any room on the place.

Dearest, you must excuse this blank letter. I can think of nothing at all interesting to tell you, and when I get on the war question and your absence I cannot stop without over taxing you. Be sure to write often and depend upon it I never will fail but the mails will be very uncertain indeed.

Precious one, how I would like to steal upon you this evening and help you get supper but it is fortunate for you that I cannot for I should bring so many kisses for myself and Wirt that you would soon get tired of it.

Mother and all join me in much love. Wirt is learning to talk rapidly. He has learned to whistle and shakes his head to keep time.

God bless you my Dear. Take good care of yourself and write soon to your devoted

Mollie

Mr Vernon
Litch to Lex-
Sunday evening Jan 1860

My Dear Husband

You must not
expect anything of postscript - indeed
it should not have written at all
this week but that I saw an opportunity
of sending it to you from Ipswich
You will be enough to receive it
When my dear point as the
Mr and Mrs are all confined - I fear
I shall not hear from you often
which will be a great privation
indeed. We are all well as usual
and jogging along at usual rates
My dear you can form but
little idea how dreary and rapid
life is without your presence
Your stay was so short it seems
now more like a sweet dream
than a reality. Several of your
friends indeed all our acquaintances
regretted very much that you
left so soon - even unwilling
to them as the weather prevented
all chance of visiting you

But Friendship ceremonies are not often
worth much and I presumed you
are not much affected.
The next morning after you left
at day light I was awake
and chirping as usual. I asked
him where Pa. He drew down his
little face to a very thoughtful
sorrowful expression. He pointed to the
gate gone gone. I said, Yes Pa.
He seemed pleased at the idea passed
a moment to think that he had
the pillow where you lay over
and over again. The fragility
of his motions struck me forcibly.
He has not forgotten you yet.
I have taught him to throw kisses
after you with his little hand.
And he has thrown dozens of
them. But Ma says I must not
fail to tell you that she was
forcing him on Dixie the
other night against his will he
kissed a little then rained his voice
"May May" May higher every time
I was half asleep and he wanted
me to come to his relief.
All the family agreed that it is
the end of a somewhat long but

My Dear Husband I am
so sorry you have to be in camp
this wet & rainy weather
I know it must be a wretched
dismal gloomy unwholesome
uncomfortable quarter at this
time -
We have a blast of Snow & Snow
but that is natural Phenomenon
I never believe any thing
of the kind -
I taught this week Ma wove
and the girls spun - we have
moved up stairs into our room
I like it better than any room
on the place -
Darest you must excuse this blank
letter I can think of nothing
at all interesting to tell you
and when I get on I do
over question and your absence
I cannot stop without overtaxing
you - be sure to write often and
depend upon it I never will
fail but the mails will be
very uncertain indeed

Dearest One I wish I would
like to steal upon you this
evening and help you get supper.
but it is fortunate for you that I
cannot for I should bring so many
kisses for myself and Wirt H.
that you would soon get tired
of it—

Mother and all join
me in much love. Wirt is
learning to talk rapidly. he has
learned to whistle and shakes his
head to keep time—

God Bless you my Dear
take good care of yourself
and write soon to your
affectionate Mother

Mt. Vernon, Titus Co., Texas
Sunday Morning, July (1864)

My Dear Husband,

I expected to write again before this but Wirt grew worse and I have waited for a change. He has not been dangerous but I have been quite uneasy about him as the medicine has produced no effect. He has but little appetite and has eaten nothing but the very simplest diet for ten days. The Dr. has been visiting a sick negro of Mrs. Dyer's and has seen Wirt regularly. He thinks it altogether attributable to his teeth, and that there is no danger, but that he will not be likely to improve until he cuts four jaw teeth which are coming. The dear little fellow is considerably reduced and at times very feeble and languid. He calls me up to 6 or 12 times during the night for the ten days past (until the last two nights he rested all night without being disturbed.) When he feels well enough to talk his mind seems active, if not brighter, than when well. And it is Mollie Mollie for everything—beginning of every sentence nearly and the ending. Mollie take me up Mollie, Mollie give me a drink Mollie, Mollie put me seepy in the bed Mollie. Lying on the bed the other day I said Wirt let's read Pa's letter, My Dear Mollie I want to see you and sweet Wirt very much. You must kiss my sweet Wirt. Wirt is a sweet boy and you must kiss him often for me. Glancing off the paper I saw he was much delighted and so quiet almost holding his breath to listen. So I continued in the same tone, "but if he cries you must whip him, bang, bang." My Dear I shall not attempt to explain the sudden puzzled twinkle, the gloom, and appealing look of his countenance. Mag roared out at him. I laughed too and he seemed relieved. Some days after, he got a note of mine and went all around reading, "Wirt is a sweet boy. You must kiss Wirt. You must kiss (and with a cunning cut of eye and louder tone,) but don't whip Wirt. On his pallet yesterday he called for a pillow several times. Being busy sewing I neglected to get it. Noticing him very quiet some minutes after, I called his attention saying, Wirt what did Pa say in his letter? "Pa said give me a pillow Mollie," he answered and you may be sure he got the pillow

