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As to Isaac's affairs, when he enlisted he wished me to receive his wages and use them, to settle up his affairs, debts, &c which I did, he also wished me to keep all his money after settling affairs in a bunch, to use it as I thought best, I have invested his money in sheep and steers.

The account is as follows:

Cash sent first time	\$25.00
Paid for boots & stamps	\$6.50
Cash sent second time	20.00
Paid James on debt	10.00
Cash sent third time	45.00
Paid for boots	5.50
Paid for postage stamps	50.
Received note against due	<u>22.50</u>
Per by balance on account	2.00
	<u>101.50</u>

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Valery's expenditures from the receipts $\frac{101.50}{22.50}$ it leaves me Isaac - \$79.00

Now this money belongs to you, I have got it invested so that I cannot get it out without sacrifice until after June, just which you may choose I shall have two hundred worth of steers to sell in April, (this is the time that cross's flock is for 3 years old) I will agree to send you the \$29.00 by the first day of May except if that will do you. All the money received has passed through James hands I will get a certificate showing that the act is correct, Isaac lent me the money without interest if I should settle up his affairs, I have done so. There is a note

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with one against Bennett & Field
of \$20,000 which I will collect
if you order it, and send the
money directly to you, and also
I will send some on my own
account if I succeed well in collect-
ing there it is done so.
Isaac Trumb is here containing his
clothes & a shirt I will give you
also with it, it contains one
pair black pants, silk vest black coat
& pair of boots & shoes & c. & c.
Write all about it & apply,
They have laid him away
written on the death of Isaac Barker
by G. G. Fitch. In camp
They have laid him away in the cold
On the banks of a southern stream,
A far from his home in a strong island
Where the ray of a southern sun gleams
No coffin enclosed his mangled remains
No shroud save his uniform coat
But his name is entwined in the laurel of fame
And an energetic proclama-
tion
See ships all unheeding the common deep roar
As the surge of the surmounting stream

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The armies march o're him in battle array,
Yet he heeds not the sunshiny gleam,
For his country he fought, for his country he died
A martyr to liberties cause,
Fair freedom he loved & to see her prevail
Hee died while depending her laws.
In a little white cottage on the land of the
They are waiting his coming again
But they stream out his body all mangled & torn
He has been laid on the field of the slain
Sleep soldier, sleep! in thy rough southern town
While above thee the soft-freer snow
For the summer the birds thy requiem sing
From the trees are thy patriot-grace.
I have written you a long letter tell
me how you want Isaac matters
fixed & give our love to all
Tell I wish that his Crisp board
stands in the shop where he
left it, I have tried to sell
it but have found no chance
to get what it is worth, I will
continue to try, & send the price as soon
as sold. Yours as ever Geo. E. Blodgett

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L I N E S

Sacred to the Memory of

Capt. Henry C. Gorrell of Greensboro', N. C.,
Of the Second North Carolina Regiment,

Who fell in an attack which he led against the Federal Batteries at the battle of Fair Oaks, June 14, 1862.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

They laid him away in the cold damp ground,
On the banks of a Southern stream ;
Not far from his home in his own native land
Where the rays of a tropic sun gleam.
No coffin to enclose his mangled remains
No shroud save his uniform coat,
But his name is entwined with the laurels of fame,
And on memory's tablet 'tis wrote.

He sleeps all unbedded the cannon's deep roar,
Or the sound of the murmuring stream ;
The armies march o'er him in battle array,
Yet he fears not their musketry's gleam.
For his "home" he fought, for his "rights" he died,
He's a martyr to a "Glorious Cause ;"
The Confederacy he loved, and to see her prevail
He died while defending her laws.

In a little white cottage in the land of the South,
They are waiting his coming again :
But dream not that his body all mangled and torn,
Has been laid 'neath the field of the slain.
Sleep, soldier, sleep ! in thy rough Southern tomb,
While above thee may soft breezes wave,
And in summer the birds shall thy requiem sing
From the trees over thy "Patriot grave."

