

shunned the road entirely & groped his way in the direction of Alkali where troops were concentrating under Genl. Heath to pursue the late marauders. When within a mile of Alkali our adventurer distinctly saw the camp fires (for the weather was cold) of the assembled troops and commenced singing a Methodist hymn to designate himself from a red skin until hailed by the picket guard & thus got into Alkali at about one o'clock A.M., cold hungry and fatigued. From hence he procured conveyance to O'Fallons Bluffs & reached his command safely the next day. Reader, this adventurer was none other than your humble servant - the writer of this incident.

MILITARY HISTORY OF JOHN WILCOX

Camp Montgomery, near Corinth, Miss. Sept. 29, 1862

We the undersigned members of Co. II, 7th Iowa Infantry, in appreciation of the valiant services of Lieut. John Wilcox regret his resignation, and realize that in him we lose our best and most efficient officer - the one who in battle was ever to the front cheering us on the victory, and who when we have been sick or wounded and in hospital, visited and comforted us. Sick or well, in camp, or the march, or in battle, he has ever been with us and one of us; and though promoted from our rank, promotion made no perceptible difference in his kindly bearing toward us.

A.J. Horton	James Hopkinson	J.W. Woodruff
G.W. Lasenby	James King	Lorenze Warner
Jacob Musmart	George Lawson	Hercules Warner
Charles Swaim	W.H. McGenigal	Samuel Weese
N.J. Swenson	H.E. Olney	Wesley Young
L. North	James McDenough	James Zornel
John Cahill	Jasper Pitcher	Fred F. Eastwick
N.V. Beidle	Preston Rice	Tery Leonard
F.N. Bonham	A.B. Snow	H.W. Franklin
John B. Cornwell	J.H. Stephar	

I certify that the foregoing includes all the enlisted men of Co. II, 7th Iowa Infantry present with the company.

G.W. Lasenby
Acting 1st Sergt.

Headquarters , 7th Iowa Cavalry
Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas
May 14, 1865

To His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the U.S.

Sir:

We the undersigned officers of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, have the honor to respectfully petition your Excellency to raise by Brevet to the grade of Colonel a most worthy and excellent officer - Capt. John Wilcox of Company B., 7th Iowa Cavalry, and in doing so we respectfully present for your consideration the following synopsis of his military history: Capt. John Wilcox enlisted in the service as a private soldier in Co. D., 7th Iowa Infantry on the 24th of July, 1861, was promoted to Corporal, August 2, 1861, then promoted to Sergt. Oct. 19, 1861. He was promoted to 2nd Lieut. for gallant services Dec. 22, 1861 and commanded his company (I), 7th Iowa Inf. in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and was in the advance at the Siege of Corinth. He was discharged Sept. 1862 and immediately commenced raising troops for the 43rd Iowa Infantry and raised a full company at his own expense. On the consolidation of the 43rd and 42nd Iowa infantry with other organizations, forming the 7th Iowa Cavalry, John Wilcox was mustered in as Captain of Co. B April 27, 1863. He has since August 19, 1863 served with his regiment on the Plains of Nebraska, Colorado and Dakota; his company has taken part in all the principal expeditions against hostile Indians. Capt. Wilcox occupied an important position in the expedition to Powder River under command of Col. Moonlight, as also in the expedition to the Republican and Solomon, under command of Col. Brown 12 Mo. Cavalry, in both of said expeditions commanding a battalion with honor and credit. Capt. Wilcox has been commissioned Major by the Governor of Iowa, but cannot be mustered for want of sufficient men in the Regiment.

We know Capt. Wilcox to be an able and efficient officer, and a brave soldier, and therefore respectfully recommend him to your excellency for the Brevet Commission of Colonel, for brave and meritorious services in the battles of Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh and siege of Corinth. Also for gallant and meritorious services in two principal expeditions against hostile Indians in May 1865, and in January and February 1866.

Hoping that this will meet with your excellencie's approval, we have the honor to remain
Your most obt. Servts.,

Geo. M. O'Brien, Maj. 7th Iowa Cavalry, and Brevt. Brig. Genl.

Commanding Regt.

