



<sup>Cousin</sup> consequently I am very nervous and my hand  
<sup>is going</sup> trembles so I can hardly write. I must write  
<sup>to you</sup> you about the Spang Bell Star and I had  
<sup>house</sup> last evening, Bell and Star exchanged their  
<sup>to town</sup> wearing apparel, and I dressed in Turkish  
<sup>Mrs. Bell</sup> costume, I had a yellow cambric suit ~~and~~  
<sup>is coming</sup> trimmed with blue stars, very full pants  
<sup>to stand</sup> short sack, and a large turban made of  
<sup>with her</sup> blue and yellow, I took my net off and  
<sup>and she</sup> let my hair fall over my shoulders, I looked  
<sup>learned</sup> mild enough I can assure you William said  
~~I~~ I looked very sane, Mary Holmes told me  
I looked like a merry D — wasn't that a  
compliment? I felt grandly in that rig it  
was so loose, I sat on the backs of the chairs  
instead of the seat, Nellie made a grand  
boy as she always does, Esther said she look-  
ed like a green boy that had been smitten  
with an actress and had ran away with her.  
You would have laughed to have seen Tom  
suck a tall ornamental girl, he was very excited.

you have  
 received  
 your  
 goods  
 Charles  
 Madeline  
 is with  
 packed  
 and  
 boxes  
 with  
 from his  
 last week  
 and he  
 picked  
 to be  
~~from~~  
 packed  
 remembrance  
 to you  
 when  
 I have  
 Aunt  
 Collins  
 I will  
 take you  
 from  
 word  
 my  
 money

Father asked him if he wouldn't sit near  
 the register and get warm, his answer was  
 "No, I am hot enough" a very lady like answer  
 Mr Leonard came home with your Mother and  
 came very near catching one dressed up, he  
 went in the sitting room and I started in  
 the parlor and ran up stairs. I got so excited  
 and laughed so much, I have had a head  
 ache all day. I had a letter from Mother last  
 week, Father is no better, and brother Will  
 had had another ill turn. I fear he will not  
 his health, I am sorry for him, he needs some  
 outdoor employment where he can have a plenty  
 of fresh air and exercise. John Gardner Son has  
 a little son a week old tomorrow I was down  
 to George Blakes two or three hours last Sunday  
 afternoon had a fine time with the children,  
 he has a nice smart boy. fast as cunning as  
 he can be. I received two letters from you to  
 day one dated Feb 24<sup>th</sup> the other March  
 5<sup>th</sup> they were both mailed March 10<sup>th</sup> one

from Dalton on the other from Philadelphia  
I cannot inform you in this from many  
letters I have received from you for most  
of them are up to my Uncle in my trunk  
I will count them and let you know the  
next time I write I have had your picture  
framed in a black ~~maple~~ walnut frame  
I think they are prettier than gilt ones, don't  
you? William had a gilt frame, but he liketh  
mine the best, I carried it down to Mrs  
Dacey's she thought it excellent, she said  
she wished she had one just like it, she  
wished me to send her one to you. I thought  
you took Elizabeth City and it was occupied  
by Federal Troops, I think you write in one  
of your Mother's letters that you landed at the  
city; did you not, the papers state that there is  
a large rebel force there now. Please explain  
I don't understand it. I was at your house  
when your Mother sent you that sheet of  
paper, she said she thought I should get a  
little mitten on it and if I did she was  
going to read it. The other day I called to  
see Mr Leonard with you Mother, I think we  
were talking about you he turned to me and  
said, "Lizzie, I am going to marry you, when  
you are married" I told him I was willing  
what do you think of that? It was a great deal  
harder to part with you this time, it was because  
I loved you more, yes, I do love and respect you  
more for giving up all for your country although  
it was very, very hard to part with you dear George.  
If you had left it with me Mother you should go  
or stay I would have said so. I know I did

Chelsea July 28<sup>th</sup> 1861

My Dearest George

I have been to church and to Sunday School today; after Sunday School I called at Mr Dixey, and found them all packed up, ready for a start, they are going to pack their furniture, Mr Dixey and Tommy are going visiting, Annie & <sup>her</sup> ~~girl~~ will stay in Chelsea, and board with Carrie Thayer, I hope she will enjoy it. They were very much surprised to hear you had gone, said they were very sorry they could see you before you left, Mr T has nothing to do at yet, she says if he get any employment they shall come back to Chelsea. I hope you had a pleasant journey and enjoyed yourself, shall expect to hear from you tomorrow, hope I shall not be disappointed;

George; did you think it unkind in me, to give away to my feelings

as I did Friday; but I know you will  
forgive me, won't you; if I hadn't felt  
so tired and weak, I ~~it~~ could have contacted  
my feelings better. I have hemmed nine  
handkerchiefs and Stanley hemmed three for  
you, tomorrow I will wash and iron them.

Mrs Seefler has ~~it~~ made two ~~it~~ shirts and  
has got a pair of drawers to make for you,  
I shall remain here until I hear from you  
and then I shall return to Brighton.

With your Mother's permission I took that  
little trunk you ~~it~~ left on the table,  
to keep for you, I wanted it to put  
some things in, have you any objections?  
Clarice Gillson just came in and told me  
to send her love and a kiss, I will send  
the love, but not the kiss, I don't like to  
mix them. You forgot to take the beautiful  
Pink your Mother picked for you, I  
pressed it and will send it in this  
letter. Rev Henry Leonard preached for  
us to day he is going as Chaplain in the  
Maine Regiment.

Fae and Bannie have gone to walk  
Father is down to John's, Moll is there too  
and Stanley is going down and I am  
left all alone, I think it too bad. I have  
for the last three or four years had  
something to worry and trouble me, and  
always expect to leave, if I don't get work  
next fall I shall have to go to the Poor  
House, Mrs Abondia will not need me  
when she returns from Augusta, and I  
will not live on any of my relations,  
they have done too much already, for  
my Father's family, and I do not think  
it right to stay unless they have enough  
for me to do, to pay my board, I am not  
strong enough to do hard work, and it will  
kill me if I have to sit and sew, as I  
have for the last year past, I felt quite  
encouraged when I heard Father was so  
much better, if he had gone to the war, I  
should have gone home and staid with  
Mother, for she needs me, but his being

sick again, puts an end to that, do  
not blame me for feeling so blue ~~and~~  
~~it~~ for I cannot help it, for I feel that I have  
no home. Brother William has at most at  
he can do to support the family ~~and~~ at home,  
and I do not feel that I can go there  
and live one him. Pardon me for  
writing as I have, but it is just as I feel  
I am in a strange mood tonight, my  
brain is in a complete whirl.

If I thought  
you had any things to trouble you I  
should not write in such a strain but as  
yours troubles are over, I will let you have  
your ~~part~~ of mine though I do not think  
it will trouble you much for you will  
have something else to think of.  
Yours

Father says he sure and call on Mr  
Coldwell. I went to ride with  
Charlie last night, enjoyed it very much  
Please excuse my many mistakes, for I  
am so nervous to read this over. Write a  
long letter as soon as you can, ~~but~~ and  
write all of the news. be sure and send me  
a letter every chance you have. Don't forget  
the miniature, It is getting dark  
and I must close, so good night.  
With much love your sad Sciggie

Be sure and destroy this as soon as  
you read it, don't forget. L —

showe you  
now. I  
wish you  
could see  
my baby  
I have forgot  
how to write  
if you offer  
me your hand  
the will put  
heart out, to  
shope  
most  
Doughty you.  
It is late  
and I must  
close, am  
all my quites  
when you  
write  
I will  
Good night  
With much  
love you  
Hester

My Dear George I received your letter last  
Thursday, and was much pleased with it, all but one sentence,  
that grieved me, it was this "I hope I never shall be guilty  
of the ungenerosity of holding a woman against her will" what  
did you mean? I should think you had been acquainted with  
Miss Lloyd long enough, and had heard enough about her,  
not to believe all she says, it is not the first time she  
has talked about me to you. she does not like me, nor I her, she  
is too deceitful for me, and I think if she could say anything  
to ~~prograndise~~ lower me in your estimation, she would do so, ~~now~~  
As for my trying to get Charles Medbury I don't want him,  
and don't suppose I could get him, if I did, He is a perfect  
gentleman, and has always been a kind friend to me, and I  
always shall like him, unless something occurs to convince me  
that he is unworthy of my friendship. Why didn't you tell  
me what Miss Lloyd said before you went away? I wish  
you had, I cannot write all I wish to on the subject,  
but will tell you when I see you.

I should have answered your letter last week if I had  
got it in season, but you write you were to sail <sup>the</sup> that  
week, and it would have been impossible for you to receive  
a letter from Drington in a day and a half. Were your  
clothes all right? did you find the letter I sent? Wren's  
John kind to give you his stippers, I paid him for  
you, gave him three pence (when you come back  
you can pay me) he said he was more than paid.  
Don't worry about that cough, it never troubles me, only  
when I am at Chelsea, and I expect it is the East  
winds, that make me cough, Sister Ellen will go home  
next Friday, and Aunt and the babies will go in  
about three weeks, I expect I shall feel very lonely then,  
shall miss busy very much, I take ~~no~~ care of her most  
of the time. I have sent for Sarah to come and make me  
a visit when Aunt goes, Esther & Nellie have promised to  
come and see me, writes you Mother. Sunday August 11<sup>th</sup>  
I received your kind and long letter yesterday, and I need  
not write you how delighted I was to get it, I was not expecting  
it, for I thought you was off on the ocean, I don't wonder  
you have got tired waiting. I think it real provoking  
they hurried you back so soon. If you make fun of my

writing I would write you again, If you had felt as  
sad and lonely as I did you would not <sup>have wrote</sup> ~~written~~ as well as I did  
I don't think you can say much, what were you thinking about when  
you wrote the last page of that letter you sent me, Did you think  
I was deaf? You have told me a number of times you did not want  
that amblyope of mine, and gave me to understand that you cared  
nothing about it. If you had told me before you left you wished for it,  
I would have sent it, What is the picture you promised me?

George, don't write again as you did concerning yourself, I was  
as nervous as a wildcat, after I read what you wrote, do I pray you be  
careful, and not put yourself in danger, August 15<sup>th</sup>

I was very much surprised to night, to find a letter from you,  
and very glad too, I can assure you, I have been home keeper  
today, Aunt Ellen started for Stone at six o'clock this morning.

The Cooleth (Aunt Nancy's husband) died last Tuesday  
and was buried today; he had a cancer in the lower part  
of his stomach, he was a great sufferer, I feel very sorry  
for Nancy, she has been so happy since she was married.

Yesterday was my birthday (did you think of it?) it was very  
silly, I had made up my mind to go to L. Boston, and  
mend, The girls in the store treated me on candy; I did  
not get a pin on sleep during the day.

Mrs Allen (Mary Blair, that tended in Mr Bosson's) had got a little boy three weeks old, they have been married about three months, he told Addis Hinkley he had got a fine little boy, and invited her to ~~come~~<sup>call</sup> and see this wife and baby. I have not been to Chelsea since you left, and shall not be able to go very soon, I shall be very busy until Aunt goes away, and after she goes, I shall stay at home to look after all of the boys. I heard from Mother last week, she writes that Father was drilling a regiment at Augsburg, she did not write whether he thought of going or not, but I do not think he is able to go.

You forgot to address your letter, please remember it the next time, I had a great mind to pay you back in your own coin but fearing you might feel badly, I concluded not to. I should feel very much disappointed if you did not write me, when you sent home, they tell me I am growing fleshy and I think it must be so, for all of my dresses are getting tight, sleeve bands as well as the waist Aunt Ellen has just returned from Storn, she says Mr Collett, did not ~~take~~ swallow a monthful for four days and a half before he died, the cancer had filled him all up. I wish the machinery would get out of repair, if by that means you could get a leave of absence. How long, shall you stay where you are? The folks are all well and wish to be remembered, how I wish you could somehow see me, I feel so lonely Sundays, I do not know what to do, I think it too bad, you could come to see me once a week, I shall not ask you to excuse this writing but you may excuse all mistakes if you please if there has been someone talking to me ever since I commenced to write. Be sure and write every



I intended  
to go home  
in the  
spring as  
soon as  
the boat  
went I  
hope I shall  
hear good  
news from  
you very  
soon  
much  
love I  
best you  
good night  
yours  
D...ci

that the Louisiana was burnt, that came  
from scuse, I think they are as bad as the  
Lish, and never tell the truth & truth when  
a falsehood will answer, I am very sorry to hear you  
are on the sick. list still, why didn't you answer  
my question, and <sup>write</sup> tell me the reason of your long  
illness, and what it is, I feel quite anxious you  
have been unwell so long, don't neglect to write me  
about it in your next letter. If I am not very much  
mistaken I write as often as you do, before you  
left the Porters I wrote once a week, I should  
have sent this the first part of this before but  
I did not think you would get it if I did  
so I thought I would wait until I heard from  
you, You need not try the cure you proposed, I fear  
it would do more hurt than good. Do you wish  
me to let your Mother have the dark photographs  
do you think I was selfish to take it? I did  
not receive the photograph for three or four

after I was in Chelsea, so it wasn't that  
that "jogged my memory and reminded  
me that I had friends in Chelsea, I  
begin to think it doubtful whether I have or  
not, for I have not heard a word from them  
for four or five weeks, and they all promised  
to write, your Mother is very agreeable, she has so  
much to attend to, but I think if the others  
felt very much interested, they might write  
once a month at least, when I was in Chelsea  
last November Esther and Mellicie said they  
would commence the day after I left, and  
write a little every day, ~~but to keep me posted~~  
untill they had a letter written, and then  
would send it, I called once a month afterwards  
and they had not commenced it, when I  
receive it I will inform you Mary and  
Mark, promised to write their letters are a long  
coming, I have almost made up my mind  
not to visit Chelsea untill you get home.  
Do not scold me for writing so, for if you

Know how lonely I am, and how  
homesick I get you would not blame me  
I do wish they would write once in a while  
a letter would be so welcome, and give me so  
much pleasure. I am getting to be a real  
home body hardly ever think of such a  
thing as going out in the day time and  
wish that there is no skating, I seldom  
go out in the evening, I don't think I have  
been out in the day time more than four  
or five times since the first of Jan'y, the  
day I went to Chelsea, I have no where to go  
there is nothing going on here, the only  
lecture they have had here this winter was  
a free lecture delivered by a Mr Nobody  
it was not much of a lecture. You write I  
must do all the going to church; I have not  
been but once in two months, and then  
"Phemie" coaxed me to go to the Orthodox  
with her, it was a very cold day and I  
thought I should freeze before I got

home, I have not been since I don't  
like to go to the meetings they have here  
If you will come home and go with me  
I will go to hear ~~at~~ Mr Leonard every  
Sunday. I am sorry to hear you are spending  
so long. You did not invite me to go to  
the City Hall with you when Helen came. I  
think you were very busy that evening and  
did not go yourself until late. Mrs Collins  
and Thonie both send their kindest  
regards, I haven't been in Chelsea but twice  
since you left, the first time I was  
there I called at George & Bob's twice  
Addie was not at home the last time  
I did not stay more than an hour and  
had no time to call, so she has no  
reason to feel slighted, when I go to C-  
to sleep I shall certainly call on her.  
You must not trouble me if I do feel  
anxious and sorry about you, how can  
I help it? If you were only here with me  
I should be so happy! but this anxious  
suspense, it is dreadful, I hardly dare to  
read the paper for fear I shall find bad  
news, when will this end? Can one hope for  
brighter days, when this heavy cloud shall  
be lifted, and dear Fathers, Husbands, and  
Brothers return to their homes, and to the  
loved ones who await there to greet them  
This subject is too sad to dwell upon.

you were  
going a  
captain's  
wrote a  
good  
long  
letter  
you  
write  
much  
love  
L...

Brighton August 18<sup>th</sup> / 61

My Dear George

This is a lovely day, the sky is clear, a little breeze, and every thing looks beautiful, the trees and grass are look fresh and green after the rain, I wish you were here to enjoy this beautiful day with me, I have not been to church, had rather stay at home and take care of the baby, have not been but twice since I come to Brighton I take care of the baby Sunday forenoon, and read and write in the afternoon. When night comes I feel very lonely, then I miss you the most, I generally retire at nine o'clock. It is much better for me to go to bed early, you don't know how much better I look, a gentleman told me a short time ago, that I looked three or four younger than I did last spring. I received a very pretty birthday present from Charlie Medbury last week, it was a Snopkin Ring, just like the one he gave Sarah. Don't it was marked let's do. Aug 14<sup>th</sup> 1861, wouldn't he kind? I was much pleased with it. Sister Ellen started for Augusta last Friday, I went in Boston with her, and soon her start, she has not been home for three years, I have just written a long letter to Sarah, I expect we shall have a grand time when she comes to see me. I wish you could see my baby, she is so cunning and pretty, she walks alone, and says a few words, she will not be a year old, until next month, isn't she smart? takes after her cousin.

Sunday August 25<sup>th</sup> I don't feel like writing today, had

rather talk with you. I am so lonely & lonely I don't  
know what to do, I spend them so differently than I did  
in Chelsea, then I need to wish for Sunday to come.

I was much pleased to receive your letter last Friday night.

I read the daily papers very carefully, but see nothing about  
the steamer you are <sup>in</sup>, what is the reason? isn't she worth  
noticing? I am very sorry John's slippers did not fit, when  
I see him I will thank him & give you these kisses back.

When I can settle your debt with kisses I will do so, provided  
you are indebted to good looking young gentlemen. When I  
can afford to get the materials I will make you a pair of slippers.

I heard from Mother last week, she writes they were all  
well, except sister Ellen, she took cold going down on the boat  
and was threatened with a fever. The day after she arrived  
she was much better when Mother wrote. Charles Gilman

is down East spending his vacation. The regiment Luther  
was drilling left by water last Friday he was not  
able to go with them, I expect he was very much disap-  
pointed. I have got a little cold, and my ~~teeth~~ teeth ache

just enough to make me feel cross. I have not seen any  
of your folks (except William, no sarkin in the state)  
since you went away, they promised to come to see  
me, but I have not seen them yet. I told Esther and  
Mellic if they would come I would treat them our  
milk and ~~molasses~~ molasses (we have got a barrel)  
I thought that would be a great inducement.

I don't know what to write. Langton is the  
dullest place I ever saw, there is nothing going  
on, every one seems to be asleep. I have not had a letter  
since I have been here, except Mary's from Dublin.  
The people here are not at all social. Mrs Chandler  
has but a very few ~~old~~ acquaintances, she is not  
acquainted with one of her neighbours. I have been with  
so many pleasant friends for the last two years, it  
~~now~~ makes me feel sad and lonely not to have  
one, now, I have a few acquaintances here, but not one that  
I would be intimate with.

I don't know as you can find  
fault with Charlie, but you have found fault with me  
for going with him, I of course, would not associate  
with him, if I did not know him to be perfectly  
honorable, you need not feel afraid of his being too attentive  
to me for he has a lady, down home, he has me for a sister  
have you any objections? The way you explained that  
sentence ~~did~~ did not satisfy me. I want a plain  
answer. I have not seen any of those letters you sent  
home, I should like very much to read them, but if  
they do not care enough about my reading, to send  
them, I shall not send for them. If you are  
so "hard up" you had better ~~do~~ borrow of me, I have  
done so much work lately, I have plenty money.  
You said nothing about your amblyopia is gone

second letter, if you were not able to get it, I have  
nothing to say, although I should have been much  
pleased to have had it, I shall expect one as soon  
as you feel able to get it. as for mine it isn't a  
good one, I will have a better one taken some time for  
you. What I did for you was no trouble at all, I was  
very glad I was able to help fix you nothing, you  
know you are perfectly welcome for all I did.

I have told you as much as twenty times what  
day of the month my birthday come and how  
old I am, but you did not care enough about  
it to remember, isn't that so? 22 or 24 I think that  
real insulting, and to pay you for it, I will not  
write you how old I am. As a general thing those  
that go in the Navy are not considered as good  
as those that go in the Army, I guess you would  
grow fleshy if you lived on bumblebread truckleberries  
and milk went to bed at nine and got up at six.  
If you will come and see me and live as I  
do, you will grow fleshy too, and there is need enough  
of it. If you don't come home pretty soon, you  
won't see me, for I am going off. Please excuse  
this cross letter, and I will write a pleasant one  
the next time don't you follow my example and  
write a cross letter if you do I shall have the  
blues for a month. When are all of the prizes

I hope your  
brother William  
will derive some  
lasting benefit  
from his visit  
to Boston.

Glad to hear that  
your father con-  
tinues to improve  
in health.

Please remember  
me to all at  
home when you  
write.

I should like to be  
at home instead  
of writing  
to you  
for of  
that we  
must  
not stop  
write soon  
and write  
often  
I guess  
with me  
soon  
George

U.S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Chincoteague Island  
Friday evening Oct. 11. 1861

Dear Sister - I learned this morning that one of our  
prize schooners was to be taken to the Fort this  
this morning, and I hurried up a letter to mother  
that I had undersigned, and told her to send  
it to you, as I did not think I should have  
time to write. The vessel did not sail today  
as intended, as the wind was not fair, but  
she will probably sail tomorrow morning.  
I shall take advantage of this delay, and  
write you a few lines. You must be content  
with a short letter as it is now after  
seven o'clock, and as I have to turn out  
at twelve to-night and stand water till  
four, I think it best to turn in and get  
a bit of sleep. This is the worst water  
of the series. You can't get to sleep before

nine o'clock, and just after our turn in  
at four o'clock they commenced washing  
down decks, though I have become so  
accustomed to that noise that it has  
but but little effect on me now.

When I was in the merchant service this  
was considered the best water; for on  
the other water, all the ship was  
between twelve and four.

You have sixty a dozen schooners here  
waiting to hear from the Commodore to decide  
what shall be done with them. I should  
should adjudge them to be lawful prizes  
I may get a chance to see home or, at  
least some Christian city, whose Christian  
exports I am certain to appreciate.

I only wish I was as certain of having  
an opportunity of enjoying the pleasure  
of home for a few days. Our ship was not  
benefited at all by going ashore the other

day, at this place. (You will find the particulars  
in Mr. Foster's letter.) She looks some, and is  
evidently considerably strained. The "Locusts"  
had a good chance while she was ashore  
to try their hand at taking her; but they  
did not make the attempt, very considerate  
in them not to intrude at such an impor-  
tant time when we had other things  
to attend to, and did not wish to be  
inconvenienced by their presence.

