

Excerpt from a book compiled by Sarah Moore about 1930

This is a copy of the letter, **Nathan Woten**, son of **Samuel and Heathendar Woten** wrote to his brother **Henry** while Nathan was in the civil war. The letter was written on U.S. Christian Commission paper.

Brices Creek, near Newburn, North Carolina, Feb. 28, 1865

Dear Brother and Sister:

I seat myself to inform you that my health is at present good and I am in hopes these lines will find you all well and injoying all the pleasures of life that heart could wish. I am in only a dog tent and it is and has been raining for some time which places me in a poor position to write to you, as I have to sit flat down in my tent and lay my paper on my knee to write unto you.

I will give you a short description of my journey from my departure from home to the present. I will mention a few of the principal towns that we passed through and you may refer to the map for a full description. We started at Union City, Indiana, November 15, 1864, and passed Anderson Two, Kokomo, Indianapolis, Jeffersonville, Louisville, Gnashville, Murfreshborough, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, Ringgold, Dalton, and halted there the 28th of the same month and stayed there until the 14th of January, when we atarted back again, passed Cleveland, chatanooga, Bridgeport, Murfresborough, Nashville, Smithville, Carlo, Evansville, Jeffersonville, Wooster, Massillon, Altoona, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Anapolis, Fortreas Monroe, Beasport, Moreland City, and Newburn, which place we arrived at on the 9th of Feb. and drove and pulled stakes until the 17th. We settled down on Brices Creek, being dached to Co.C. 25 Reg. Mass. Vols. For the present it is beautiful camping fround, being on the bank of a stream about 50 yards wide and the whole earth is a bed of sand. The hard it rains the better the get, but of a dry and windy time the sand flies like snow out ther, which makes cooking outdoors disagreeable. From cold to warm is very changeable here. The ground is very level and being on the bay, the wind has a good sweep. The principle timer is pine with cypress in the swamps. Swamps and thick woods is no rarity here. Deer and turkey and wild game of all kinds is plenty here.

Pennsylvania and Georgia is very mountainious but pennsylvania takes the rag off the bush, although Pennsylvania seems to sontain more wealth than any other state we passed through. Baltimore is the icest town we passed through, but Cincinnati is a very wealthy place and what I seen of Pittsburg denotes wealth.

Just while I am writing ther is a small sail vessel come up the creek but on account of a bridge it cannot pass here. White citizens are very scarce here but colored ones are like the frogs in the spring. The prospect of closing the war seems good, but you know more about that , than I do, for werare no nothings. In the northern states you can get papers and ascertain how war is progressing, but here we hon't know much about it and have to live on what Father Abraham's appointees are willing to give up.

They are going to pay or at least that is the report, at present and a little change would be gladly received. We belong to the 23rd Rg. Ind. 16 Army Corps. I have wrote 18 letters home and received one. Samuel (his brother) left me at Cincinnati and has not come up yet, leaving his gun, knapsack, havresack and canteen, which I have to take care of. If you feel disposed to send me a letter soon, you must direct it to Co. C 25, Reg. Mass. Vols, Newburn, North Carolina. I have to get his letter franked. From your brother until death,
Nathan Woten,

(A note from Sarah Moore whose grandfather was **Henry Woten**, compiler of the history notes. This letter was written very nice and was also very plain and easy to read even now. The place where he was located might have been New Berne, as I find it is located near there in the Geography.)

In another part of the book she includes this letter from **Samuel Woten Jr.** to his brother **Henry Woten**. She notes that the letter was written on United States Commission paper. The war was over and he expected to be home in a few days.

June 4, A.D. 1865--Washington D.C.

Dear Brother ,Sister, Nephew and Neices,

With pleasure I sit down this morning on my knapsack to inform you that I am in perfect good health and I earnestly hope these few lines will find you all well.

Well, Henry, I have not heard from you since I have been in the service, but once and that was by a letter that you wrote to Nathan. I have written three or four letters to you but have received no answer. So do not know whether you received them or not. I would love to hear from you very much. How are you all getting along? As health and what we eat and wear is all we hope for now, but I hope to soon be a free man again. I have seen enough to learn me how to enjoy life and liberty when I get it again, but it is useless for me to commence on this subject , on this little bit of paper for it would take more paper and time than I have at present or spare. I expect to soon be at home and then I can give a correct history of my life in the army. Our orders are now to start home Wednesday, but we cannot tell anything certain for the officers keeps all the news to themselves and we cannot get any papers that give us any information worth reading, so I have quit buying.

Well, I will give you a little idea of our travels since I was at home. I went to Cincinnati and reported. The Provost Marshall gave me transportation to NY City and then I did not know where the regiment was and neither did they. So they gave me transportation to Camp Sherman in South Carolina, This trip was on the ocean. We stayed there about two months and then they sent us back to Willmington, North Carolina. Here we lay again in camp for some time and then we started on a march through the swamps of North Carolina to Gollesbourough and from there to Raleigh.

We just got there before Old Johnson surrendered. As soon as he gave up we started on, by way of Richmond, via and on to Washington, Our Own Beloved Capital, where we are now in camp. We are now in camp near Fort Kerney, about 5 miles from the city. Virginia is a very poor country, but it is the best watered state I ever saw and I have been in nearly

half of the states in America. It is very hilly and very stony, but the best chances for mills I ever saw. Well, Henry, my knapsack is a poor seat and my knee a poor table to write on, so I will soon close for the present. If you write, direct to S. Woten, B. Co., 23Reg. 1st Brigade, 4th Division, 17th A.C. , Washington D.C.

From you affectionate brother, **S. Woten** to **H. Woten** and family. So farewell for the present, but not forever.

Samuel Woten

(He writes on)

Nathan and Edward (brother of Nathan, Samuel and Henry) are both well and heartly now. Edward had the mumps but he is well again. He is in the 53rd Reg. but we are in the same division and brigade so were are together every day. for Billy Sherman's Hellhounds, as the Reb.s call them go just where they please. When we got to Richmond, we went in camp at Manchester, across the James River and the guards thought they would keep us out of town. We made a small charge on the guards and put them in the river and went over and into Richmond to view the city. After that the paper Collars did not bother us any more so we had no more difficulty with them.

I want you and still want you to help build a house when I get home, for I expect to live if I get home again and I have no doubt but I will be home by harvest. You might write a letter to Louisville Ky, for we are going there from here and we expect to leaver hear in two or three days.

Excuse me for this time and I will try and do better the next time. Write as soon as you get this. From your brother, **Samuel Woten**, I send you a Rebel envelope this time

From the Woten History by Sarah Moore,

About **Edward B. Woten**

On March 23, 1865, **Edward Woten** enlisted in Co. E the 53rd; Indiana infantry and was discharged August 3rd of the same year. He joined his regiment at Alexandria, Virginia and was discharged at Louisville, Kentucky. He was at Camp Carrington when Lee surrendered and at Bedlow Island when Johnson, surrendered. He was at WAbash Indiana when Lincoln was assasinated. He was an excellent hunter in an early day and hunted coons. One winder he sold enough coon pelts to purchase sisty sacres of land on which he now lives.

Edward saw his double while he was in the war. The fellow was in another company. Edwards' comrades got to noticing that the other man resembled Uncle Edward so much they could hardly tell them apart. They got them together one day and noticed they were almost exactly alike in every way. The other man's name was Woten, but he did not know much about his people and did not know who his grandfather was. He could have been one of the descendants of **Bell Woten's** brother, **Johnathan**, who was separated from his family after they came to Pennsylvania.