Andrew J. Willey	Surgeon
H.W. Cremer	Capt. Co. C
Curtis Clark	Capt. Co. H
Geo. P. Norris	Capt. Co. E
D. L. Haywood	Capt. Co. D
A.H. Johnson	Capt. Co. G
Thomas S. Parker	1st Lieut. Co. B
C.E. Everton	1st Lieut. Co. G
H. K. Valentine	1st Lieut. Adjutant
J.B. Delay	1st Lieut. Co. D
K.F. Ware	Capt. Co. F
Henry W. Garfield	1st Lieut. Co. H
Jesse Akin	2nd Lieut. Co. B
J.S. Beals	2nd Lieut. Co. G.
Geo. M. Swain	2nd Lieut. Co. C
Thomas J. Potter	1st Lieut. Co. A
K.M. Hutchins	2nd Lieut. Co. H

Although not officers of Capt. Wilcox's Regiment, we know him to be a good and faithful officer, and would most respectfully endorse the recommendation.

J.I. Lewis	Capt. 11th Ohio Vols. A.A.A.G.
R.E. Fleming	Lieut Col. 6th West Va. Vet. Vol. Cav.
Thomas S. Mackey	Lieut Col. 11th Ohio Vol. Cav.
Charles F. Porter	Capt. 1st Batt. Neb Vet. Cav.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY

June 14, 1866

Sir:

Referring to the recommendations for the promotion of Capt. John Wilcox, 7th Iowa Cavalry, I have the honor to inform you that the name of the officer in question has been directed by the Secretary of War to be placed upon the list of nominations for the brevet of Colonel of Volunteers.

I am Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant

James A. Hardie

Inspector General

U.S. Army

To the Hon. S.J. Kirkwood, U.S.S

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

May 21, 1863

Capt. John Wilcox,

Yours of the 10th inst. came duly to hand. I congratulate you in your laudable enterprise in raising a company to again enter your country's service in this her hour of extreme peril. She at this time needs the indispensable services of men made of such stern stuff as you. Having been long associated with you in the military service in the glorious old 7th Iowa, I know well your courage, patriotism and ability, and am anxious to again see you in active service where your talents will count on the side of Government. I know no braver heart, strong arm or willing soul. Hoping you will succeed.

I remain Respectfully

Your Obt. Servant

J. B. Hope

Late Capt. Co. H 7th Iowa Inf.

To whom this may concern. We hereby certify that John Wilcox was at the time of his death a member of good standing of Eddyville Lodge No. 74, A.F. & A.M. of Eddyville, Iowa.

Given under our hands and the seal of said lodge this 18th day of April 1894

D.W. Ward, W.M

John M. Fyan, Sec.

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS

DAYTON, OHIO

July 5, 1881

Madam,

I am directed by Gen. M. R. Patrick, Governor of the Home, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th and in reply to inform you that your father, Major John Wilcox, late 7th Iowa Vols. died at the home Hospital, from paralysis, June 30th, 1881, and was buried in the National Home Cemetery with Military Honors befitting his rank as a soldier.

His effects consist of a Certificate of Deposit with E.B. Rice & Co. of Ottawa, O. for \$1300.00 & books, papers, clothing & pension money in the hands of the Home valued at \$60.00 which he requested should be distributed as follows among his children,

Vig: Equally, except to Della, his youngest daughter, whom he desire should have a thribble share.

The following is a copy of a handwritten note put to paper by John Wilcox

OUR BIRDIE

Little bud of fairest promise,
Broken from the parent stem,
Leaving here the beauteous sachet
Which contained the precious gem;

With her dimpled hands so tender,
Lying on her pulse-less breast,
In her life's young, happy morning,
"Little Birdie" went to rest.

Though her merry voice is silenced -
Though we see her here no more,
We will think of her as waiting
For us on the other shore.

Written by my father on the death of my baby sister, Clarie Emma, who was born July 3rd, 1863, and died of croup Feb. 8th, 1864, and is buried on the old home farm near Eddyville, Iowa. Stationed at Ft. Kearney, when the message reached him of her death.

