

The Steamer Baltimore is in sight, bound to  
Washington. I may have a chance to send U.S. Steamer Louisiana  
this by her. Cargo rate, I have it all  
ready to send. Direct to Capt. Parsons. Thursday Chesapeake Bay  
till further orders. adieu Jerry  
Tuesday, Aug. 13 1861

Dear Mother: — Last Sunday, all the officers, except two assis-  
tant engineers, and myself, went ashore and remained the whole afternoon.  
We, who remained behind, expected to enjoy the same privilege the  
next day; but Monday morning, we up with our anchor, and hauled  
alongside a coal ship, took in coal, got a pilot, and thus ran  
outside to take a look. During the afternoon, we passed near  
the Quaker City. I was drilling a squad of men with musket. Suddenly  
we heard the report of a heavy gun, and then the whir of a rifle shot  
as it passed over heads. I had no idea at first that it came  
from the Quaker City, but thought it proceeded from a rebel battery  
ashore, as we were pretty well in. We hauled up within speaking  
distance of the vessel, and she said there were two schooners out-  
side that ought to be looked after. We ran out, and found they  
were "all right." One of them was from Baltimore bound to some  
port in Connecticut, loaded with lumber. She had sprung a leak,  
and the captain was endeavoring to get back to Hampton roads.  
The wind was light, with considerable sea on. We got out a line  
and gave him a tow, taking him almost to the roads. We then ran  
outside again. During the night and the next morning (this morning)  
it blew decently, and the old "Lousy Anna", as we now call her  
aboard, made some tall rolling. The guns got loose, making some  
trouble. It was a difficult matter to get any breakfast, things went  
slushing about so. Everybody had a curse for the old boat. She  
is a miserable tub; and Uncle Sam got awfully cheated when  
he purchased her. She is so slow that we can't catch anything  
but a shot, unless in a dead calm; and Com. Stringham says

she isn't fit to go outside. So, all we have got to do is to cruise about the Chesapeake Bay. Affairs in our mess don't get any better pretty fast. We got no dinner to-day; and we got an apology for a supper at four o'clock. The gun boat Mount Vernon is anchored very near us; blockading the Rapahannock river. We are close in shore very near a rebel battery; and I expect they will give us a shot soon. Every body is disgusted with the old craft; and the wish is expressed that we may get a shot in our machinery, so as to unfit us for service.

Wednesday Aug. 14<sup>th</sup>. We have been at anchor since yesterday, in full view of the shore - so close as to be able to distinguish persons with a glass. I had the first watch, last night, from eight to midnight. No light was allowed aboard the ship; and I had orders to beat to quarters in the least alarm, and then report. The night was dark and rainy, with the wind from the north-west - raining at intervals. I kept my eyes wide open, I can tell you; and they fairly ached when I left the deck. We had a slight alarm during the night, amounting to nothing.

Thursday Aug. 15. A. M. My writing was cut short last evening by a very welcome call to supper, which I was not loth to obey. We had a good dinner yesterday, and a good breakfast this morning. We got underweigh, this morning, in my watch, at two o'clock, and steamed up the Chesapeake as far as Tangier Sound - leaving the Mount Vernon at the mouth of the Rapahannock. We are now lying at anchor off Tangier Island, and the boys are debating the subject of chicken dinner to-morrow. Chickens are offered at \$1.50 per dozen. Sweet potatoes, too, are to form part of the "grand Union Dinner!" We are having splendid weather after our cold northern. Yesterday morning, it was cold enough for great coats.

Friday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> A.M. The morning opened gloomy, with cold rain, and an easterly wind. I had the morning watch, and have just finished breakfast. Yesterday we bought a dozen and a half of nice, large, salt-water trout, weighing nearly a pound each. We had a famous supper and breakfast to match. You know I was never much of an eater; but I did, in order to encourage the cook, eat a little. Last night the guns were cast loose ready for action; and the pikes laid by the rail. Whether the "Frischets" were expected or no, depends with not, but leaves us in doubt. If they do come they will find us prepared. I am determined to let drive Bjorn & I report. We are between Md. and Va. in Chesapeake waters. Probably it is not according to Virginian ideas of propriety for us to lay here; but it can't be helped; here we are, and here we must stay till the Capt. gives orders to haul up anchor. The people here on the island are Union; and this National trouble has not at all worked to their advantage. The Virginians threatened to come over last 4<sup>th</sup> of July, haul down their American flag and raise a seersucker in its stead; but, unfortunately for them, the U.S. Steamer "Pawnee" arrived here on that day, and rather interfered with their programme - inasmuch that the performance has been indefinitely postponed.

We have just got underweigh, and are bound up the Potomac river. I don't know how far up we shall go - probably till we are driven back by the rebels. I trust they will be careful, and aim so as not to strike any of us.

Sat. Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> P.M. Hunt just chased two schooners, which were boarded and found to be "all right." We came in collision with one, and stove our figure head. These schooners were manned by negroes.

We hauled up alongside a fishing boat, the owner of which came aboard. In the boat was a contraband, who declared he was not a slave. Last night we lay at anchor in Pocumoke Sound, off Watts' island. Ex. Gov. Wise owns a piece of real estate on this island. We got a few watermellons, this is rather a dull place to be tied to - nothing to be seen and poverty is written over everything. Last night we made five skimmers anchor alongside us, they were all right, bound from Baltimore to Snowhill in Md. up the Pocumoke. We got a few watermellons from one of them. We have just cast anchor in the sound. How long we may remain here is rather uncertain.

Sunday, Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> A. M. I have celebrated Sunday by drilling my division, with musket. "Times are not now as they used to was". This was the text. My men are becoming very expert. I have succeeded in instilling into them that the bayonette is never rammed down into the barrel, that the powder should be inserted before the bullet, and that the muzzle should be pointed towards the enemy. I thought I should die laughing the other day. The 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. was drilling an awkward squad without belts, and had given them three rounds. Of course they had no convenient place to stow them; so one ingenious fellow stowed his cartridges in his boots and placed his caps inside the lining of his caps. When the order "prime!" came, he laid down his musket and fumbled about in his cap for his caps; by that time, all the rest had discharged their muskets. We got underway this morning, and are now leaving the sound, and running down the Chesapeake. Where we are going is more than I dare conjecture. We have to remain in a blissful state of ignorance concerning our destination, and never know when we are going, till we arrive there. This morning, at muster, we dispensed with white pants and vests, and all came out in blue. It is perfect folly to wear white aboard this craft, especially in our region; as we are so near the fire room that we get more coal than we want. Last night it rained in torrents, and I had a glorious wash in fresh rain water. You see, every evil brings some good!

U. S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Off Fortnes Munro,  
Aug 30<sup>th</sup> 1861

Dear Mother:— Here we are again firmly tied to the wharf at the fortress, whereas I supposed yesterday, that we would now be luxuriating on Virginian oysters, in almost single blessedness at the mouth of the Rappahannock. Yesterday, as you may easily perceive from the closing portion of my last letter, I closed up my correspondence in a hurry, hardly having time to address them. Soon after we heard rapid firing in the direction of Newports News, the smoke of which could be easily seen. Newports News fortification is concealed from our sight at the fortress by a point of land. Smoke could also be seen on the other side of the river, apparently proceeding from a <sup>rebel</sup> battery on shore. I thought both sides were trying the range of their guns, to see if they would carry across. In a short time an officer came aboard of us from the Prigair, stating that three rebel steamers were attacking the Savannah, a frigate lying under the battery of Newports News, and ordering us up to support her. The Capt. was ashore, and I was dispatched to hunt him up. Off I started on the Horder double quick step, the sun being down hot, well, hot as our state-room. After running about a mile, I found the Capt. and told him we were ordered up to support the Savannah by the commanding officer. He very coolly sent me back to find out the name of the one ordering. That I found out after another run down to the wharf where we were lying. Then up I ran to the fortress again, found the Capt. and learned from him that only one steamer had attacked the Savannah, and that she had retired, he having just received a telegram from Newports News. After the rebel steamer left the Savannah, she came down quite near the fleet, and fired a shell at the Seminal, the shell struck, very near her. She then retired. About 4 P.M. we steamed up to Newports News and found the Savannah had received the worst of it, having received a shot in her mainmast, her launch stove, one ball in her hull, besides several shots about her rigging. None of the Savannah's guns would reach the steamer, which

is a little, insignificant steamer, but saucy enough for a big frigate. But she had a large rifled cannon, worth ten batteries of 32 pounders; for, the Savannah is a sailing frigate; and two little steamers chose her distance out of range of the 68 guns, and jugged into her right merrily. This shows the advantage of having one, good rifled cannon.

Tuesday, A.M. We are in the midst of glorious weather, which, though warm, is much enjoyed. There is nothing particular going on, and everything remains in statu quo. Last Sunday, instead of going ashore, I visited St. Savannah. I met with a very kind reception, and was highly pleased with the appearance of their accommodations so superior to ours. Each one had a state-room to himself, twice as large as that which serves for two on our packet. We ought not to complain, for there are vessels now in service that are provided for more meanly than ours.