and some kisses too. I could not relate half the interesting things he says in a day. Tho' it is a serious and responsible thing to be a mother, I would not be without our dear little Wirt for any consideration and I do think he articulates Mollie sweeter than anyone on earth unless it is his Pa.

My Dear I have not written to you as frequently since you left last or heretofore, from the fact that I could not hear from you. Some of your letters are three months in coming. I re'cd one not long since that was mailed at Camden, written before you were home last. I have re'cd several lately, most, I presume, that you have written. I have dates May 21st. June 25th, 29th, 9th, 15th. I am ever grateful for your letters, and keep a heart full of gratitude for your preservation. I have written you some gloomy, moody letters but I know your heart is big enough and good enough to excuse all such imperfections. I suppose my health and feelings are as good as I could expect at present, but it has been so much worse than ever before that I often forget myself and murmur. When I think of the weary life you have to live, and compare our present life and circumstance with what it might have been, I sometimes think it is hard, too hard to endure. For a time I strongly hoped for peace. I still hope but not with that confidence I could wish. I fear we will not be so blessed for many years.

I have nothing local to relate and for want of something better I filled most of my sheet about Wirt.

It is generally believed that Miss Bessie is preparing for her nuptials and that Dr. Patillo is to be the happy, favoured one, he is expected daily and it is thought his arrival will fix the day.

Kate has settled down to quiet married life here at home. Miller is at Tyler in government service. She expects to move to their farm in Hopkins in October. She pretends to be extravagantly happy and everyone says old Lue mightily pleased with the institution of marriage and has astonished the natives by openly confessing to her friends that she has at last and for the first time in her life got her own consent to marry since she sees how happy Kate is. Now Darling I know this will not be new to you,

as you knew to your sorrow long ago that she wouldn't marry. A word to the wise is sufficient. Jimmie Hill and Donk are disclosing to all observers that they love each other some, strange things will happen.

Mrs. Calvin Barrett's second son has been killed. Her brother-in-law, old Berry Barrett was killed at Mansfield. No news from the neighbor boys, Rice and others since the Atlanta fight.

Ma joins me in much love.

Wm Vernon Litch Esq
Sunday Morning July-

My Dear Hubbard,

I expected to have written again before this but West's great illness and I wanted for a change - he has not been dangerous but I have been quite uneasy about him, so the medicine has produced no effect - he has but little appetite and has eaten nothing but the very simplest diet for two days - Charles has been visiting a sick negro of Mr. Rogers and has seen West secretly - he thinks it altogether attributable to his teeth and that there is no danger but that he will not be likely to improve until he cuts four jaw teeth which are coming The dead little fellow is considerably reduced and at times very feeble and languid - he calls me up from 6 to 1/3 times during the night for the ten days past (until the last two nights he rested all night without being disturbed) When he feels well enough to talk his mind seems as active, if not brighter than when well and it is Mollie Mollie for every thing - beginning of every sentence nearly & the ending Mollie takes me up Mollie - Mollie gives and drinks Mollie Mollie put me to sleep on the bed Mollie - Lying on the

