

JOURNAL AND LETTERS

FRANKLIN F. MOYER,

Co. C, 3rd Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

DELTA, OHIO.
PUBLISHED BY HIS MOTHER, MRS. C. MOYER.
1865.

PREFACE.

In presenting this book to the public, I feel that many will say, that if all the letters were published that have been written by soldiers who have died or been killed in his war, "that even the world itself could not contain the books."

But when I was in Covington, I read a portion of Franklin's Journal, and asked him if he intended to publish it? He said, "I may, when I add more." He never will add more. He also asked me if we had kept his letters.

When I first thought of publishing this book and spoke about it, I was told "it wo'nt pay." I do not do it for pay, but feel that instead of erecting a costly monument over his remains, I am performing his desire and doing my duty in publishing this book as a token of respect to his memory.

I also feel that many of his friends will purchase and preserve this token, as a monument in their house to his memory.

From some of his letters I copied all, from others I selected extracts, and a few are lost.

C. MOYER.

visits us, ministering to our wants and cheering us with her smiles and presence.

There are, really, some good men and women in this city, one of the latter visits us almost every day. The other day as she bid us good evening, turning to us with one of her sweetest smiles, "Boys," says she, "keep up good courage, I am going to bring you something nice to-morrow." I tell you we were anxious for to-morrow; well, it came, and about the middle of the A. M., in came the lady, all smiles, followed by two negro girls carrying a basket between them, which being relieved of its contents exposed to our delightful eyes; you will hardly believe how large a quantity of delicacies she brought us; you will be astonished as I was, when I tell you that she had actually brought us a whole tea-cup full of currant sauce and two onions! Preparations were immediately made for dinner; with the two onions the cooks made a soup "as was a soup." The lady, with the two doctors and nurses, finally succeeded in dividing the same. Finally, dinner was announced and then hurry and bustle among the nurses; well, after we had eaten our bread and soup, (the soup was superb,) the dessert was handed round and as there were only about a hundred of us, there would be two currants each for nearly all, but I being unfortunate, only got one.

I now will tell you about our dinner yesterday:

The S. A. S., in the place where the doctor lives, sent us some luxuries of which we had two meals; the first, breakfast, was *buttered toast*. What do you think of that, my boy? yes, butter, good, fresh butter! 'Tis true I did not know it at the time, as I neither tasted nor saw it; but the doctor, in a *big speech*, last evening, said we had buttered toast. I am now convinced that we did have it. Then, another time, we had an apple and a cracker each. The apples were large as walnuts and the crackers as large as a silver dollar.

But, to lay jesting aside, the Soldiers Aid Societies are good institutions, they prevent and alleviate a vast amount of suffering.

All kinds of clothing, bandages, lint, &c.

My hat was stolen, and through the negligence of the nurses, my pants, shirt and drawers were all lost, but the

A. S. has now furnished me with drawers, shirt and socks. Since I have been here I have seen but one familiar face, Wm. Donahue.

I have not heard from home in some time.

Hoping you are all enjoying good health, and buck-wheat cakes with "lasses" on,

I remain, truly yours,

FRANK MOYER.

IN HOSPITAL, NASHVILLE, January 18th, 1863.

Well, Doctor, this is the first letter you ever received from me, written in a hospital. But the rebels have got me down at last. I stood them a good long pull—do you not think so? It was just sixteen months from the day I was mustered into service until I was wounded, and during that time, with the exception of a few days when I had the inflammation in my eyes, I was able for and was on duty. If you see any one that beats that, just send him here and I will surrender the belt.

I am getting along splendidly. I thought at first my knee would be stiff, but I think it will come out all right. I am good for one or more campaigns yet; but I hope they will not hit me again, because it hurts a fellow and is mighty inconvenient besides.