I received a Gazette yesterday: why don't you rush them along earlier, and not wait till they are a week old? That is not a Yankee way of doing business by any means. The Steamer Seminole came up here last Saturday, and now there are three of us here under our batteries. She is quite a fine looking steamer, but is not fast.

Wednesday, A.M. Everything remains here in statu quo. The weather still continues very lovely, though quite warm - warm enough to give one's face a southern tinge. The evenings are cool and pleasant, making good sleeping weather. The revenue cutter "Corwin" came up here this morning, and we are going down to the fortress, for what purpose I am ignorant.

We have just made our new assessments for the present month, to provide ourselves with the necessaries of life. We calculate \$10. per month will keep us, though we may run ahead of it. Last month it cost us over \$17. each. I have been chasing treasures and book-keepers of the mess. We are allowed \$7.50 per month for our rations.

Friday, P.M. Last night, a short time after I had "turned in" for a good night's sleep - having "all night in", we were startled by the long roll of the drum, informing all that their presence was immediately desired at quarters. McKinnon was officer of the deck, and came rushing into our state room after his cutlass and pistol, I was out of my bunk, had my trousers on, and my sword girded on in pretty quick time - say 1/2 minute. The soldiers were drawn up ashore, and aboard of the three other vessels there was the same performance. There was more confusion aboard of our vessel than I hope to witness again, My division was the quietest, as most of them were obliged to be below. I had not the least idea but what it was a genuine call, and the enemy were indeed upon us: for the night was dark, and very favorable for a night attack, and I had noticed numerous lights ashore which seem'd to be flashing signals to & fro.

We ought to be exercised in beating to quarters at least three times a week, then there will be no confusion. As it is, this was the first time we had been called out in the night. I have proved one thing to my satisfaction, and that is that I can get to my station as soon as the next man who happens to be off watch. It is hot and sultry day, and I have been engaged in drilling a division of twenty with muskets. During the drill, one of the masters asked to take my musket, and commenced telling what to do. The

senior master, Mr. Hawkes called to me from the  
hurricane deck to come up there and leave him  
to do the drilling. I told Mr. H. that I did not  
like any interference while drilling the men.  
Soon I heard the master call, and down I went  
down on the spar deck and told him I thought he  
was going to drill. "No," said he, "but some of the  
men need carrying, and I thought I would  
do it." "Well" said I, "when I am drilling, I wish  
to drill without any interference from anybody."  
We had quite a respectable growl, but that was  
all. Those who were posted said my drill was  
superior to his, and that the men all over the  
ship were laughing at him. They will find it  
hard work to bluff me down. I might, if I  
had desired it have been in this station at  
a salary of \$300. per month, instead of \$200. but  
I did not like to gouge my neck.  
I received Mrs's kind letter and a fine photograph  
yesterday, and Mother's letter and four papers to-  
day. I will reply to you soon. I was very happy  
to receive his photograph, and take great pride  
in showing it to my messmates. I shall draw  
Kate D. a line soon to thank her for her kindness.  
Thank Mr. Gilby for his paper: they are appreciated,  
as is also his kindness. I should like to receive  
Frank's photograph, and as many more as possible.  
I had hoped Tom would continue his studies,  
and attend the high school. It will be better  
for him in the end to get all he can now.  
We have growled a great deal at not going down  
to the inlet with the fleet. We lost that honor.  
Tom to all. Father's patriotism cannot be doubted.  
Doubt everybody had as much. I have a long letter  
underneath for the Hudsons. Adieu Gray.



U.S. Steamer Louisiana  
Newport News, Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1861

Dear Mother: — After a couple of rainy days the sun has again appeared and greets us kindly. Last night I had all night below. At twelve o'clock, dreaming probably of some night attack, I mistook the piping of the watch for all hands to quarters. Without waiting to collect my scattered ideas, I leaped out of my berth, donned trousers, shoes and coat, seized my sword and pistol, and, giving a cry of "all hands to quarters," rushed out on to the spar deck. Here I ran about of a quarter master, and, asking him if it was all hands to quarters, was answered "no sir," with a surprised, as if he had a doubt of my sanity. I made my way back to the mess-room and informed my mates that it was a mistake. There was some hard growling among the mess at being roused out from a sound sleep for nothing. One had just turned out as I was turning in. I was politely requested not to dream so loud in future, — a recommendation I shall endeavor to follow. Yesterday afternoon I went ashore to visit a N. Y. regiment just on the point of leaving for the W. Co. coast. I was presented with a book taken from Gen. Jones' house. Our boatswain found a number of old specimens in this regiment, a number of which gave him a horse he had captured. I was offered the privilege of riding, whenever I chose: but considering the sorry figure a sailor usually cuts on horse-back, I don't think I shall avail myself of the kind offer. The same boatswain was also made the recipient of a nice, little, black, sleek pig, which, it seems, finds some of the "secrets of adversity," as he receives a daily allowance of molasses. He is very tame, and runs about the deck crying for someone to pet him. His weight is only 2 1/2 lbs. We captured our first prize yesterday. It was nothing very splendid, only a log canoe. I hope I shan't be sent home as sailing master.

Sunday, Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> A.M. I had the offer of a run ashore this morning, but, as I have written nothing for six whole days, I thought it would forgo that pleasure, and post you up, in our doings. We have had our first naval engagement, none injured! This is reliable. That is, none of our people were hurt. The affair came off last Friday afternoon, about six o'clock.

The steamer formerly called the Yorktown, now the Patrick Henry, formerly running between N.Y. and Norfolk, now belonging to the U.S. Navy - came down just out of range, and, bringing herself ~~forward~~ to, fired a gun. This was saucy in the extreme, as there were at anchor here, the Savannah, the Cumberland, besides our redoubtable craft, not to mention the shore battery. She was answered by the Savannah, whose shot did not reach half way. We got up our anchor, and stood up a little way. ~~Did~~ let drive our small howitzers at her, and were pleased to find that our shot went just ahead of her. The rebel let drive a shell, which exploded between the Savannah and us. Bang! went our little fellow, this time striking the steamer we thought, and still thinks so. The Savannah and Cumberland fired away quite briskly, but none of their shot reached the steamer - all falling short. So we banged away till we fired seven shots, when, in the language of my log slate, "the steamer withdrew". Our shot came very near giving us all we wished, as on

of her shots struck just under our bows, splashing  
the water aboard in fine style. The Sawyer gun  
ashore was fired twice, but their shots ~~were~~ very wild.  
We made the best shots of all; and when we thought  
one of our shots took effect, there was some clapping  
about the quarter-deck. I had a fine opportunity to  
see all that was going on; as we were not called  
to quarters, only the rifle howitzers being employed.  
So I mounted the house with the rest of the unem-  
ployed officers, and looked on to see the fun.  
Those conical shells have a very wicked sound  
when coming into one's immediate neighborhood,  
which is certainly musical, though not of the  
right style. Our men behaved very well indeed,  
and seemed to enjoy the fun. Yesterday two  
rebel steamers were hovering about up the river,  
and one below us, near Norfolk. We thought they  
were meditating some mischief; but the day passed  
off quietly. The Savannah was towed down to the  
fortress yesterday morning, and leaves the Colum-  
bia in her place. Friday morning, the day of  
the brush, I had the morning watch, and about  
seven o'clock I reported a boat up the river. I  
received the usual answer, "very well", and no  
questions were asked, neither did the capt. come  
on deck to examine. Just after eight o'clock  
the Savannah sent one of her boats to pick  
it up, and then we up anchor and started;

but we had but little steam on, and the boat  
arrived first, captured the boat and found  
a man in it, he proved to be a deserter from  
this same Patrick Henry, and had been left  
with three others and a midshipman, in charge  
of a light house, some distance up the river,  
watching his opportunity, while they were ~~on~~  
~~watch~~ asleep, and he was on watch, he took  
their boat that morning, about three o'clock,  
and had been paddling all the morning to reach  
us. He represented that she was armed with  
six broadside and two pivot guns - three men  
than we have, but that she was leaking badly,  
and that men were at the pumps all the  
time. At the same time the steamer fired at  
us, a body of cavalry appeared and drove  
our pickets in, but were repulsed by the  
artillery. I visited a resident here, the other  
day, and had a chat with him in the time.  
He was an old, grey-headed man, and has lost  
considerable by the soldiers pilfering from him.  
When our troops came down, his neighbors  
asked him if he was not going to leave his  
house and retire. He said he had traded and  
had communications with the Yankees for  
the last twenty years, and he was not afraid  
of their injuring them in the least. He spoke  
very highly of the class. soldiers that had  
been here, a company of whom were from Quincy,  
but he couldn't bear the Dutchmen. The pickets  
came down to the beach every morning and  
discharge their muskets. The other day a bullet  
came through our wharehouse, and struck the  
foremast. Corlies!! I believe everybody invari-  
ably waits till I am out of the way before they  
call on us. I have not seen any of the Pettis family

Please send  
this to Legation  
as the vessel  
leaves so soon  
that I have  
no time to  
write.  
Love to all  
at home and  
to all friends  
George.