We have learned that the schooner that we  
burned the other day was being fitted out  
as a privateer, and that there were two  
brass guns ashore ready for mounting.  
So we did a good thing when we stopped  
her career before it commenced.

One of my musketeers has commenced to growl,  
and says it is time to "down the gins"; but  
I tell him I can't possibly accommodate  
at present, on account of this letter.

If you have that old cough come in again, you must take better care of yourself, dress more comfortably in flannel underclothing, take plenty of good fresh air and exercise, and take medical advice, and all other advice which is good; and after taking advice, take some care to follow it. I have a bad cough in me at the present time, but I hope to get clear of it soon, for I don't like the idea of barking about doctors. You know the old adage — "a barking dog never bites."

Our wounded man is getting along very well and will soon be able to come on deck again. I am heartily glad of this as he is one of the finest men in the ship, and he and I get along finely together. You ought not to say that you guess our ship is not worth noticing. She is noticed occasionally in the New York and Philadelphia papers. It gives me pleasure to learn that you have such nice times now. I don't suppose they would last should I return home, Eh!

Brighton Oct 27<sup>th</sup>

Dear Honey

~~we~~ received your letter  
a week ago y<sup>e</sup> last night, it was very nice & I  
can assure you. I should have felt badly, if you  
had not written to rise. I have read the paper  
very carefully hoping to see that you had been  
sent in with those schusses you captured. I do  
wish you could come home, first thank you have  
been gone three months. I went to Boston  
last Monday the first time for three weeks.  
I am getting so old and steady that I do  
not go out but a very little. When I was  
in the city I called in the Store, I carried  
the girls a bag of Chesnuts. week before last  
I was out every pleasant morning before six

relock gathering chesnuts, it gave me a fine  
appetite for breakfast. We have had very mild  
pleasant weather until last week, then we  
had one or two cold days. I thought I should  
freeze (does that sound natural) it is quite  
cool today and I and melting in a cold room  
and my hand trembles, so I cannot write  
very well. A week or two ago I carried Lizzie  
and baby to a ~~place~~ an Ambrotype Soloon to  
have their pictures taken. Lizzie had a very good  
one taken, but we could not keep baby still.  
The artist sat her in a chair and told me to  
get behind the chair and take hold of her dress  
to keep her from falling, he then tried to  
attract her attention with a bell. She  
would look at the bell a second and then  
she would turn round and laugh at me  
we tried everything to keep her quiet but it  
was impossible and at last she got so  
tired she commenced to cry, I shall take  
her again soon. I wish you could see her  
she keeps us laughing most of the

Trime, she imitated every thing she see  
I have ~~teach~~ taught her to blow her nose and  
scratch her head, two very important things  
for her to learn. You needn't have gone to the  
trouble and expence of getting a cough if you  
had seen her I would have let you had mine  
for nothing, and should be very glad to  
get rid of it. Was it the doctor that was  
mouid of "on the strength of his commission"  
(is you note) that was wounded? I think  
~~the man~~ as you were very fortunate, in  
keeping out more hurt. I had a letter from  
Mother last week she note Feaster had  
had two sick spells lately he says if he  
had another he shall have to give up his  
situation. It is so dark I can not see  
to write.

Sunday Evening

It is quite cool tonight, and the wind blows very  
hard. I feel very lonely Sunday Evening. I told  
Aunt Nancy tonight I wished I was at Chelsea.  
I have not been over yet. I have got considerable

sewing to do, and I thought I would stay  
here and do it, so if I am fortunate to get home  
my clothing will be in order, and I shall not have  
to sit up evenings and sew this winter.

I received the letter you sent home and one from  
your Mother last week. She thought it very  
strange that I had not been to Chelsea. I think  
now I shall go over in about three weeks, if  
nothing happens. Did you receive a letter I sent  
you dated Oct 13<sup>th</sup>? you had not received it  
when you wrote. I know of no news to write  
every thing is so still here. Sarah has left Mr  
Fay's and is at home. Mary Chandler Chamberlain  
will be a Mother soon. Write every chance  
you have, if you haven't time to write a long  
letter without one is much better than none.  
Last week Sister Ellen was exercising with  
my dumb bells and jammed two of her fingers  
she took the nail off from one.  
It is getting late and I will close this  
stupid letter. Bidding you good night. I  
remain with much love

Lizzie

Brighton Nov 17<sup>th</sup> 1861.

Your letter was gladly received, I had not heard from you for one or four weeks, and began to feel rather nervous. So is not my fault if you have not received a letter from me for months. I have wrote you three or four within the past seven weeks, I should have written last Sunday but was sick, about a fortnight ago I took a very severe cold, first I had a stiff neck, after that a sore throat, and an <sup>addition</sup> ~~addition~~ to my cough as some of my throat got better. The cold went to my ~~ears~~ <sup>ears</sup> with, I was sick a bed two or three days with it. my face was very much swollen, and both sides were blistered, when I but persisted on. I suffered a great deal, I send you Mother word that I should be in Chelsea yesterday, but my face is

Looked so badly I thought I would postpone  
my visit until this week. I wish you were here  
to spend Thanks giving with me, do not know  
just when I shall be, but expect to be in Chelsea

George Chamberlain is very sick with a Lung  
fever, he has had a cough for a long time and his  
lungs are very weak, I feel very sorry for Mary.  
I heard from Mother last week. She wrote that  
Father had been quite sensible lately, so much  
so, he had to give up his situation I don't  
think he will ever be better. William has not had  
an ill turn for seven weeks, Mother writes she feels  
anxious about him all of the time.

We are having quite cool weather now, had  
a small snow storm yesterday, the first  
one we have had this season. What glorious news  
we had from the Aral Expedition? Don't you wish  
you could have gone with them?

Grandmother will return to Chelsea next Tuesday.  
She has been gone five months, I shall be delighted  
to see her. Aunt Emma Mother is very sick  
they do not think she will recover.

I have been to church and to Sunday  
School today, aren't I getting good?

I should think it would be very dull when you  
are now, why don't you get weary of absence and come  
home? If you stay then all winter, don't don't  
you want me to call down and see you?

I have not heard a word from your folks  
for a month, don't know whether they are  
all dead or not. We are having glorious  
moonlight evenings now, but I can't go out  
and enjoy them, for I take cold if I even look  
out of doors now. I don't know what the  
reason is, unless it is that I stay in the house  
so much. Last week I did not step out  
of the door. Aunt Nancy is here yet. We have only  
seven females in the family including Fannie  
and baby. I expect to leave in three or four  
weeks. you can direct your letters to Brighton  
until I write how often do you receive letters?  
It is almost impossible to write for baby  
is at my side every other minute pulling

my class. She come and kissed me, and  
such a sweet one I have not one so sweet  
since you went away. Do not wait  
four weeks before you write again.

I saw Lucy Wellman's marriage  
in ~~the~~ yesterday's paper. How I wish if  
she is any thing like her sister Carrie  
I pity him. I must close for it  
is getting dark, and baby is crying  
for one to take her up. So good bye  
yours with love L.

Pardon all mistakes and write  
soon —



Brighton Dec 12<sup>th</sup>

My Dear George

Yours of the 13<sup>th</sup> I received last Monday, I was very happy to hear from you, but was so much disappointed to learn that you were not coming to me, I had thought so much about your coming, I think it is to bad, after I read your letter I went up stairs and cried all of the evening, do you think I was silly? George; I have had the blues ever since, I am now stopping with Mrs Collins (she was a cousin to Uncle Olijha let's first wife) she has a young babe, and wanted me to come and stay with her, to help her take care of it, I like pretty well, but there are six children besides the baby (the oldest 15) and some times we have a great deal of noise, which makes me feel rather nervous, she wants me to stay all winter, with her, could know whether I shall or not, she has a nice house.

heated by a furnace, and a very nice  
piano, ~~As~~ I am so nervous I can barely  
write, I have been very nervous and tem-  
peramental for a month past, I feel pretty well at times  
and I don't see why I should love the blues  
so much, if you could come home I think  
you could drive them away.

We are having beautiful weather it seems more  
like spring than winter, it was warm enough  
to sit by an open window this noon, the ice  
has all melted out of the pond, and there  
are no signs of skating, we are having  
beautiful moon light evenings now, I do wish  
you were here, to enjoy them with me.

Have you received two letters from me lately  
one dated Dec 8<sup>th</sup> the other Dec 1<sup>st</sup>, you  
did not mention them in your last letter.  
The one dated Dec 1<sup>st</sup> had Leon's Photograph  
in it, I shall be delighted to receive your  
photograph, I hope it will look better than  
the one you left at home. I had a letter

from Mother last she wrote they  
were all well, it is almost impossible for  
me to ~~not~~ write for my pen and ink are  
miserable, and there are two or three talking  
to me most of the time, please excuse this  
and I will write again in two or three  
days, and try and do better.

Yours with much love  
your blue L. ....

When you write, please write something  
to cheer me up, L.

had an ill  
turn, I hope  
you were  
fully  
recovered. I  
have got a  
real cunning  
baby to take  
care of, only  
three months  
old, and  
bright as a  
button. I  
wash and  
dress her  
every morning  
Am getting  
my hands  
ful I am  
going to buy  
it from Helen I  
get money  
enough

My Dear George

Your long letter I  
received today, please accept many thanks  
for it, how did you spend yesterday & Christ-  
mas) pleasantly I hope, I make you in  
my best, that I was stopping with  
Mrs Collins, her eldest child is a young  
lady 12 years old, we soon together, the  
night before Christmas we hung our  
stockings on our room door, under  
them we put a slip of paper, with  
"Smallest favours gratefully received"  
written on it. we laid awake about an hour  
long, waiting for P & Ma to go to  
sleep, then I got up as quiet as I could  
and took the stockings in. Phoebe

found a comb in bed, and I found  
a bottle of Col. Mc Collins told us  
he would get us some presents New  
Years, isn't he kind; they treat me as  
a daughter. Yesterday morning Phemie  
and I arose at nine o'clock, after I  
had washed and dressed the baby, we  
went down to Uncle, there I found a  
Christmas present from one of his  
men, it was a little basket, with a  
looking glass in the bottom, it looks  
like silver, it is very pretty, after dinner  
we went skating, I couldn't skate very  
well, for the ice was very rough. I got  
one fall and liked to broke my knee.  
In the evening I kept house and took  
care of the baby, the rest of the family.  
passed the evening with Mc Collins's  
brother, one of the neighbours, a young

Mary  
Schwartz

Chamberlain

has a little

quit a week

ago, I had

a letter from

Sarah yesterday

she is well

I hope I

shall hear

from you

soon.

Yours

Mother

much

love

L. M.

A best to stay, I shall certainly go  
home and make a visit as soon as I  
feel able. It must have been very  
pleasant to meet so many old  
friends, perhaps I would have come  
on, if I had known you were going  
to stop in Baltimore. Should you  
like to have seen me? I guess you  
found old news in my letters, did  
you find Leonard's photograph in one  
of them? "By the way" mayn't I burn  
those old letters I have of yours, I  
mean those I wrote, please say, "yes"  
that is a good honey. Addie Field  
has no business to write to you if she  
wants to write to any one, she can  
write to her Eddie, that puts me in

mind of something Addie said when  
I was in Chelsea last, one evening <sup>she</sup> ~~me~~  
was up to your house, and we got  
talking about misting letters. Addie  
said she did not write to Eddie  
very often as she had no time, I asked  
her how often she wrote (thinking  
her answer would be ~~at~~ about once  
in three weeks) she put on a very  
sober face and said she couldn't find  
time to write more than twice a  
week. I was highly amused at her  
answer. I guess I won't send you my  
letters before I read them if you will  
come and see me I will let you  
read them with me. I am very glad  
to hear you are getting over your cross  
fits for they used to make me feel  
very badly. I am very sorry to hear you

man about 17 years old (that calls to  
see sister Ellen very often) came in and  
spent the evening. I thought of you  
and wished you were with me. Don't  
you wish you had been here? Today I  
feel very lame and tired. Oh! I forgot  
this noon I received a very pretty present  
from Charlie Medbury, a gold belt Pin  
he sent Sarah one just like it, isn't  
he kind? I have not received your  
photograph as yet, have been expecting it  
for a week past, hope I shall get it  
soon for I am very ~~interested~~ anxious  
to see it. Why didn't you call to see my  
folks when you were in Baltimore I  
have two Uncles, two Aunts, and three  
Cousins, living in the city, if I had known  
it in season, I would have sent you an  
letter of introduction.

I received a letter from Mother last  
week, and am very sorry to write  
that Father is not better, he is not  
near as well as he was last summer  
he has his ill turns quite often now  
Poor Mother, his sickness and Millicent  
is killing her, she fell anxious about  
Millicent all of the time. She writes  
that she had rather he would be taken  
away now, than live and have fits, &  
and I don't know but I had had  
It seems very hard now he got old  
enough to help himself and Mother.

You write that you should think I  
would like to go home and see  
Mother, I do want to go very much  
and should have gone long ago  
if I could, but I have got to support  
myself, and I can get employment  
up here much easier than I can  
at home, Mother wrote me if I could  
get nothing to do I had better come  
home, but as Aunt told me I was  
welcome to my board as long as I  
wished to stay, with her I thought

Brighton Jan 16<sup>th</sup> 1862

My Dear George

Seeing a notice in tonight's paper, that all letters for the officers and men of Gen. Burnside's Expedition would be ~~properly~~ sent to them directly if mailed to Col Frank Howe by Saturday, I thought I would write you a few lines not knowing when I should be able to send a letter directly to you. I saw by the papers, the Louisiana left Fort Monroe Monday, why didn't you write Sunday? I have looked for a letter all this week but have been disappointed, and as you have left the Fort and gone ~~now~~ "nobody knows where" I shall not know when to expect one, I think you would have written if you had known how much pleasure it would have given me, to have heard

from you this week. I wrote you a letter last Sunday, think it very doubtful whether you get it before you leave.

We are having splendid moonlight evenings now, Tuesday night it ~~was~~ ~~again~~ commenced to snow and snowed until Wednesday noon when it turned to rain and continued most all night, when it cleared a cold and freeze, so now the ground is covered with ice, I went out with L'Honnie to night and in some places it was so icy we had to sit down and slide, she slipped down three times and like to broke her head, I was more fortunate did not fall down once. It is excellent sleighing the road was full of sleighs. I went skating Tuesday night and had a fine time. Quella got the ice all marked to cut, but the snow storm Tuesday night prevented him.

Little Lois has been quite sick, she is  
much better now. Ella Collins (11 years old)  
has been sick two or three days with a southeast  
I have been nurse, and sleep with her, so as to  
take care of her, I am Cook, nurse, nursery maid  
and seamstress, in fact I do a little of every thing  
Mrs B- does not tell me what to do, I do  
just as I should as if I was at home. Today  
I thought I would sweep and dust the  
parlour, it took me all of the fore noon, for  
I had to move all of the furniture twice  
and cover it over. I am getting to be a first-  
rate house keeper, don't you want to come home  
and keep bachelor's hall and get me to  
keep house for ~~me~~ you? I will make  
you as many custard pies as you wish,  
and will make them in deep tin pans, if  
~~you~~ I hope we shall hear good news from  
the expedition soon, for I am in a state

anxiety, I don't know what I shall do if  
I don't hear soon, I hope you will write  
the first opportunity. I am so anxious to  
hear from you. So George I pray you  
be careful of yourself and do not expose  
yourself needlessly, do not think me  
silly for writing so, but if you know how  
badly I feel to have you go where there is  
so much danger, I fear we shall have  
some hard fighting soon, and a great  
many lives have got to be sacrificed. I pray  
God that you may not be one of that  
number. Good night, Yours with much love  
Levin

I met George  
Chambliss  
at Uncle's  
last evening  
he looked  
quite well  
and is very  
fond of his  
baby. I have  
been visiting  
this apartment  
in my  
room and  
Mrs Collins  
has just  
called for me  
to come and  
to get over  
for it is time to  
go to bed.

My Dear George

Feeling rather sad and lonely  
I thought I would commence a letter to you. We are  
having such strange weather, five or six days out of a  
week it storms, it commenced snowing, Friday and has  
snowed until this noon, when it commenced to rain, and  
it raining now (eight o'clock in the evening) I have got  
such a cold I can hardly speak aloud, colds are very  
fashionable just now, we have only five sick with colds  
and sore throats, I have to be much part of the time, I  
wish I could have been with you, and nursed you, when  
you were sick; I am getting to be a substitute cook, done all  
the cooking for the family <sup>and</sup> Family consists of ten  
persons, and done it well to, I must lay this aside  
and go to bed, so as to get up early in the morning

Sunday Evening Jan 26<sup>th</sup>

Just think, George, it is almost three weeks since  
I have heard from you, and not a word from

we heard from the expedition, I have ~~to~~ <sup>used</sup> ~~to~~ ~~read~~  
the paper very carefully every evening hoping to find  
some news from the expedition, but there has been  
none as yet, I have to console myself that "no news is  
better than bad news", I had the first sleigh ride I  
have had this winter, last Thursday, Charlie was  
going to Gayville to see Sarah, and invited me  
to go with him, I was very happy to go, but I  
have staid in the house most of the time for a  
month past and ~~had~~ got very bronchitied, I  
think the ride, and seeing Sarah done me good.  
Gayville is twenty miles from Brighton  
Charlie got a team in Boston, which made  
the distance twenty five miles for the horse  
the horse was so tired coming back I thought  
we never should get home. Sarah was delighted  
to see me, she isn't very well this winter, she  
inquired for you, and said she should like to  
see you. Gayville is a real country place, only  
one store, and one meeting house, it is a part  
of Southboro'

If it did not cost so much I would spend  
my Sundays in Chelms, we have more noise  
here Sunday, than any other day in the week. The  
children are all at home, and they are so noisy it  
is almost impossible to read or write, how to do any  
writing in the evening after they have gone to bed  
I have done nothing to day but tend the baby a  
little while, but I feel more tired than I do, when  
I have worked all day, I have not heard a word from  
your folks since John and Eben were out here, some  
three or four weeks ago, they all promised to write me  
but their letters are a long time coming, I wish they  
would a letter would be very acceptable. I made Mother  
about your photograph and I praised it up so she  
wishes me to send it to her, I think I shall have  
to refuse I can't part with it now, but when I  
have the original to look at, perhaps I will lend  
it to her a little while, with your consent. I will  
lay this aside until I hear from the expedition, and  
then I will finish it

Monday Evening Feb 3<sup>rd</sup>

I went up to Amelia yesterday afternoon, and found your letter, I need not write how happy I was to receive it, for it almost four long weeks since I heard from you last, you were very kind to write me such a long letter

You did not write any thing about the Louisiana getting on the sand bar, I saw a short account of it in the paper, why didn't you mention it? You must excuse this letter if it is stupid, for I got up very early this morning and have been on my feet most all day, we have a young green Irish girl and I think she makes more work than she does, I can't bear to sit down, and see so much work to be done, so I help do it, and we do not get through untill night, washing days.

There is a report in tonight's paper, that heavy firing had been heard at Norfolk for two days past, it come from the rebels, so it is doubted

There was a report in last weeks paper

Please  
excuse  
(the paper  
and the  
ink &c)

Chelsea Feb 17<sup>th</sup> / 56

My Dear George

Last Wednesday evening  
about nine o'clock, the door bell rang,  
Mr Collins went to the door, and I  
heard someone inquire for me, who  
do you think it was? it was Johnny Holmes  
with your Father's large over coat on, he  
said there were two heavy loads out in the  
road, waiting to know if I had a screw  
barge enough to haul them all, there  
were eleven of them, Mary Pratt was one of  
the number, I was delighted to see them,  
they came in took their things and staid  
about an hour, they invited me to return  
with them, Charlie said if I would he  
would bring me back Sunday, so I  
accepted, I had a grand ride, it was

a beautiful evening, the weather was very mild, and clear, with a full moon, I rode in Mr Holm's gun, on the back seat, between Mat and Eveline, they kept me nice and warm, John sat in the bottom of the other gun, he said if I would ride with him he would let me have half of his coat, but I was afraid you would be jealous if you heard of it.

Carrie & Henry H. Mat, Co, and I sang all the way home, I guess we made some noise, I believe it was about half-past eleven when we got home, your mother was very much surprised to see me. Last evening we all went down to Mr Holm's, we felt very tired and sleepy and were very stupid the first part of the evening, about half-past nine we got on the ice, and

About a fortnight ago I went to see  
 Mary Chamberlain, she has a very pretty  
 little baby, and she seemed so happy  
 with it, I almost wished I had one.

She inquired very particularly about  
 you, and wanted you to call and see  
 her when you get home, if you have time  
 I had a letter from Mother last week  
 and am very sorry to write that Father  
 is quite sick again, he has two and  
 three sick days a week regularly.

Million has not had an illness for  
 five weeks. The note there had been  
 a good many sick soldiers in Augusta  
 this winter, some of them were taken in  
 private families and taken care of, but  
 a good many of them suffered for  
 want of care, I think it seems very

hard for the poor fellows to suffer  
when there are are ~~so~~ so many that  
might help them if they had a mind  
to. Mother writes that a great many of  
them have dined with her this  
winter. I now think I shall love  
Mrs Collins in a week or two. She is  
sick part of the time, and the children  
are so noisy it is enough to set one  
crazy, and Sunday is worse than any  
other day. There are seven of them under  
the oldest but sixteen. The younger  
ones saucy and ugly, they dont pretend  
to mind, and she is not strong enough  
to govern the, she is completely run down  
she is but 39 years old and has had  
eleven children, enough to kill any  
woman, and then she has a little  
Irish girl, and she is so black and  
dirty, she is enough to try the patience

of a saint, we do not have  
breakfast until eight or nine  
o'clock, and the girl hardly gets the  
breakfast dishes washed in season to  
set the table for dinner, ~~and~~ the  
~~time~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ is in confusion  
all of the time I do not like  
living so. I wrote you a long letter  
about a week ago, I suppose you have  
received by this time, your mother wrote  
you yesterday, "by the way" yesterday  
was your birth day, did you think of  
it? If I had come see here Wednesday  
night I was coming yesterday morning  
to celebrate the day. I thought of you  
a great many times during the day  
and wished you were here. This morning  
Mary, Priddy, Carter, Spellicy, Berline, and I  
eat our breakfast at the early hour of  
ten, wasn't we smart? We have been

are very late for two nights past  
and we needed the sleep.