But, perhaps, next time, I shall not stand fire so well. You see I had got the idea into my head that I should pass through this war safe and sound, but when a rifle ball went cracking through my knee, it knocked that idea into a "cocked-hat," and I am now convinced that an All-wise Providence has not seen fit to throw a protecting shield around me, and that my skin is not as invulnerable as the sides of the Monitor. With these startling facts before me, (and the rebels before me, too,) I may flinch in the next engagements; but if I do I hope my friends will disown me and Gen. Rosecranz boot to me.

Doctor, I do not wish to boast of courage, for I believe it is a characteristic that is implanted in the heart by God Almighty, although it may be strengthened by pride and education, and, therefore, we should not boast of what God gives us.

But, I presume, there is no harm in saying that during all that dreadful carnage of Wednesday, December 31st, when men fell, thick and fast, all around us, and shells were bursting on all sides, bullets whistling in every direction, and the awful roar of cannon, as hundreds of pieces hurled their contents into the bosoms of the contending combatants, yes, amid all this havoc and "dire confusion," I was calm and collected as when sitting in the drug-store and talking with my friend Dr. Ramsy. I felt no more fear than I do this moment.

But, how could a man be a coward when he had such leaders as Gen. Rosecranz and Hascall?

Where the fight raged hardest, where the men fell fastest, there was Rosecranz, encouraging and directing.

I tell a fact that I saw myself, when the rebels were pressing our division (Wood's,) the hardest. Gen. Rosecranz rode along the front line, where the men were falling by scores—the men stopped firing and swung their hats, cheering him as he passed along. Many a fine fellow died as he was cheering his General.

I tell you Rosecranz is the man.

When they "whop" him, they have got to do it three or four times, for we were completely whipped twice at Murfreesboro, but Rosecranz did not know it, and, finally, thrashed them, good.

Rosecranz has great faith in a "charge, bayonet charge." When the rebels were swarming down on us, and the right had fallen back, and it seemed we must yield, Rosecranz rode up to Gen. Hascall and said, "Hascall, I tell you what I want, I want the men to lay down right where they are and not fire another shot until the enemy comes close upon them, then rise up and pour one volley and then charge bayonet."

While the General was giving these orders to the different regiments, I was hit, but the charge was not made, for the rebels did not come close enough.

I suppose you have read all about the battle, but, perhaps, you have not read the gallant charge of the first (Hascall's,) brigade into Lavergne, a village, half-way distant between Nashville and Murfreesboro.

It was on the morning of the 27th of December, the weather was cloudy, with a heavy mist. We formed line

of battle in our camp. The 58th Indiana, Col. Buel, 26th Ohio, Major Squires, in the advance; the 100th Illinois, Col. Bartleson, and 3rd Kentucky, Col. McKee, forming the second line; the battery of the 8th Indiana in the centre. The General rode in the centre, near the front line. When within good range of the town, the rebels opened with musketry on our advance; the rebels were behind stone walls and in houses, firing from windows and doors.

The front line immediately lay down on the ground, leaving us the only objects in view, and I tell you the bullets whistled around us pretty fast. "Tell Major Squires to fix bayonets and charge on the town," was the only order the General gave. Up rise the 26th Ohio and dashed on at "double-quick" and they never stopped nor faltered until they had possession of the town.

But they suffered pretty severely, for the rebels from their protection could fire with precision and effect, while our boys could see no enemy. The 26th Ohio lost 2 killed and 16 wounded; the 58th Indiana, 7 wounded.

This little affair gave promise of great things when called upon, and the time was near, for four days after, they were called upon to sustain the cause of the Union and add another laurel to the crowns of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois, and right nobly did they do it, they never faltered, they never gave a single inch.

When Rosecranz reviewed his army, a short time ago, he pronounced Wood's Division the best in the army, and Hascall's brigade the best in the Division, and both sustained their reputation. Wood's division was the only one that held their ground that awful day, and it was the only real battle they were ever engaged in. Palmer's division, formerly Nelson's, is much praised for their courage, but Hascall had to send a regiment to their aid; however, they did well, splendidly, perhaps, not excelled except by Wood's.