U. S. Steamer Louisiana  
Newport News Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> 1861  
(Chincoteague Inlet, Va.)

Dear Mother:—When I wrote the above heading, I calculated to commence a letter, and, in course of time finish it, and send it in its way: but some of the men were going ashore and wished me to go with them and take a run about in terra firma. We visited the hospital and were pleased at the cleanliness and good order shown in its management. I soon tired of the shore, and was glad to return aboard. When the steamer arrived at sundown from the fortress, a dispatch came to us calling us down to the fortress. So the next morning, Monday, we up anchor and steamed down at daybreak. Various speculations were afloat as to our destination, some availing that we were bound south and others contending that we were ordered to the eastern shore of Virginia. When I went ashore during the forenoon, I took the opportunity, supposing that we were to sail at once, of writing a few lines to warn you that it was possible that you might be without a letter for a month. But here it is now Wednesday, and still we remain in the same position, not knowing what will be done with us, whether we are to be sent anywhere or nowhere—especially the latter. As I have just purchased a month's stores, we may be sent back to Newport News again.

Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> Chincoteague. I don't think that a name, euphonic in the highest degree! More than half the ship's company have broken us discolated jaws by endeavoring

to pronounce it. You may look on the map for it in vain, for it is one of the places that are not down. If you are very inquisitive, go to some old oyster man, and ask him, and he will tell you that the finest oysters come from this place, exceeding all others in delicacy of flavor. There is an island here which is reached by entering an inlet from the sea. By looking at the bottom of that piece of Virginia separated from the mainland by the Chesapeake, called Occomock County, you will strike near the place. This island holds some 150 voters, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, are Union men; while those on the island mainland are "Secesh." The Islanders hold those of the mainland in supreme contempt, call them "Sword eaters" &c.

We left Hampton Roads last Thursday, and arrived in the inlet the next morning, casting our anchor near the mouth. We found a dozen or more schooners and boarded them finding them all right as far as their opinions were concerned. They were sans papers, as there is no custom house here. During the afternoon Mr. Furness, <sup>one of our masters</sup> took two boats and an armed crew and went to the mainland to board a schooner. Late in the afternoon he sent one of the boats back for instructions, stating that the schooner was aground, and could not be got off. Mr. Hooker, another master went back in the boat with instructions to burn the vessel. About 8 in the evening, Mr. Furness returned without meeting Mr.

Hooker, and immediately sent off again in search of him. Soon after Mr. Hooker returned without meeting with Mr. Purviss, so we fired a gun and sent up a rocket which brought back the boat.

The next morning, Sat. Oct. 5th. both boats, commanded by the two masters again set out with crews of eleven men each, fully armed with Sharp's rifles and revolvers and cutlasses. I had the deck that morning, and kept a diligent watch through the glass, and as the morn'g the schooner, I saw a hundred or more men start from their ambush and fire into the boats, which was returned by the boats. Mr. Hooker was struck by a smooth ball, which entered below his right shoulder, and was taken out of his back two days after.

We threw them shot from our rifled gun, which startled them somewhat. It was strange no more on our side were injured, as the rebels had a decided advantage in position and number of men. Two of the rebels were brought down by our men, and the schooner was fired as she could not be got out. We were obliged to anchor two miles or more distant in account of our drawing <sup>too much water</sup>. We got our anchor up on the return of the boats and soon after struck on a sand bar. After a short time we floated off, but in less than ten minutes we were again ashore, this time hard and fast in a lee shore. Both wind and tide were against us, and all our labor was in vain. We worked till late Sat. night, getting our anchors and kedges. Sunday we sent a boat up to

the island and got an old wretched to bring down heavy  
howers and purchases to have her off. All Sunday was  
spent endeavoring to have her off, but the wind was too  
strong. Monday morning we floated into deep water.  
We were ashore in a very bad place, and our chance  
of getting clear was not very good. Certainly, if the  
ship had remained we might have been transbored,  
but perhaps the Leicesters would have had the job.

Friday, Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> Mr. Wood takes our prize  
schooner to the Forties this morning, and  
I will improve the opportunity, and send  
this by him. I expect we will go up to the  
island this morning. We would have been  
up there before, but have been detained by  
a heavy N. Easter, not at all agreeable.  
I have been suffering from a bad cold, but  
am now getting the better of it.

Last night one of our men died. He had been  
sick for some time with typhoid fever.  
He will be buried to-day ashore. We can't  
tell how long we shall remain here. If  
we were to leave now the islanders would  
stand a poor chance; for the French soldiers  
to the number of 2000 line the shore of the  
main land and would soon be upon them  
like wolves on the sheep fold. So I don't  
think we will leave till we are relieved by  
some other steamer. We have received neither  
letters nor papers since we have arrived, and  
must await our time. We will soon have an  
arrangement perfected whereby we can get papers.  
I will write again when I get an opportunity.



If I had time  
I might have made  
the larger but  
time presses.  
Now take your  
care of yourself  
me and all, and  
write to tomorrow  
you feel like  
it.  
Yours

U.S. Steamer Louisiana  
Chincoteague Island Oct 20th  
1861  
Va.

Dear Mother:— Yesterday Mr. Huxley, 3<sup>d</sup> Assistant Eng<sup>r</sup>  
on of "our mess," returned from the Fortnes, whither  
he went near a week ago to carry dispatches to  
the Commodore. I certainly expected to go myself,  
but Capt. Murray did not wish to send away any  
of the deck officers, as it would bear too heavily  
on those remaining. It was very fortunate that he  
did so; for when the boat left with the prize  
schooner (with whom my last letters were sent)  
it left us with only three deck officers, that is,  
officers to head the watch. A few days after one of  
these was taken sick, and both the Gunner and  
Carpenter were drawn in to fill the vacancies  
caused thereby. We received a full letter bag. I was  
fortunate enough to receive eight welcome papers,  
and four more welcome letters, from you and others.  
One from the Hudsons, and one also from Carrie  
Guerny, in answer to a long promised letter I  
wrote her from Newport News.

A month's provision was sent us, and word was  
sent that fifty tons of coal would soon follow.  
So we have settled down into the opinion that we  
are to remain here for some time yet.

In fact we cannot leave the island, at least till we are relieved by another steamer; and no very vessel is suitable for such a place as this. Indeed, if we drew 4 or 5 ft. instead of 8 our usefulness would be still more increased. The moment this place is left unprotected, the men from the main would swarm over, and horrible deeds would be committed; for they are even more incensed against the islanders than they were before, and the poor people here have nothing to use in their defence but their fowling pieces loaded with shot a poor apparatus against a rifle!

I can hardly describe to you the destitution and poverty struck appearance of the island and its inhabitants; I had no idea that such poor substitutes for dwellings were in use anywhere in our land. The houses are of the meanest description mere shanties, containing, usually, but one room, used indiscriminately as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedchamber - sometimes occupied by as many beds as can be conveniently stowed away. Fever and Ague, that terrible scourge of low southern and western lands, has laid siege to the poor people, bringing whole families to doleful doors. A great many have died of this disease and other kindred bilious complaints; but the disease is now giving way to cool weather, and the place will soon be comparatively healthy. The island is very

low, and a stagnant pond extends through the island, giving birth to disease and innumerable quantities of mosquitoes, some of which have visited us, to our no small annoyance.

This morning I went to church. It bears but little resemblance to our new church, being about <sup>half</sup> the size of a primary school house, whitewashed outside, paper and whitewash inside, sanded floor, and plain pine benches, half of them minus backs. The feminine portion of the congregation occupy one side, and the male beside the other side. When I entered they were engaged in singing one verse of an ancient hymn, the voices of the women sounding like the refrain of a bagpipe, with more of the nasal than could be found in all the Yankees in N. E. This verse was worried through for near half an hour, the minister manfully edging in a few words, something like this, "That's it! That's the 'road to glory!" and other expressions.

After the singing, one of the deacons made a prayer. I kept my head bent down, and possessed a serious expression during the whole of it.

It was a difficult job, I can assure. At the end of every few words, in would come that everlasting "ah." For instance: "If it had not been, ah, that the Lord Jesus had not come, ah, what would have become of us ah?" Sometimes that "ah," would come in in the most ridiculous

manner, causing me to keep the muscles of my mouth screwed up like iron wires, as I did not to smile. The people are honest and clever, but as ignorant as Irish peasants; so never brag too much about the "education of the masses." How different this is from our glorious old New England! The more I see of other places, the more I am convinced that there is no country like New England, and no city that can compare with our good, old, many-favored city of Boston. Here I will rest for this Sunday night, and turn in, hoping I shall get a good sleep before I turn out to-morrow morning at four o'clock; and I am somewhat tired and sleepy from having the watch from twelve to four last night, and my tramps about the island to-day.