I hope I shall hear from you very  
soon, May God keep you safe from  
harm is the earnest wish of your  
Loving  
Linn

such actions, we had two or three  
mild Irish dances, I got started  
to go to Boston this morning, and got  
as far as Grandmother (where I am  
now) when it commenced to rain and  
I had to give it up, I received your  
letter last Monday, I also received  
the long one, please accept many  
thanks for them, I will take back all  
I wrote, about your not visiting me  
before you left the Quarter, I did  
not know there was more than one  
Louisiana in the expedition we had.  
A glorious news from the expedition this  
week but it made me feel sad when  
I read it, to think how many precious  
lives had to be sacrificed to gain it  
I am very anxious to hear the official  
report, I was so anxious and nervous  
last week it made me about sick

I shall be so glad and thankful  
when I hear that you are well and  
safe. Why, George, I didn't know how  
much I loved you, untill you left  
me, and was in danger. I will commence  
the slippers as soon as I have time, while  
I stay with Mrs Collins my time is  
short, and my eyes will not allow me  
to do such work in the evening! If  
I am well you shall have them before  
three years. I called to see Mrs Silley

this morning, Frank is a noble great  
boy. she said Sarah was in Chelsea  
a fortnight ago, Sarah is quite unwell  
this winter, she is boarding with Mrs  
Gay now, Mrs Gay was in Chelsea two  
or three weeks ago, she rode over to  
Boston with your Mother, she told  
your Mother she was very sorry she  
did not see me, when I was in  
Fayville, ~~she was the first to see me~~



Newbern, N. C.  
March, 19<sup>th</sup> 1862.

My Dear Digger:—

I somehow or other, feel that I must write a few more words to you, though I know that by so doing I run the risk of incurring your anger. That, however, does not frighten me in the least; indeed, I hardly think I should have the least fear if I saw you making your way towards me with a gun aimed. Even if your arms should close around me in a close embrace, I shouldn't even order "hands off!" Possibly I might adopt appeasement measures of the same kind, and meet you with a counter embrace. Hi, ho! here I am, and you—well, I don't ~~know~~

where you may be, whether in Brighton  
or Chelsea; All is, I wish I could  
be where you are, wherever it  
may be, I know I should be better  
pleas'd than I possibly can be  
here this evening, listening to the  
rain as it drips, drips, with a  
weary sound on the roof of our  
cabin, now heavy, now light, as  
war fall on mankind.

We expect to start for Washington  
tomorrow. It is situated on Pamlico  
river, in this state, about 120 miles  
from here. The place is reported to  
be evacuated, and no resistance is  
apprehended. One other gunboat  
accompanies us, also the 24th Mas.  
regt. I shall send this before I  
leave if there is any chance of a  
mail leaving before we could get  
back. We shall not probably  
remain away more than two or three  
days, and will return here at once.

Our pleasant weather gave  
place to a heavy rain to day, and  
now it is raining heavily. This  
is one of our April showers,  
although we are somewhat  
ahead of you in point of season.  
The frogs are croaking melodiously,  
and I never hear them but I think  
of home, and long to visit that  
dear spot, among whose asso-  
ciation you are inseparably  
connected. I think it rather  
hard that I can't hear from  
you oftener than I do.

My last letter from you bears  
the date of March, 4<sup>th</sup> more  
than two weeks ago. I don't charge  
you with neglect, for I think  
you write oftener and the letters  
fail to reach me. It isn't pleasant  
to think of and I will close  
for the night, although it is  
still early. Good night!

Washington. N. C. P. M.

March 26<sup>th</sup> I can't express to you how horribly dull it is this afternoon, nor how gladly I would exchange it for a few days at home with you, dearest. It is raining hard, and the outside gloom only serves to increase the inner feeling of discontent as being so long cooped up. I know it is very wrong to indulge in such feelings, but it is almost impossible to close the door of the heart against them, and submit without murmuring at hard-hearted fate. And I have been so long without a letter from you, that it really seems almost an age. Your last from the date of the 4<sup>th</sup> inst. Your negligence, or that of the post seems in a fair way to be repaid, though unintentionally, believe me. I had my letters all ready just a week ago to-day, - that was the day before we left New Bern - and I told the

Sarah that  
was a  
gentleman  
wrote to her  
you got it  
great many  
compliment  
from my  
friend I  
shall not  
when I  
hear they  
will  
make  
you  
again

Augusta May 21<sup>st</sup> 1862

My Dear George

It is but seven o'clock, quite  
an easy hour for me to write a letter, but Father is asleep,  
and as I have to sit with him I could not employ  
the time more profitably than writing to you.  
I left Chelsea a week ago this morning, I took a  
sudden start a week ago yesterday morning (I was  
in Brighton). I received a letter from Mother saying  
Father was very sick, and she wished me to come  
home immediately. I left Brighton Friday night  
passed the night at your house, left in the six  
o'clock car, started from Boston at half past seven, and  
arrived home at five P. M. I got very tired riding  
in the car so long. I found Father more comfortable  
when I reached home, he was very glad to see me  
he had been wishing I would come. Sunday he  
was worse and suffered he great deal, he continued  
to grow more unwell Wednesday then he seemed a  
little easier, from Sunday until Wednesday he

knocked incessantly one thought they would kill  
him he was so weak. he has not been troubled  
with them since Wednesday, one thinks he grows  
weaker every day. he seems to ~~not~~ be in desire most  
of the time when he is awake his mind wanders  
he takes nothing but liquors. We do not think he  
will last a short time. his eyesight is failing. he woke  
up the other afternoon about three o'clock and asked me,  
why I did not light a lamp, he thought it was mid-  
night. His wife's sister is here and takes care of him  
nights. Mother and I tend to him during the day.  
Mother is about sickened, she has had so much  
care and anxiety lately. It will be a fortnight  
Monday since I received your last letter, there have  
been two or three mails from Providence since then  
I was very much disappointed at not receiving one  
the last mail, but I will not complain, & I do  
not think it was your fault. A mail from  
Providence arrived at New York Thursday I hope  
I shall get a letter tonight, want it to be a good  
one, for I need something to cheer me up. I have  
another picture taken for you yesterday, but it

will suit you, ~~but~~ I should like to  
number of my guineas they all pronounced it  
excellent. I think it is good, it may not look natural  
to you, I am so much flatter than I was when you  
went away. Do you think you will be able to get  
home by the 1<sup>st</sup> month of July? I hope you will, you  
must make your arrangements to come down coast  
and make me a visit. Mother just came she  
told me to send her love and tell you she is  
making blanc-mange and if she could, would send  
you a glass, My friends tell me I have not grown  
old a bit since I went away, they say I look as young  
as ever, Ben George, don't you wonder if you do, folks  
will take you for my sister when they see us  
together. You can't imagine what cool weather we  
are having, while you are suffering with the heat  
I am suffering with cold, I have felt the cold  
more for a week past than I did any week during  
the winter, I believe one had a frost here might  
before last, when I left. I brought the weather now  
my name, I brought a fuchsia home with me  
you gave to me, it is growing finely, at I can

not send this until Monday, I will lay it  
aside until tomorrow. Sunday Morning

I did not receive a letter from you last  
night and was very much disappointed, it  
seems an age since I received one, but I will  
try and be patient. Father is no better, we think  
he is weaker, he is failing very fast, I should  
not be surprised if he drops away any time, he has  
suffered so much he wants to die, he said  
yesterday he wished he could sleep his last sleep  
George if you can do not hear from me for sometime  
do not feel anxious I will write as often as I can  
but I do not have much time, and Father is so  
feeble I do not feel like writing. When you write  
please direct my letters to Augusta Care of William  
C. Simmons, Excuse this my hand trembles so I can  
hardly hold my pen, I hope by this time you  
have received all of my late letters. I have sent  
one every week until last week. Please write  
one how you take the picture, with some love  
I remain your Son

I should a closing with your photo & paper, the

U.S. Steamer Louisiana,

Dear Libbie:— Washington D.C. Jun. 16<sup>th</sup> 62

It is but a short time since I wrote you, and no new letter from you has come to hand. I hope that my last letter was fortunate enough to meet the mail going north, and that there was no delay in its reaching you. It is possible that you received two at once, but I had rather have them arrive at short intervals than come in a body. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon a steamer came up, bringing the new Gen Stanley. We all expected she would bring a mail, but were told that the "Pilot Boy" would be up today with a mail for us. The Gen was received by the regiment, and a salute fired. He is a very insignificant looking man at the first sight, but he may improve upon acquaintance. He is said to be a very smart man, and what is more rare in these days of

doubt and uncertainty, a good and honest  
man. It is expected that he will accom-  
plish much good in this state, and bring  
many wandering sheep back to the fold.  
I hope all their anticipations will be  
realized, and that we shall soon see the  
end of this contest.

We have again had a taste of warm weather  
for two or three days. Yesterday the mercury  
indicated only 79° in the shade. I went  
to walk with Henry Blake and Arbuckle,  
the second leader of the band - a fine fellow.  
We walked the length of the town, and Ar-  
buckle could wring the perspiration from  
his coat. We can come out in white, so  
we have an advantage over the soldiers.  
Gilmore, Arbuckle, Blake and I usually  
spend the afternoons together, and have  
a pleasant, quiet time together. There is  
a pretty, abandoned cottage here, with grounds  
beautifully laid out, and here we frequent-  
ly sit and partake of blackberries  
and milk, and we sleep as comfortably as

possible under the circumstances.

Yesterday forenoon, His Mr. Mellin held a service in one of the churches. I was unable to go as I was on duty. The soldiers attended, also a squad of our sailors marched with them, contrasting well in their white frocks and caps with the dark dresses of the soldiers. Late in the afternoon the wind changed to the north east and blew hard with heavy rain. The mercury went down to  $66^{\circ}$  and it felt very chilly. So you see that even here we are not exempt from sudden changes in the weather. Word has come in that the pickets of the enemy are again within five or six miles of us. At the last skirmish I wrote you about, the rebel Col. in command was killed. I suppose there will soon be another brush with them. I saw a comical sight the other day, about 100 negroes with a drummer and piper at their head, were marched out to the outskirts of the town and set to

work felling trees so as to give a good sweep  
to our artillery. The darkies seem to be  
as happy as kings while on the march.  
I believe I have written you all the news  
and will now lay this aside till the  
mail arrives, trusting it will bring me  
a letter from you.

June 17<sup>th</sup> This is the anniversary of the  
battle of Bunker Hill, and you will see  
by the following that we did not forget  
it, although, to tell the truth, I did, until  
reminded of it ashore. We celebrated  
the day by a grand parade to the music  
of Gilmor's band. The 24<sup>th</sup> was out, all  
the Cavalry and artillery, and in the Centre  
the jolly tars of the Louisiana, with  
your humble servant. Our men wore their  
white frocks and blue pants, and loaded  
fine rats. Our Company bore muskets,  
and our rifles. At the dismissal of the  
parade, Col. Osborne rode up to us,  
and paid my men a high compliment  
on their fine appearance, and invited  
me to head quarters, where a beautiful  
collation was served out. Just at this  
time Gen. Foster arrived, or rather he  
arrived in Baton to see the parade,  
and my men were again complimented  
by him when I was introduced to him.  
Our little squad of 40 attracted more  
attention than all the rest. We had  
a glorious time and every thing passed  
off smoothly. The Gov. (Stanly) arrived and  
made a speech. The mail arrived this  
morning - no letter for me.

I am when shall we be able to do  
away with this style of communication  
and converse in a way more agreeable to both  
Give my love to your Mother and all, and  
accept much, my darling, from your own  
happ.

Weymouth Nov 12 1881

Dear Mother & Sister, Last evening  
morning my dear Father, one day, the day  
that night I did sleep, when there is no pain in my  
I do the letter I wish you last Sunday & to you  
be a very sick and was waiting for the surgeon  
order by Mr. Weymouth Saturday, did not sleep  
I was very weary the last evening, he said he could  
not help him, and that we had better give him  
Cocaine to keep him quiet & comfortable while  
he laid him. He did not sleep that night and was a little  
sick, he laid in a sofa all day Wednesday and the  
night following, his eyes and mouth were red when  
his breath very short, he wanted every time he breathed  
George, it was so hard to see him lying in such  
distress and know we could not help him. Sunday  
morning I was sitting in the dining room, Mother  
called I and said, Father was dying, I ran to  
him and could see him in three times, but he could



notice of me, Mother sent me for one of the  
 neighbours, when I returned he had gone, he died very  
 easily he did not move a muscle. I saw my daughter, and  
 his spirit had departed. We buried him yesterday afternoon  
 at five o'clock, It had been cloudy all day and fog as  
 we reached the grave it commenced to rain. We were  
 obliged to have a Methodist minister attend the funeral.  
 The Unitarian and Unitarianist ministers were both out  
 of town. I send you my love to comfort and strengthen  
 me in my sorrow. ~~and take care of it~~

I received a very kind letter from your Mother, with  
 the last one you sent her, last Wednesday, she was very  
 kind to answer my letter so soon. I shall write to  
 her as soon as I feel able. I received the letters from  
 you last Tuesday, I was very happy to get them for I  
 had not heard from you for a fortnight or more.  
 To me, I pay you in my grief on my account, I am  
 better than I was, I am taking Quinine Syrup. I  
 think it helps me. I sent you a letter last week with  
 my likeness. Pardon me for sending you such a bad  
 note but I do not feel like writing. I will be better

The next time, Hoping to hear from you very  
soon I remain with much love  
Your sincere

Till then, may God keep you from  
sickness and danger, and in His own  
good time may He be permitted to meet  
Bidding you good night, I remain with  
much love Your Belov'd Son  
James June 25<sup>th</sup> 1802

My Dear George

I don't feel a bit like  
writing, I had much rather talk with you, but as  
I cannot have that pleasure, I must do the best I  
can, and make pen and ink do the talking. I  
went to church and S. school this morning, I have  
had a distressing head-ache all of the afternoon, at  
tea time I drank a cup of strong tea, and it feels  
much better. We are having very changeable weather,  
yesterday it was an uncomfortable warm, and to day  
it is quite cool. We have had considerable rain lately  
and every thing looks fresh and green, if you will  
only see we could have some fine weather. Don't you  
wish you were? I send you rather a letter now a three  
weeks ago, I have not received an answer as yet,  
perhaps I shall get one soon, just think next  
Friday will be Fourth of July; It does not seem  
possible that a whole year has passed since we  
passed such a pleasant day in the woods. I

wonder if they will have a picnic this year?  
How I should enjoy spending the day with your  
folks, that is, if you were one of the number!

I have been nurse for a week past, there is an  
Irish woman in one neighbourhood very sick. I  
have been in to see her once or twice a day and  
her grand. She has a babe six months old, yesterday  
morning I washed and dressed it. Mrs Lynch  
(the Roman name) told one of the neighbours, "that  
little Simmons girl, was a real good little girl"

I am very sorry to write, that William has been  
quite sick again, he went nine weeks without  
having an ill turn, a week ago last Sunday  
night he had one, it did not make him feel  
very bad, he went to the store the next day, Last

Sunday night about ten o'clock he had a bad  
fit, he then went to sleep and slept untill four  
o'clock he then he had another, and soon after  
he had two more making four in all, his head  
ached badly all the forenoon, and he was very  
stupid after dinner he laid down and slept  
all the afternoon, and slept soundly all

night, he feels better today, he says his  
head will not feel well for a week.

It is so dark I cannot see the lines, I will  
lay this aside and finish it when I light a  
lamp. Now look out for mistakes, for we have a  
caller, and there are two or three brigades running  
as fast as they can go. I had a letter from Sarah  
last Monday, she is well, she says she has to work  
very hard. She inquired about you. I expect she has  
got a bean, please don't mention it in any of your  
letters home, I have not heard particulars yet.

George I want you to send me Addie Childs  
picture, you have had it a good while, and now I  
want to see Addie's face! I have your picture  
hanging over the mantel, and your Mother's picture,  
and Nellie's on the mantel. I believe there are  
about five hundred men here the 16<sup>th</sup> regiment.

The other day some of them were examined and  
one of the men proved to be a woman, she begged  
hard to go, but the cruel man would not let  
her. It is not some rebel and Mother, William  
and Tommy have gone to bed, Mother generally

retire at nine, and as I do not like  
to sit up alone I ~~go with~~ follow her ~~own~~  
example, If you will come and see me, we  
will sit up as late as we wish, and not get  
a scolding the next morning. Do thou any  
prospect of your getting home this summer?  
Mother may possibly go to Chelsea in August  
or September, if she does I shall have to keep  
house I will give you an invitation to come  
and see what a nice house keeper I make.  
Will you accept? We expect Grandmother down  
here this week to pass the summer with us.  
Lannie Davis was here last Friday, she  
inquired very particularly about you and ~~wanted~~  
asked me to give her your photograph.  
Just think of it, I wouldn't part with it for  
———. I often wish I lived a little nearer  
Chelsea so I could call and see your folks  
once in a while, I wish Mother would move  
to Mass, and ~~perhaps~~ perhaps she would if it  
was not for William, she will not leave him  
and she does not wish him to give up his  
situation. Don't find fault with the writing  
for I ~~will~~ wrote most of this with my finger  
in my lap. Are you perfectly well now?  
I hope the time is near when I can talk to you

P.S.  
I will send  
Caldwell's will  
as you desire

U.S. Steamer Louisiana  
Washington A.C. Aug 15<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Lizzy:

I received yours of the 4<sup>th</sup> yesterday afternoon, but doubt whether my reply will be able to go in the return boat, which leaves tomorrow morning.

I have less time than usual, as one of our officers is sick, and we have now three instead of four watch officers.

I also have rather more extra duty to do now than formerly. I must tell you what the Capt. told me this morning. He had been looking over the new Navy regulations, and remarked to me that my chance for a Master's Commission was very good. The pay is more than a thousand dollars better than I now get per year. I shall soon know my fate, and will inform you at the earliest notice. The regulation says the Master must have served at least three months as Master's mate and be recommended by the Commanding Officer.

I have served a year, and have recomen-  
dations from two Comd'g officers.

I think the prospect very good.

There was one remark in your letter that  
did not please me at all. You said you  
had no objection to my taking ladies to  
sail provided I did not take tall. Now  
you know, (or at least ought to know by this  
time) that I am no lover of such pro-  
miscuous salutations. If I love a friend, I  
cherish him kiss; but I think the man  
who asks or expects a kiss for escorting  
a lady away, where is as much degraded as  
she who gives it. I have some few friends  
I would kiss as naturally as I would my  
mother; but this name is neither <sup>by</sup> no  
every body, as you would seem to intimate  
by your remark. I have kissed but one  
in this State since I have been here, and  
that was a little "three year old", whose kiss  
was like — most any thing good. I wish  
you could test a few of my kisses and in-  
form me whether they are as good as for-

merely. It is a long while to do with-  
out such luxuries, especially to one who  
had, through your love, been so addicted to  
tasting the sweets, and I would much like to  
know whether my lips "have forgot their even-  
ing," or my nerves so hardened that it would  
send no thrill. But I am afraid I shall have  
to defer the solution of the question till my  
return home, as of course, I am not vain  
enough to suppose I could get a kiss if I  
asked for it; though, to tell the truth, I  
should like to try just one little one.

Mary Pratt wrote me a long letter detailing  
events of the wedding, from which it seems  
that Joe is really married, he hasn't been  
married long enough yet to report, but that  
comes in time, doesn't it? Mary wrote  
that much regret was expressed at our  
absence. Miss, I am sure was uncom-  
fortable. It was too bad that Gen. Blake did  
not know you were at Augusta; he would  
have been pleased to see you. I wonder  
whether I shall return before he goes again!

This Trask has come on the carpet again.  
I didn't know what had become of her.  
Give her my love, as usual.

I am happy to hear of your visiting  
our poor, sick boys at the hospital.  
They need attention, and it is the ladies  
who can give it best. Only don't over-  
do the thing. Don't persiate in washing  
a fellow's face after the skin has  
already scrubbed off. I received  
no letter from Mother by this mail,  
as the wedding gave her plenty to  
do. Volunteers now seem to be  
coming in and some of the Rebel  
papers look blue in consequence.  
Secret Candidate for Governor was  
defeated here, and it is reported on  
the streets here that the new Gov.  
promised to recall the North Carolina  
army, which made his popularity.  
I hope it is true. At any rate, every-  
thing looks bright, and will continue  
to look brighter if we only set to  
with a will and "polish off" the  
Rebels. I have given you so many  
long letters that you may complain  
of this. So, dear, and I will stop your  
complaints with a kiss - in pro-  
spectum. Love to your Mother and  
all, Adieu, with much love,  
Your George.

Carri. sent  
down to  
Chelsea the  
last week  
the mill  
return home  
next week  
We are all  
well  
Grandmother  
& Mother  
send their  
love.  
P. D. doing  
you good  
night I  
remain  
with  
much  
love  
Yours  
Geo.