Sarah Wilcox

LEAVENWORTH BULLETIN - JULY 30TH
JOHN WILCOX, EDITOR, EDDYVILLE GAZETTE

This forenoon the expected Iowa Editors touched Kansas soil and arrived in the metropolis of the State. Heretofore the excursions from Iowa have traveled eastward and westward. The Union Pacific Railroad has been "written up". Chicago has been visited, and many spicy articles touching its wonderful growth and development have enlivened the Town papers, and by the way we will just remark that the shrewd Hawkeye editor has not failed to discover that Chicago owes much of her greatness to Iowa, at the expense of Iowa cities. To the credit of the North Missouri Railway officers, let it be said that they organized the first south and southwest excursion. The Company have recently completed a line from Macon, Mo., northward intersecting the east and west roads of Iowa and brought the citizens of the Hawkeye State in closer commercial relation with Missouri and Kansas. We regard it as very fitting and appropriate that these Iowans visit Kansas, inasmuch as Kansas contains within her borders many prosperous settlers who were formerly citizens of that State. Besides, the completion of our own Chicago and Southwestern Railway, will render Iowa and Kansas nearer neighbors, and our commercial relations will be strong themed by links of enduring iron. Let us hope, then, that the meeting of Iowans and Kansas today, on Kansas soil, will be fraught with good results, both in a social and business view.

True enough we have not the sights of Chicago or St. Louis. We have not great iron furnaces, mammoth grain elevators, nor five story marble front buildings - neither have we a White Stocking baseball club. However, we have a city here of nearly 80,000 people, which has been built up within the last fifteen years. We have a country surrounding it famed for its natural beauty and productiveness. We have a progressive, enlightened and hospitable people within the environs of Leavenworth. Further, the welcome to our guests is genuine and universal. It is divested of form and parade, we can safely say to the ladies and gentlemen of the Iowa Editorial Excursion, that the ladies and gentlemen of metropolis of Kansas bid you a hearty welcome today. Your presence here is appreciated. May you enjoy your sojourn with us.

THE OLD MANS DREAM

By Oliver W. Holmes

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth Spring.
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash the trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

But there is nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for-day?

Ah, truest sound of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind!
I'll take my precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!

And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take my girl and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen
Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!

And so I laughed - my laughter woke
The household with its notice
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

The following poem, printed on newspaper, has the handwritten notation, "Enclosed in my brother's last letter, Oct. 7, 1870".

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble:
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white, pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted;
We behold them anear and afar;
But many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all howling about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line;
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mist would roll up and away!
How earth would laugh out her gladness
To hail the millennial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall bright upon me!

PHILLIPS ON JOHNSON

Wendell Phillips, whom President Johnson, in his undignified speeches, intimates should be hung, pays off his Presidential assailant with interest. In a late number of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard", commenting upon President Johnson's attack, in his Philadelphia Convention speech, upon Congress as a "body called, or which assumed to be, the Congress of the United States", Mr. Phillips says:

President Johnson has uttered in the course of his political career some very infamous sentiments. Like most Southern speakers, he won sectional popularity by murderous avowals and unmanly pandering to the barbarism amid which he lived, but which even he had seen enough of Northern civilization to have outgrown. Narrow and illiterate as he was, his speeches showed enough native vigor of intellect to prove that these base and murderous outbursts were, from him, hypocritical.

But the most treasonable words that ever fell from his lips are those we have quoted at the head of this article. They are a declaration of war against the Legislative department of the Government; that department which, in Republics, is always understood most nearly to represent, and it be, the Government itself. They are the words of a traitor. Properly considered, they are of more significance than the gun fired at Sumter. The ridiculous puppets who fired that gun soon disappeared, giving place to the leading traitors, Lee, Jackson, Davis and the rest. So now this buffoon demagogue, once out of office, will sink to his proper level; but his accidental elevation to responsible position enables him meanwhile to open a wide door and furnish powerful arms to traitors. His speeches have also this special value, that they betray, more than those of his shrewd and cautious keepers, the real plan of the conspirators. What they only whisper or permit to be obscurely reported, he flatly confesses.

(newspaper article retyped)

PROSPECTUS

We purpose sometime during the present month to commence the publication of a series of incidents of Indian barbarities, that came to our personal knowledge while a soldier traversing the western plains, from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, during the years 1863 - 64 7 65, the thought of which chills the vital stream and sends its current back to sicken the heart.

We will not enter into details of strong brave men having been killed and savagely mutilated, nor of their having been tied to telegraph poles and burned alive; but will speak more particularly to weak and helpless non-combatants - women and children captives.

These incidents will be continued through several numbers of the Gazette, and will be read with thrilling interest of all to patronize, and thus sustain their home paper, besides, the "incidents" will of themselves, be worth a year's subscription, to say nothing of the local and general news, literature etc., that will fill the entire columns of the paper and a paper that shall be readable I all moral and respectable circles. Now is the time to subscribe by commencing with the new year, which will be eventful in history, by the incoming administration of the Chief of a million and a half of Union soldiers in Lincoln blue - our own U.S. Grant.