BY A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE.

No. 2

As to Isaac's affairs, when he enlisted, he wished me to receive his wages and use them to settle up his affairs, debts &c., which I did. He also wished me to keep all his money after settling affairs in a bunch to use it as I thought best. I have invested his money in sheep and steers. The account is as follows:

Cash sent first time — \$25.50

Paid for boots & Stamps — \$6.50

Cash sent second time — \$20.00

Paid James (April 1862) on debt — \$10.00

Cash sent third time — \$45.00

Paid for boots — \$5.50

Paid (July 1) for postage stamps — \$0.50

Received note against me — \$9.00

[] balance on account — \$2.00

[Balance] \$101.50

Taking expenditures from the receipts \$101.50 – \$22.50, it leaves due Isaac \$79.00

Now this money belongs to you. I have got it invested so that I cannot get it out without sacrifice until April or June, just which you may choose. I shall have two hundred worth of steers to sell in April (this is the time that drovers flock in for 2 year-old). I will agree to send you the \$79.00 by the first day of May next if that will do you. All the money received has passed through James' hands. I will get a certificate showing the account is correct. Isaac lent me the money without interest if I would settle up his affairs. I have done so, There is a note with me against Bennitt & Fields of \$20.00 which I will collect if you order it and send the money directly to you, and also I will send some on any one account if I succeed well in collecting where it is due me.

saac's trunk is here containing his clothes &c. What will you have done with it? It contains one pair of black pants, silk vest, black coat, 2 pair of boots & shoes &c. &c. Write all about it & oblige.

“They have laid him away” — written on the death of Isaac Barker by G. G. Field in camp.

They have laid him away in the cold damp ground

On the banks of a southern stream,

Afar from his home in a stranger's land

Where the ray of a southern sun gleams.

No coffin enclosed his mangled remains

No shroud save his uniform coat,

But his name is sustained in the laurels of fame

And on memory's pedestal is wrote

He sleeps all unheeding the cannons deep roar
As the song of the murmuring stream
The armies march o'er him in battle array
Yet he heeds not the musketry's gleam.
For his country he fought, for his country he died
A martyr to liberty's cause;
Fair freedom he loved & to see her prevail
He died while defending her laws.
In a little white cottage in the land of the North
They are waiting his coming again;
But they dream not his body all mangled and torn
Has been laid 'neath the field of the slain.

Sleep, soldier sleep! in thy rough southern tomb
While above thee the soft breezes wave,
In the summer the birds they requiem sing
From the trees o'er thy patriot grave.

Now write me a large letter. Tell me how you want Isaac's matters fixed &c. Give our love to all. Tell Dwight that his cupboard stands in the shop where he left it but have found no chance to get what it is worth. I will continue to try & send the pay as soon as sold. Yours as ever, — George E. Blakelee

Bio of George E. Blakely/Blakelee

Born in 1812 George was the son of Philemon Blakelee (1809-1853) and his wife Amanda (1812-1895). who became a physician and a newspaper editor. He was eight years the editor of the state agricultural paper the Ohio Farmer before moving to Chicago and earning a degree in homeopathic medicine. He was an editor of the New York Tribune, the Farmer's Home Journal, and the Weekly Novelist. He practiced medicine in New York for 16 years. In 1860, at the age of 24, George resided in Huntington, Lorain county, Ohio, where he earned a living as a "carriage maker." Residing in the same household and assisting him in the business was 18 year-old Isaac W. Barker whom this letter is written about. Pvt. Isaac Watkins Barker (1841-1862) of Co. D, 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry (OVI) who was killed in action during the Battle of South Mountain on 14 September 1862. George passed away in 1909

G. G. Field's poem was actually an adaptation of one that was written anonymously as a tribute to Confederate Capt. Henry Clay Gorrell of the 2nd North Carolina Infantry who died at the Battle of Fair Oaks in June 1862. It was published widely and became a folk ballad under the title, "May he rest in Peace."