Wednesday - Oct. 23<sup>d</sup> Since Sunday we have been visited by an old friend of mine, who usually, I supposed, took up his residence at Claxial in New England, especially as he luxuriates in the same initials. I refer to a certain North Easton. They are not at all pleasant when you are obliged to take them on deck. I have recovered from my cold, and am now in good health, or, vulgarly speaking, am "O. K." Before this you will have received my letter written from this place near two weeks ago, and your anxiety will be set at rest. I was sorry to learn that Pactus and Elmer had been sick. I know how Pactus took the Rheumatism. He went to the front door with no coat on?

U.S. Steamer Louisiana  
Chincoagua, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> 1861

Dear Mother:

We have a coal schooner alongside, which came from the Portus day before yesterday, and as she will probably leave to-night, I will send a few lines.

Coal weather is coming on fast, and it is beginning to be a difficult matter to keep warm o' nights, and I wish I had my large shag coat to protect my back. Last night was particularly unpleasant for me. Turned in at half past eight. After getting all snug and warm, and reckoning on a nice sleep, they commenced hauling the coal schooner alongside; and finally, at 11 o'clock, I fell asleep. Ten minutes before 12 I was called to go on watch, which lasted till 4. Between that and 8, I got inside of two hours sleep.

This will be a hard winter, especially for our soldiers and sailors. Our craft is decidedly unpleasant, and in no wise suitable for wintering in, as she has only one deck, used for a berth deck, and the guns are in the main, or spar-deck, with no covering. So the men either have to stay on deck or go into the berth deck.

We find a good deal said in the N.Y. papers about us, & favorable however. Nothing is ever said in the Boston papers. Yesterday, at meeting, the Capt. read to the men a complimentary letter from the department, praising them for their courage in their recent exploit of burning the mould-bags private.

wild ducks are beginning to come in, and we receive them with open arms and mouths. We pay thirty cents per pair. Very soon there will be any quantity of water fowl, and the waters here will be alive with ducks and geese. I wish Charlie could come down, and have a months shooting.

Tomorrow I think of taking a pony ride up the island. There are no roads on the island, and I fear we will find it not so pleasant after all.

After a North easter yesterday, the wind has set in ~~from~~ from the N.W. and it is beautiful and clear. It reminds me of our New England October months, and of the pleasant walks I used to take last fall; and of a pretty picture John Gordon and I saw on the road to the beach, just after passing our old Powder horn.

There is nothing of any interest here, nothing at all worth writing about; and I only write to let you know that I am all right, and, as it were, to keep myself before you all.

It was slack in me not to intimate to my scholars and friends generally that I was going away, and have got them to present me with a sword, that is, a regulation sword, to which I am entitled, and which costs \$24. — too much for my slender purse. Keep your letters and papers going, for they are appreciated. Don't be afraid of boring me with letters. Love to all. George

Massachusetts, now packed at Sandy Bies. This will  
soon be sharp work on the main anchor of Accomack,  
Yours to all, Yours, U.S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Chincoteague Island, Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>/61

Dear Mother, My last letter from home bears the date  
of Oct 14<sup>th</sup> truly as venerable as was "your ancient  
mariner" before he departed this life. To a man  
unable to read, and aged letters would be as propi-  
table as me fresh from the quill: but poor, unfor-  
tunate me! brought up in Mass. where P. O.'s are  
plenty; yea, where they even perambulate, as does  
our Boston P. O. from Sumner to State on returns, bear  
3 in 5. But joking aside, "what are these letters?"  
as they would say down here in this lovely  
end of Creation, where ignorance is bliss.  
Here we have no P. O. because hardly we can  
either read or write; so a P. O. would be  
a superfluous institution.

I went to a Church last Sunday and listened  
to the preaching of a good Clergyman, but one who  
by his own testimony could not read the whole  
of the bible. He got cast away while trying to  
read "whence the wind cometh, and whither it  
bloweth," and finally wound up with "whither  
it cometh or whither it bloweth."

We are still enjoying our glorious Indian  
Summer, which seems to be of long duration  
down this way. The nights are a little cool,  
but the days are perfect, whether for walking or

what else. How provoke, I had just finished  
the last period, and was about mentioning  
something as a thesis when "all hands to quarters"  
called me away.

wild ducks are now flocking in great numbers  
into the bay. The people here seem to be in  
no hurry to shoot them. Shooting will  
soon commence and then you will  
bequeiriate.

A schooner came up from the Porters some  
two weeks ago, bringing us coals in charge  
of a Master in the way. He died aboard  
of us three days after and was buried  
ashore, with military honors. I attended  
with my company, as an escort, and fired  
three volleys over the grave.

Last Sunday morning, in my watch, I picked  
up two "Contrabands" who had escaped from  
John & George Wise of Va. They report  
that all the slaves are being carried over  
the Chesapeake, and all free negroes are being  
impressed. Every night the rebels cross  
the Chesapeake in defiance of the blockade.  
Union soldiers are pouring into Sandy Hill,  
a few miles from here. The second Mass. Battery  
is there, in which are Henry Chems and Geo. Burdett.  
I shall try to get up to see them.

I received two papers to-day. Just received two more,  
but no letters. Write often so that at least  
one out of a dozen may reach me. I have just  
had a conversation with Capt. Hamme of the 2<sup>nd</sup>



Tell Stan. when he writes, to write a proper abbreviation, and not write M. D. for M. D. Don't let two Capitals for one word come from Mass. or I shall hail from another place. With much love to you and U. S. Steamer Louisiana, ad. I close.

Chincoteague Island, Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>/61

Dear Mother:— George.

After waiting for more than a month I have at last received a letter from home written by you one week ago yesterday (Sunday) and mailed the 11<sup>th</sup>. It was brought down to Sandy Hill yesterday, after a week's travel. I judge from the contents that other letters have been sent which I have not yet received; and the contents of your letter was somewhat unintelligible, as it referred to events probably previously recorded in other letters.

Yesterday we also received news of Acting Master Hooker, of Providence, who you remember was attached to the Louisiana, and who left us in charge of the schooner "John Wesley", whose master died aboard of us, as I mentioned in my last.

Soon after he left us a gale sprang up from the N. E., and while he was below, seeking some harbor, he heard an unusual noise on deck; and upon going up found that the men were drunk and the course of the vessel altered. In a few moments she struck in the enemy's

coast. He suffered greatly for a week, but finally  
succeeded in reaching Hampton Roads in safety,  
with his dispatches. In the same paper is a glow-  
ing account of our last boat expedition, the  
nailing of which nearly brought on convulsions.  
Don't talk to me of "reliable news" after  
that! The expedition mentioned was the one  
in which I was in charge, and I sent you  
an account of it by Mr. Hooker. I hardly dare  
hope you received that letter, as he may have  
lost it when shipwrecked. I sent several  
letters at the same time - one to Lizzie, one  
to William describing my duties, and also  
one to the Hudsons. If they were all lost,  
what a great pity it will be! Think of time,  
papers and ink wasted! I want you to pur-  
chase three or four copies of the New York  
Herald of Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> and preserve one at least  
for me to laugh at when I return. Don't fail  
to get the papers through some of the Boston  
Newsmen; but when reading the glowing account  
don't make yourself believe that your leg is  
a "hero". Sensation writers can make a good thing  
now-a-days. Well, it may prove of some advan-  
tage to me when we are ordered home, which  
I think will be before a great while, as I think  
some other vessel will be sent to our relief  
and we be ordered home to re-fit. Then some

Changes will undoubtedly be made, and per-  
haps we will be detached and ordered to another  
ship. I hope it will prove a better and more  
comfortable a ship than the one we occupy at  
present. Nothing new has taken place with us  
since I last wrote, which was about the middle  
of last week, and the letter was put in <sup>the</sup> charge  
of Capt. Nimms, of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Mass. battery, who was to  
pass it from Sandy Hill, Md.  
we have a large body of troops collected in the  
lower part of Virginia, near Accomack County, and  
that peninsula will soon be cleared of "rebels".  
The rebels have cut down the trees bordering on  
the road, for three or four miles, thus obstructing  
the passage of the troops. It will take some  
little time to clear the way. They are impressing  
all the free negroes, and getting the slaves over  
of the way as fast as possible, by sending them  
across the Chesapeake. How they contrive to get  
them across without meeting with opposition  
from our fleet in the bay is one of the mysteries  
of these mysterious times. Several have escaped  
to us for protection. They all say that there are  
many Union men on the main, and that little fighting  
will be done. I hope it will prove so, for I  
think it a sad thing for them to sacrifice so  
many lives for a mere abstraction - hardly  
knowing for what they are fighting.

Enclosed in your letter I found Leggie's short  
note - the first I have heard of her since Sept.  
30th - the date of her last letter. Perhaps this  
will reach you before she leaves. As she seems  
to have no settled residence, I am somewhat at a  
loss where to direct my letters, but think the  
safest way will be to direct in William's care  
and let him remain.

You speak of Willie Blake hearing. I was not aware  
of her sickness. That accounts for my receiving no  
letters from that quarter. I thought they had  
forgotten me; but then I thought the children  
would remind them of me. I long to hear from  
them. I have not yet been informed whether the  
money I borrowed from George has been returned.  
If it has not, I hope it will be attended to  
from this month's allotment; for I had rather  
lose a month's pay than have it delayed so  
long.