bed the other day I said - What let's read Pa's letter - My
Dear Mollie I want to see you and sweet What say
much how must kiss my sweet What - What is a
sweet boy and you must kiss him often for me,
glancing off the paper, I said he was much delighted
and so quiet - Almost holding his breath to listen so
I continued in the same tone "but if What cries
you must help him, hang, hang, My Dear it shall
not attempt to describe the sudden puzzled twinkles
the gloom, and appealing look of his countenance
May oared out at him I laughed too and he soon
retired - Some days after he got a note of mine
and went all around reading - What is a sweet
boy, you must kiss What you must kiss, and
with a cunning cut of his eye, and louder tone
but don't help What - on his pallet ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{and} ~~the~~
he called for a pillow several times being very
sorry I neglected to get it, noticing him very
quiet some minutes after I called his attention
by saying What what did Pa say in his letter
"Pa said give me a pillow Mollie," he answered
and you may be sure he got the pillow and some
kisses too. It cannot relate half the interesting
things he says in a day, and it is a serious and
responsible thing to be a mother - I cannot not

be without our Dead little West for any consideration
and I do think he articulates Wollie's emotion
than any one on earth unless it is his Pa.

My Dear I have not written to you as frequently since
you left last as heretofore from the fact that I could
not hear from you - some of your letters are three
months coming I rec'd one not long since that
was mailed at Camden written before you were
home last I have rec'd several lately most of
presume that you have written I have dated May 21st
Jan 25th 29th Feb 15th I am ever grateful for your
letters, and keep a heart full of gratitude for your
preservation, I have written you some gloomy
letters but I know your heart is big enough and
good enough to excuse all such imperfections. I
suppose my health and feelings are as good
as I could expect at present but it has been so
much worse than ever before that I often forget my-
self and murmur, when I think of the heavy life
you have to live, and compare our present life and
circumstances with what it might have been, I
sometimes think it is hard - too hard to endure,
I'm times strongly hoping for peace - I still hope
but not with that confidence I could wish,
I fear we will not be so blessed for many years.

I had nothing local to relate and for want of something
better, I filled most of my sheet about West.
It is generally believed that Maj. Beaud is preparing for
his nuptials and that Dr. Stiles is to be the happy
favoured one, he is expected daily and it is thought
his arrival will fix the day. Kate has settled
down to quiet married life here at home, Miller
is at Tyler in government service. She expects
to move to their farm in Chapkins in October.
She pretends to be extremely happy and
every body says old Lue mightily pleased
with the institution of marriage and has astonished
the natives by openly confessing to her friends that
she has at last and for the first time in her life
got her own consent to marry since she was
married. Kate is - I saw Darling I knew this
will not be said to you - as you know to your
son and long ago that she is excellent - as
good to the wife is sufficient - Jimmie Hill
& Jack and discovering to all observers that they love
each other some, Strange things will happen.
Mr. Walter Barrett's son Leon has been killed - his brother
in-law old Berry Barrett has killed at Mansfield.
He runs from the neighbor boys. Red Rogers since
the Atlanta fight. Ma joins me in much love

July 26th (1864)

My Dear Husband,

We have later news yesterday and today confirming the good news and making it better every time. We have it from two different sources that Gen'l Lee held Gen'l Grant in check on his last 'On to Richmond' and sent 30 or 40 thousand troops round to Maryland and took Washington City. It is more generally believed than any former report of the kind ever has been; and whether it be true or not all minds are satisfied that Grant has failed and will ever do the same. No one seems to doubt our success and many are confident that this year will terminate the war. Freemont and Lincoln it is thought will divide the war party so that a Peace president will surely be elected. Freemont's letter of acceptance for the nomination is going the rounds and from all that can be learned Lincoln is sure to run. Some think Franklin Pierce will be the Peace Candidate, others McClellan, as for me it matters not who is elected. I am sure I would rather have my husband home in peace and safety than have him President of either government, or be myself queen of the proudest kingdom on earth. "Oh tell me not of lofty fate, of glory's deathless name the bosom's love leaves desolate has naught to do with fame."

Wirt is no worse but has not improved in the two days past as I could wish or had expected. The Drs. however say there is no chance for a cure until cool weather and that with his head and temperament to cure his bowels while teething would probably bring on high fever and convulsions.

Mrs. Dyer has just returned from a meeting where her child was exposed to measles and hooping cough which terrifies me very much. Wirt would stand a poor chance to get well of measles now and hooping cough would doubtless continue in the family until fall which I would consider certain death to all new comers. I have told you of Sallie Stephens little girl, Abbie, being drowned in the well. Sallie went from home, left her child in the care of a negro boy 12 yrs of age, giving him a task of weeds to cut and mind Abbie, promising a whipping if he failed to complete it. The

child was neglected, fell in the well. I have heard her skull was fractured and her neck was broken. I may be unfortunate someday but it will never be the consequence of neglect. I never left Wirt one half hour in the care of anyone but his Grand Ma, not even his grown Aunts who often begged the charge, and are fond and attentive as can be!