Wood's division lost in killed, wounded and missing, 1,200, and among the wounded was Gen. Wood. But, I guess I will not brag any more about our division, although I am really proud of it.

Now for a little more about myself. Well, it was a little past two p. m., when I was wounded, and, although

it hurt; yet I never even "squeaked." My first impression was that I was struck with a spent cannon ball. You would have laughed to see me climb off of "old Thunderbolt," my horse, who reared and plunged terribly, for the same bullet wounded him, but I managed to get off and hobble up to a little stump without assistance. The General caught my horse as he was marching by and assisted me to mount after I had taken a drink of water. I rode off to the hospital, and a negro assisted me off, and with his assistance I bound up my wound. I had been there but a short time until the bullets began to fall round most too close, so I mounted and rode to another hospital. About two o'clock, the surgeon came round and dressed my wound; he pulled out a small piece of bone, the only one that has come out, therefore, I conclude the bone is not fractured much. About two, that night, I was taken to a regular hospital, about two miles from the battle-field, where I remained until the 12th inst., when I was brought to this city.

The first night I stayed in this city, we were treated like or worse than dogs; but I presume it was a mistake, for the next day we were fetched to this place and we are now very comfortable.

The surgeon in charge is a good man, also, the assistant. Something unusual in the army.

We have bunks to sleep in, and the ticks are filled with "King Cotton." For breakfast we have coffee and bread, sometimes a piece of cold beef. After breakfast our wounds are dressed by nurses; I dress my own. To-day I got some crutches and hobbled round some, but cannot go far; some one stole my boots.

Now, doctor, you have the whole thing, not in a nutshell but in a long letter.

Hoping you are restoring plenty of unhealthy patients to health, I remain, as ever, for the Union and Lincoln Emancipation Proclamation.

Yours truly,

FRANK MOYER.

SEMINARY HOSPITAL,
COVINGTON, KY., February 20th, 1863. }

DEAR MOTHER, BROTHER AND SISTER:—Of course you have heard I am here, before this. I wrote Dr. Ramsey the day after I came. I requested him to come and see me, and, if possible, obtain permission for me to come home a short time. I have not heard from the doctor yet. If he cannot come, I wish some of you would and I will pay half of the expenses. I wished the doctor to come, because I thought he would have more influence in getting leave of absence for me; but I am very doubtful about getting a furlough at all. You know, when I was well, I never intimated a desire to come home, but now I am wounded, I should like to come home and stay until I am fit for service again. Our government has always been very kind to its soldiers, affording them every privilege possible; permitting them when sick or wounded to go home. Some saw and felt the spirit that actuated our government and honorably returned to duty when restored to health; but many bad and unprincipled soldiers forgetting every principle of honor, (if they ever knew one,) basely deserted the flag and perjured their souls. Our army has lost thousands by these means. The consequence was our government had to be more stringent, some say harsh, or, disband the army. The result is, no furloughs are granted and now the good must suffer with the evil.

Many complain of our government for the order, but any one that looks at it in the proper light must acknowledge its justice. I cannot complain, though it deprives me of the privilege of seeing my friends.

I also stated to Dr. Ramsey that I wanted some money, and that if he or some of you could not come here, to send me some immediately; that was seven days ago, I should have received an answer before now. I am quite impatient, I cannot write another letter until I get some money. I had to borrow this paper and envelope. I tell you I had to compromise my pride a good deal to borrow.

I am neglecting my friends, having written very few letters since I was wounded.

If I do not get some money by the first of next week, I shall—well, I shall have to wait until I do.

I presume you have seen Mr. Waters, and he has told

you all about me: I am indebted to Mr. Waters for being here. I am very thankful for the interest and kindness he manifested for me. I did not learn much about the folks in Delta, for I did not have but a few minutes conversation with him.

My wound is doing well, although it is now sorer than it ever has been. The doctor took a small piece of bone out of it the other morning. I can get around on crutches pretty well, but they do not allow me to go out any yet. I can set my foot on the floor, but cannot bear my weight on it. This is a very good hospital; fine rooms; six of us in a room; two fire-places in each; nice beds and very good food, though not a great *variety*. We have coffee and bread for breakfast; bread, meat, potatoes and cabbage, or turnips, and soup for dinner; and dry bread and tea for supper.