What a pleasant time you must have  
had in your garden this propitious fall!  
Don't you wish you had me at home at some of  
your grand "unions"? You need some one to make  
a ground-work of noise, so silence may be appre-  
ciated.

I can't tell from your letter what has taken place  
at Mr. Hunt's though I am afraid he has gone.  
I am glad that Tom's has made a commencement,  
and succeeded in getting scholars. I hope this  
number may increase.

Will Ebb. be may do the courting, provided he pays  
the bills. It is expensive to some, though I  
never found it so.

Give my love to the Gillies, Hunts, Hobsons, Blakes,  
Leonards, and everybody else. Suppose I spend  
Thanksgiving at home, will you thank in any  
the Grates. Somebody has got to be present now with  
a sword when I return, so don't hurry.

U. S. Steamer Louisiana,  
at Sea, Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> 1861

✓  
Dear Mother:

We left Chincoteague Island last Tuesday, the 7<sup>th</sup>, and steamed down the coast a short distance, intending to run into an inlet Sat. afternoon and visit Drumontown, where Capt. Wimm's Boston Battery is located. I was delighted at the idea of visiting this place, and was congratulating myself of on my speedy & prosperous of seeing two old schoolmates, Chivers & Burwell - when, suddenly the ship struck on the bar with a shock severe enough to shatter my air castle, and almost to send me flying to the opposite end of the mess-room. We all rushed out to look at our surroundings, and beheld breakers all around us. Fortunately the sea was comparatively smooth, and the ship lay very comfortably in the sand.

Occasionally a sea a little more respectable than its more lowly neighbors would take a notion to examine our internal arrangements, and come aboard with our beam or lifeline. I was sent with a boat's crew to take soundings with a view of getting out of the reach of such customers. I sat in the stern hauling the lead, enjoying the bright sunshine and mild air, not at all anxious whether we got off or not. At one time, our boat got well into

the breakers, and, seeing two fine fellows chasing each other, I had just time to bring her head to when they reached us. The boat behaved beautifully. She rose almost perpendicularly on end and fell as gracefully as you please without taking a drop of water in. We soon discovered the last water, and then, lashing two boats together, we took our anchor and cable; and during the evening, when the tide rose, gallantly came off, without any serious damage.

Sunday morning we rounded to under Cobble Island, and let go anchor. Here we found some evidence of Yankee enterprise. This island takes its name from the two families living here, of that name. They came to the island from Eastham, Cape Cod, twenty years ago, when there was neither tree nor house on the land. They have now several roomy and comfortable buildings erected, capable of accommodating two hundred people, and have made it quite a watering place for the braves and belles of Richmond and adjacent cities. Now, now, alas! "A theller's occupation is indeed gone." Not a soul comes to cherish this loneliness. They have planted a great many grape vines, and some fig trees, from which they get a good yield. Before this present rebellion, when steamers were plying between Richmond and New York this sale of wild ducks which they shot averaged \$1500. a season. Now there is no way of sending them to market.

Monday morning we again got underway and steamed down and inside passage between the mainland and islands, and cast anchor again in the afternoon near Smith's island, in which is Cape Charles light house. We sent a boat to examine the light house and discovered that the fixtures had all been taken to the mainland to a place called Capwell. We sent two boats, with crews fully armed, in charge of two officers, and they returned during the evening with the missing articles. This morning we again have up our anchor, stand back again to Cobb's island, and are now on our way to the Portues, whither we know not when we are to go next.

Such weather as we have enjoyed this last week, a week in December, might make you all envious, if I should describe it. So you may imagine everything pleasant and call it my description.

Glad am I to go again to the Portues, from which we have been absent over two months, for I indulge in fond anticipations of scores of letters awaiting us. Some of the news may be stale through age, but still they will be welcome. And it will be so pleasant to get when we can hear occasionally from the world at large through the medium of newspapers - those printed letters given by time to the people at large. I have not seen a paper later than the 28<sup>th</sup> Nov, and I have a feeling that some great events have taken place since then. I have written enough for one sitting, so adieu,

Baltimore, Dec. 12<sup>th</sup>

We arrived in Hampton Roads Tuesday evening and were ordered to this place for repairs. Coming up the Chesapeake, we were greeted by an old acquaintance - a genuine N. W. wind, against which we could make but little headway, we were 48 hours coming up the bay.

They say that we will remain here but four days; and after tating in a rifled cannon, we are again to sail for the Fortress, whence we are to sail on important service some where. Where that is I can't state, unless it be the James river. I was told that the Commodore told the Capt. that he only wanted the ship a month longer, and then we are to have a decent craft. To the truth of this I can't vouch. At any rate, we have been highly complimented for our services, small as they were.

You may hear of our knocking shots out of something or other. I hope we may get a chance at the rebel steam, Patrick Henry, and finish what we began so long ago. If we were to remain here any length of time, and I could get a furlough of a week, I would go home. Some of the officers are going home to Philadelphia and New York. I send all letters to the Fortress, as usual. I will write again before leaving this port.

Yours  
Geo. W.



July 17<sup>th</sup> N. S.  
I think there  
will be a chance  
to send letters  
to-day, and I will  
inferior it not  
knowing when  
I shall have  
another opportu-  
nity. The fleet  
is gradually  
degenerating,  
and will soon  
move up to our  
task. I hope it  
will be soon,  
or we will see  
the Commission  
of starvation.  
I leave to all at  
home, and to  
all kind  
friends.  
I will  
write again  
if I see  
any chance  
God bless  
you all,  
good bye,  
George

U. S. Steamer Louisiana  
At Sea, Jan'y 8<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Mother:-

Your last letter bears the postmark  
of Jan. 12<sup>th</sup>, which was duly received.  
I expected to receive a letter this morning before  
leaving, but was disappointed. I received one from  
Lizzie this morning in which she mentioned having  
received the photographs for Charlie, and ex-  
pressed herself better satisfied with the darkest  
one; and, strange to say, that was the one which  
suted you the best. I thought you would prefer  
the others; and the darker one being the first taken  
I sat again and preserved the latter.

We left the Fortress at 11. a. m. and are now on our  
way to Hatteras, which place we expect to reach by  
to-morrow morning. The weather is very mild for this  
season of the year, and, for a wonder, there is very  
little wind stirring, and not much sea; though  
there is enough to incommode us a little in our  
writing. Two of the New York ferry boats, the White Hall  
and the Hoboken, both bound to the same destination  
strange as it may seem, and it is no less strange than  
true, we are the fastest of the lot. Now we have an  
opportunity, we may be pardoned for taking a conscious  
pride in our superior speed, seeing that we have

always had the luck of being numbered among the slow coaches. We were glad enough to leave Hampton Roads; for it is disagreeable, to say the least, to lay in a port, with a daily expectation of leaving, and hang on in this way from day to day. Now we are at last away, off for good; and I hope we will not go back again till we have accomplished our mission, and done something for our country of more consequence than anything we have yet accomplished. Now our foreign matters are straightened out in pretty fair order, considering all things, I hope all the attention and energies of our Government and people will be devoted to the unravelling our difficulties at home, and restoring some kind of order out of this chaotic mass. I sincerely hope that the "grand movement" so often prated about by "reliable" persons will soon take place; and that it will be an advance from all points. I hope to hear soon that the Mississippi fleet is moving down the river; that the fleet at the mouth is moving up; that McClellan is advancing; that Butler's expedition is settling matters in the gulf; and that Burnside's expedition is shelling the fortifications about Norfolk. Then I shall think that something is really doing; and then the newspapers will have something more than conjecture in their telegraphic columns. Then foreign powers will look on and keep a respectful silence, which is more

than we can expect they will do while things go on  
as they have for some time past.

I expect you had quite an enjoyable time about  
Christmas time. It was too bad that I had no oppor-  
tunity of participating in the pleasures of the time.  
But there is no use in bemoaning the loss of that which  
I never had.

I am happy to hear that Carrie has been so fortu-  
nate as to secure a permanent situation as  
"school marm". If she intends to teach young ideas  
how to shoot, she had better use real muskets  
and real powder; that is the kind of shooting in  
vogue now-a-days.

Thursday evening - Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> Hatteras Inlet, N. C.