My Dear George

I was made very  
happy last week by receiving two kind letters  
one Monday, the other Thursday night. I am  
you received my letter, you ought to get one  
every week, for I write regularly, only a week  
God need not be afraid of sending one to  
many letters, I shall not be receiving until  
you return. I do not average but one a week  
Send as many as you wish, I shall not be  
offended with you, but shall love you all the  
more. I received a very kind letter from  
your good Mother, and one from Stanley  
last week, they were very acceptable, I can  
assure you. I have visited the hospital a great  
deal for a week past, my patients I am  
happy to say is improving, he has his disch-  
arge and will go home this week. There are  
a great many sick now, they cannot tend

or closer than today, from the 60<sup>th</sup> regiment.  
They all complain bitterly the food they  
have. The meat is tainted, and the bread  
sour and mouldy. Some of them have had  
even a blanket to put under them when  
they lie down; and I believe some of the tents  
have no floors. I do not wonder that the  
poor men are sick. I think it is wicked  
to treat them so. The regiment leaves Tuesday  
morning. The weather has been very cool for  
a day or two past. I saw Augusta Smith  
the other night and gave your love to her  
as you requested me, she thanked me and  
sent her to you, Jennie Locket was with  
me, she did not like it, because you sent  
none to her, please send her some the next  
time you write. I had a fine ride tonight  
with a second cousin of mine from Chelsea  
I was certainly very fortunate you will not  
be home when Mr. Gibbs calls. Can you  
realize you have a married brother? Your  
Mother wrote me they had a very pleasant

wedding, she is saving a piece of cake  
for me! You wish to read some of my  
thoughts on matrimony, I had much rather  
talk than write on such a subject, for I  
cannot put my thoughts on paper. You know  
it was my wish we should be united before  
you went, but ~~thinking~~ <sup>thinking</sup> you knew best, I  
of course, did not urge the matter. Last <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~  
Thursday was my death day, I think I remained  
at home until five o'clock, then I went over  
to the hospital. How kind you were to send  
me such a nice long letter, six pages, you  
shall be amply repaid when you return.  
How I wish you could come home if only for  
a short time. I don't feel like writing about  
the war, I hear so much about it, I wish  
it could be brought to a close, but I fear a great  
many precious lives are yet to be sacrificed  
before such an end is gained. I will take the  
pains off. You shall have as much remembrance  
as you wish if you will only come home. I  
will be so good will not ~~forget~~ bother you a bit.

Did I ever make a promise, or do what I  
fulfilled? I think not. Yes I think you  
are very exacting sometimes. I can look  
"stern and disapproving" when I wish. If you are  
very good I still will look to all you.

Why don't you send one Abner's Field's "visit"?  
I am very careful now-a-days, you would be  
astonished to see what a change has taken place

I was weighed last week, and weighed but  
10 1/2 more the weather is cooler I think I shall  
gain. I feel perfectly well and have a good  
appetite. I live on cabbages and string beans.

The next time you leave me I am going to  
be brave, and I shall shed a tear until you are  
out of sight. I should like very much to  
have the photographs of the "little dears" as you  
call them. Why didn't you show the little sick  
fellow my picture? were you afraid it would  
frighten him? I don't blame him for crying  
when you missed calling on him. I should  
have done the same. I do not charge extra  
for illustrated letters. 

You know I always thought you uncommonly  
smart. I intended to have answered your  
Mother's letter tonight but it is ten o'clock  
and tomorrow morning I have got to get  
up early and wash, so I must just time  
it. If you were here I would not go to bed  
until  O'cause that mark I was talking  
with William and did not make my  
fun was on the paper

Chelsea Friday aft

My dear Lizzy

I have just returned from the P.O. where I found two letters from you. I have not been out of the house for 48 hours, for I took cold and it settled in my eyes and could hardly see, much less read or write.

I can't really blame you for getting "real mad," as you call it, though I think the last letter ought to have explained it away. How good you are at stretching! I have not been home four weeks yet & you say four or five.

If you are going to leave Augusta tomorrow I can't detain you by force, though I would if I could. I shall start from Boston on Monday evening and shall reach Augusta (wind & weather permitting) Tuesday.

If I find that you have acted in your throat,  
and have actually gone — it will be my  
loss. I hardly know whether you are  
serious or not — if you are, I think  
it very hard, especially as I wrote you  
that I would give you full and ample  
explanations that would clear me from  
all blame. God knows I should have  
been in Augusta long, long ago if I could  
have got them, but this is no fighting an  
impossibility. I hurried home from the  
P.O. to write this and must carry it  
down before supper so it can go this  
evening. I, therefore, pray you to have patience  
it must be exercised on your side as  
well as mine. Now dear Fyie, be angry  
with me no longer; we have waited a  
year and a half and can wait a day or  
two longer when needful. Yours as ever  
Geyser.  
P.S. Carrie Wellman was married a few days  
ago.

Take the  
 best care of  
 the care of  
 your health  
 for my sake  
 You can't  
 imagine how  
 my affection  
 all depend  
 of your health  
 affects me.  
 It is bad  
 enough to be  
 separated  
 from you,  
 but makes  
 my heart  
 it is no  
 more.  
 write  
 to me  
 every  
 week  
 if you  
 can.  
 Lovingly,  
 I bid  
 you good  
 bye for  
 a long time.  
 I bid  
 you  
 your  
 U.S. Steamer "Octorara"  
 Norfolk, Sept. 24th 1862.

My own dear Wife:

I received your long and loving letter of  
 the 20<sup>th</sup> yesterday; and, I will tell you, though it may be  
 needless, that it's perusal gave me a vast amount of  
 pleasure. It was so entirely unexpected too, for I did  
 not look for one till to-day (Wednesday) thinking you would  
 write Sunday. Now I know I was a little too premature  
 in giving direction to William, and through him to you,  
 where to send your next letter, as we will not be able  
 to sail till Saturday or Sunday. It was a pity that I made  
 such haste to send direction, for it has cost me at  
 least one good letter which you would have probably  
 sent towards the latter part of the week. Now I must  
 wait till I arrive at Havana before I shall have the  
 pleasure of reading another letter from my dear little  
 wife. (I think that ever I looks much better in writing  
 than husband; don't you?) Well, I have one consolation  
 I can read the one I rec'd yesterday over as many times  
 as I please. That I have; and with care I think it will last  
 till I get the next - that is, it will not wear to pieces.  
 I hope the next one will be as good, that's all.

addressed to Mrs. Liza in your loving  
 letters  
 P.S. How do you make your  
 to Mrs Geo. T. Hallis.

We came up here yesterday to do some repairs, and grounded her. A certain valve wanted repairing, and we concluded we could do it here. To-day we have had a diver over the side with his submarine armor on. He looked odd enough in his queer dress. Our repairs will probably be completed by to-morrow, when we sail for Hampton Roads. It was thought at first that we would be obliged to go to Baltimore; and we would have done so had it not been that we found this diver. I wish he had been further north or south, I shouldn't much care which. Had we gone to Baltimore, we would have remained there a week. What a pleasant time we (that is you and I) might have had! I should have telegraphed to you as soon as we arrived to hasten on as soon as possible. I had written to Esther to tell you not to go home until it had been decided what we would do.

At one time we all thought that our going to Baltimore was an event of certain occurrence. But see how we were disappointed! It was a great, a very great, disappointment to me. I had thought of it so much, and counted upon it with so much certainty, had looked forward to the expected pleasure with so much eagerness, that my disappointment was grievous to bear. Now you, like an affectionate and dutiful wife, ought to help me bear it; and the only way you can do it, will be to share it with me.

Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> P.M. I have a few spare moments before  
dark which I will devote to you. I have been at  
work all day superintending the work on the Kingston valve,  
and watching the operations of the amphibious monster  
clad in his submarine armor. Just before dinner he came  
up and said he thought it a bad case, and very much doubted  
his ability to finish the work. How my heart jumped when  
he said this! I thought it was a case demanding Baltimorean  
treatment, and that we would certainly go there. In which case  
you and I would have met again after a very short but  
not at all pleasing separation. I turned, in a few moments, many  
fields of pleasure. But how soon were my pleasant anticipa-  
tions blighted! And partly by my own means, too. I suggested  
a staging, which was adapted, and the work was carried on  
and is now just finished.

Upon looking over my collection of photographs just now, I  
found only one, which I wish you would please give to Cecelia  
with my love. I can't conceive how it was that I overlooked her  
when I sent home. She has a great claim on me, and I had, more-  
over, promised her one long ago. She came in among the first  
in my list, and it is very strange I sent her none. I seek per-  
don of her highness, which you may demand on your knees or  
not, as you please. I had twenty, seven of which I sent to the  
"Louisiana", one I gave Fernias, and two others were jowed out  
of me by officers in the Navy. I wish I had a few more.

My particular friends will not make out very well in case they should discern any. I think, though, that most of them are already supplied. I would like very much to send one to your Sarah, but she must wait till the next time, unless you want to give her one of your old ones, which I think little probable. You don't think my photographs flatter me then. Well, I think it about time that I should get some in some degree truthful. All that I have had heretofore have been dreadful flatterers, and it was very unpleasant to hear people remark that they were fine pictures, but I wasn't half as handsome. Poor cousin Mary Pratt! She couldn't see as married! If you can arrange it with Mr. Leonard we might have a repetition, a "last appearance", as they say in theatrical phraseology, in purpose to allow those who could not be present to have the pleasure of seeing us married. Some of them might not believe it unless they saw with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears. Speaking of Mr. Leonard reminds me of your suggestion. I would like very much for you to make him a present, but I would inform myself whether or no he is the possessor of an album. If he has, I would substitute some standard book which he had not in his library. Something of the kind would please me. What a nice thing it would be could you board with Mrs. Eaton. She is such a good, kind hearted lady that you would not regret it could she have taken you. And George, her husband, is such a man, so gentle and refined, that you could not fail to like him.

I have just sent my baggage.

Sat. Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> I have yet a few more words to say to you, dearest, before I leave you. How say you want very much to visit Baltimore this winter, and hope I will give you permission to go soon. Certainly I will give you permission to go; but then I would much rather have some one accompany you. Suppose you ask your Uncle and Aunt for their advice. If you go, I would like your visit to occur in early Spring - say in March and April. By so doing you would escape our very harsh, unpleasant Spring weather, and might possibly see me, if I have good

luck. Don't you think that it would be the best  
time for you to go?

We finished coaling ship last evening, and  
are now on our way down the James river  
to the Fortnes, where we will remain till  
tomorrow when we shall certainly sail.

I wish I had not written so hastily to have  
my "next letter" sent South, and I might  
have had the happiness of receiving one  
to-day. I must wait patiently. Keep a cheerful  
heart, dearest, and you will hear from me as  
soon as possible. Your husband in love,  
George

I hope you will not tell Mrs Dixey because I kissed her  
first as you say. The fact is that I neither know who it was  
that I kissed in the vestibule until you informed me. I was too  
much occupied with my happiness to think of any thing else.  
Don't tell Mrs Dixey, however. I don't know what you thought of  
my kissing your hand, but I could not resist doing so. I hope  
"Mrs Grundy" will say nothing against it. If you did not get  
the first kiss in the lips, you got enough afterwards to more  
than satisfy you. Upon the whole I think I got the greatest  
number of sweet kisses while I was at home. I haven't lost a  
single one. Did you see Matt Holmes take my pipe from my  
mouth and kiss me? Did you ever come enough for my  
kisses to do so? Just remember the promise you gave in your  
last letter to pay me for the letters I have written you in  
good wifely kisses. You are famous for making such sweet  
promises, but when the day of payment arrives, you repudiate  
like our Southern friends. If you continue to do so, I shall call  
you a little rebel, and shall try Uncle Sam's "coercive measures".  
But such kisses would not be worth much. I like them more  
from the heart, and not mere cold pressure of the lips.

What a strange wish of yours, that I would "come and sleep with you"!  
What would our Aunt Nancy say to such a wish? They would  
be horrified. Whether they would be or not, I would do so if "Uncle"  
wasn't so hard on his boys. He makes our beds just large enough  
for one so that we may get accustomed to sleeping alone.

Don't it seem strange that we are to occupy one bed together in the future? When you go to see your Sarah Jane tell her that if you drop her I will pick her up. Give her my love, and my regrets both at her inability to be present at our wedding, and mine to see her. I should to see her much, for I like her. You had better not "forget" you are married till after your allotment papers are made out, else something might happen. It is so dark that I must close this for the present.

Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> P.M. I must close my letter to-day, for to-morrow we sail. It seems almost like a new parting with you to coast off from shore here, because it will be so long before I can receive a letter from you. I shall have a letter ready to send by the first opportunity, and I will try to make it a good one. We are now in the James river coating, having left Norfolk this morning. I have had my time pretty well occupied, having to stand "watch and watch" that is, four hours on and four off. Your mother must have had a presentiment of our marriage when she advised you to do up your sewing. I think you did better however, in caring for the soldiers. I liked the idea of your mending that poor fellow's coat. That you spoke of in a former letter. I shall never find fault for doing such kind and sensible acts.

Let Joe and Corie take all the happiness together that they can. Remember that however long I may be absent, we will still continue to be a "nearly married" couple, and have our honeymoon yet to pass. When I get home, if it is God's good pleasure that I shall return, they shall we be all the happier for our long separation, and shall bless God, with thankful hearts, that we were preserved to each other. Many times will your dear image be called up to accompany me in the lone watches of the night, and in the hour of danger, in tempest's roar of the crash of battle your true love will cheer and comfort me. May your love be to me a shield and a protection, not from physical, but from moral, danger. May each succeeding day see us grow dearer one to another, and better in the sight of Him who rules all things. Love to Mother and a kiss, and to all my brothers and sisters. Give my love to your mother and family.

Still, you can't feel the full force of it because, not being ware of our expectations in that quarter, your mind could not dwell on it ~~as~~ mine has. I suppose I ought not to have mentioned to you any thing about it. But you know how selfish men are in general, and how exceedingly selfish your husband is in particular; and you will not be at all surpris'd that I let you into the misery. I haven't been ashore here since our arrival, nor do I intend to unless oblig'd to do so on duty. When I come up to report to the Admiral, on my arrival in the Roads I went ashore for a short time, but every thing and body look'd so dull and mournful that I have no desire to revisit the place. It is raining heavily now; but I am snugly ensconced in my little room; and if I can't see my love I can talk with her. What a blessing is pen and paper, and the ability to use them! What would become of us if we were suddenly forc'd to do without them! We should suffer all the torments of purgatory.

I am sorry to hear that you have suffer'd so much with your teeth. Why are you not more careful of yourself, and guard yourself more effectually when you are expos'd to the cold? Think of the many lectures I have given you on the subject; of the many hours they have cost me in their composition; to say nothing about the immense amount of paper, and ink consumed; and above all, think of your own suffering, and then — why don't you take more care of

January?

Before I forget it, let me tell you that letters sent to me at Havana had better be prepaid, that is, the whole postage. And if you write very long letters, that is letters of twelve or more pages, you had better use French corresponding paper. I don't believe, though, that your letters will be so weighty that you can't afford to pay for them.

William writes that he has \$32.50 to my credit. My last allotment will come due on the last of this month, which will make \$62.50 to my credit. I shall have new allotment papers made out for \$30. per month. When I speak to you, before leaving, of our practising economy, I hope you appreciated my motives. One of these days I may return home, and it would not increase our mutual happiness to be short of funds. Who knows but I may get home by next spring! I shall keep clear from all dissipation, and dissipating companions, lest I fall into it. I felt comparatively satisfied with my old pay of \$40. per month; and now it is \$100. I am always wishing it more. For myself I have always cared but little for money; but now your fortunes are linked with mine I shall always want to better it.

Your letter is scented with love and geranium; but the odor of love will remain when the earthly odor has long passed away. I shall prize the leaf you sent me, and shall frequently look at it, and shall also, at the same time, see you as you stood by my side in your white dress and airy veil. May the memory of that night live till death closes my eyes in my last sleep. May it stand between you and every unkind thought or word, a barrier through which no harshness can break. See! I have chanced my mouth of the offensive article sometimes found there, in order to kiss the leaf, for I would not kiss it with it in.

If you have so many teeth extracted you will look "old" before my return. I would have them out if they gave me pain were I in your place. An aching tooth is a bad companion, and does not improve the temper; and I wish the temper of my wife to remain good. It is so dark I can hardly see, and will close with my love. George.



If I remember aright, I did not say much about Matanzas when I wrote you  
last. By the way, it is a great pity that you can't receive that letter in better season  
than you will get it. It will not reach Havana till the 15<sup>th</sup>. This place is much smaller  
than Havana, and much more pleasant, at least for me. One becomes acquaint-  
ed much more readily, and your acquaintances do not float away as at Havana, where  
people are continually going and coming. The natural scenery of this place is quite  
striking. You enter from the sea, by quite a wide arm of the sea, with high land  
on each side. At the end of the harbor stands the city, rising gently from the water,  
with the green background of the hills rising several hundred feet. The houses are,  
like all Spanish and Portuguese buildings, built of stone, plastered and colored,  
mostly yellow, some blue and yellow. All the houses are provided with very high  
windows reaching from the ground to the ceiling, fortified with heavy iron bars.  
They mostly live on the ground floor, and while walking along the sidewalk one can  
look into the rooms without violating any rule of politeness. They have no glass to  
the windows, but heavy wooden shutters on the inside, and a cloth screen to hang  
up when the sun is too powerful. When a gala day makes its appearance, these  
common screens give way to beautiful crimson damask curtains which make  
a beautiful appearance. Now for an interesting point. When a young man would,  
like the frog in the fable, "a wooing go," he does not enter into the house of the fair  
object of his flame, neither can he accompany her out until he is betrothed, but  
he can stand on the walk and make love in the best way he can, with all the  
passers brushing past and interrupting him, perhaps when he is most romantic.  
Ask Aunt Nancy how that style would suit her. I am glad that my courting days  
were not passed in any such place that would tolerate barbarism like this.  
There is a pretty little square here called the "Plaza de Armas", which has a fine  
marble statue of Columbus in the centre, with garden seats and a fine paved  
promenade. Here all the beauty of the City congregates in the evening, and the band  
of fifty pieces performs from eight till nine. All the single ladies can be seen  
walking about by themselves, with black lace veils thrown over their heads.

Sat. Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> Ardea. We left Havana Matanzas on the morning after  
the writing of the foregoing. The sea was still quite high  
and we went through our customary motions. Our ship is very  
gymnastically inclined; and if anyone believes in the movement  
ever as illustrated by Dr. Lewis, he had better apply for admission  
aboard this ship. It is some comfort to know that we have never rolled  
over. Montalvo's old ship, "with all thy faults I love the still."  
We have had quite pleasant weather since coming out of Matanzas  
varied occasionally with rain squalls. We are now skirting the  
southern edge of the "Great Bahama Bank" and to-morrow will  
pass San Salvador where Columbus first landed.

Yesterday morning I was started from a sound sleep at daylight by  
a call to general quarters, as a steamer looking like the "290" was reported.  
Now, having turned in at four that morning, I didn't feel much like  
blessing the man who roused me, but concluded to bottle up my  
wrath till I saw whether she were indeed the rebel pirate. As we  
neared her, she looked more than ever like the "290." (You may  
not know that we study ship names a days as a boy studies his  
books; and we know nearly as much about the famous rebel as  
her own men.) All hands were at quarters, guns were all loaded  
and run out, the men stood ready - captains of guns with lock  
strings in their hands ready at a seconds notice to send a  
shower of iron hail and bursting shells into the stouge  
craft, decks all sandied to catch up the blocks which would  
otherwise make the deck too slippery to stand upon - and still  
she had shown no colors. Then we got withing musket shot of her,  
up went the "Cross of St. George" and a boat put off from her.  
She was on the lookout for steamers. We met off an island called  
Anguilla Key, you can see it in Collin's large Atlas.

On the afternoon of the day when we first started out from Matanzas, an invitation was sent from shore, inviting all the officers of the fleet to attend a grand ball to be given in their honor that evening. The officers of the Flag ship, however, sent invitations limiting it to Ward-room officers. We immediately sent back word that we could accept of no such invitation unless the steering officers were included. A short time after we were informed that the ball was to be postponed to the next evening, at which time we were dancing over the waves. It was to be a grand affair and I would have much liked to see it; but I would not go in such an incite. You ask if I think we will return in the Spring? I, of course, can't say certainly in the Spring, as we are public servants, and remain out as long as "Hidion" sees fit to keep us out. And when he says "Days you may go home," we never wait for any intreaty, nor "stand in the order of going," but off we start and make the coal burn some. Now I have strong hopes that we will go home sometime during the Spring but when, that we don't know. Still, I would not have you consider our return by that time as a thing of certainty, for the disappointed dearest, would be very cruel. Before you go to Baltimore I may have something definite, or perhaps before you leave, as I presume you will make quite a lengthy visit there.

How say you would not have sent my visits to Miss Pugh if you had known I had no more. My gracious! you have enough now to cover the walls of a respectably sized room and are yet not satisfied! And then you try to aggravate me by refusing to tell what your lady friends said of it. O! you wretch! you want me to offer you another one if you will tell. I see through your feminine manoeuvre, but I shan't promise you one yet awhile. I promised so many that I have never fulfilled them

1<sup>st</sup> page.

I have been a slave  
of the Island all day  
getting shells. You shall  
be aware of any thing  
more miserable than  
the state in which the  
people live. They are  
all blacks, and a lot of  
them quite intelligent  
They depend mostly on  
wicks for their sub-  
sistence; and now  
that the war has  
broken out I see even  
wicks, it has aban-  
doned them from  
wicks and they  
they know that  
wicks. (Follow the  
wicks). (align)  
I wish I knew when  
I could find this  
letter in its way.  
I think it will be  
acceptable when  
it does reach you.  
What very symmet-  
rical and elegant,  
two years ago, while  
the British was in  
Spain, though I  
believe you were  
sick, and of the  
time. "But my kind  
spices of light me to  
clear your mind."  
I have one letter all ready to mail to you, and  
have taken it into my head to commence another. Both may go together.

Now, what am I to do in that case, put them both under number  
No; I don't think I will do that, for I have already given you one more  
letter than I have numbers, and this will be a sort of an offer.

Since I last wrote you, we have cruised up the windward channel, to  
the southward of Nassau, and have come across the bank, passing  
Nassau last evening, and arrived here this forenoon. We met our  
usual luck; for when we arrived, we learned that the "Toga" and the  
"St. Leger de Cuba" left yesterday. As they both have numerous letters  
for us, we had much rather have had them remain.

We arrived in the midst of a strong norther which is quite agreeable  
after so much warm weather. It is not yet cold, by any manner of means  
for the thermometer indicates 70° to-day. Yesterday it was 99°.

I have just written to Cousin Mary, informing her that you had a card  
de visite, subject to her order. So, you may expect, any day after the  
reception of this, that she will demand payment.

I have just been looking over one of your letters, no. 8. What a  
stupid Charley was not to accept the delightful offer you made  
him of taking a hand, and making you house-keeper. What  
pleasant evenings he would have passed with you to pull his  
hair, and eat up other pleasant cakes too numerous to men-  
tion! And then, you know, you could get Cary and Nell to assist!

your mother and accept an immense quantity  
for yourself. Mind that I could wish you a "merry Christmas".

you in my arms! I am afraid that I would give you more kisses than you  
that I will have to set up evenings, when I return, and devote myself to it every

Sunday, Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> We are somewhere on the Great Bahama bank, but  
exactly where I don't know. There are ice at any rate, and I have  
thrown off my coat and vest and opened both my windows, and have  
sat down to write you a giant page or two. Magnificent morning!  
wish I could go to ride, horseback. Unfortunately we haven't any  
of those animals; we have horses, but they will not go.