I would be contented, if I could see my friends, occasionally. I am amongst total strangers. It seems my lot has always been cast among strangers. When I was with Gen. Hascall, I was with strangers, and when I was wounded I was with strangers, but it matters not much, soldiers soon get acquainted. Hoping to get an immediate reply,

I remain yours,

FRANK MOYER.

COVINGTON, February 28th, 1863.

DEAR SISTER HATTIE:—Mother is now here with me and has been since Wednesday evening.

If I am going to write a long letter, you would prefer to have me commence way down to Nashville.

The State of Ohio (I am proud that I am a native of that noble State,) commissioned a steamboat, the Emerald, with a full complement of doctors and nurses, and a full supply of such good things (to eat,) as had not greeted my eyes before for many months. Mr. Waters was in charge of the boat; but it was loaded before Mr. Waters knew I was in the city. I sent word to him and he came immediately and took measures to get me on board the boat; he also said he "would take me right home to my mother," but I was pretty sure that it would be impossi-

ble, and told him so, and I was not disappointed when I found I could get no farther than here.

I sent to Dr. Ramsey to send me some money, but getting no answer I sent to mother, and said something about some particles of bone that had come out of my wound, and a mother's imagination saw something awful; the next train brought her here. I was much surprised. I had received a letter from Dr. Ramsey, and he intimated that I need not look for any of them. I think mother looks better than when I left home. She is in very good health. When I looked up and saw mother, it seemed as though I had been absent only a week or two instead of nearly eighteen months.

This is a very pleasant and comfortable hospital. The cooks take pride in giving us a variety; for breakfast we have coffee and bread and for supper dry bread and coffee. We generally have a very good dinner. But, I am all right now. In the eating line, you know I was always fond of good things, well, my lady friends in Delta, Mrs. Cullen, Clark, Ramsey, Crosby, Hancock, Lee and others, sent us a trunk full of luxuries. Mrs. King, also, sent me some of the nicest kind of butter.

I was surprised when mother said you had gone to Sherburne. I supposed that you would be so homesick that nothing would keep you. I hope you will have a pleasant visit. I wrote to Uncle Columbus about my being wounded. I hope some of them will write me.

Mother is going home next Monday, this is Saturday. My wound is doing very well. My best respects to all.

FRANK.

COVINGTON, March 8th, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER EDDIE:—I was much astonished when mother told me that you intended to enlist as a soldier, that, in fact, you went as far as Toledo with that intent, and that your purpose was only defeated by a fortunate circumstance. And fortunate indeed was it for you, Eddy, that you could go no further.

Why do you wish to be a soldier? Do you envy your brother Sidney, who now lies in the cold earth, a sacrifice

are in East Tennessee, to-morrow, perhaps, in Georgia. We are on duty all the time. I will write as often as I can. I will write to some one, so you can hear from me once a month at least. I expect a good many of my friends feel slighted because I do not write to them. Please tell them how it is, how I am situated and I am sure they will excuse me. I heard that Hatty was very sick. I hope she has recovered.

Very truly your son and brother,

FRANK.

I did not intend to make any remarks, only publish Franklin's letters, and those relating his death; but as a number of letters are lost, I will add that after I got his last letter I felt satisfied and confident that I should hear or receive another letter from him in a month.

The doctor came in one day, and I observed he looked sad and acted strange, and he asked for Franklin's last letter; and he said he had a letter that day from Wm. Meeker, informing him that Franklin was wounded, again, in the head, and that he had waited a few days in hope of there being a change, but then it had been about eight days and there was none for the better, &c. When the doctor read the letter and made remarks, I did not realize what he said; but after he went away the first thought that entered my mind was: "Franklin will write all the particulars in a month," then a spirit said, "No! he never will write any more letters!"