We arrived here this afternoon, and are now  
anchored in smooth water, close to foot Hatteras.  
Just after midnight last night, we met  
the Hatteras sea, the detestation of all seamen,  
and landmen too for that matter. We were  
in company with two New York ferry boats all  
night, and they had anything but a happy time  
of it. We rolled along all night, every loose  
article making a music of its own, driving  
all sleep from weary lids. Early this morning  
I saw one of my messmates searching for his  
cap and a box of collars which had gone astray  
in consequence of the commotion. He bore a  
candle in his hand, and carried a blank visage

After, sucking awhile, he discovered the missing articles out in the gangway, floating in the water. The collars presented anything but an agreeable sight, and brought visions of wash women's bills vividly before us. We passed the light house in Cape Hatteras about noon. It is a high tower with a white base and red top, and can be seen at a good distance. Here we pitched and rolled, and rolled and pitched, and the gangway was lined with anxious individuals offering their libations to Neptune. During the morning we came up with two or three more steamers, one of which looked as if it might eventually prove a coffin for the inmates, and give them all a wooden suit (as our carpenter's mate calls it) in a hunch. The Captain of her said she had sprung a leak, and he thought of turning back though we were then but fifteen miles from the inlet. I believe he eventually concluded to follow us on. The weather here carries anything but a cheering aspect on its face; and its diabolical tendency to making one blue is ably seconded by the appearance of the shore. Imagine a dull, dirty, leaden sky, a wild waste of waters, with breakers all around, and a narrow strip of sterile sand, only capable of producing sand flies, and the picture is complete. We have been here only two hours and are thoroughly disgusted with the place. Chincoteague was a paradise compared to it. Just as we came in the Spaulding sailed out. I can't tell when I shall have an opportunity of sending this on its way; but it is best to be prepared. Now we are here we don't know whether we form part of the Byrnside's expedition or not. We know one thing; and that is that there are a great many gunboats here for some purpose or other; and the sooner we do our work and get away the better.

U. S. Steamer Louisiana  
Hatteras Inlet, N. C.

Dear Mother:

Jan'y 24<sup>th</sup> 1862

For the last three days we have been ex-  
isting under rather unfavorable outward circumstances,  
A downy N. E. gale has prevailed - like to that which the  
Port Royal expedition encountered in their way to  
their destination. Fortunately it was for us, and the other  
vessels composing the fleet, which are mostly small -  
that it did not accost us in our way down; as most  
certainly two thirds <sup>of them</sup> would never have been able to  
ride out the storm, and that would have been the  
end of the expedition. As it was, we found it a mat-  
ter of no small difficulty to keep our spirits up  
to the proper thermometric height; I beg, however, to be  
counted out of the above party, for some how or  
rather my spirits have a natural tendency not to  
come down, I suppose that, (I have no other way  
of accounting for it) my bulb attached to my ther-  
mometer, is a little too small for the quantity  
of mercury; and I wish you always to bear this  
explanation in mind, whenever you try to depress  
its altitude; for, consider the consequences,  
you might burst the bulb; and then, what chance  
of the mercury & ally messmate, when considering  
this peculiarity, or, when I make an unusual  
amount of noise, which, sometimes happens in  
spite of my most strenuous exertions, frequently

style in the "wild Massachusetts maniac."

But I was telling you about the storm, and its probable effects on the expedition. Since we have been here the weather has been such that it was impossible for the balance of the fleet to venture out; and this present storm has had the effect of keeping all vessels away from us. The consequence is that we are here, with only a partial fleet, almost out of provisions and coal, and the military force, I believe, in a condition even more deplorable. Couped up, as they are, in overcrowded vessels, with only a scanty stock of provisions and water, their lot is anything but an enviable one. I was informed a week ago, that the horses had been put on one allowance a day.

Now the storm has exhausted itself, signals are flying from nearly all the vessels, and answers are returned from all quarters. All are, more or less, in a poverty stricken condition. One answers "two days supply of coal." Another, "almost out of water;" and still another, "nothing to eat." Every body aboard seem, to be loud in their condemnation of the leaders of the expedition. For myself, I prefer to say nothing one way or the other, till I learn whose the fault is. One thing I hold for certain, that this place should have been made a general naval dépôt, and provisions enough stored here, before the arrival of the fleet.

July 28<sup>th</sup> This afternoon I learned that several Mass-  
achusetts regiments were located in this region; and  
upon looking over the roster of the invaluable Gazette  
I discovered that Henry Blake and Rev. Mr. Miller  
of Gloucester were near neighbors of mine, even  
dwellers in an adjacent block - or ship, I should  
say. Here was a discovery, an event, something al-  
most equal to the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, St. Patrick's Day or  
something of that kind. So my friend Daniels and I  
had our boat manned and started on our voyage  
of discovery; and soon we brought up alongside of  
the house or ship. Finding no door to the bell, and  
no bell to the door, we pushed in, and soon found  
Henry taking it easily and comfortably, and Mr. Miller  
lending all the assistance in his power.

We spent a very happy afternoon together, and en-  
joyed it all the more from the surprise being  
so totally unexpected. I also found Capt. Lewis  
Stockholm, a relative of the Dubney family, whom  
I met in Royal. I considered it quite a good  
afternoon's work; and flatter myself that I had  
better luck than Charlie usually has when  
he goes on his annual "hunt" on Thanksgiving  
day. If we do not move up tomorrow I intend to  
have Mr. Miller and Henry aboard to see me,  
and return the compliment. As we have no "carte  
de visite", all calls must perforce be made in  
propria persona; so there is no dodging it.

Bad weather seems to be endeavoring again to cover us with his black mantle. I trust we shall soon have some continued fine weather, and that offensive operations will soon commence. All are tired, both military and navy, with this present inaction and expectation; and all are anxious to move up. I heard a report to-day, which I hope may prove true, that we were to move up to-morrow morning. A mail has arrived this afternoon, though it has not reached us. I hope I shall be one of the fortunate ones. Jan'y 29<sup>th</sup> Last evening, while we were all at supper, the mail arrived. It was small I can assure you. As it came down in a small schooner I did not expect to receive a letter. What was my surprise at receiving three out of the four sent to our mess! The unfortunate's went melancholly mad at once; and we had great difficulty in bringing them to their senses. One letter was from you, one from Lizzie, and one from Mat Holmes, bless his heart! for being so kind and considerate as to write. I confess I was somewhat hurt at your last letter. I felt both injured and grieved to think that you, my dear mother, who surely has received letters enough from me to know to the contrary, should for a moment imagine that I could be so careless and forgetful as to neglect to write to you whenever opportunity occurs. My last letter from you, before this present one, bore the date of Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>. I still do not complain, knowing very well that, either there were letters at the Fortress waiting to be sent down, or else you had good and sufficient reason for not writing. Jan'y 30<sup>th</sup> Yesterday morning I was obliged to leave my writing in a hurry, as there was a steam tug belonging to our division going down to the inlet, and I wished to purchase provisions. When I reached the latter vessel, I learned that a steamer was just going to sail with a mail. I was provoked enough to leave the opportunity, as it may be some time before it again occurs. I met Mr. Miller and Capt. Stockdale aboard the vessel and had a pleasant chat. There was not much of a assortment of provisions to be found, and the prices were somewhat high. I paid \$10. for 20 lbs. of ground coffee. We were glad to get it even at that price, for coffee it always one of the luxuries. Last evening I had the misfortune to lose your last letter.



July 31<sup>st</sup> 62

A mail arrived this afternoon, and all hands were on the alert to receive their portion. Soon a small steam tug came up to us and gave us the agreeable information that, with the exception of our ship and two others, all the vessels had heavy mails. Didn't this produce black looks! We all considered ourselves slighted, and were engaged accordingly. Soon after another tug came up bringing us a mail, turning black looks to pleasant smiles, although very few received any answer ~~from~~<sup>to</sup> letters sent from this place. I received one letter from Y<sup>m</sup> dated 16 inst. at which time my letters had not yet reached you. I have told you that I lost your letter, but I have not lost or forgot a little passage contained therein in regard to abstaining from intoxicating drink. This I would do were it only to allay any uneasiness you might feel on that account. When I am at home, under your eye, I don't mind taking a little; but, knowing as I do, that it will be a source of anxiety to you, I promise you that I will abstain except, of course, when actually needed. There is drinking enough in the Army and Navy without my assistance; and I am firmly convinced that whisky can be kept from spoiling without my assistance.

Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> I have just learned that a mail will leave this morning, and I must hurry this to completion. I expected to make a long letter of it. As it is, it is not very short.

I am in excellent health, and have such an appetite that the members of the mess are talking of raising my bill. Inform that that I intend to write to her this mail to repay in some part her kindness to me in that line. But the mail will leave in a few moments, and we only had half hour warning. So I must defer till next time. Tell Mary Blake of my finding Henry in good health, and Mr. Leonard of my meeting Mr. Allen. Give my love, and to all my friends likewise.

If I was at the Fortress now, I would invite one of the boys down on the Excursion of Perham, for \$12.

No time to write more, and now God bless you all,

Yours in love  
George,

Elizabeth  
City, Feb,  
11th 1862.  
Mrs. and  
children  
attends  
ours here  
to letter  
at place  
you have  
done it!  
I'm  
will be  
your further  
please  
Love

Hatteras Inlet, Feb'y 2nd/62.

