



This probably was the last or one of the last letters wrote
by Job Apsey Rendall, before he died at Helena, Arkansas.
in 1863, at the age of 22, Job was born England in 1840

Charles Rendall Esq
Post Master
Summit
Wis.

(In camp on the banks
of the Tallahatchie river) March 27th
1863

Dear Father and Mother beloved —

In the
hurry of our troops on last tuesday I mailed
a letter to you which I am afraid will fill
you with more anxiety than if you did not hear
from me at all, if this does not overtake it;
to day as I was finishing a letter to Wilbur
Green, one of the boys threw two letter into
my tent, one from you and one from
Sister Hannah; on opening them I found
six letters, every one that could write having
some kind word to cheer me, none more but
Dear Father and the little ones, with Sister
Elisabeth who with the rest of the sick at
home are well again ere this I hope, I
had not received a letter from home for three
weeks and a half, and I hope you never pass
so many days without hearing from me, which
caused me to write to you immediately, Bro's
Charles and Fletcher with Sisters Mary and Susan Ann

told me a deal of news which you failed
to get into your long letter. you alluded to
the state of my mind, to which I can say
that it is as well with me as the Lord sees
fit to allow. his presence cheers, he blots,
or brightens all my years. as long as his
unchangeable attribute is love, I know he
will remember me for good. happy is he
who can say as much for himself — still
I say, Dear Mother. Hope for the best — which
will disperse despairing thoughts, appearances
however gloomy and bad are never inevitable,
and if thinking of ^{the} future you certainly are
not lamenting the past — I think a day
never goes by without my scanning your faces
as I have them in the photograph sometime
during the day, it seems to me that you
always look so solicitous and full of anxiety
yet blessed with health, I hope you will not
change much before I see you once more, I
carry it in my memorandum book with my

money, I would send you some more
but I want to keep a months pay with
me all the while, I dont know what
may turn up or when we may be payed
again, our last payment (one month a half)
payed us up to the first of last November
and this letter will reach you after our
Sixth month in arrears has comenced, I
regret to tell you that the box you asked
about has not reach us yet, I hope you
did not send me many envelopes in it
as I think they will never reach me
I guess the best way is to send me some
stamps once and awhile as I can buy
paper and envelopes enough here, but the
stamps are scarce — Sister Hannah
wrote me a very affectionate and
loving letter as well as quite a deal
of news, I could not read her letter
without deep emotion and tears
although I am a soldier now, May

the great and loving ruler of the
Universe bless her with a long and
happy life, even as she has already
began life apparently propitiously,
In a previous letter I said something
about a school north of Oconomowoc
which I thought would be worth trying
for, as day or so ago Mr Plympton was
saying to me that he wished me to
write to you about it as he would like
one of my Sisters to have the school
he has a little girl which he is going
to send to school this coming summer
I think I told you before that his
brother is clerk of the district, but as
it takes so long to commune by letter
I don't know what you thought in regard
to it—this morning I got hold of a
newspaper and I see that everything in
the dry goods & grocery line is as high as
ever, and I don't see how Father is going

to get along if the girls do not help by getting schools, and in a year or two they will all be able to take care of themselves and the boys had all rather be farmers probable and will be off learning what they can of the neighbors - and I am doing better than I could at home - I think how the family will be changed when I get home if I ever have the good fortune to reach it - I have no better idea when the war will be closed than I had when I enlisted, and I suppose that the peace loving men north and around Summit especially will be pretty uneasy now that they are going to draft again, and although if I was home I might be constrained to remain and not enlist, yet I would never have been content if I had not seen the south and now if I come home I think I wont go off so far again, I did think for a

spell that I would go to the pacific course
as soon as I got out of the war, but as I
find that my constitution is far from
being what it might be, I have come to
the conclusion that I had better to settle
near home, as if I met with misfortune
away from friends I might pass my
life in solitude - I think that I
would rather spend the rest of my
life in the pleasant town of Summit
than any place I have yet seen or
expect to see, there are some very
pretty places down here south but they
are so distant from far between that
it would be like living in a distant
country to reside at most of them
then the climate is so unhealthy that
most of the planters and inhabitant
that are able go north to spend the
summer I must now close with kind
love to you all

Affectionately your Son
J. C. Rendall

Father.

I say Ann, if the mail goes down,
It'll injure us you may depend;
But after all it may redound,
To our well-doing in the end.

Mother.

Well Charles, that is true to be sure,
But there's no reason to despair;
Winter's coming folks must procure,
Comfortable clothing to wear.

Apsy.

That's so mother, but dont you know,
That many will buy at the store;
Because they sell so very low,
And so pass by the tailors door.

Father.

And you must be leaving soon Aps,
I've paid for your grub long enough;
But dont be scared Apsy perhaps,
You thought that I was getting rough.

ENVELOPE:

Charles Rendall Esq
Post Master
Summit
Wis.