On the previous page I wrote you we arrived at St. Thomas Key, an  
old rendezvous, in a strong weather. It blew a gale for nearly  
three days. Friday the "Toga" came packing along, and every body  
had smiling faces, all expecting plenty of letters. Alas! that  
I must record it! What a letter did she have, but brought us the  
circulating intelligence that our Key that letter had been sent  
to New Orleans through mistake. You see this ship was on the  
Mississippi last Spring, and though our letters were to the West  
India Squadron, the Postmaster thought he knew more of the  
matter than any one else, and so he sent them to the old desti-  
nation Whumper, S. Geo. F. H. being of a sanguinary disposition  
would like to undertake the job of hanging P. M., & finding the  
copy, and doing the thing up at my own expense. I have been  
so used since, that I have nearly bitten through a coffee cup  
each morning, but am happy to say that the disease has taken  
a milder form this morning, thanks to the day. Oh! Lindy! how  
I would like to spend it with you; and I rather think that it would  
give mutual satisfaction.

Well, yesterday forenoon, while cruising in the bank in company with  
the "Toga", we, that is, our ship, captured a small schooner with  
three bales of cotton. She was a little boat, formerly a ship's launch,  
and was dicker'd over for the trip. There was only one man in her.

would care to receive. I shall get ~~scarcely~~ out of practice in holding you  
self. But I must bid you good night and retire. God bless and keep you!  
Ever your loving husband, George.

She came from Indian River, Florida, with two men, one of whom was  
last overboard in the gale which we met. They must have had a ter-  
rible time. The survivor was left alone from Tuesday night till yes-  
terday morning, without sleep. The three bales are worth about \$1200.  
Last evening, just at sundown, we steamed up to the "Fogo", which  
was at anchor, and made fast to her, intending to get some of her  
coal. Before we made fast, we cast off our little prize, for fear  
of injuring her while backing, leaving two men in her. They drifted  
down two miles to leeward, and about dark we sent two boats after  
her, with two officers. At 8 o'clock, it came up squally and we  
lost sight of all of them, and ran down to where we supposed them  
to be, and about 10. picked two of them up but not the prize. They had  
found the prize, and one of the officers had got into her to sail up.  
At daylight I saw the prize about three miles from us, with a blue  
shirt at the fore. We ran down to her and found her full of water,  
and the men sitting in a bale of cotton lashed in deck, with the sea  
breaking over them, having been upset last evening in the squall.  
They passed a very unpleasant night of it, and were glad to get aboard.  
So you have taken to early hours, and return now at nine o'clock, after  
which early hour you warn me you dislike being disturbed. I wonder  
whether you would scold very hard if I should happen along some  
evening about ten or eleven o'clock, and whether you would admit me  
I really believe I should rick your anger and annoy you.  
What an observing young man William is becoming to notice that your  
humour has decreased since you were married. I wonder whether he  
noticed any change in the other significant (disposition). If you have  
to wait till the little ones take it away, you will require some patience  
unless you prove your body friend to be correct in his remarks.

What the dickens put it into Williams' head to have the chills and fever?  
Has he been subject to it before? I hope he is on his feet again.  
I would very much like to buy that new thicket dress of yours, provided  
that it was suitably filled. I believe I could afford a twenty dollar gold  
piece - and gold pieces are very scarce now - for the privilege.  
Ugh! how you make me shudder when you speak of putting your  
cold feet on me! You must remember that I am very sensitive to  
cold, and may a row Eb. Charley, and I used to have when a cold foot  
accidentally came in contact with me or the other. If you can't offer  
any better inducement for me to return, I shall remain till warm weather.  
You must never ask indiscreet questions. You asked me one - which  
I think the most of, my wife or my pipe? I don't believe I am bound  
to answer that question. You see I am getting practice in law. We have  
had a large list of courts martial since leaving Chattanooga. On two  
of them I was Counsel for the accused, and if my chilly speech  
to the jury (intelligent, of course) should be reported in the papers,  
I might be made a Brig. General! I wish I could have a nice evening  
skating with you this winter. Wouldn't we enjoy it? You must make  
Charley do the honors. Give him; tell him I will get him another rifle.  
We frequently get together of an evening and discuss the delight of skating.  
I believe I wound up to being a confounded fool for being angry when you  
went to skate with Charley Medtray, so don't poke it at me again.  
South West Point of Grand Bahama Island is where I am  
at the present moment. We left St. Thomas Key yesterday after-  
noon with a strong breeze and a heavy sea. During the night  
the ship rolled very heavily, and it was utterly impossible to sleep.  
Those who could keep themselves in their beds were fortunate.  
I was up most of the night, but got two hours' sleep this morning.

P.S. Don't  
you think you  
got the value  
of two good  
letters this  
time? We  
will sail  
to-morrow  
for our  
station,  
Stamps  
Key,  
Key



U.S. Steamer "Octorina"  
Turtle Harbor, Dec. 27/82

My dear Lou, My Wife:

Still my letters hang as if  
though they were loath to part company with  
me. You would, no doubt, be as rejoiced to  
receive them as I would be to send them.  
There is one consolation - the longer you have  
to wait, the larger package you will get.

We arrived here this forenoon to sail  
ship, and met with a great disappoint-  
ment. The "Sioza" left here last evening,  
carrying away with her a large mail which  
had been left here for us. And she knew  
that we would be here in a day or two, as  
we parted company a few days ago with  
that understanding. Now we may not meet  
her for a month. We sent a schooner  
to intercept her at Key West, whither she  
has gone. If they do not meet, she will  
also take all our letters that are at Key West,  
which will be piling up the wrong.

We spun Christmas off the South west  
point of the Great Bahama. At daylight  
I reported a sail to the Capt, and at noon  
we had her. She is a small schooner  
of 10 tons, with 80 bags of salt, and  
had cleared for Port Royal. Of course  
we were not fools enough to believe  
that such a cargo would be profitable  
at that port, so we took her in charge.  
I had her last night coming across  
the gulf, and to-day another took her  
to Key West.

We have kept a sharp lookout for  
the "290". Several times we thought  
we had fallen in with her, even  
we were near so far as to sound  
the clock, but each time they proved  
to be English steamers.

Probably we shall sail for Key West  
on Monday, where I hope to find  
many letters. Only think, I have not  
received one letter from home since  
we have been out here!

My Mat, Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> I must now hurry  
as this is a closer, as I must go on watch soon  
and the mail will leave in the morning.  
We arrived here this forenoon, having  
left Turtle Harbor last evening. We did  
have a slight hope that the "Santiago de Cuba"  
would intercept the "Lizga" and have our  
mail here on our arrival. But they passed  
each other in the night, the former going  
in and the latter out, without seeing  
each other. The "Lizga" not only took our  
mail from Turtle Harbor, but also got a  
large mail that was awaiting us here, and  
has gone to Havana. We may not meet  
her again for a month; and in the  
meantime I can hear nothing from  
home. You never saw a more provoked  
set of fellows than those of the two vessels  
just now. I believe the Capt. of the "Lizga"  
has been caused in at least a dozen  
different languages.  
We have just heard of the capture of  
the "Ursula" by the "290." I also heard that

the Admiral was giving a ball in  
Havana at the same time. We hear  
only dubious news from every quarter,  
first Burnside defeated, then Foster.  
You don't know how often I think of  
you, and what a strong yearning to  
see you takes possession of me while  
travelling the lonely night watches.  
I used often to have strong desires to  
see home while in North Carolina;  
but now, they are ten fold stronger.  
I hope some letters will come to relieve  
me soon, if not I shall be very  
miserable. I shall write to Mother  
and Cousin Mary by this mail. Hope  
the "290" will not trouble any of them.  
Give my love to your Mother and  
family, and remember me with  
love to all our good friends in C.  
Don't get low spirited on any account.  
Have a good time skating, and see how  
strong you can grow before I return.  
Write often, and trust to luck.  
And now, my charact wiper, I will bid  
you good night. Heaven preserve and keep  
you! Ever your affectionate husband,  
George.

July 29<sup>th</sup>

Seonast

Monday evening: We have been hard at work all day, and have thrown 100 shells from our 600 lbs. Parrot towards rebeldom. The fort replied very spiritedly all the forenoon, but was mostly silent this afternoon, as the shells were raining so thickly upon them to work their guns.

The Jackson burst her Sawyer rifle early this forenoon, wounding five men.

This is the second one of the same kind she has burst since we commenced work.

We fired away all our powder and shell in action today.

The Griffiths was pierced by one shot. The rebels have one fine Whitworth gun with which they made excellent

shots. Those which were thrown  
at us went about ten feet  
over our heads.

I write this hurriedly in anti-  
cipation of the Jackson going  
to Ship Island this evening,  
and I know you will feel  
a little anxious to know whether  
I am dead or alive.

I was up early this morning,  
and must go on watch in  
a few minutes to remain  
till midnight.

And now, darling, with the  
sweetest of all imaginary  
kisses and hats of love,  
I remain, as ever,

Your loving husband,  
George.



Uncle &  
 heard from  
 James last  
 week. He was  
 quite well  
 he is still  
 at Sharnham  
 and says  
 the people  
 are well  
 they have  
 not  
 any more  
 so don't  
 worry  
 much  
 at all  
 I hope  
 to see  
 you in  
 April 26  
 1863  
 I  
 wife

My own loving Husband

Now I wish you were here  
 to talk with me tonight for I do not feel like writing.  
 I feel very tired and a little nervous. If anything  
 happens I shall take the early train for Chelsea. I  
 have been very busy for a week past getting ready  
 for a start Friday morning I was at five o'clock  
 and rushed all the forenoon, and soon steadily  
 all the afternoon. Yesterday I did not find of the  
 day packed in the afternoon and sent in the  
 evening. I did not go to sleep until after eleven, and  
 awake very early this morning. I shall have to rise  
 at four o'clock tomorrow morning and I think by  
 the time I reach Chelsea I shall feel pretty tired.  
 What happiness would be mine, and I expect to meet  
 my husband in Chelsea. If that pleasure be in store  
 for me I do not think I should feel tired. The thought  
 of meeting my dear one so soon, will drive all nervousness  
 away. Believe me your affectionate wife  
 I hope you will see that happy time will come  
 sooner or later. I wrote to Mother a week or two ago, and

asked me if he could raise me during my stay  
in Chelsea. I declined a letter from Aunt's next  
week, saying that she would be very happy to receive  
me if I could with her accommodations. You may  
think it strange I do not wish to stop at Uncle E -  
I wish I could, but Aunt Emma has so much  
company, I do not think it would be convenient for  
me to remain there, any length of time. Still I have  
rather stop at your house. Aunt Emma is very kind,  
but she does not seem as near to me as your dear  
Mother. I shall not be in Chelsea more than two or  
three weeks, I shall return by the last of next month  
and shall make a visit to Brighton during my stay  
in Mass. William was quite sick last evening, he had  
three fits during the day. Mother said they were very  
bad ones, he appears quite well now. Yesterday we  
had quite a little snow storm. Fannie Harwood sends  
her love to you. I think I will lay this aside and finish  
it, in a day or two. I must good night Lizzie

Chelsea April 29<sup>th</sup> You will not be ready for our half-  
hour, so I will spend the time writing to you dearest.  
Let me see, I will commence where I left off. Sunday  
evening, I went to bed about ten o'clock I was a little nervous  
and did not go to sleep until twelve, I awoke a little  
after two, and could not get asleep again, I arose at four

threatened to do so. I think one were making a  
considerable noise indeed I think one awake again and  
you were highly indignant. Do you remember it, Cousin  
I called to see Francis Keelby yesterday and he told  
me he expected to be married the 20th of May.

Last evening was very light and pleasant, and Alice  
and I walked down to Uncle C - told there was no more  
home but Camie, some did not stop. It is fashionable  
for ladies to wear their hair crimped. Last night Camie  
and I braided ours up tight so it would not  
run. The new beauties after we got it braided in small  
braids. This morning I washed and dressed the baby. Then Camie  
and I went down to the meeting. I left Camie  
and Nell down to the meeting, and took the baby down to  
Aunt Emma's. I told Grandmother I like did not  
expect to see me with a baby quite so soon. Although  
if I had been as smart as some of my dearest neigh-  
bours thought I was I should have one of my own in about a  
month. Aedie Jones called to see me yesterday. I believe  
Aedie has been promoted to Captain. He is now at home  
at Orleans and if he remains there any length of time, Aedie  
is going out to him. She now thinks she shall go in Sept.  
There is going to be a Fair at the meeting tonight and to-  
morrow night, and Mother is so busy. of course you  
know she always has to be the head one. The next  
evening I will go down to the meeting early this morning, and will next

return home until late this evening. I hope she  
will not make herself sick. She wishes me to  
attend the fair, but I do not care to go. If you  
were here to go with me, I should feel differently  
about it. But I think I am, we will affairs.

I will Mrs Geo Dice down to the country this morning  
she feels quite anxious about her husband. He is still  
a prisoner, and she does not think there is much prospect  
of his being exchanged. Now I think it is high time to  
answer your kind letter. You commence by saying  
"How poorly, shamefully I have treated you in the  
way of letters lately!" Now my dear if I do not complain  
you ought not to censure yourself so harshly. You write  
me you have not felt well, and have been very busy.

Your excuse is very good, and I freely forgive you. Short  
letters are much better than no letters, and I am always  
glad to receive them, although if I could have my choice  
I should prefer the long ones. And I know George you  
always write long ones, when you can. If you had  
as hope you will pardon so many mistakes, I don't  
know why it is, but I am continually making the wrong  
letter, I would copy this, but I fear the copy would not  
look much better. Nothing happens you can make a  
pilgrimage to Chelsea soon, but I shall not consent to  
have the tips of my fingers kissed, I want use of your

smell kisses on my lips. Am I exacting? It gives  
me much pleasure to hear my letters did you so  
much good. I gladly would, if I could send such  
letters always. But oftentimes when I write I feel ~~so~~ tired  
and perhaps a little blue, and then I cannot write a  
cheerful letter. I write as I feel. You shall not have any  
more cool letters. I shall be so happy now, I cannot write  
sad letters. I am glad you have received Nos 2 and 4  
at last. I did not know but I should receive them  
again. I think I sent you No 5 the next month. If you  
are coming home the middle of June, I shall not  
send any letters after next month. I guess many of  
Mother's friends think her "big netts" look much older  
than she but I do not. Have you just found out that  
I am a "kind little boy"? That is strange. I thought you  
deserved the best picture, and I wanted you to have the  
one you liked best. I hope because you have decided to  
wear flannels all summer, you will not expect me to  
do so. — That is the baby mark. Carrie just brought her  
to me, and she wanted to write to Uncle George. Baby  
has a very handsome carriage, a little chair. Perhaps  
I may want you to purchase one like it sometime.  
I am wondering the sun tanner that sufficed me.  
God grant that I may do naught to diminish the love  
you bear for me may it always have a holy influence

over you, and keep you true to your principles. Mary  
Kellie like the looks of your friend, with a "nose of  
a monstucki" and wants him to send her his  
visits. Mother says he does not look near as well  
as you do and of course I agree with her.

Carrie Holmes said Henry would be glad to receive  
your letter and was much pleased to hear from  
you. I think they expect Henry and John home  
in July. I saw Mary Pratt yesterday, she said  
she received your kind letter. And should have  
answered it long ago, had she not been so busy.  
She says she has no time to write in the morning  
and when she gets home at night she does not  
feel like writing. She said she had written but  
one letter for two weeks. Esther is much better, but  
she is far from being well. I must tell you another  
piece of news. Dorcas is to be married very soon, she  
leaves the store this week I believe. Uncle Chandler  
is going to move to Denton very soon. I shall go  
out there next week to make them a visit. I am  
very anxious to see little Lois. I think I shall go  
to see Dr. Johnson this week, and ask him if he can  
cure this horrible some humor in my face.

I must now bring this lengthy epistle to a close for  
I want to write to Mother tonight. I shall tell her  
she may expect me the last of June. I hope she  
will not be disappointed. Six weeks will soon  
pass away and then good-bye to letter writing  
for a while. O if I am away from home I shall  
be able to write to Mother. I have had a very few correspondents  
now. I wrote to Sarah three or four weeks ago, but  
she has not answered my letter.

I hope ere this you have recovered from your cold  
and are feeling perfectly well and happy.  
With much love my dear husband, I will now  
bid you good-bye. Your loving and happy wife

and left home about five. It was a very pleasant  
day. And I had as pleasant a journey as I expected  
you know it always makes me feel sick to ride any  
distance in the cars. I arrived here about two in the  
afternoon, they were all surprised to see me, they said  
they did not expect me until tomorrow night. I was  
obliged to go down to Uncle C - soon after I got here on an  
errand for Mother, and by the time I got back I felt  
pretty tired, I can assure you. I had two or three calls to  
make coming home, so I walked. I called at Carrie Hobbs  
and told her how pleased you were with her and Benny's  
photographs, she said she was very glad she sent <sup>them</sup> it. She  
wished me to send her love when I wrote. You tell  
just my and Esther had called me, so good bye for a  
short time. This about Wednesday afternoon.

I will try and finish this letter now. Yesterday morning  
Esther, Mat Holmes, and I went over to Boston stopping one  
day and got home about four o'clock. I went in the store  
when I first went over, and William has all one of our letters.  
I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gave me. I have  
been so happy since I received it. Is it possible dearest, that  
in six short weeks, I shall again be clasped to your hands.  
I can hardly realize that I am you will be with me in  
a short time. How much we shall enjoy it. I did not  
intend to remain here longer than the next last of next

month, Paul I have ~~ceased~~ changed my mind since I receive your letter, and shall stay here until you come. Since then dearest, you can go down east with me and make Mother a visit, will you not?

I showed the last picture you sent me to your family and they do not like it. They say it looks too old and stony and they do not like the style of your whiskers.

Since I do not think them as becoming as they are last fall when you were at home. I had up about shame your chin, and raise side whiskers. I don't don't on any

account, all the mustaches hairs are smother that come from mustached lips. And I shall want a great many when you go home. Do you think you can satisfy me?

While I was in Millville some time Leonard came in, he passed by Esther and Martha and said he was going to speak to me first, he appeared very glad to see me. I told him you were coming home soon, and he said "that is good"

Leonard says at the store George Blake is in to get a bonnet. Let me here tell you before I forget it, that Nellie presented him with a daughter last Saturday night

He said she was very comfortable yesterday. I shall call and see her as soon as it is proper. Miss Robbins is nursing her. Annie & Nellie B - were in the here she

other night, I asked them what they called the baby and they said she had been named "Battie Robbins"

If he poor little boy has not got a name yet. When you see him I expect you will take pity on him and give him one. And oh how I am missing that baby. I don't

know how I could forget my little niece. She is just as cunning as she can be, and very good. She is just as cunning as her yesterday. This spinning Carrie took her and came

in my room to with my ankle. We had a fine time the baby was full of fun. After she had been with us about an half hour Esther wanted her to lie with

her. So Carrie sent her in. When Carrie said she was going to "play she was Gorge" and began to tug me. I told her she was to have a very poor substitute.

and I did not want to play longer. Then she commenced to tickle me. And whenever she had a good opportunity she would bring her hand down freely. I suppose

if you had a half near you would have called to see to stop our infernal noise, or you would throw us out of the window. I remember one night when you

M.H.H.

17th Mass, Aug 10<sup>th</sup> 1863.

I send with this a short and hastily-written letter to your Mother, though mailed to you, as I do not know her address. I have not felt like writing for a long time; and I heartily wish some of your later letters would come along and stir me up a little. There is nothing doing here; and I feel so badly about not going home that I can think of nothing else. My mind dwells constantly on you; and if there was any definite time - any sure point when I might know that we would meet - I should feel more satisfied in my mind. But this "hope deferred" is what makes me the most miserable.

I have a very pretty shell frame - at least, I think it so, which I wish to send to you, together with the picture of those "side whiskers" that trouble your repose so much. I don't suppose you care for anything but the whiskers, so I had better give you nothing but them. I shall speak to Jennie Kalluchi's cousin and try to get him to take charge of it, and bear it safe home. I hope the frame will please you if the picture does not.

The express a mail here on the 15<sup>th</sup>, and I shall not feel angry if I find half a dozen of your letters to read. Not a word of scolding will it occasion.

The Hindrick Hudson will go home for repairs this week, I presume, after which I don't know how long you may be obliged to wait for a letter.

I will receive a good space here, as long as possible, but anything can come up. In the meantime, adieu.

Aug. 11<sup>th</sup>. Your letters of the 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup> including Carrie's, had just reached me, causing me much grief. For some time I have known that Esther's health was rapidly failing; but I did not expect she would so soon break down.

O! that I could go home even if become too late! Too late! How many times we have to write it, in many a humid hope! I have striven desperately for leave to go home for a short time, whether successfully or not, this week will show. But I dare not hope. I have hoped so long and so vainly, that I am nearly discouraged.

How trouble seems to accumulate around Mother! I thought she had enough to bear with sickness at home. But, now, comes the news of Eli's sickness in camp. I do hope he will be able to go home - it will be one care more, but the anxiety will not be near as great. The same mail brought me letters from Mother and William, and they both seem to have given up all hope, and only think now of mending her situation as easy as possible.

I believe I could be of some little service if I were at home. 'Tis almost maddening that I can't go when there is nothing in the world to prevent but the permission of the Department. We have affairs enough to span me; but we are bound slaves.

I wish I could answer your kind, loving letters as they deserve; but must wait for another opportunity. There will be plenty of time to talk of coming this way; so I will now say nothing about it.

Hoping to hear from you again soon, I remain,

with much love to you and all at home,  
your loving husband,

George.

1821.