Mag has just started to the hotel to see Dump and took Wirt along to see Bula Lee. She has been to see Wirt twice. Wirt looked back, Goodbye Mol-lie. Will and Dump have rented some rooms up there and are keeping house.

My Dear you say I must tell you what I am thinking and doing. My thought are varied. Sometimes cheerful enough and again very sad. In either mood they wander always toward Ft. Smith. I sew some, mostly for Wirt, read some and keep house some. I am preserving some today and have put your name in the kettle in large type. You must be sure to come and claim it. I intend to have peach cobbler for dinner tomorrow, and apple dumplings the next day. Mrs. Tom Turner sent me the fruit today from below Daingerfield by Mag and Mrs. Dyer who attended a meeting there. Why can't you come and dine with us? I often think how well and how happily we might live if we could only have a chance, but if we could only enjoy peace and happiness, as much as I dislike coarse fare, I could be content with the plainest. My Dear, I have imposed quite a lengthy, common-place epistle upon you, but knowing that you are good-natured, at least with me, I hope you will excuse such a blunder.. I don't often feel like writing and have indulged more than common. It seems longer this time since you left home than ever before, but My Dear, you know I have never annoyed you about coming home, much as I desire it for I believe you will come as often as convenience and propriety will permit, and I would not have you exposed unnecessarily to censure or fatigue for any gratification of mine. I pray the Lord to take care of you and keep and guard you from every evil and danger and one day restore you to your ever loving and devoted

Mollie

July 26th

My Dear Husband
 We have later news yesterday & today
 confirming the good news and making it better any time.
 The latest from two different sources that Genl Lee held
 Genl Grant in check in his last day to Richmond (perhaps
 30 or 40 thousand troops coming to Manassas & back to Washington
 City - it is even generally believed that many former or partly
 the kind ever has been and another still true of every
 1000 words and stating that Grant was killed and will
 ever do the same. It is even said to do it over and over
 and many are confident that this year will terminate the
 war. It is said that wherever it is thought will divide the war
 party as that a Peace president will easily be elected.
 The month's letter of acceptance for the nomination is going
 the rounds and from all that can be learned (including
 the press to a man - some think Franklin Pierce will be
 the Peace Candidate there. I do not know, as for our South
 not who is elected, how much I would rather have our president
 at home in peace and safety than have him abroad at
 either government or in foreign places of the most dangerous
 on earth. You tell me out of sight of bloodless peace
 the South has been disordered has brought its with peace.
 "What is our crime but has not been for the two days past as
 could wish or had expected. The South however say that is not
 chance for a cruel winter, cool weather and that with less hard
 and therefore want to cause his hands while nothing is
 probably being on high fever and convulsions. The South
 has just returned from a meeting where he said that
 exposed to measles and measles, which terrified
 him very much. That a good stand a few should be
 get out of measles now & looking, could be said to be
 continue in the family until fall which I would again
 certain death to all next comes. I heard you of falling
 there's little girl who has been down in the well. I have
 heard from them but when called in the care of a negro boy
 12 years of age, giving him a task of words to do & send him
 (perhaps a trick plan) if he failed to complete it.
 The child was so tired & fell in the well & was heard
 her skull was fractured & death was certain. I may be unfortunate
 some day but it will never be the consequence of carelessness
 or neglect. I never left the house and have not been
 any one but my Grand Ma, not even my own daughter
 who often says - the change and and find themselves so