[The following letter is from Job Apsey Rendall, age 22, written to his parents, Charles and Ann Rendall, during his service in the Civil War. Any misspellings in the letter are left as is (and italicized), punctuation and capitalization may be added or omitted to clarify meaning, and bold italicized comments in brackets like this one are inserted to add extra details.]

(In camp on the banks of the Tallehatchie river) March 27th, 1863

[This river is located in Mississippi about 40 miles from Helena, Arkansas, where died of sickness less than 2 months later.]

Dear Father and Mother beloved –

In the hurry of our troops on lats Tuesday I mailed a letter to you which I am afraid will fill you with more anxiety than if you did not hear from me at all, if this does not overtake it; to day as I was finishing a letter to Wilbur Green, one of the boys threw two letter into my tent, one from you and one from Sister Hannah; on opening them I found six letters, every one that could write having some kind word to cheer me, none mute but Dear Father and the little ones, with Sister Elizabeth who with the rest of the sick at home are well again ere this I hope. I had not received a letter from home for three weeks and a half, and I hope you never pass so many days without hearing from me, which caused me to write to you immediately. Bro's Charles and Fletcher with Sisters Mary and Susan Ann

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told me a deal of news which you failed to get into *you* long letter. You alluded to the state of my mind, to which I can say that it is as well with me as the Lord sees fit to allow. His presence cheers, he blots, or brightens all my years. As long as his unchangeable attribute is love, I know he will remember me for good. Happy is he who can say as much for himself – still I say Dear Mother. Hope for the best – which will disperse despairing thoughts, appearances however gloomy and bad are never inevitable, and if thinking of the future you certainly are not lamenting the past – I think a day never goes by without my scanning your faces as I have them in the photograph sometime during the day. It seems to me that you always look so solicitous [***“showing concern”***] and full of anxiety yet blessed with health. I hope you will not change much before I see you once more. I carry it in my memorandum book with my

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money. I would send you some more but I want to keep a months pay with me all the while. I don't know what may turn up or when we may be *payed* again. Our last payment (one month a half), *payed* us up to the first of last November and this letter will reach you after our Sixth month in arrears has commenced. I regret to tell you that the box you asked about has not reach us yet. I hope you did not send me many envelopes in it as I think they will never reach me. I guess the best way is to send me some stamps once and awhile as I can buy paper and envelopes enough here, but the stamps are scarce. Sister Hannah wrote me a very affectionate and loving letter as well as quite a deal of news. I could not read her letter without deep emotion and tears although I am a soldier now. May

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the great and loving ruler of the Universe bless her with a long and happy life, even as she has already began life apparently propitiously [*favorably disposed*"]. In a previous letter I said something about a school north of Oconomowoc which I though would be worth trying for. A day or so ago Mr. Plympton was saying to me that he wished me to write to you about it as he would like one of my Sisters to have. He has a little girl which he is going to send to school this coming summer. I think I told you before that his brother is clerk of the district, but as it takes so long to commune by letter, I don't know what you thought in regard to it – this morning I got hold of a newspaper and I see that everything in the dry goods & grocery line is as high as ever, and I don't see how Father is going

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to get along if the girls do not help by getting schools, and in a year or two they will all be able to take care of themselves and the boys had all rather be farmers probable and will be off learning what they can of the neighbors – and I am doing better than I could at home – I think how the family will be changed when I get home if I ever have the good fortune to reach it – I have no better idea when the war will be closed than I had when I enlisted, and I suppose that the peace loving men north and around Summit especially will be pretty uneasy now that they are going to draft again, and although if I was home I might be constrained to remain and not enlist, yet I would never have been content if I had not seen the south and now if I come home I think I won't go off so far again. I did think for a

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spell that I would go to the Pacific course [**coast?**] as soon as I got out of the war, but as I find that my constitution is far from being what it might be, I have come to the conclusion that I had better to settle near home, as if I met with misfortune away from friends I might pass my life in solitude. I think that I would rather spend the rest of my life in the pleasant town of Summit than any place I have yet seen or expect to see. There are some very pretty places down here south but they are so ~~distant from~~ distant from far between that it would be like living in a

distant country to reside at most of them. then the climate is so unhealthy that most of the planters and inhabitant that are able to go north to spend the summer. I must now close with kind love to you all.

Affectionately your son,

J. A. Rendall

[the following is apparently a poem that Apsey wrote and included in this same letter]

Father.

I say Ann, if the mail goes down,
It'll injure us you may depend:
But after all it may redound [*“rebound, or contribute greatly”*],
To our well doing in the end.

Mother.

Well Charles, that is true to be sure,
But there's no reason to *despair*;
Winter's coming folks must procure,
Comfortable clothing to wear.

Apsey.

That's so mother, but don't you know,
That many will buy at the store;
Because they sell so very low,
And so pass by the tailors door.

Father.

And you must be leaving soon Aps,
I've paid for your grub long enough;
But don't be scared Apsey, perhaps
You thought that I was getting rough.