I in answer  
 Praying for  
 God's will  
 more comfort  
 you in your  
 home in Boston  
 I remain your  
 loving wife  
 Anne

I recd my  
 for a baby  
 this morning  
 the top of it  
 is so large  
 this is I feel  
 certainly  
 for a while  
 time

My dear Aunt Hannah  
 Augusta August 24<sup>th</sup> 1821

It is so very warm this  
 afternoon I thought I would not go out. It is  
 usual to walk to visit and I am so tired  
 and sleepy I can hardly hold my head up  
 (But I wish you were here to see it for  
 me) So you would not expect a very brilliant  
 circle. Yesterday morning I arose at five  
 and worked all the forenoon after I got  
 through working, I had to get down on  
 my hands and knees and work up three  
 rows. I work back all day, did not have  
 time to comb my hair or even scrub  
 in the evening. I think I will write too  
 much, for I feel miserable today. I send  
 you a letter last Tuesday enclosing our  
 from Ann. I received a letter from Mother  
 yesterday. When she was, she was in Quincy  
 Uncle John and family returned to Boston  
 last Tuesday. Aunt Emma went to Salem  
 with her mother, and was taken sick

most fine means <sup>to</sup> visit the Gypsies  
pen. She is receiving what is able to sit  
up two or three hours a day. Jim is at Lancaster  
visiting Engine Guy, as soon as he returns  
he and Carrie are coming down here.

I am receiving Agnes of Toronto by Post. B.  
Tom, and you ever send it? I am a lonely  
sinner that never went away. Will ever not  
get home until tomorrow in the evening.  
How if you are not so far away I should  
wish for you to come and spend evening  
with me. I think I mentioned in my  
last, that I intended to do. Not aware you  
certainly have not neglected me, in regards  
to letters. I have had more than my share  
for two weeks past, but they are all very  
dear, and I should not complain if I  
received more as many for two weeks to  
come. It is so pleasant to hear from you so  
often. Do not cut off your side either  
to write to me, I feel much better now  
the less which they appear. I am in hopes  
something will happen to send you home  
soon. If it were not for hope the best would

break". And now I must blame you  
for my disappointment. I should certainly  
be an affectionate wife, if I will so. I  
think you have suffered enough without  
my complaining. It was a bitter disappoint-  
ment as I think was harder for you to learn  
than me. I have so many friends near  
me to sympathize and comfort me, but  
you my poor little husband away from  
friends and home. "would that I had wings"  
How long as you think, it would take me  
to reach you and clasp my arms around  
your neck and comfort you & I will now  
lay this aside and get tea.

Sunday Evening

My husband, how can I write and tell you  
we are coming. There is no more. She has gone home.  
It is a hard blow to us all. I will help us to  
bear it. I received a ~~report~~ telegram from  
Charles this morning saying Esther died  
this morning and requesting me to come with  
to see if possible to attend her funeral  
service tomorrow. I am very sorry I am  
not able to leave, but Esther is away, and

I cannot blame. Poor Father I will  
think when I kissed her dear <sup>only</sup>  
five weeks ago that I should never meet  
her on this earth again. I would be well  
but this case near to heaven in you. Now  
she is with it and we have one small thought  
to cheer us. We know that now she is a  
happy angel, in the bright world above.  
She is free from all pain and sorrow.

It is very very hard to part with her  
but we do not wish her back to this  
world again. She suffered so much  
I don't think we realized how much  
she suffered, or how sick she was. I  
cannot realize she is indeed gone. We shall  
I fully feel her loss until I return to  
Chelsea. I should wish to see her and feel  
once more that our dear home that so  
kindly greeted me when I last visited  
C - for ever. Your Father sent  
me a letter Saturday telling me he  
was failing very fast, and requesting me  
to come to C - immediately, and I could  
not receive the letter until a night. It  
gives me much to think I could not see  
her again. She passed away. When I could  
have gone to her so quickly had I known

No. 50.

U.S. Steamer Octovara  
At Sea, Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My darling Wife;

It is just one year ago since I joined this ship at Hampton Roads. I had little expectation then that I should remain so long away from you. But when once we put on the harness, we know not when we can leave it.

I trust our time will soon run out, and orders will come for us to homeward steer.

My last letter that I expected to send by the Tigra still remains on my hands, sealed and directed. I dislike to have letters hang on so; would you relieve me of it? How long it is since I have heard a word of your dear self! Only that, it is a month and a week since the date of your last letter. Praise Heaven be praised! we are no bound to stay that, and the Lord willing, I shall in three or four days be feasting on your loving letters, drinking in every loving word that you spare on your absent husband. What a pleasure feast it will be; and how many of us will enjoy it.



awaits me as your hands <sup>will</sup> extended, or fall short  
of, the truth. Or ~~while~~ you greet me so long  
by that imagination will fall all behind the  
reality and return disappointed?

Since I last wrote you we have been over a good  
many miles of water. We left Nagti on the 11<sup>th</sup>  
inst., and took a severe gale of Eleuthera on  
the night of the 14<sup>th</sup>. Luckily, we could run  
before it to make a lee of Stimp Key, which  
we made at daylight the next morning.

I thought the old ship would lose everything  
from deck, but she went along very well, and  
no damage was done, beside parting a few ropes.  
This was the hardest gale we have experienced.

From Stimp Key we went round the western  
end of Great Bahama Island, and came outside  
skirting along the upper shore of Abaco, down  
by Eleuthera again, by San Salvador into the  
Sound, where we are now. We are now going  
to Abaco again, thence to Key West, where we  
hope to arrive in three days.

We have had quite disagreeable weather since we have  
been out on this cruise, having had a succession  
of squalls, both wind and rain. One can stand on

drick nearly every day, and see a dozen rain squalls flying about. But when they pass over us, the water comes down with little stint.

It has been quite cool compared with the weather we experienced in Key West and Cape Sable, though even at night, we never have the thermometer fall below 80°. That is not very freezing weather.

Speaking of that kind of weather, I wonder if I am to have an opportunity to skate with you any time this coming winter! How would you like me for an escort and companion for that amusement? You have tried me in that line and know what my capabilities are; and can speak from actual knowledge. But wouldn't it be nice if we could try the sport together! What pleasant times we used to have the last skating season I spent at home, although you did abscond with a young gentleman one evening. I remember a certain private lesson I gave you on a pond near our house, one very cold evening. I didn't feel the cold much, though, I would be willing to press a little if I could pass my arm around your waist and sail over the ice.

Don't you believe you could throw me over if I gave you time?

But I must bring this to a close, if it is my Sunday forenoon work and pleasure. Excuse all dullness, for I only slept three hours last night. Give my love to your mother and all at home, and believe me to be your loving husband, George.

No 51

L12218

Chelsea Sept 9<sup>th</sup> 63

One year ago tonight since you left me my dear husband. Little did I think then, that a long weary year would pass, without seeing your dear face. How many, many times did I think of you yesterday, and wish you were with me. Perhaps it would interest you to know how I spent the day. In the morning, Annie and I had Charlie's team, and went down to the beach, in bathing. I had a fine time, and it did not tire me, as it did the day before. Directly after dinner I went over to the city with Mary H- to get a Gull cape. I got back about six, took tea at Henry H- and Mat and I went over to Millie B- and spent the evening. When I got home I told William it was the anniversary of my wedding. He said he brought some peaches.

home, and told ~~me~~ me to go down  
stairs and celebrate with them. He also  
gave me a kiss, which I appreciated.

Didn't I feel sad and lonely, one year  
ago at this time. I no sooner got a  
husband than I lost him; the next  
time I get him I shall not let him  
go, unless he takes me with him. I  
have written two letters tonight, and it is  
late, so I will lay this aside and retire,  
hoping to have sweet dreams you'll see.

Sunday Afternoon. This is a dull dreary  
day. It has rained most most all day.  
This morning I was reading very quietly  
sitting down in my morning dress, when  
William came up stairs, and since Charles  
was going to take Mother down to church,  
and there would be room for me, I asked  
him how much time I had to get  
ready in, and he said 15 minutes, I  
started for my room, and in less than  
15 minutes I was all ready for church.  
Wasn't I smart? To be sure my hair

did not get much combing, and  
Nellie visited me, last Friday. Well  
Emma, Carrie, Maude, and I went out  
to Roxbury to spend the day. Charlie &  
Joseph came out in the evening. We  
had a very pleasant time, did not  
get home until after eleven. Yesterday  
afternoon I spent with Dorcas.  
Mannah C - Addie K - and Lizzie  
L - were there, I enjoyed myself very  
much. I should think Dorcas might  
be perfectly happy. She has a nice  
little house, furnished neatly, and  
every thing to make her comfortable,  
and last but not least, she has a husband  
to live with her. I believe I have a  
husband roaming over the world some  
where. I wish he would come home  
then I should be sure I had one. I  
received your short letter No 48 last  
Thursday. It was very welcome if it  
was not as lengthy as some letters  
you have favoured me with.

It sounds strange here in this cold  
country to hear you talk about shivering  
to death. Last Thursday night my  
feet were so cold all night I could  
not sleep, and I had three blankets  
on the bed, if you had been with  
me, I should have warmed them over  
for you. You have no idea, how I dread  
the cold winters coming, if I were not  
such a cold - I should not mind  
it. I saw by the papers that the "Genl.  
Cobb" arrived in N York the 2<sup>d</sup> of  
this month, but Pillsbury has not yet  
received the package and we think  
it very strange. I do hope they it is  
not lost. Monday Morning. Oh dear  
I have had such a time getting  
Maudie to sleep. Carrie has gone to  
Boston, and left Maudie with  
me, she was very sleepy, but determined  
she would not go to sleep in my arms.  
And she screamed and kicked for  
some time, but I did not give up  
to her, so at last she got tired and  
went to sleep. Thursday evening

makes it will do you  
 some little good.  
 Take good care  
 of your health,  
 darling, for my  
 sake. If you  
 should make your-  
 self sick, I don't  
 know what do  
 private things  
 I might do.  
 Give my love to  
 all. And, in my  
 imagination, I put my  
 arms around your  
 neck and kiss  
 and kiss  
 you.  
 With much  
 love, I am  
 as ever,  
 your loving  
 husband,  
 Harry

U. S. Steamer Octovara,  
 Ky Mar, Sept, 22<sup>nd</sup> 1865.

He arrived here late this afternoon,  
 and my heart was made glad (and sad at the same  
 time) by the perusal of nos. 47 and 48. Glad, to read  
 such loving words from your dear self; and sad to  
 think that I could not be with you. But I thank  
 you very much for your dear letters, especially for  
 no. 47, which made me almost feel that I was at  
 home again. How fortunate smiles on us again in that  
 way, will you love me as well, and will you tell me  
 so with your own dear lips, putting the seal upon  
 your words to make it official? It has been so long  
 since I was last told that I was loved, that, were  
 it not for such dear letters, I might almost begin  
 to think it all a <sup>(dream.)</sup> ~~dream~~.

I am much obliged to Mill for his photograph, and think  
 it very good, though it is long since I have seen him.  
 And I am also very thankful for Camie's brief epistle;  
 and you must assure her of that fact, and that I  
 do not think her at all bold to write to her cousin

who never yet received too many letters. Indeed, I think  
so highly of her and her production, that I shall  
answer it at my earliest opportunity, although  
she does close with Poi's melancholy refrain  
of "never more". I shall not pretend to answer  
your sweet letter at this time, as I have only a  
half hour to devote to this, and must go on water  
till midnight, in a few moments. I think I will  
have made a good use of my half hour in this.  
I write so hurriedly as there is a probability of  
a mail being sent out to-morrow forenoon to  
intercept the New Orleans steamer bound North.  
In regard to the furniture spoken of, as I shall  
probably have some considerable expense atten-  
dant on Esther's death, you had best consult  
with him. Aside from that I have no possible  
objection. Don't feel any false delicacy in doing  
so. There goes eight bells, calling me to my  
four hours promenade, so I must take leave  
of you, leaving you, for company, much love and  
many blessings. Give my love to Mother and all,  
and believe me to be ever your loving husband,  
George A. H.

Sept. 23<sup>d</sup>. No mail went to-day, so behold me at work  
again on this wail. You will receive quite a packet  
by this mail, which I hope will give you pleasure.  
There has been no very regular mail communication  
on account of the fear of fever. But, fortunately, we  
have had none this summer. It will be more regular  
during the winter. In regard to your coming down here.  
As matters now stand I cannot permit it. It is doubt-  
ful whether we will be much in here during this winter.  
I'll not be in for two months when we leave this time,  
as we will coal at Cape Haytien. How it will be in  
fortune, I can not, at present, tell. Another reason:  
there is no steamer now touching here but a man-of-war.  
Capt. Collins will endeavor to get me home.

Write your regular number of letters to this place,  
but send me a couple of letters to Cape Haytien, to the  
care of Admiral Landner. You need not feel obliged  
to make them long, so that they are sweet. Otherwise, I  
will not hear from you for two long months.

Had I been within range on your last birthday, I would  
have given you whole broadsides of kisses, of twenty-  
three each. As it is, I will owe them to you. Just think,  
I haven't touched a pair of lips for over a year! O! how  
sweet the contact will be when the time comes!

I forgot to mention, when writing of the chamber set last evening, that, if we went to housekeeping in Chelsea, the cost of transportation would about equal the price of the furniture, not to mention the breakage. Mather writes she wishes me to purchase a lot near her. I wonder when I shall be able to do so!

I thank you very much for your compliments of my always keeping. I shall always try to keep the reputation.

One of these days you may show a happy face from your window. I hope you will not make other wives too envious. I am sure that I sent a letter by the Eagle. I sent No. 40 on the 18<sup>th</sup> and 41. on the 24<sup>th</sup>.

What do you mean by saying that the marquis did not trouble you because you had enough trouble? Is it a reflection on me? If so, I ask for forgiveness.

I never read "Bag Path." Is it by the author of "Gold Tail"? What would you have done if you had not been married, when the handsome man called? Did it make you regret that you ever said yes? Mather was too sanguine about my coming home. But I hope something will soon turn it.

When my wife has the kindness to present me with a baby, you can ask her whether she will intrust it to you.

You must not work yourself too hard, for I will not allow it. There is no particular need of your killing yourself just as presents, when you have no husband to look out for you. Thus, I think I have written your quite long letter, and

P.S. Of  
course  
you will  
send Adeline  
per Mr.  
I am good  
boy. G.

No. 3.

U.S. Steamer Octorara

off Mobile Bar.

Dec, 25<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My darling Mimi—

If you do not consider it too late I will wish you a "Merry Christmas". I hope you have passed the day more pleasantly than I have; and that your thoughts have occasionally wandered towards me who, though unable to join in your festivities, still sympathize in all your joys and sorrows. I suppose I shall soon learn how you have passed the day. Probably Capt. Catr has called to see you to-day. I wish he had had the ordering of me, I would have helped entertain him to-day.

We have been tossed on the briny rather lively to-day. Had the Arkansas been here, there would have been a fine exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling." Quite a smart gale set in last night from the  $E^{\text{D}}$ ; and the sea has been quite high. We got under weigh this forenoon and stood out for a better opening. She has stood the sea well; while the frigate Richmond has appeared to be on the point of overturning. Last night we had a Christmas, which went off very well, considering our limited supply.

This is the third successive Christmas that I have spent away from you. I hope it will be the last. What a miserable life our fellows lead who spend the greater portion of our time on the water. We have no fires in our rooms, and in cold and bad weather visits us, we are not so uncomfortable as we wish. Our bad weather will soon be over, as the wind is subsiding. Soon we shall be on our way to Pensacola, how long to remain there I can't say. We will try to do some repairs there, but will not be very successful as there are no conveniences. There may be a survey called, which may send us either home or to New Orleans.

A steamer came in from N. O. two days ago, bringing a mail from your city, bringing me only one letter, that was from Tom, post-marked the 19<sup>th</sup>, in which he mentions that you had received a letter from home for me, and had sent it to me. I haven't seen it yet, neither have I received a word from you. I don't know where the fault lies, either with the P. O. department or with the mail agent at the Pensacola.

Perhaps the Arkansas will soon come this way, then I shall be sure of a letter. Now, darling, I wish you good night, and happy dreams. George

Sat. Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> The gale has abated, and we are all lazily  
rolling in the trough of the sea. The poor old Rich-  
mond looks as if she was on the point of going  
over all a once.

Word has just been passed that a steamer will  
soon leave for Ship Island, and a mail will  
go in her. So I will give you what I can for a  
letter. It is doubtful whether I receive one from  
you this year; still, I lie in hopes.

We are continually putting off going to Pensacola;  
but must go very soon. I hope we will be  
ordered to N. A. to do our repairs, as we can't  
do them properly at the present place.

How earnestly I do long to return to the city!  
More than ever do I feel dissatisfied at remaining  
away from you. Now that you are so near me,  
I am possessed with a stronger desire to be with  
you than if you were away.

Love to Stan and the Mills. Remember me to the Dr.,  
and to Mrs. & the Misses B. and the family.

Hoping soon to hold you in my arms, I am, as  
ever,

Your loving husband  
George.

Mr Peers and I  
took a walk  
it is a delightful  
place. The chest  
one piece of  
crumpled soldier  
we left the  
Steamer about  
eight, but the  
ferry boat, and  
embark over  
last night to  
the city, and  
we had to  
cross the  
river in  
a row boat.  
The Arkansas  
will sail  
the first of  
July next  
and then  
I shall and  
will have  
the last

My own dear Husband. Capt Gate told  
me last Saturday, he thought there was a  
Steamer going to Mobile, so I finished my  
cup in a hurry, and sent it down to the Steamer  
by time, but, alas, the Steamer was going down  
the coast, so I still have the letter. I wish I  
could get it to you for I know scarcely you  
would be very happy to receive it. Last Sunday  
morning, a man came here, with two boxes of  
cigars, and enquired for you. He said he had  
sold you some before, and you requested him  
to bring you two boxes. As you did not tell  
me anything about them, I did not know  
what to do. He charged \$2, for the last, and  
I had not that amount. Mr Peers was  
here and took one box, gave him \$6.00, he told  
me if I would take the other box I might  
have it for \$2.00, Mr B. said they were very  
reasonable, so I took the box, do you want

them; if you do not, I can sell them.

Last Sunday Capt, Addis, Mr Biers and I took a ride down to The Lake, Pa and Addis was feeling very well, went in a hack. but Mr B- got a splendid team, top buggy and a Walter. You ought to have seen that little horse go, I had a grand ride. Monday evening we intended to go to the Theatre, but there was some misunderstanding about the seat, and Pa did not feel very well, so he and Addis remained at home, I went with Mr B- and enjoyed myself very much. The play was "Leak, The forsaken". Capt says it is more than he can do to take care of two girls, so he one of his officers to assist him. Tuesday we had quite a little excitement here in the house.

If you remember when you were here Ella went to the Theatre on night, with a <sup>master</sup> gay named Painto, and she remarked that he had invited her to go a number times, but she told him she would not go with him if he wore his uniform, so he doffed it, to please her. She told Capt the same story, and then

Told him what this "Painter" said  
to Paymaster Parishap (of the Arkansas)  
when he wished him to take my own  
pives, that with the insult she threw at  
Mr B - made Capt vexed, so when he  
went on the Steamer, he with the Dr and  
Paymaster, composed the price I send  
in this. The moment the boarders saw it,  
they knew who it referred to, and there was  
a great laugh. Shortly after breakfast  
"Painter" rises up highly indignant, he  
said he had been to the Era office, and  
they would not tell him who wrote the  
price, but the lady refused to say Miss  
Brandenburg. P - said he did not care  
on his own account, but he thought it was  
an insult to the lady, especially as they  
styled her a female, instead of a lady, and  
that is what makes Ella so mad. Yesterday  
Nadie and I went down to the Steamer  
with Pa. When he got there he found a  
letter from Painter, saying he had learned  
Capt Cook was the author of the price.



Life is still  
with us and  
he may not  
live about  
the last of  
the week.  
Addie is  
still improving  
leaves I  
hope I shall  
hear from  
you very  
soon. We  
with much  
love and  
many  
kisses  
to you  
giving  
you  
love  
my  
wife  
L.H.C.

and Mr Peers, have been very kind to us,  
and have done every thing in their power, to  
make us enjoy ourselves. I shall never forget  
their kindness, Addie is very much better, and  
is really growing fat. she has a too double  
chin, I wish I could say the same about  
myself. I received letters from home last  
Monday. They were all well. They are having  
very cold weather, and splendid skating,  
it makes me wish I was there to hear about  
it, and if you it were mad for you darling, I  
should say, I should like to go. Do not think  
dearest, I am discontented, for it is not so,  
but as it is near the last of the month, I do  
not feel very well, and I have certain  
symptoms which one feel rather anxious. But  
I hope it will turn out all right. Capt Cate  
expects to go down the coast next week, and  
when he returns, he will go to Pensacola, may  
I go with him? he is willing. I have written

a long letter to Mother this morning and  
feel somewhat tired, so will lay this aside.  
When I returned from the Steamer yesterday  
I found a note from Stan saying Mrs  
Tracy would be happy to have us dine with  
them, but it was then too late to go.