as can be, May has just started to the hotel to see Drump
and took West along to see Buladine - she has been to see
West twice - that looked broke - possibly Mol - lie
free of Drump how central some rooms are there and
are keeping house. My Dear how say I must tell
you what I am thinking and doing. My thoughts are
varied, sometimes cheerful enough and again very sad
in either mood they wander always towards the Smiths -
I am sorry mostly for West - and home, and keep home
down, I am preparing some today and have just
your name in the letter in large type. how much he
seems to corner and claim it. I intend to have French
bottles for dinner tomorrow and Apple Dumplings
next day. Mrs Tom Turner sent me the prettiest talk
from Edward George Field by May and Mrs Drayton
attended a meeting there - why can't you come
and dine with us? I often think how dull and how
happy we might live if we could only have a chance
out of the conventional peace and happiness much as
I dislike coarse fare, I should be content
with the plainest. My Dear I have imposed quite a
lengthy common-place epistle upon you. but knowing
that you are good-natured at least with me, I hope
you will excuse such a blunder. I don't often feel
like writing and have indulged more than common.
(It seems longer this time, since you left home than
ever before, but My Dear how kind I have perswaded
you about coming home, much as I desire it. But
before you will come often as convenient and
perhaps will permit, and I would not have you exposed
unnecessarily to expense or fatigue for any gratification
of mine. I pray the Lord to take care of you
and keep and guard you from every evil and
danger and send of a rest to you to your ever loving
and devoted Mother.

October 8th
(1864)

My Dear Husband,

I have nothing interesting to tell you, except that I am improving and the Baby is well and beautiful as possible. We have been nursed as tenderly as two infants could have been. The usual rounds of visits and compliments have been paid. Some call the babe a pretty one, and all admire her fine head and forehead. Her eyes are like Wirt's were at first. The family I believe think they will be brown or black but I am not sure yet that they won't be gray. Mrs. Ruth asked if they were like Wirt's, if they were they were pretty enough for his were the prettiest eyes she ever saw.

My Dear I feel like I have much to be grateful and humble for, as well as a great deal of responsibility. Two little immortal beings entrusted to my care. I hope I may be enabled to raise them properly while it depends upon me alone and Oh! How anxiously I look forward to the time when you can be with me to share the pleasant task. Wirt is so interesting. I know you would be proud of him. He is as good as a child could be to have been humored as he has been. His Grand Ma forbid him to say Doggone it. He often gets very angry and his first thought is to say it. No sooner thought than said with great vehemence. For several days past he gets out Dog at the pitch of his voice—then pauses, relaxes his whole countenance, lowers his voice to a soft whisper—little Dog Bumma, Grand Pa's little black dog that's all. Mother thinks it the smartest thing he's ever done. But to hear it is nothing like seeing his motions. He says he's Bumma's little boy, Sissy's little buddy, Mollie's little man and Pa's little soldier. He says Pa's gone to the army to fight for Mollie and Wirt and He's going to kill Yankees and negroes. He says the reason Pa don't come home, Old Col. Welch hasn't got any baby and little man and wifey to love him. Pa's got some. He says he'll get Pa's shotgun and shoot old Col. Welch and then Pa'll come home. He says more things and catches more ideas, puts together more things than you would ever attribute to a child of his age unless you could hear it, but no more. Come home when you can and see for yourself. As ever yours affectionately,

Mollie

July 26th

My Dear Husband
We have later news yesterday & today
confirming the good news and making it better any time.
We have it from two different sources that Gen Lee held
Gen Grant in check in his last Dr to Richmond and sent
30,000 thousand troops round to Mass and took Norfolk
City - it is even generally believed than any former report by
the kind ever has been and whether the loss of our
All friends are satisfied that Grant has failed and will
soon do the same for me I wish to dash our success
and many are confident that this year we will overcome the
War. I am not so sure of it. We will divide the war
party as that a Peace president will surely be elected.
The month's letter of acceptance for the nomination is going
the rounds and you will see that can be learned. I wish
to sure to see - I am sure that Franklin Pierce will be
the Peace Candidate. He is Mr. C. L. L. as for our party
not who is elected, I am sure I cannot know any more
at home in peace and safety than here. I am President of
either government or be properly Queen of the proudest nation
on earth. You tell me not of the fate of flowers that are made
the same. You leave doubtless the night the wither name.
Thinking you were but he not expected in the two days past as I
could wish or had expected. I do not however say this is our
chance for a cure until cool weather and still with his head
and temperature to cure his trouble while nothing proved
probably being on high fever and convulsions. Mr. D.
has just returned from a meeting where his child was
exposed to measles and whooping cough, which terrified
me very much. That a good stand a poor chance to
get out of measles now & looking, cough, how do the
continue in the family until fall which I would make
certain death to all next comes a chance of fall
Stevens little girl Edie being drowned in the well. I am
nervous from the news of the child in the case of a negro boy
12 yrs of age, giving him a task of work for that. I am not
provisional a whipping if he failed to complete it.
The child was not killed, fell in the well. I have heard
her skull was fractured & that broken. I may be mistaken
some day but it will never be the consequence of capriciousness
or neglect. I never left off from all hope and the cause
any one to let his Grand Ma not with his big green teeth
(who often began the change and are said to be) as