John Wilcox

(newspaper article retyped)

FROM THE INDIAN EXPLORATION

The March of the Eastern Division in Montana Territory
Interesting Description of the Country, the Indians, etc., etc.,
(Special Correspondence Missouri Democrat)

Camp Eastern Division Indian Expedition
Powder River, Montana Territory
August 30, 1865

I wrote you from South Fork of Cheyenne River, hoping to receive and also to send a mail at Bears Butte, but we were disappointed, and it was not until a week after passing the Butte that a party of the 16th Kansas cavalry overtook us with papers to the 20th, and letters for some of us as late as the 24th of July. The 16th was to have moved westward from here to the "Three Peaks", and as they would in all likelihood reach General Connor and mail communication before we could, I sent my last by them. They have since camped near us and probably both letters will reach you at the same time.

From the Little Missouri River we marched across to Powder River, with little water and scarcely any grass for our animals. For the forty-eight hours before reaching the river, they had none of either, and suffered most severely. Many drooped dead in the harness from exhaustion. The country for the last ten miles was rough chopped beyond description, and it required two days to get the train through.

Coal veins from six inches to six feet thick, lying in horizontal strata, outcropped from every hill and hollow. Gulches and canyons hundreds of feet deep cut and cross each other, so that without the expenditure of an immense amount of labor in digging down banks and cutting shelving benches along the hill sides, a wagon could not be got through.

Today a scout starts for Panther Mountains to look for Gen. Connor, or supplies supposed to be somewhere thereabouts. If we do not find them soon we will be likely to suffer somewhat severely for food and clothing, as our rations will give out in a few days, and many of the men are barefooted. Gen. Connor has had plenty of time and to spare to have gotten there before this. His mail communications with Ft. Laramie are not broken probably, and possibly they may go by this route.

Yours, Jay

(letter from Sarah E. Brower printed in Eddyville Gazette)

EDDYVILLE IN WAR TIMES

The following letter from Mrs. Sarah E. Brower, daughter of the late John Wilcox, was received by F.M. Epperson this week, and will be read with interest by many.

Washington, D.C., May 25, 1909

To Commandant, John Wilcox Post, No. 138, G.A.R., Eddyville, Iowa

Dear Friend:

Again we are honoring the memory of our dead, "who gave their lives that the Nation might live". Though it is forty-eight years - nearly half a century since the strife began, yet our hearts are still aching with the sad memory of the days in which we saw our loved ones leaving home for the battlefields of the South, many of them never to return again. In every household there was a vacant chair.

When the war began my parents were living on a farm, three miles southeast of Eddyville, in what was called the Rock Schoolhouse neighborhood. I was a schoolgirl, sixteen years old, and was attending Mr. Piper's school, a select school taught in the old brick church, which stood just west of the public square. I boarded at Mr. Sites Forsha's. One day while at dinner, I heard Mr. Forsha telling his wife who the new enlistment's were in the company then forming to go to war. Among them was my father, John Wilcox, whom the Post honors with his name. He enlisted July 24, 1861, and in three days afterwards the company went to Keokuk to be mustered into service. It was the first company to leave Eddyville and entered the army as Company 1, 7th Iowa Infantry. It was a fine company of men, composed of the citizens of Eddyville and vicinity. The officers were: Captain, Irvin; First Lieut., Charles Gardener; the Second, I have forgotten. The roster of the company, as copied from a memoranda of father's, was as follows: Privates - A.J. Horton, G.M. Lazenby, Jacob Murmert, Charles Swolm, J.J. Swanson, L. North, John Cahill, M.V. Beadie, F.M. Bonham, John B. Conwell, James Hoskinson, James King, George Lawson, W.M. McConigal, H.E. Elney, James McDonough, Jasper Pitcher, Preston Rice, A.B. Snow, J.H. Stopher, J.W. Woodruff, Lorenzo Warner, Hercules Warner, Samuel Weese, Wesley Young, James Zoerns, Fred T. Eastwick, Leonard Terry, W.H. Franklin, Andrew Robb, Green Renfro.