Sunday morning. It has rained hard all  
the morning, and there is no prospect of the  
weather being brighter, soon I wish you  
were here, to cheer me up, for I feel a little  
homesick, I intended to have attended church  
this morning with Mr Beer, but the rain  
prevented. Pa went down to the Steamer  
early this morning, and has not yet  
returned. Stanley came down last night  
to show me his Christmas presents, he fared  
well. Mrs Hills presented him with a very  
pretty neck-tie, I gave a pair of elastic buttons  
from June, a fancy ink-stand and sand  
bag from Mrs Tracy, and the handkerchief.  
I gave him, he was much pleased with  
them, and I was glad for him. His health  
is still improving, Mrs Hills says she shall

take him with her, when she goes  
housekeeping, if he has to room in the attic.  
I am very glad for his sake, that she has  
taken such a fancy to him. I do wish I  
could hear from you, and I suppose you say  
the same thing, but there is one thing to  
console me, when the letter does come, I know  
it will be a good long one. I should like  
much to receive it in the same manner,  
I received the last one, from your dear friends  
Tuesday morning. The "Port Royal" will come  
tomorrow, and I shall at last <sup>at last</sup> have an opportunity  
to send to you. Do! I did in the Post Office  
about a week ago, think there might be a  
steamer going by the Lake. I hope you  
will receive it. Sunday evening Messrs  
Bischoff & Beus, passed the evening here.  
Last evening I went to the Theatre with  
Mr Beus. The play was "Colum Bann". I  
saw it once, at the Museum in Boston. I  
went with you I think. When you see  
Mr Beus, you must ~~not~~ thank him for  
his kindness to me. He told me last one

whenever I wish an want to call on him,  
and he would be very glad to go with  
me. He is a perfect gentleman. This evening  
I think we shall call up to the Hills. I  
We have not heard from home for some  
time, Alford still expects a boy by the  
"Cromwell" and in it are letters from William  
and Mother. The Steamer is due to day.  
I got all they papers you wished and this  
and I will try this morning, and get  
these they tell me that none of the back  
numbers, come in the late Gleamers.  
It is a month since I was — and I  
begin to feel rather uncomfortable, I am  
to get tight on you to night. Yesterday  
morning when Rose was building the fire  
I remarked to Addie that I did not sleep  
well, in fact I have not slept much for  
a week. I feel uncomfortable and cannot  
sleep, I awake every five minutes) when Rose  
looked up and said "Mrs Wallis you are  
\_\_\_\_\_". Please scratch that word out, after  
you read it, for it is not a very pretty word.  
Oh dear I wish you would come to me, for  
I do not feel at all well, and want you  
so much. Mayn't I go to your Steamer with  
Capt Caterin's a week or two, if you so mind  
come up here? Cannot I stay on your  
Steamer a day or two, while Capt goes to  
Pensacola? I saw Capt Sizer at the Theatre  
last night. Now darling I must close  
this and get ready to go out, and hunt for  
those papers I shall do them up with the  
Millon's cases, and Mrs Peers, will call for  
them this noon and that take them on the  
"Port-Royal". I hope the Port-Royal is going  
down to relieve the your Steamer.

U.S. Steamer Odetara  
off Mobile Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My darling Wife;

The steamer Odetara arrived here this afternoon, from New Orleans, bringing the mails. I confidently expected to have one letter from you if from no one else; but vainly did I look for one. There was none for me. How could you allow the mail to leave without sending me a letter? To be sure, you may not have known that a mail was to leave; but then, you should have had me in the post office before she left. I always feel very much disappointed whenever a mail arrives from which I derive no benefit, and I am miserable for a long time after.

The Colorado sailed this evening for the S. W. pass, and has taken our mail with her. So you will soon receive one or more letters from me. I wish you could receive them as you desired, as you did the last one. It would give me as much pleasure as it would you.

Our bad weather has at last passed away, and clear but cold weather has succeeded. As I must get up at twilight I will now retire, my happy dreams attend thy slumbers, and may my kisses visit thee in thy sleep. George.

Jan. 9<sup>th</sup>. This morning we saw a large steamer ashore close to Fort Mergu. The morning was beautifully clear, but as cold as Greenland, and the steamer loomed up finely. We got under weigh just after breakfast and steamed in to within 3000 yards of the fort, and a little more than that distant from the steamer ashore.

Choosing a good situation, we beat to quarters and opened fire on her. After a few shots had burst in her neighborhood, the crew took to their boats, having evidently seen enough of our antislavery practice to form an estimate of our powers. Then the fort opened fire on us, which brought the rest of our boats up to support us. The fire now went on quite briskly; we firing only at the steamer and the fort returning the compliments for her. Their shots came very close to us, two of her shells bursting close under us, jarring us sensibly. Several of our shells struck the steamer. We continued the fire till nearly two o'clock, when our best gun gave out, and we hauled out, the others following suit. This evening the steamer got off, and steamed up to Rehdem. We fired forty shells at her.

While writing just now, we beat to quarters, on a false alarm, and all our fires had to go out. This is provoking on a cold night, but what's the remedy? I hope they will learn us in peace for the balance of the night, as I am a little sleepy.

Oh, you are in the cigar speculation. You did not buy them for yourself, I presume. I gave no orders for cigars to be brought to the house. You need not buy any more for me.

How fortunate you were in your Christmas presents. We had nothing of the kind down this way. When I return to N.C. you of course will give me all the presents I wish.

You seem to have a half desire to be at home enjoying the skating. If I could see you for a few moments I think I could drive all that away; couldn't I, dearest?

I was up nearly all night, last night, and may have to turn over to-night. At any rate I must come out at four. So, darling, I kiss you a good night kiss.

Sunday. Here we are close under fort Morgan, under a flag of truce. We are in for the Englishman whom we took in a day or two ago. A shot is always fired when a vessel bearing a flag of truce has arrived a class as they will allow. But they are throwing several at us, for what reason I can't tell; probably for our own amusement. Well, let them fire as long as they please, so that they do not hit us. The steamer that we were firing at yesterday is in sight, straining up the bay, making us feel any thing but pleasant. It would have cost more than she was worth to have taken her from under the fire of the fort. Dinner time is approaching, and I will defer till evening;

Here comes the boy with the report of an opportunity  
to send letters. So, farewell dinner, till I finish  
this, which must be in ten minutes.

I smiled some when I read in your last letter  
the plain comments of Racer. The dace's mean  
to be mistaken. If things are as she would have  
you believe, don't, for Heaven's sake, injure your-  
self with preanctitions. I wouldn't have you  
do so for the world.

The senior officer told our Capt. yesterday  
that we should go to M.C. very soon. I expect  
we will go before the close of the month.

You may look forward to that with confidence.  
Many thanks for the pillow slips and papers.  
I sleep on the slips for the first time to night,  
and will think whose fingers made them.

Give my love to Stou and Addie, and take  
an abundance to yourself with many kisses.  
Write soon and often.

Ever your loving husband,  
George

U. S. Steamer Albatross  
off Mobile, Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

My darling Wife:-

I am happy to chronicle a pleasant day. It seems doubly pleasant to us after our horrible weather for the last three weeks. I presume you have fared no better than we have in that respect.

The *Jasmine* left to day, carrying the mails. I sent you a letter which I put in the mail yesterday, and one to Star this morning. As the tug will soon I hope to soon hear from you. We left Pensacola at midnight, last night, and arrived here at daylight this morning. Nothing had occurred during our absence.

The Paymaster told me this evening that he had been ordered to go to N. O. to draw money, and attend to some other business. He said that if he could arrange it with the Captain he would like me to go in his stead.

Though I have no hopes that the Captain will acquiesce in the arrangement, still it gives me pleasure to know that there are some in the ship who like to do me a good turn. Before this mail goes, I shall probably know whether this good fortune will be mine.

We have been at work all day trying to recover our lost anchors. We succeeded in raising one, and will probably get the other to-morrow. But it has been nothing but up anchor and down anchor all day, such being the case, I will "damn anchor," and stake here.

Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> Last evening a poor little schooner fell into the  
savannous maw of our fleet, the Gestrade took her and  
will proceed to New Orleans to-day. The Senior officer  
has just made signal that a mail will go by her.  
It is not a certain thing that my letter will be ready,  
but if it is, you will soon know it.

Good clear weather is now prevailing, and the sea  
has got over her tantrums and now sets at prac-  
tically as you please. If you were on your way down  
this way now, you would need have no fear of that  
bane of sea travelling.

Yesterday and to-day we have had half-a-dozen cases  
in court-martial. Fortunately I was not present on the  
court. It is very seldom that I escape seeing,  
though it is decidedly unpleasant to me, who do  
not like the system of punishments inflicted.  
We have discharged some men who have served a  
year on this ship, and been court-martialed two or  
three times, who have gone out as poor as when they  
entered it. One in particular, discharged about  
a month ago, had his last dollar taken from him  
the day before he was discharged. The sailors  
forward found a way to get over it, and determined  
to bump the poor fellow. So several of them came  
to me when I had the deck and said they owed  
him small sums of money, varying from two  
to five dollars, and wished the postmaster to

pay them, and check the amounts to their accounts.  
By this means, the poor fellow raised a considerable  
sum.

The Port Royal arrived yesterday from Ship Island  
whither she had gone to repair.

Now I shall think there is some prospect of our  
going to New Orleans. The Kanawha, now at N. O.,  
will soon be down here, when our chances of going  
will be further increased.

When we were at Pensacola, the boilers leaked so  
badly that meal was put in to stop the leak.

We have to condense our drinking water; and the  
water made from this meal water is awful.

I tried to raise a row about it, but no one would  
join me.

I don't believe we will go to Pensacola again for  
repairs. When we have another breakdown, I think  
we will be sent to New Orleans. At least, the  
senior officer said we should have that opportu-  
nity the next time such a thing occurred.

I pray for a breakdown that will enable me to  
be with you once more! Such an accident that  
will bring me to your arms will be a happy one.

The Occasion is daily expected, and will also take a  
mail to the City. I hope a mail will find us here by  
the Jasmine. Love to Stan and Ad, and all friends,  
and an abundance to you from your loving husband,  
George.

P.S. Tell Stan not to forget to visit the "Isa"  
office a day or two after the arrival of the  
New York mail, and raise a pile of N. Y.  
papers to send me. Let him take his bundle  
down to the lower, and send to the plug ship  
by the boats.

G.

Tell Mills that his  
scholar was captured  
by the Portuguese  
He was bound  
in, loaded with an  
extorted cargo

from our  
wife's to find  
Morgan.  
The pilot who  
was on the  
Arkansas  
told me he  
saw you in  
N. O.  
Now, darling  
I must bid  
you good-by -  
kissing soon  
again to hear  
from you or  
to see you  
don't fail.  
Ever  
your  
loving  
husband  
G. W. F.  
Hally

U.S. Steamer Octorara  
off Mobile bar, Sunday, Jan. 17/64

For a great wonder we have remained  
at anchor all day. We usually get up anchor in the  
morning and steam down to the Richmond, where we  
log all day, returning to our station at dark.

Now that we have fine moonlight nights, but little proba-  
bility of blockade runners coming out, our watch is not  
required to be so vigilant as usual. On dark nights it  
is sadly trying to the eyes, to peer out into the dark-  
ness through glasses. We send picket boats in every night  
to keep a lookout on the movements of rams, blockade-  
busters &c.

To-day we had church, which I did not attend. I attended  
our service this morning, the reading of the articles of  
war. I got a fine cold in the head by standing in the  
cold with my cap off.

There is nothing of interest going on here, but all are waiting  
for the arrival of the mail from New Orleans. That will  
make its appearance in a day or two. I hope I shall have  
reason to thank the mail for what it brings me.

There is a terrible noise and hubbub of tongues now  
going on in the ward room, which renders writing any-  
thing but easy. Such being the case, I will bid you  
good night, with as many Sunday kisses as you please.

Monday, 18<sup>th</sup>. A strong N. W. gale has prevailed all day. We ran down to the Richmond this morning, with the picket boat in tow. This afternoon we have been kept in a state of excitement by the report of two steamers, one to the E<sup>o</sup> and the other to the W<sup>o</sup>. We expected they were the Circassian and Lackawanna, but they proved to be one of our fleet and the Housatonic. As the latter come from the direction of New Orleans, I suppose she has brought a mail. And if the tug arrives tomorrow, she will probably bring another one. I think I can confidently express letters by both. We were all impatient when it was reported that the Lackawanna was in sight; for it is understood that when she or the Onida arrives, there will be a strong probability of our going to the city. We could have gone long ago, had the cap'n so desired. But he wanted to stay here, thinking he might be ordered home in case he was at the city. I hope one of these two vessels will arrive in a day or two, as our condenser has given out, and it will take a week to repair it; and our chances will be all the better to go now than it will be after this repair has been done.

I never saw men so anxious to get away from this place, with this ship. It is no wonder when we consider how worthless she now is. But I have the mid watch, and will wish you good night.

Jan. 20<sup>th</sup>. Well, darling, I have at last received a letter from you, no. 844, but I can't say that I am as much pleased as I anticipated. Moreover, you failed to answer my letter that I sent by the Freemian, which steamer has returned with the mail. I do not charge you with neglecting to answer, as your letter may have remained in the office. But I may as well review your two letters now.

Your letters are growing very melancholy and blue; so much so that I feel myself affected by the reading thereof. I shall soon believe that you are sorry that you ever left the parrot home to follow the fortunes of a wanderer of the sea. Now, dear, don't you wish you were home again, with us come to perplex you? But your letters may improve in cheerfulness now you no longer have a certain fear over you. I am glad that you are all at rest on that score, as I want you to keep in a happy frame of mind.

What a pity it is that Mrs. Sturtt is (or has gone) going home so soon. It would have been so nice for you to have had such a pleasant companion. My opinion of her is much higher than of her husband. But that is between you and I. What a time you seem to have at your boarding house. You need me back again, I think, to look after you. I am very sorry that affairs are so unpleasant and hope you will soon be able to make a change for the better. Which room do you occupy now?

How unfortunate that the "Cummeel" should have been deluged with your things aboard. I hope you have now received the boxes, and have been enabled to "square up."

The "Hartford" arrived two days ago, with Admiral Tanquer. He has just come aboard our ship, and we are now on our way toward Fort Morgan on a reconnaissance. The Admiral is looking finely, and seems to have some object in view. We are now to go to quarters and char ships for action. But I will continue writing till the gong sounds. You will see by my letter written about the same time as your last, that I expressed the same desire to "buy" that you have. I think cold nights are very productive of such desires. I have been expecting to see the Arkansas here in sight any day, with you on board. I presume you will come down in her if she comes. I don't want you to do so unless she will return soon. I hope you will be able to secure a boarding place with the Mills. It will be more pleasant than any other you can find.

People don't seem to be any too honest in N. O. to judge from the rapid disappearance of your coal pile. It is going it rather too strong to use a load in a fortnight.

I am very glad that you did not attend that ball. Those affairs are well enough when you are certain whom you will meet. But in such a place as N. O. it would be injudicious to attend them. Capt. Cate and Mr. Burs have my warmest thanks for their kind attentions. I wish I could relieve them of some responsibility. Give my love to Ad and Stan. I have written twice to Stan, but no papers come to me. I send you \$25. in this, and will send more the next time if you do not receive your remittance. Don't be extravagant. The Hartford will sail for N. O. this afternoon. We have returned

I will  
send two  
"mule" in  
this, they  
are dirty  
but will  
do when  
the artist  
gone then  
to me. No 7

New Orleans Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 1857

My very dear Husband.

I have sent Bob  
down to the "Onida" which sails to day. I will  
now commence another to send by the "Arkansas".  
Mr. Boes will hand it to you. Capt. De Boes, and  
Lieut. Dean, spent last evening with us, and  
we passed a very pleasant evening. One thing  
troubled me, it was very cool, and there was no  
fire, I expect the chimney needs repairing, for  
the servant worked most an hour, trying to make  
a fire, and then I tried, but ~~not~~ was unsuccessful.  
Addie and I are talking about hiring a furnished  
room and boarding ourselves. I think it would  
be cheaper, and then we could have what we  
wished to eat. I do not care to remain here  
much longer, for I am perfectly disgusted.  
I wish you were here to advise me, I shall  
not move until I hear from you.

I have been to the artist who took your  
pictures about a dozen times, since you  
left, and have got but eight of them, and  
the most of these were miserably finished.  
Capt Gate went down there and sat for a  
picture, had to wait a week for a proof, and  
when he got it, it was very poor, so he gave  
it up. Went up to Washburn's, had his picture  
taken, and saw the proof in half an hour  
afterwards, and the next morning had the  
dozen. They are excellent pictures. Most of  
the officers on the "Arkansas" had their "raits"  
taken there and got good pictures, but none  
were as good as Capt. May I go there and some  
taken, for I have promised a number, he  
charges \$7, for a dozen can you afford it?

Saturday evening we had quite a party  
here. Capt. Mr. B. Lieut D. and Dr. Callin joined  
the evening with us. I am so sorry H. B.  
is going away so soon, we are so lonely with-  
out him. I don't think there is much prospect

of your coming here again very soon. I coaxed  
Pa Cate, to let me go to Mobile with him  
but he said I could not go this time. He  
will tell you about me. I think you will  
be surprised when you see Addie, she is so  
large, she looks as if she was in a delicate  
situation, and she has been worrying about  
it, although she has been sick every month,  
we have laughed at her so much, she has  
been quiet on that subject for a few days  
just, but as she must have something to  
worry about, she now is worrying about her  
dearling Deedey, she has not heard from him  
since the first of last month, and has not  
received her money yet. She says she is  
afraid he has deserted her. And yesterday  
she was so blue. I think she is very foolish to  
feel so, for those that know tell her the  
paymaster has not been down to pay his reg't  
and there is no opportunity for him to send  
letters often. One thing it does not affect

appetite, for she goes to the table and eats  
until she says she is ashamed to eat  
longer, and then comes up stairs and  
says she is hungry. This is a beautiful clear  
day, but cool, and I am going out to walk.  
When will you hear from home last? Was  
Carie Gilman answered the letter you sent  
her. Haven't I been fortunate this winter, for  
all the weather has been so damp and  
cool, I have not had a cold, and I  
think I can account for it, every morning  
I take a cold water bath to my wrists.

Capt says there is a report, that the rebels are  
going to send some "Rams" out from Mobile.  
At any rate, something is going on down  
there, for there are four Steamers going down  
from here. I hope darling you will be in  
no danger, I shall feel so anxious about  
you. When you see Mr B - please thank him  
for his kindness towards me, for he has  
treated me as a sister. Now dearest do take  
good care of yourself. Whenever you go  
a nice prayer and blessing, shall follow  
you.

Stanley sent you a letter with fifty cents  
of stamps in it. I will pay him.

Keeping to hear from you very soon. I remain  
with much love and many kisses, your  
aff and devoted wife.

Sheet 25 This  
before it goes off  
I do not, write  
me all about  
coming here to  
see me. What a  
delightful time  
we will have  
if and he agrees  
I and my  
father you.  
With many  
kisses and  
much love.  
I will bid you  
good bye.  
Ever your affectionate  
and loving wife L

I have just received your letter  
dated Jan. 12<sup>th</sup>, in which you mention  
sending me letters by the English man-  
of-war "Arago", the Steamer arrived here  
a week ago, but I have not received the  
letters, and I feel so badly about it, I  
hear from you so seldom, that it grieves  
me much, to lose a letter. And then I  
asked you a number questions in my  
first letter, and I suppose you answered  
them in these last letters. One was  
if I could come down to your Steamer  
with Capt. Cate, and remain with you  
while he went to Pensacola and ~~back~~ <sup>when he</sup>

returned he would stop for me. He said  
would do so, now all I want is your  
consent, darling, Mr B has just come in  
and I must lay this aside and  
entertain him. Wednesday Morning

Sturley has just come in with another  
lot of Southern Papers which I will  
send by Mr B. I will send this bag  
of cigars, will you accept them as a  
New Year's Present from me? I have  
also ~~sent~~ <sup>given</sup> Mr B six boxes for you  
which he will deliver when called for.  
You can send me some the same way  
he is very obliging and will not  
object to doing them. The other Papers and  
letter next in The Tennessee. Capt Gate

I think he will get away tomorrow. I wish I could go with him, Yesterday afternoon Mr B, Addie and I took a long walk out in the country, we had a fine time. I think I will follow Addie's example and raise a double chin, so my love, do not cut your whiskers off just yet, if it will please you much, I will give you permission to shave your chin. but do not touch the moustache. Stanley did not read that letter your Mother sent you. I read it and thought it best not to let him see it. He sent you fifty cents worth of stamps, and I have paid him. I will send you some more soon.

Don't forget to send me three books by  
the "Herkens" write me a good long  
living letter, and send it by Mr B.

I don't mean to go home in the spring  
unless you go. Bessie is going to remain  
here all summer if Ned does, and I  
not going home, and leave you come  
here. I will now lay this aside, and  
go to work. Wednesday evening. I went  
down town with Stanley just before  
dinner, and found two letters for  
the "Esa" office from you. One dated  
Jan 8<sup>th</sup> the other the 14<sup>th</sup>. I was delighted  
to receive them, but my dear, I wish you  
would number your letters, and then  
I shall know how many are missing.  
You ought to have sent a letter from  
me by the "Staver", for I wrote No. 3, for  
3<sup>rd</sup> and put it in the post office. I have  
sent you letters every week, and some  
weeks two, so you see my darling, it  
was not my fault that you received  
no letter.

You write you sent me letters by the "Calenda"  
Capt Gate met the "Calenda", took her mail  
and brought it up here. He arrived here  
a week ago last Tuesday, but poor I received  
no letter. Don't it look shocking to have  
so many letters lost? It is so charming  
out doors, I cannot content myself to stay  
in this dark gloomy room, so Bessie and  
I are going out to walk, don't you wish  
you were here to accompany us? I must  
certainly do. If I may add another

U.S.S. Albatross

off Mobile, Jan. 21/64

My darling Wife:

Your no's 576 have just come to hand; and as the Bermuda leaves immediately, I can only write briefly. Stan's letter also arrived, with postage stamp and file of papers to Dec. 25<sup>th</sup>. Let him continue from that date. I have just made an application for detachment. We have quite a good plot of vessels here now.

Be saving of your cash, as you may have use for it if I am returned wounded in your hands. I am glad to hear that you are gaining flesh. Hope your complaint will soon yield to the Doctor's persuasion.

Remember me to him, and give love to Ed and Tom. I will give you a better letter by the next mail. Thank Mills for his papers.

With much love, adieu,  
Ever your loving husband  
Wm.

U.S. Steamer Petrona  
Mississippi Sound, March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1864.

My darling Wife:

The war is now over here, I believe, for the present, and howling shot and shells no longer rip the quiet air in their passage to and fro. None of us are sorry, as we had become tired of the noise and confusion, broken rest, and meals when you could get them: to say nothing of the risk we run in stopping a heavy mass of iron in its passage through the air. My last letter to you was closed on the evening of the last day of the fight, though I did not then know whether we would resume work again on the next day. Our appearances indicate that nothing more will be done. I suppose the object of this movement has been accomplished in keeping a strong force in Mobile, watching our movements. I hope they are satisfied; we are, at all events. On the last day of the fight, they worked with spirit all the forenoon, and made the shell whistle about our ears more often than we would have asked for. We learned that Buchanan (who had command of the Merrimack in her fight with the Monitor) was in command. That accounts for their extra pluck. They had one very large gun, rpled, ranging a shell 8 in in diameter and 18 in long. One of the shots the Griffiths, and lodged in her mortar bed. I ~~heard~~

Yesterday the whale whelk fleet passed down the bay on their grand trial trip, the Fenner among the number. The latter is the only one of much account. We thought she had sunk during a squall yesterday, and some even think so now; but I think I saw her again passing up the bay. I hope she has gone down, as it will take away one of their main reliances. I met Capt. Biglow, of the Calhoun, whom we met while in the Arkansas, at Ship Island. He told me that he expected to leave for New Orleans in two or three days, for repairs. He did the kind thing for us, you may remember, when he had dispatches to send to the fleet, off Mobile but concluded not to send the Arkansas. We have had fine weather, to day, cool and pleasant. Last night it was quite cold, at least, I thought it was, between midnight and four this morning. We expect a mail tomorrow, as the Jackson will return here. I trust our orders to leave will soon come along. I shall rejoice - that is if you will be a good little wife to me. I suppose you will be as kind as you know how for a day or two; and then I may expect to be plagued to death. Well, I will willingly put up with a little plaguing if that is the condition on which I always see you. But it is near ten o'clock and I must retire, or I will not feel like turning over when the quarter politely informs me it is four o'clock. So, good night, darling.