as can be, Mary has just started to the hotel to see Drump
and took the wagon to see Barbara - she has been to see
Mist twice - Mist looked back - Goodbye Mol - lie
Hill & Drump have sent some good things of their and
are keeping house. My Dear you say I must tell
you what I am thinking and doing. My thoughts are
varied, sometimes cheerful enough and again very sad
in either case they wander along towards St. Louis.
I send some money for Mist - had some and kept house
down. I am preparing some today - and when put
your name in the letter in large type you must be
bolder for dinner tomorrow and Apple Dumplings
next day Mrs. Tom Turner sent me the fruit & taking
from Leland Drumpfield by Mary and John. Dr. who
attended a meeting there last night. Can't you come
and dine with us? I often think how dull and how
lively he might live if he could only have a chance
out of his cold and cold place and happiness much as
I shatter. Coarsely ~~fine~~ fare, I should be content
with the plainest. My Dear I have imposed quite a
lengthy common-place epistle upon you - but knowing
that you are good-natured at least with me, I hope
you will excuse such a blunder. I don't often get
like writing and have indulged more than common.
It seems longer this time, since you left home than
ever before, but My Dear how tender I have over-estimated
you about coming home, much as I desire it. But
where you will come often as convenient and
possibly will permit, and I would not have you exposed
unnecessarily to censure or fatigue for any gratification
of mine. I pray the Lord to take care of you
and keep and guard you from every evil and
danger and one day restore you to your dear home
and double Mother

The following letter was received by Rufus Mann during the Civil War period, and is included here as an item of interest.

Mouth Mill Creek
March 1st 1864

Mr. Rufus Mann

Dear Sir,

Some twelve months since I took up a stray horse running at my place. Some time last fall there was an order issued by some one of our commanders authorizing soldiers to take stray horses; I then belonged to the Army, and as yet, and therefore reserved the horse for my own use. He has been at my house until a few weeks since, when I understand McCrarey caught him in the bottom, not a half mile from my field, and took him over to your regiment. The horse was accustomed to run out all the time, as he came up every night. As soon as I heard what had become of the horse I wrote to Chas. McCrarity about it, and he informed me that you understood there was a stray horse in the bottom, and sent for him. The horse rightly and justly belongs to me, until the proper owner comes for him. As I have taken care of him nearly a year, he came to my house very poor, and when I last saw him he was seal fat.

I am expecting to return to my regiment very soon and therefore look to you as a gentleman to return the horse to me. If you should doubt anything I have said about the horse, I refer you to any reliable person in this county, as I have had the horse posted.

I am very respectfully yours,
J.Y. Boyce

Mr. Rufus Mann
Capt. Hook's Co.
DeMorse's Regt.

This letter was written to Rufus Mann during the Reconstruction period after the war. The letter is from his brothers who had remained in North Carolina.

Bakers+Roads, Franklin Co.
July 17, 1869

Dear Brother.

I have been thinking that I would write to you some time but have neglected to do so. The weather is very hot and dry at this time. The corn is looking very bad on the hills. Wheat is good in this part of the country. Cotton is very small for the season, it is now just beginning to bloom. We have a very poor stand in this section. The health of the country is good. When I wrote to you last I said that I would let you know what had been done with The Old Man's land. It has been sold and the money will be paid this fall or winter. I will have the matter settled as soon as possible, it is a very hard matter to settle any sort of business in this country. I will send your part of the estate when ever it comes in to my hands. I expect that John's children, Sally and the Hester children will get nearly all the estate for it will take it all to make their share equal in the estate. I do not know how the matter will stand but from the signs of the times we will come in very slow. Jos Mann's oldest daughter is married to Dr. B. B. Perry, a son of Dr. Sidney Perry of Louisburg. The rest of the children are all well. My family is all well at present. I have no news to write you. The whole country is in a very bad condition for it is governed by negroes and bad white men. Aunt Oby is dead I expect for she had been bed-ridden two or three months. I have not heard from them in some time. Give my respects to your wife and children.