Then, I felt, yes, then I realised, I had lost another son! I had felt very bad all that day, and I wondered why I should, for Hatty was better, but it was the very day he died.

In a few days I received the following letter:

DECARD STATION, October 16th, 1863.

MRS. MOYER,—MADAM:—It becomes my duty to ad-

dress you at this time, under sad and sorrowful circumstances. Your son, Franklin Moyer, was severely wounded in the head, in a charge, on the 7th inst., in an engagement with the enemy, between Shelbyville and Farmington, Tenn. We had to leave him, but rumor reports that he died the next day. The Co. have met with a great loss, as he was very active and a favorite with the Co.; also, the country a brave soldier.

I had been in the Co. but a few days, yet he had won the respect and esteem of all, both officers and privates, and we sympathise with you in your loss. Your son fell at his post. He was kind and obliging in his manners, a true patriot, and just in his dealings with all men. The rebels, as usual, stripped him of his clothing and effects. A shameful practice!

I will give particulars when I obtain them. We have been marching constantly for fifteen days.

Yours with respect and esteem,

LIEUT. N. BREWSTER.

In a few days after receiving the foregoing letter, Wm. Meeker wrote again, informing us of Franklin's death. That letter is lost, but I will relate the particulars.

Our troops first engaged the enemy near Shelbyville, and drove them five or six miles, when they came on to fresh troops and charged on them, but our troops had to fall back and form in line. Franklin fell in that charge, and was left in the enemy's hands, and they took all but shirt, pants and cap. After our men formed, they followed the enemy, and found Franklin and took him to a house close by, and Meeker stayed with him until he died.

Franklin could only say, "No!" yet he had his senses some of the time, and did sit up a little. He had surgeons in attendance, and the family where he was were kind to him. A great consolation!

The day, and not an hour before he left home for the

about Sidney's remains being
d, "It was right, for if I am
want to be brought home, for
I suffered enough." Franklin,
iam, only a day or two before

lie interred by the side of his
ercy on their souls, is the prayer

IOUS LETTERS.

November 24th, 1862.

in my last letter, I sit down to
my visit to the home and grave

with a cold, drizzling rain; but,
the day added to the impression of
ge is situated on the Lebanon
Nashville, in a beautiful, undu-
house is about three hundred
is almost hid by the shrubbery
the tomb first; it is a little to
the house a few steps. The mon-
c, indeed, and was erected ten
not's death. It is a coarse white
om his own quarry, and was con-

The monument is about eight
ht column, slightly tapering. On
ment is his tomb, covered by a
the following inscription:

GENERAL
EW JACKSON,
arch 15th, 1767,
anuary 18th, 1845.

side lie the remains of his wife. There
tion on her tomb-stone. The whole
le slab, supported by eight pillars of
stands four magnolia trees and one

go for the present occupant of the
kson, a nephew, I think, of the Gen-
the house, through a beautiful shrub-
etwork of winding paths that almost
mansion is a large, brick one; but
and shutters closed, and no sign of
a, it looked gloomy and forbidding
red up courage enough to ring the
utes a middle aged man in old fash-
answered the call. I delivered my
politely, invited me to step in. and
I accepted the invitation. He show-
f the General; the first was Wash-
which I had the honor to sit a mo-
in chair, but easy to sit in. There
raits of the General, and one that
ys before his death; also, a portrait
of Columbus. There was a bust of
of the Rothschild's. Also, the cel-
ng." The tree, from which it was
Island, and was cut down by the
tion, but it did not die, and the mug
shape; it is a perfect mug, handle
en inches high and three inches thick.
things of interest, but it will make
describe them. As I returned, I
at the monument that marks the spot
remains of one of the sternest pa-
esmen this nation ever knew. Oh,
te monument occupied the Executive
imbecile Buchanan, this wicked re-
sen crushed in the bud, for I verily
cold marble would have cried out at
But, I do not propose to write an
Every schoolchild knows his history.
dead, and now the clang of war and
ed men," are heard where once the