Dearest Mother:

As I have a few moments to spare this evening, and do not feel much like reading, I will commence another letter to you; though when it will reach you I hardly dare imagine. I feel quite in the letter-writing mood to-day, and have written a letter to Matt. Holmes, and have just finished two pages of French for Mrs. Hudson. Oh that is not industry, what on earth is it? I must tell you of my visit to-day. Last evening we came down to the fleet of transports; and to-day I took the opportunity, and paid another visit to Henry Blake and Mr. Mellen. The weather was rather boisterous, and the sea somewhat rough, and we reached the steamer at the expense of a slight wetting. I spent a very pleasant hour with them, and was sorry when the boat came for me to return. I took my photographs with me, and they pronounced 'William's' to be superb, and to the life. Why don't some of the rest of you have yourselves immortalized by being put on paper, and send them on? By and by I shall forget how you all look, and then what confusion in the house.

So send them along as soon as convenient. I speak to all of you; remember that. Possibly some of you may decline on the plea that if I wanted them I might have written for them long ago. But I've got you there - I thought I would wait and see if you would not send them of your own accord. It will really give me great pleasure to look over your faces, seeing that I can't have the light of your countenances to beam around me. And if you can find any of my friends, male or female, with good looking physiognomies - why, send them along too. Well, I know nothing more to set pen or paper, and as my watch will commence in a few moments, I will bid you all good night.

Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> This morning we at last made the long expected advance, and now are all gallantly steaming up the sound, towards Roanoke Island. It is a noble sight to behold so many steamers and crafts of all kinds making along in regular order, all bound in the same errand of mercy. Don't smile at the word; for I certainly consider our mission one of mercy - we are endeavoring to clear the war as soon as possible, which I consider a Christian-like operation. All are in good spirits, and are glad to hear the hateful bullet. You know we have sharp work before us, and wish to meet it as soon as possible, and conquer if possible.

Should it be my fate never to return from this expedition, do not grieve overmuch, but sweeten the bitter pang with the thought that I died as a man might be proud to die - battling for his Country's life and honor. I can't deny that I should not quit this life without a struggle; for how could it be otherwise surrounded as I am by so many ties and all those things which makes life pleasant.

6<sup>th</sup> A. M. The day will soon be decided for or against us. I hope to survive to tell the tale; but yet I can cheerfully surrender up my life at my Country's call.

God bless you all. Yours.

Roanoke Island, Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> Our work is over for a time, and victory has crowned our endeavors. Yesterday we were in action about eight hours, and the noise made by the incessant cannonading almost deafened me. After the action was over, we had to call loudly at each others ears to make ourselves understood. We opened fire at first on a Rebel steamer, of which there were seven or eight. Our first shot took effect, and she, not to be behind, let drive a shell at us which went through our iron hull as if it had been so much paper; pierced through a pile of chain

breaking the links, and finally exploded in  
a lot of coal, lifting the hatches off, and  
breaking up the berth deck. One piece of  
the exploded shell also went out through  
the side. It was fortunate the coal was  
there; otherwise it would have burst  
through the bottom and sunk us.  
The way our shells made the sand  
fly was curious to behold. Every shell  
that burst in and around the battery  
threw up a column of sand high in  
to the air, looking like a mammoth  
water spout. No one aboard our ship  
was injured - thanks to the shell aforesaid  
which, chose a good place to enter and  
a still better one to explode in.  
When the shell passed through the Surgeon  
had thought of having a cock pit for the  
wounded, but had fortunately had changed  
his residence. The soldiers landed  
late in the afternoon, <sup>yesterday</sup> and this afternoon  
the flag ship signaled "The forts are  
ours," and still later, "Victory."

This morning we steamed in to a battery  
and were recalled by the flag officer,  
after firing two shots, through fear  
of injuring our own troops by our fire.  
Well, here I am, safe and sound. I took  
a severe cold yesterday, as I had unfor-  
tunate matches, which caused me to stay  
on deck most of twenty hours; consequently  
I do not feel much like writing.  
Send me pictorials containing cuts of the  
fight, and some postage stamps.  
Love to all - George

Give my love  
to all our good  
neighbors and  
write soon  
we shall  
forget your  
address  
We shall  
soon have  
our work  
all finished  
and then  
my dear children  
I shall have  
no occasion  
to write.  
Tell the  
Admiral  
with  
much  
love  
your  
son  
George

M. S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Newbern, March 18<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Mother— During my watch last night, I wrote a short note to Es. thinking that I should be able to send it to-day; but I have learnt that no mail is going north to-day, nor do I know when a mail will leave. Day before yesterday a mail arrived; and it was so large that even now it is not all sorted. If Uncle Sam's postat sevenner does not amount to a good round sum this year, it never will. "Dixie" never saw such enormous piles of letters pouring down upon them like an avalanche. I received half a dozen papers to-day which were very acceptable; but not a letter as yet. Whether I shall succeed in getting any remains to be seen. It looks very dubious just at present. However, having a large and elegant assortment of Faith, Hope and Charity, and all "them" things just now, I patiently wait, like a dog under a table, at dinner time, for what may fall to me, be it many or few. I was much pleased with Henry's description of the battle of "Roanoke". It was a very faithful and interesting sketch of what took place on that eventful day. I see by the papers that the regiments engaged are to have an appropriate inscription on their banners. I like that. We carry no such credentials; but our "honorable scars" speak as loudly for us as any beautiful device which fair fingers might work; and our tattered flag speaks of the wind and weather we have encountered. Our last flag, now ~~supper~~ <sup>annihilated</sup> and laid away, was worn away to the

Union by rough usage. We took it down before old  
Boreas had invaded the region of stars, and it has  
now retired to the shades of private life.

To-day, like yesterday, is remarkably pleasant; and  
I sit by open windows and doors, occasionally glom-  
ing out upon the outer world, and long to take another  
run ashore with Henry. It is a great pity we  
can't walk when we please; but it wouldn't  
be quite so pleasant, while we're enjoying the  
beauties of nature, to be interrupted in one's med-  
itations, and be favored by a pressing invitation  
to accompany a troop of ill-looking horsemen  
farther into the interior than we originally  
intended to go. No; it is best to keep on the  
safe side, and shun such dangers, even if you  
do thereby curtail your pleasures. But the woods  
look so tempting that it is hard to forgo a  
ramble, even if you do run the risk of meeting  
a stray bullet or two.

To-day, I saw the first mosquito of the season.  
Not a very welcome sight I assure you. We  
will soon have enough of them, and they will not  
then even have the credit of novelty. If they  
are Southern institutions, why the deuce don't  
they follow the "fortunes of war" and retire before  
the invading "Northerners"?

To-morrow, nothing preventing, I shall go on another  
excursion with Henry. We are bound to have a  
good time; of that there can be no doubt.

I wish you could take a look down this way,  
you would be so pleased. But if you should ex-  
pect to find the matinee and evidence of thrifti-  
ness and love of home, that love which seeks  
to render more beautiful what nature has already



made lovely, you would be disappointed, and would  
have good reason to chide the people for neglect  
and untidiness. Not that it would be understood  
to say that this is the universal characteristic,  
but it is the general feature of the middle class.  
Some of the residences of the wealthy portion of  
the community bear the evidences of refinement;  
and the houses are elegantly built and the grounds  
about them tastefully laid out. But these are  
the exception and not the general case.  
The town presents in itself a very pretty appear-  
ance from the river. The houses are embosomed  
in the midst of trees, and are half hidden by  
the new foliage, while the spires of the Church  
rise above them, seeming to rest on a leafy  
foundation. There was a neat and pretty railroad  
bridge spanning the river from the town; but  
the rebels fired a floating battery which plied  
under the bridge, setting it on fire, and  
utterly consuming the whole length. This cuts  
off the connection with Beaufort, and renders  
fort Macon, situated there, entirely useless.  
What a horrible panic there must have been here  
when the rebels retreated before the victorious  
soldiers of the Union! I have been told that a  
train was kept in the rear of the rebel army in  
order to take them away if defeated. What a cowardly  
way to fight! No wonder they retreated as they did,  
and refused to stand up to their work! Running  
away became an easy matter, and they improved  
it to the utmost. I was also told that as fast  
as the men were wounded they were tumbled into  
the cars, one above another, like slaughtered  
sheep, and in this way they rode away.

Henry tells me that there are plenty of partridges in the woods about here, and I mean to try my double barrell'd shot gun on them one of these days. They will make an agreeable variety to our fare. Well, it is near time for supper and I will close for the day, as there is no hurry. March 19<sup>th</sup> I suppose we shall leave here to-morrow in company with one other gunboat and a transport with the Mass. 24<sup>th</sup>.

We are going to Washington, on the Pamlico river, about 120 miles from here. Probably we will return in two or three days at the farthest. The place is reported to be evacuated by the military, though I believe the inhabitants have sense enough to remain. There are two batteries on the river, but we do not expect any resistance will be made; in fact, there is none to offer any.

Our pleasant weather has gone, and we are now having a heavy rain this evening. I suppose there will be plenty of flowers after this rain if the sun come out warm. I must close up my writing now, for the "boys" all want to go to sleep.

I have received no letters as yet, and begin to think it rather tough.

I have no doubt that I have letters for me somewhere, but when, Lord knows. I expect William has sent me postage stamps, and that they are in one of my letters. I need them much, now. I send by this mail a few words to Mr. Leonard. Tell Mary that Henry is looking finely.