I remain your
Brother, T.H. Mann

The following was added to T.H. Mann's letter by a brother, Joe A. Mann

Tell your wife to write to me. I would like very much to hear how she and the children are getting on. You & Dr. confine your letters entirely to business and politics. I believe, consequently, we never know any thing of each other. We have three children now. The youngest is nine months old. He is the largest I ever saw. Willie is growing finely, is plenty large to go to school, but we have never sent him. Ina is small but healthy and the sweetest you ever saw. Our youngest is a boy and is named James Thomas.

Yours etc.

Joe A. Mann

A letter written to Rufus Mann by his sister, Sallie Mann Ellis. The letter is undated, but must have been written soon after the close of the Civil War.

Dear Brother,

It is with a sad heart that I try to write to you this evening. Death has visited us and taken our oldest daughter, Eva. She died the third of August with fever. She lived three weeks. She was very hopeful up to a few days of her death. About a half hour before she breathed her last, she commenced singing Lover of My Soul and sang one verse and then she told us all good bye and asked us to meet her in heaven. There was a dozen or more here that evening and she called everyone separate and bid them farewell. Her brother put his arm around her and told her she must not do so for she was excited, but she said she was not. Then asked him to meet her in heaven. He did not speak so she asked him again. He told her he would. She said then, kiss me. She requested us to carry her back to the old place and bury her by the side of her little brother. Everyone present said it was the brightest death scene they ever witnessed.

I know I ought to be resigned to her death, but Oh it is so hard to give her up. She was in her twenty-first year, over an average for looks and very bright. Loved by all who knew her. She always had a word for the old and the young.

I have only three children left. Two boys and one girl. The boys are both at home. The younger is eleven years old, name, The (Theophillus?)

Tom loves to go to school and his teachers say he is very smart.

Nora, our daughter, is boarding at Dr. Gill's and goes to school. All say she is like me. She is tall and weighs about a hundred and twenty. She is not as fond of books as the others though she learns very fast.

We live in a nice neighborhood. The people have been very wealthy, but they have not got much now but their land. They are very friendly and I never saw kinder neighbors than they were to me while Eva was.....

(the rest of the letter is lost.)

The following account is taken from the Fanning Family History, written by Mary Eudora Fanning Mann for her children.

The Journey to Texas

In 1857, your great grandfather, William Fanning who was living near Mt. Vernon in Titus Co. wrote to her (his daughter-in-law, Margaret S. Fanning) to come to Texas as we could be of great comfort to him and company in his 73rd year and he wished to assist us. And we could secure a good location to teach. On the 22nd of April, 1857, we left Bloomington about 10 a.m. It was about 100 miles to New Albany where we were to take a steamer which we took passage in. We were delayed several days. We landed at New Orleans on May 5th. We changed boats for Shreveport and when up the river some distance we took a very small boat where we were very much crowded and very uncomfortable. I never shall forget the name of that boat. It was Effort. We said it was an effort.

We were so worn out and starved on poor fare when we reached Jefferson, Texas we were greatly rejoiced. It was Saturday and the stage had gone at 3 o'clock a.m. so we had to wait over until Monday. That morning at 3 o'clock we took the stage for Mt. Pleasant, where we landed at five in the evening at a distance of 60 miles. Next morning we took a hack for Mt. Vernon 17 miles and that evening which was the 19th day of May, 1857 we reached Grandfathers. The dear Old Man was sitting on his gallery, came tottering feebly out to the gate and as he bid us welcome, never before having seen any one of the number, the tears were on his cheek.

He had a pleasant and comfortable home, a farm of 321 acres. 100 in cultivation, where he grew successfully cotton, corn, wheat, oats, sugar cane, and other grains. He had fruits principally peaches, grapes, etc. But no white person on the place except him. He had some faithful and careful negroes who lived with him and had a better home than they ever had after they were emancipated. Old Aunt Jinnie was the cook. Grandfather always had made property. He was a man of remarkable energy and industry.



Mary E., Margaret S., Maggie E., William Fanning (center),
James M. Jr., Julia B.

The following story was told by James Madison Fanning's granddaughter, Rosebud Mann Durell.

Disagreement between Father and Son
(mid 1830's)

James Madison Fanning was attending school at the University of Indiana to study medicine. While away from home he had become sympathetic to the Abolitionist's views, and was very much opposed to slavery.