March 3<sup>rd</sup>. I am very busy this morning, taking in  
ammunition, and so. There is also a general  
court martial in session aboard ship,  
taking all our officers, leaving me to carry  
on all the duties of the ship.

The Jackson will leave today, and I  
have but a few moments to spare.

Mr. Hight will leave in ten. I have  
given him a letter of introduction  
to you. He has a trunk of mine which  
he will send to your address, and  
you will please take charge of it.

There is nothing of interest. The Mita-  
Comet arrived last evening from N.E.  
I thought I might get a letter, but  
was disappointed.

But I must close, and attend to my  
business. Give my love to Stan and  
the girls & to all friends.

Hoping to see you soon, I remain,  
as ever,  
your loving husband,  
George.

tell them if he don't mind what is told him, and spend his  
time in the open air, that I will enlist him in a black  
regiment or send him to China. Now, darling, good night.  
Don't forget to remember me to U. S. Steamer Octovara  
Capt. Cat & Frank Biss.

Mississippi Sound, Feb 28<sup>th</sup> 1864

My darling Wife:— Ever your loving husband, George.

We have remained aground all day, in the  
same situation we occupied yesterday. Orders were  
given not to fire till the enemy opened on us.  
I was called just before six to have ammunition  
ready if it was wanted. When I went on deck, it was  
so foggy that I could not see the port. At about  
seven, the fog lifted; and, no sooner did the enemy  
see us, than they opened on us, throwing their shot  
five hundred yards over our ship. We all "pitched  
in," and soon made him keep quiet. At eight, we  
ceased our fire, and went to breakfast, after which  
the mortars kept up a constant fire. We kept  
quiet till about eleven, when the enemy, who  
had remained quiet all this time—suddenly made  
a rally, and fired in quick succession. We all  
went in again, and soon made it too hot for  
them outside the bomb proof. We made beautiful  
shots, nearly every one striking the port, and  
bursting immediately. The mortars kept firing  
all day, but few of their shells struck the port.  
We have filled, and expended, our stores of ammu-  
nition twice since we commenced the bombardment.  
I don't think we will continue our fire longer than  
the balance of this week. But enough for to night.

Friday evening, 26<sup>th</sup>. We have enjoyed peace and quietness all day. The "bummers" have refrained from rousing the air with their howling shrill that sounds in their passage, like a train of cars passing over a wooden bridge. Last night we got to float at high water, and hauled off from under range of the enemy's fire, as did all the others, the weather looking unpropitious. This morning Admiral Donagut left us. I don't remember whether I told you that he joined us last Sunday, in the Calhoun. It has been foggy all day, and we could not see Fort Powell. I don't believe much more will be done here. I think all we have done was merely to divert the enemy from something else that was going on elsewhere. I believe it is the intention to do a little more shelling to-morrow, if the weather is favorable. We can't fire over fifty shots, as we have expended nearly all our ammunition. The talk is strong now of being in New Orleans in a week. I trust nothing will turn up to mar this pleasant picture which I have been salacing myself with for the last two weeks. Every night, when I retire, I count myself one day nearer your Barret is growing late, and I have the agreeable mind watches; so I will take leave of you. Good night.

Sat. evening, 27<sup>th</sup> We have lain quietly at our anchors  
all day and have been as quiet as lambs. The weather  
has been foggy, for which I have been thankful,  
as we would have done nothing but make a din  
all day, throwing shot and shell away to no purpose.  
The Admiral will return Monday, when I presume  
we will fire away the balance of our ammunition.  
No mail has yet reached us and we are completely in  
the dark as to what the world is doing. Your last  
letter that I received is dated over a week ago. I am  
growing quite impatient to hear from you and Stan.  
I have just written a long letter to William in an-  
swer to his of the 5<sup>th</sup>.

Sunday evening 28<sup>th</sup>

Your letters, nos. 13 & 14 reached me to-day, together with a  
nice bundle of papers for which all return thanks.  
How sorry I am that I could not have met you and torn  
off Mobile. I had given up all hope of your coming,  
and was much surprised when I learned you were ac-  
tually there. It was cruelly unfortunate that duty called  
me away just at that time. I would give a good deal  
to feel the pressure of your dear lips. But, God  
willing, I shall soon clasp you in my arms.  
What a pleasant time you must have had at the grand  
ball. I wish I could have gone with you. I enjoy  
these when they are properly got up. I am afraid,  
though, that I might have ruined your rig by not  
being able to keep my hands off. But I am glad you

went and had such a good time. I am glad that you met Gilmore at the party. I have a great liking for him, and we have many pleasant associations in common. He used to have pleasant "blackberry parties" at "my cottage" in North Carolina. Give him my best regards, and beg him to remain in the city a few days so I can meet him. I long to hear some of the Gilmore music.

I am much grieved that you appear to be ailing so much. You must be more careful, and not over-exert yourself. I want to find you well and hearty when I go up to the city. Now, darling, take better care of yourself, for my sake. I received your pictures, and will keep the dark one. I think it very good, and thank you for it. I believe there will be an opportunity to send a mail to-morrow, and I will leave this ready, as we will have no time to spare to-morrow. I suppose we will resume operations again to-morrow and throw away more cast iron. I hope this week will wind up the work for awhile, as I am sick of hearing those infernal shells pour the contents sawing the air. One thing consoles me: when we finish, away for New Orleans, where I know a loving pair of arms will need no urging to clasp me, and two loving lips will be ready to meet mine. Don't get anxious and fret yourself, but trust that all will come out right. Give my love to the hills, and my regards to the Dr. (two of them) & <sup>the</sup> Ballard's.



Irene and I turned in, we were very sick  
all night, I was very sick, but could  
not vomit for a long time, and when I  
did, I nearly strangled myself to death.  
Frank was up with me most all night,  
in the morning I was so lame and sore  
I could not move, the Dr. rubbed me  
with camphor which made me feel  
much better, but I am still very  
lame. Capt. Thompson came on board  
yesterday and invite Irene and I to visit  
his ship, but we were not able to go, we  
intend to go this afternoon. Peter should I  
meet this morning, but your friend Capt  
Johnson, he was delighted to see me, and  
has kindly offered to take me any where  
I wish to go. Capt. Cate cannot spare his  
one to go sailing out, for they are busy  
making (I think I forgot to tell you  
that the "Harkness" was sent down here  
to coal.) Capt. Johnson's ship is lying  
along side the "Sportsman" discharging  
and I shall visit him this afternoon.

The "Jessamine" is lying here, and I was  
introduced to Capt Praine this morning.  
I wrote you a letter while we were lying  
off Ship Island, and sent it on board the  
"Hartford" with a large bundle of papers  
when you write please let me know whether  
you received them. The prospect of my  
seeing you, starting before returning to  
New Orleans are growing beautifully less.  
I was told this morning if you went in  
quest for coal you would go to Ship  
Island, and Capt Lute will not stop  
there on his way to New Orleans he will  
stop at the fleet off Mobile about ten  
minutes, so I should have no opportunity  
to see you, even if you were there. Although  
I am very much disappointed at not  
seeing you I do not feel sorry that I  
came, for I have enjoyed myself very much  
and I trust my recollections will do me  
good. I feel very anxious to hear from you  
as I hear you have been in an engagement  
I hope concluding that you are safe and

well, and that I may soon have the  
happiness of seeing you I will now lay  
this aside as there will be no opportunity  
to send it for a day or two. March 2<sup>nd</sup> and  
My dear Horstani, I am true sleep and  
disappointed this morning and do not  
feel much like writing, but I must  
finish this, so as to send it to the Garrison  
Leet night I went out to Puanani to a  
small party given by Dr Bigler and wife  
and some other Officers. I went with Paletti  
Capt Thompson and I am, Mrs Thompson a little  
girl was not very well and she did not wish  
to come here. We had a splendid time, danced off  
the evening, and did not get home until three  
o'clock this morning. This evening I hope you  
are going to see them back with Gen & Suburban  
and Col Baldwin. I was told by a number  
last night that the "Octon" would be  
here within a week for coal, and I have  
decided to remain here with Capt Thompson  
until she comes. This morning I saw Capt  
Morris of the "Port Royal" and he says the  
"Octon" will not be here for twenty days  
or I shall return with Paletti, but if I  
have a good opportunity I shall return in  
about a fortnight and meet you here, do  
you approve of my plan sailing? I shall ship  
with Capt Thompson, as he will be his wife  
inside when it. Capt Morris says there is no  
prospect of the "Octon" going to M. C. and  
because I am so disappointed. I long so  
much to see you. I try to enjoy myself  
but there is always something missing  
and that is your own eyes. Last Monday  
afternoon I spent on the "Spartan" and  
had a nice time, I like Mrs A - very  
much, and Lohia is very cunning. Capt  
Johnstone wished me to say to you that

Hartford. I still believe that we will soon go to N.C. I should go to Pensacola, we would not remain there long. I would not wish to wait for Mr. Brown's transportation is so uncertain that, if we should go to N.C., you would perhaps have to wait a week or two before you had an opportunity to rejoin me in the City. Love to Stan and all friends. Believe that I soon shall see you if I remain as long as your loving husband, George.  
Give my regards to Frank and the children and all friends in Arkansas.  
Arkansas, 4.  
6<sup>th</sup> / 64.

you to-day, to pay you for sending me no letter by the last two mails. The Eugene, Capt. Dyer, came down the lower river, yesterday, direct from New Orleans, bringing a mail. I certainly expected to hear from you, and my disappointment was great when I found there was no letter for me. I wanted very much to hear the result of your trip in the Arkansas, as your last letter left you at Ship Island. You may think that there is no need of sending me more letters, thinking I am coming right home. But men of war do not always return on the day expected. You may remember that I was certain of going home last August, but did not go. Over three weeks are up to-day; but we will probably remain until our coal gives out, or are relieved by some other steamer. We have two or three weeks coal on board now, and the Port Royal is daily expected from Pensacola, when she must fetch coal last week. It is not improbable that she will bring us orders. At all events, I devoutly pray that she may do so. We are lying within musket shot of Dauphin Island beach, where game abounds, yet this Captain will not allow us to go ashore.

Earning - I have hardly anything worth writing about. It is as dull here as can possibly be imagined.

We have been blessed with very agreeable weather for the past week, which is a sort of negative happiness. If I could spend it with you, I believe I am mathematician enough to be able to make it positive. A few days ago two soldiers deserted from Fort Guines, on Dauphin Island, and came down the beach opposite us, and were brought aboard. Like most of the deserters and refugees that we pick up, they are as ignorant as darkies; and all effort at learning any news results in discovering that the people in seclusion are not as well supplied with accurate comforts as they could wish. But of military news they are profoundly ignorant. We have but little amusement laying here. We can watch the steamers plying their daily vocations in Mobile bay; and, on clear days, can see the spars of the blockading fleet off Mobile. They often communicate with us by sending a boat to the beach, while we do the same on our side, making the narrow strip of sand beach our conference ground. We have been expecting some communications that way for several days; but, as yet, they take notice neither of our guns or signals. It is a very handy method.

I have just inspected my picture gallery, and looked  
on the faces of the dear ones at home. I can  
hardly realize that I have not seen them for so  
long a time. How I would like to fall suddenly  
upon them as I did the last time, without  
their having any intimation of my coming.  
I suppose Ebb has reached home in this, as  
Mother wrote me in her last letter that he had  
accepted his discharge, and would soon return home.  
I reckon it is now nearly five years since I  
have seen him, and he must have changed greatly.  
I hear nothing at all of our Chelsea friends, nor  
do I know what has become of them. I have not  
received a letter from George Blake since I  
came on this station.

I wish I was sure that I would have the pleasure  
of being my own postman, as far as this letter  
is concerned. The letter might then have some in-  
terest, taken in connection with my arrival.  
But you must pardon me if I do not write you  
a readable letter. I am on the good side of  
expectancy, hoping soon to be able to meet you.  
When we go to New Orleans, our present Captain  
will leave us, and a new one will take his place.  
I should not be surprised if Capt. Siglaw would  
be ordered here. But I must now bid you good  
night, darling, and commence a letter to Mother.

Monday evening, March 7<sup>th</sup>. This morning another officer and myself went oystering. We surrounded with boats four half-a-dozen other vessels alongside the Jackson, who took us in tow. We started at seven o'clock, and returned at two with two boats loaded down. All the others did as well. We also had an oyster bake on the island when we were. Nothing could be heard but the cracking of oyster shells all this afternoon.

On my return I found your letter dated the 2<sup>d</sup> at Pensacola. It was sent across the island. As the steamer did not wait after we returned, I had no opportunity to reply by her. I am very glad to hear that you enjoyed yourself so much while you were at Pensacola, and also that you had an opportunity to visit Capt. Thompson, and his wife. They are very pleasant people. It is too bad that I was so disappointed in not meeting Fred. Your expedition did not prosper so well this time as it did the last. I hope your sea sickness will do you good as you think. It ought to do any amount of good to recompense for so much misery. Do you remember that I asked you to dance with me a short time ago, and you refused, saying you had given it up? Where did you get your riding habit to ride out with? Much good Collins's recommendation has done me. This is the second time he has done it. I am afraid that Morris told you wrong stories. You might have learned more correctly of our movements from the

once handkerchiefs,  
in the afternoon I signed  
and men a striking  
Chattel, Mary and her  
son to the same work  
in the common in the  
evening, once existed  
me to go, but I did not  
feel able to go over there  
and stand by or there  
hours and dearest for  
not able to go any  
other unless you are  
with me, or after enjoying  
your employment, I shall  
please to be inescapable  
to me. Mary - Blake  
is at home on a furlough  
I shall be and accept  
before he returns, I  
I expect to go over  
to Sarah's this  
evening with Jim.  
I have promised her  
long to travel I would  
love to go and I would  
love a kiss for you.

home last Friday morning at half past seven  
I was very tired and felt homesick to get  
back to you again. After I saw you aboard the  
Steamer, Mr Cooper said we had better go down  
to the Steamer and engage my stateroom, we  
went down to the Fall River boat, and the clerk  
very politely informed us, that all the state  
rooms were engaged. I then told Mr C - I  
would not go on that boat but would take  
the Providence and Stonington route line, I  
was fortunate enough to obtain a room on  
that boat. After we had finished our business  
Mr C - proposed we should take a trip down  
to Staten Island in the Steamer (which runs  
between the city and Island) as it was very hot  
in the city. Mr C - was very kind and attentive  
to me, and I should have enjoyed myself

W. H. G. is still very sick

stand  
very much. I had not just parted with  
my dear husband. We returned to the Hotel  
about half-past three, and after eating my dinner  
and packing my trunk, Mr C— accompanied  
me down to the Steamer. I was very fortunate  
to meet with Mr C— I should have been  
so very lonely without him, he was with me  
all day and exerted himself to make the time  
pass pleasantly, I feel very <sup>grateful</sup> <sup>to him</sup> for  
his kindness. After I got on the boat I was so  
completely tired out, that I went to bed at  
seven o'clock, and slept until one, when I had  
to take the car. When I got home I found Pa  
Hollis had been very sick, the rheumatism  
commenced in his foot and went all over  
his body finally settling in his head, and making  
him light-headed, he is improving now although  
his head is not right yet. The rest of the family  
are all well. William did not return from  
Dred Bosbury until last night, he is much  
better, he thinks of going to New Hampshire  
this week.

although he may live for years. We had such  
a sudden change last week. Stanley took a  
severe cold, and has been miserable for a week  
past, he says he feels better this morning. Mother  
received a letter from William Thursday, he arrived  
safely at Center Harbor, and was enjoying himself.  
We heard from Eben last week he was well.

I went over to the city to see my Doctor Wednesday  
she said I had been about for two weeks, and  
I told her I had been in a state of excitement  
and she could not promise much change, but  
since I was no worse, she said if I visited her  
regularly once a week, and attended carefully to  
her directions, I might be able to go down east  
the last of this month. I hope I shall not  
have to visit her many more times, for they are  
rather expensive visits, she charges \$3.00 for the  
first visit and \$2.00 for the others, and I have  
to pay for my medicines besides. I paid her  
\$4.50 last week. My appetite is improving, and I  
can walk some distance now, without feeling  
tired, so I begin to feel quite encouraged about  
myself. You have no idea how every thing has  
gone up here for a week past, yesterday cotton

was I bought a yard, and tomorrow they say it  
will be \$1.10, so my dear you had better make  
your flannel shirts, be careful and not let any  
one steal the cotton ones, you had twelve cotton  
and linen ones with you when you started.

"By the way" be sure you send me some more  
flannel for a riding habit, for I am going to  
ride when I get home. If you can I wish you  
could send me 12 yards of flannel and two  
dozen buttons, jackit size. If you cannot  
send the flannel you can send me money to  
buy the habit, for you promised me one.

Last Thursday I spent the day in Brighton, they  
were all well, I missed a car in the evening, and  
did not get in the city until half past nine,  
then I had to go from the Peace House to Lowell

Building, I was alone and was looked a rather  
sharp by a number of the male gender.

I was in Mrs Gilly's lecture evening, and she was  
speaking about your desks, saying she wished  
you could sell them for she needed the room,  
Mary Blake wanted them when she opened her  
school and offered Mother \$1.50 a piece for

them but she would not sell them, but it  
~~can~~ think it would be better to sell them for  
that price and have the money; then keep them  
for you will not need them again. Wouldn't I  
better sell them if I can? My darling Husband you  
don't know how much I miss you, it seems as  
if you had been gone ten months instead of ten  
days, and I dare not look forward to the many  
many months that will pass, before I shall see  
your dear face again. I dream of you most every  
night and think you are with me, but it is hard  
to make and find myself all alone. Have you  
applied to be transferred? I do hope you will be successful.  
I think it is about time I received a letter from you.  
I am anxiously waiting for it. I expect Miss Reed  
(the young lady from Anqueton, who is visiting at  
Mr. Roswell's) up here this afternoon to pass the night  
with me. I cannot write this until I hear from  
you, for I do not know how to address it, I  
met George Lische in the city the first last week  
he starts for New Orleans the first of this week. I  
must now close this and write to Mother, as my  
dear good bye. In this morning's paper I  
learn that Gen Lische has been promoted to Assistant

Ray must've sunk with Major, he has been very fortunate, has he not? In the promontory since within three months? Wednesday July 3<sup>rd</sup>

I have just received your kind letter, dearest and ~~was~~ am very happy to hear from you, and at the same time unhappy to think you have been so unpleasantly situated. When you went aboard the Steamer Mr Cooper asked me if I wished to remain, but I could only shake my head, for I found my courage was fast leaving me, and I did not care to have a scene on the pier, before so many people. You were very fortunate to fall in with such good friends, and I suppose you enjoyed your journey very much, as you had no troublesome sick trips to wait upon or scold you when you visited the propeller to split, but you know clearest I did it for you good. I am sorry you forgot so many things, and if you will send me a list, I will try and get them for you. send it soon for I am going down east in three or four weeks. I wrote to you Sunday, after you left, but did not send the letter, as I did not know how to address it. I thought it better to wait and send you a long one, than run the risk of having it lost. I have kept myself very busy since you went away to keep the blues off, for if I allowed myself to dwell on my afflictions I should be perfectly miserable. But we will hope clearest that the separation will not be as long as it was before. How did you spend the month, pleasantly I hope. In the morning Charlie took Mary & Kelly, Joe took Carlie over to the Morning Concert on the Common, I staid at home took care of Pinky and washed stockings



out done by Nellie, had on her chemise and  
a muslin waist, and Mary took all  
her clothes off, and put on a night dress.  
There was a party went down to the beach  
bathing ~~at~~ <sup>Friday</sup> night, I got all ready  
to go ~~and~~ but did not feel very well, so  
at the last moment concluded to remain  
at home. This is the childrens Sunday. Nellie  
has just returned home from church and  
says it ~~was~~ is trimmed beautifully with  
flowers. There were a large number christened  
Nell, Stan, and Edwin among the number.

Dinner is ready, so with a kiss I will bid you  
good bye for a time. L. Tuesday Morning

I have just written a letter to Jennie Bishop and  
have now time to write longer this morning. Pa  
Kellis is much better. William started for  
Hamphire this morning. It is very cool here this  
morning. good bye L. Sunday Morning July 3<sup>rd</sup>

It has been cloudy and rainy for two days, just  
and this morning it is dull. I shall not go  
out. Last Monday evening Mr Campbell got a  
large wagon and took his wife, Carrie, Nell  
and Martha down to the beach. I went to night  
in Charles's buggy, we started with the  
intention of going in bathing, but it was so cool  
when we got there, we did not think it prudent  
to go in, so we walked on the beach a short  
distance, went in the Peanut, and got some  
spruce beer, then returned home. Last Sunday

I was down to Uncle C - to tea. Grandmother  
and Uncle John came up Tuesday, the day  
after we left for New York. Uncle John received  
a telegram from Baltimore, that his baby was  
very sick, so he hurried home, did not get even spots  
in Chelsea. We have since heard that his child  
was better. William went home last week Friday  
I did not see him, before he left. Pa Kellis  
is about the same, his mind wanders most of  
the times, I fear he will never be well again.

**George Fearing Hollis Papers**

**1852 - 1903**

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**CIVIL WAR - Correspondence - Letters from Eliza  
"Lizzie" Hollis to George F. Hollis, 1861 - 1864**



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