The day the company left Eddyville, July 27, 1861, patriotism ran high and the citizens and soldiers were ready to deal roughly with traitors wherever found. In the morning just before leaving, a "copperhead" by the name of Johnson got into an altercation with a member of the company and tried to kill him, or did, I have forgotten which. However, the man Johnson was led out on the bridge, a rope was put around his neck and he was swung up. Several attempts were made to hang him, but each time his son, a boy, cut the rope. His whole family, wife and several children followed after him screaming and begging for his life to be spared. Finally a better spirit prevailed. The soldiers were gone and the excitement had cooled down and Johnson was taken to Ott___. I do not remember the outcome.

These were sorrowful, lonely days after father went away. He wrote to us nearly every day, while at Keokuk, but when he got further away letters were not so frequent. Just after there had been a battle in which his regiment was engaged. I have known my mother to saddle a horse at daybreak and ride to Eddyville for the news.

Father enlisted as a Private, but for meritorious services at the battle of Belmont, Ky., he was made Second Lieutenant of his company. He was slightly wounded in the left arm at Belmont and was a partial cripple, never regaining the free use of his arm. He was with his regiment in the battles of Belmont, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Luka. He commanded Company 1 in the battle of Ft. Donelson. In the fall of 1862, he resigned his office in the 7th Infantry and coming home raised a company of men, which were mustered in at Dubuque as Co. B, 7th Iowa Cavalry, of which he was Captain. It seemed to be his fortune to be a soldier of one of Iowa's 7th Regiments.

This regiment was sent to help quell the Indian uprising on the Plains of the West. In the spring of 1866, this regiment, with father in command, was mustered out at Atchison, Kansas. Father had been promoted to the rank of Major. I find in his records the following letter:

War Department
Washington D.C.
June 14, 1866

Sir: Referring to the recommendations for the promotion of Major John Wilcox, 7th Iowa Volunteer Cavalry I have the honor to inform you that the name of the officer in question has been directed by the Secretary of War, to be placed upon the list of nominations for the brevet of Colonel of Volunteers, I am

Very Respectfully
Your Obedient Servant
James A. Hardin
Inspector General U.S. Army

.....
to the Hon. S.J. Kirkwood, U.S.S.

One of the first and saddest deaths in Company 1 was that of First Lieutenant Gardiner, who was mortally wounded at Belmont and lay on the battlefield all night. The next morning, when under a flag of truce, they were burying the dead, Mr. Horton stumbled onto the dying officer. He couldn't see, but he knew the voice and said to Mr. Horton, "Horton, for God's sake, give me a drink of water". He died before they reached the hospital. His death cast a gloom over the old neighborhood, for he was liked by everyone. He had been very active in the enlistment of the company.

Father lived fifteen years at Eddyville after the war closed. In 1881 he decided to come back to his old home and children in Ohio. He was suffering from paralysis and did not live very long after his return. He is buried at the Soldiers Home, Dayton, Ohio.

May time refuse his fateful course to run
When we, or out, forget the wonders done
By those who fought through obstacles profound,
For that blest peace now famed the world around.

Sarah E. Brower
1717 T St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.

(originally written in Sarah Brower's handwriting)

MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY IN THE WARS

Joel Wilcox	Revolution	Private	2nd Connect.
John Wilcox	Revolution		
Richard Williams	Revolution		
Joseph Hopkins	War of 1812	Private	Killed at Fort Meigs
John Wilcox	Rebellion	Major	7th Iowa Infantry
O.J. Hopkins	Rebellion	Sergeant	42nd Ohio Vol.
Livingston Hopkins	Rebellion	Private	118 Ohio Vol.
George Wilcox Stalusker	Rebellion	Private	18th Ind. Vol.
Dr. Thomas J. Thompson	Rebellion	Surgeon	
Staley Brower	Rebellion	Q. Sergeant	4th O.V.C.
Thomas Woodward	8th U.S.S. & A.	(nephew)	
Myron T. Brower	War of Germany	Private	Co. E, 18th U.
Leslie Burlingame	War of Germany	Captain	
O.K. Wright	War of Germany	1st Lieut.	Ordnance
Fredrick Brower	With Gen. Jackson at (?)		
George W. Brower	Rebellion	Bugler	
James Brower	Rebellion	Private	
E. Crow	Rebellion	Private	
Jackson Brower	Rebellion	Private	

3 Grand Nephews in Ohio regts. whose names are not noted.

(a portion of the right hand side of this document seems to be missing)