When James Madison came home for a visit, he and his father, William Fanning, had a heated argument concerning the slaves his father owned. As the argument progressed William said to his son, "If you are so opposed to slavery, why are you willing to take the money that was made through the slaves' labor for your schooling?"

The next morning James Madison told his father that he had thought about what had been said and that his father was right. He should not take the money that was made through his father's owning slaves, and he would no longer accept his father's assistance with his education.

James Madison left home and never saw his father again.



Envelope showing Rufus' return address as
"Rufus Mann a soldier in 29th Tex Cav"



Mollie
1839-1893

Obituary from Smith County Newspaper

A Memoriam.

Mrs. M. E. Mann, a most amiable and highly esteemed lady, departed this life Thursday night, near Starrville, Smith county, after a painful illness of seven weeks duration. The deceased was a niece of Talbert Fanning, the distinguished educator of Tennessee, and was a graduate of one of the best institutions of that state. She had presided over many high schools and institutes; was much loved by her numerous pupils, patrons and all who knew her.

She leaves a husband, Prof. Rufus Mann, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, also two married daughters, Mrs. Jewel Black, of Arkansas Pass, Mrs. Dove Kennedy, of Celeste, and three single daughters, Misses Blanche, Daisy and Rosebud, the latter a graduate of our State Normal School; two sons, Thomas and Wirt, the latter a graduate of our State University and Law School. Few live to see all their children so well educated and so well fitted to adorn the highest walks of life. The golden cord that bound together the heart of the mother to daughters, sons and husband, has been broken by the remorseless hand of death. The light of the once happy home has departed forever, leaving a painful void the world can never fill. But her grand and noble example remains as a sacred and enduring monument to the memory of one who has done her part well and faithfully.

Life's fitful dream will soon be o'er with us also, and we shall pass away. But shall we not meet our loved lost ones who have gone before to "that better land," far away beyond the golden stars? Precious hope, the soul's anchor amid the storms of life, sweetly replies:

"Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll."

A FRIEND.



Rufus
1832—1902

Obituary from Van Zandt County Newspaper

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Friday morning, April 4th, about 2 a. m., Prof. Rufus Mann departed this life after a short illness of one week with pneumonia. Prof. Mann was near 70 years of age, a native of North Carolina, came to Texas in 1856 and settled at Mt. Vernon and has resided at different places in Texas. For past nine years he has lived in Smith and Van Zandt counties. He was a prominent educator, for 40 years having been engaged in the school room almost constantly. His wife, Mrs. M. E. Mann, died at Tyler eight years ago. He was the father of nine children, six of whom are living: Two sons, Wirt and Thomas F., who reside at Dallas, three married daughters, Mrs. W. Kennedy, of Wolfe City, and Mrs. Robt. Ford and Mrs. Howell Durell of Ford, this county, and one single daughter, Miss Daisy, mourn the death of their father.

Prof. Mann was a highly respected citizen of our county with hosts of friends. A just and upright man, conscientious in all of his dealings with his fellow-men, he won the respect of all whom he met. Just before he died he expressed a willingness to die, and said, "I do not fear death." Friends laid his body carefully away in the Myrtle cemetery late Friday evening, Bro. B. Flowers reading some scripture, and friends singing some sweet songs, followed by a beautiful tribute of respect and love by his son, Wirt. Peace to the ashes of the upright citizen and good man.

Obituary from Mount Vernon Newspaper

Death of Rufus B. Mann.

A telephone message from Wills Point to J. M. Fanning, of this city on last Friday morning announced the death of his brother-in-law, Rufus B. Mann, who died at his home near Myrtle Springs on the evening before. Rufus Mann came to Franklin (then Titus) county in 1859. In 1860 he married Mollie Fanning and when the civil war came on, enlisted in Demorse's Regiment from Clarksville. He served through the confederate war and when Lee surrendered came home to engage in the peaceful pursuits of life. A number of years ago he went west, finally came back to Wills Point, and engaged in farming. He leaves two sons and four daughters, all of whom are now married save one son, and one daughter. Rufus Mann was widely known in Franklin county, had relatives and many friends here who will regret to know of his death.

“The South produced a people whose heroic fight against the forces of the world has enriched the annals of the human race, and whose fortitude in defeat have been more splendid than their valor in war.”

-Thomas Nelson Page, author and historian