No. 2

U.S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Washington N. C.  
March 24<sup>th</sup> 1862

My Dear Mother:

It must tell you how sorry I was that I could not send my letters by the last mail, thereby leaving you in ignorance of my fate after the New Bern affair, and of my destined whereabouts. Last Wednesday evening, just before I turned in, I told the officer who had the morning watch to fail not to call me should letters be sent aboard the Flag ship. He forgot it, and when I turned out in the morning, the letters had been long sent and were well on our way down the Neuse river, bound for this place. I took it much to heart, for I knew you would be grievously disappointed, when the news of the battle reached you, if you received no letter from me. There was no help for it, however, and bitter as the pill was, I was forced to swallow it. It will make a sorry gap, I fear, in my correspondence; but I will make what amends lies in my power, by giving you a longer letter with all the news I

have succeeded in gleaning from this place.  
Steamers "Perry", "Delaware" and transport "Admiral"  
with the 24th Mass. regt. accompanied us,  
though the two latter left again in the evening  
of our arrival. We had a pleasant sail to the  
Pamlico river, in which we anchored for  
the night, some fifteen miles from the  
town. At daylight the next morning we be-  
gan to ascend the river, and soon brought  
up "all standing." Upon examination, we  
found that the <sup>rebels</sup> had driven piles across the  
river, sawing the top three feet from the  
surface of the water. A small tug was  
of our party, on which were several cans  
of powder for submarine blasting, and fired  
by a magnetic battery. That soon made a  
breach through which we triumphantly sailed  
up the river. We passed two batteries and  
an intrenchment a mile long, all destroyed  
and abandoned. Most of the soldiers had  
been sent to New Bern to assist in repelling  
us, and the few who had remained judged it  
best to seek a change of climate in the  
country more congenial to their feelings.  
I was one of the first ashore from our boat,  
and wandered through the streets, seeking for  
some signs of mischief. The darkies were loud

in their demonstrations of joy, and occasionally,  
but very seldom, I saw a fair hand waving a  
kerchief. Since then I have been among the  
people of the town a great deal, both among  
the best and the poorer class. I have been treated  
very politely and respectfully whenever I moved  
as have all the rest. Hardly a man dared  
to speak his mind, lest his opinions should  
be known abroad, and reported to the rebels,  
who upon their return, would not hesitate  
to string him up. I talked with many of the  
first people of the place, aside in private,  
and they all told me they, like all the rest  
but hot heads, were forced into it and  
could do nothing. One official told me  
that nine out of ten were Union men,  
and were not afraid of the vengeance  
of the rebels, we would be taken to their  
houses, and everything made pleasant for  
us. But the moment we leave down comes the  
rebel horde, and then farewell to their boasted  
independence: so I think it an injudicious thing  
for us to visit these places unless we leave  
a force sufficient to protect the inhabitants  
from the foe. A great deal of property was de-  
stroyed by the rebels before we arrived; but  
we never fired a gun, or destroyed anything

but an unfinished gunboat that was on the stocks. The Clerk of the County Court, a very worthy man, told me that the women were dreadfully frightened when they learned of our approach. I went among them reassuring them, telling them he had seen Yankees before, and assured them that they would be certain to be treated with every consideration, and they need not be alarmed at our coming. And yesterday I was assured that we had done more to silence our enemies than if we had poured broadside after broadside into them.

Last Saturday about a dozen came aboard from the country, seven miles back. They belonged to the class of "poor whites," and loudly did they inveigh against the rebel government. Drafting has been resorted to, to a great extent, to fill up the rebel army. I met many who, by feigning sickness or running away, had still managed to keep out of their clutches. All is wanted in the whole seaboard is a sufficient army to ensure protection to the people, all the rest will come easily enough. People are tired of the life they have led for a year past, and see nothing but sham in their leaders' boasts of greater freedom. They tell me they were satisfied with the old government, and can not expect a better one.

March 2<sup>nd</sup> just arrived at New Bern and have received an allowance of letters. Yours of the 13<sup>th</sup> and yours of the 15<sup>th</sup> received. I have no time to thank you for them. Several papers and my book with postage stamps, for all which I am truly thankful. Weather all that could be desired. I shall send this aboard the Friday ship at once, that it may go the first opportunity. Remember me kindly to all friends. I am in excellent health and spirits, but still there would be an improvement could I see you all for a short time. But I must close for a time. Truly your affectionate son George

U.S. Steamer Louisiana,  
New Bern March 30<sup>th</sup> 62  
Sunday, P.M.

Dear Mother:-

My last letter which I despatched on board the Flag ship on the afternoon of our arrival here, was closed in such haste that I only had time to barely acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 14<sup>th</sup> inst. Neither did I mention that Father's photograph came safe to hand. I am very glad you sent it; but I must confess that it doesn't suit me - it don't do justice to Father. The artist did not pay sufficient attention to his position, and allowed his head to incline too far forwards, thus spoiling the beauty of the picture. I hope Father will have another one taken soon for me, and one that will suit me, too.

Henry Blake spent the afternoon aboard ship with me day before yesterday, and was amused ourselves by taking a small boat and pulling ourselves about the river. Henry told me that he wrote home just after the fight here, and mentioned that I was all right; so I suppose you did not feel at all alarmed at my silence. It was quite fortunate that he did so, otherwise you would have been terribly anxious on my account. Neighbors come handy once in a while, don't they? After all my hurry in getting my last letter off my hands, I find that it has not yet gone, but the mail is still aboard the Flag ship.

You think I have seen fighting enough, and smell powder enough by this time! Not at all. I want to see all the fighting that is to be done down this way; and though the smell of powder hardly comes

up to the odor of your flower bed, yet, under present circumstances, I had rather breathe the former than the latter. The worst part of the performance is the howl of those large shells as they pass over your head, and the shriek of the conical shot and shell. Neither is it the most welcome sight, nor does it give rise to the most pleasant sensations, to see the tornal things burst close by you, and the pieces fly in all directions, paying no respect to persons. But after hearing this music a short time you get accustomed to it, and are ready to laugh, as I did once at Elizabeth City when a shell came whizzing through our rigging, producing great weakness in the knees of our men, to such an extent that twenty or more of them came down on their marrow bones. There is nothing like getting used to a thing; and the action of the Irishman who fed his horse on shavings in hopes that he would get accustomed to it, hardly seems strange to me now.

I was informed by Henry that George had succeeded in getting a situation, and I am heartily glad of it. I hope it is a good one, for no one deserves a better, and that he will hold it.

So John Law is a dad! Now I suppose I ought to write a letter of condolence, consolation, congratulation, or some such thing. I did something of the kind when he saw fit to declare himself no longer a Celebes and embarked on the matrimonial sea. I never imagined, in my wildest dreams, that such a calamity, catastrophe or misfortune would happen to him. I hope to hear that he bears up under it like a man; but what will he do if he has another visitation of the kind! I pause for a reply.



It was too bad that I could not get home to see  
Eb. before he went to the west. I wish you would  
remember to write me his address so that I can  
communicate with him.

What a fortunate thing it is for me that I am not  
at home now you have three girls in the house!  
I've used to batter the life out of me; now the  
house will be too hot to hold me. If any one occu-  
pies my room, let them respect my cat skull in  
the bureau, and sundry and divers other things.  
I want my room to look home like when I return.  
I wonder if we are to be kept here all summer.  
I hope not. I want to get North by June at the  
latest, and not hang about here all summer, though  
there are some pleasant places here. New Berne is  
well supplied with shade trees, on both sides of  
all the streets, and the leaves are just shooting  
out. I think it will be very pretty and pleasant in  
a month. The rose bushes are now full of flowers,  
which beats your garden. I met a South Danvers  
man yesterday, who has lived here twelve years or  
more. He owns a large tan yard, and carries on a  
heavy business for this place. He has suffered  
a good deal of persecution for his Union sentiments.  
On the day we came up he was arrested and locked  
up, and left in that condition by his captors,  
though the City was on fire in several places,  
and he was in danger of burning to death.  
The popular name of the persons who perform such  
valorous deeds is "Chivalry", and the members of that  
order are "bully" on the "burn", and are up to all  
such tricks as hanging men for the fun of the thing.  
They refuse to associate with Yankees because the latter  
are "mudsills." That is all I know about them.

April 1<sup>st</sup>. This is the day for "canards," and I suppose I ought to make a "joke" of somebody; but I will confine myself to the truth. It is reported that the rebel general has given Burnside "notice to quit," to take effect in thirty days, so that he can follow the New York style of moving on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May. And it is further reported that Burnside has retorted by notifying the rebels that they must vacate in ten days. The steamer "Admiral" has just arrived with a regiment, from what state I am not yet informed. The band gave us some excellent music while the steamer was passing, and "cheers" were given reciprocally.

Yesterday afternoon I spent with Henry, and we called on Chaptian Mellen who is at present installed in an office formerly occupied by a "scoundrel" by the name of Judge Dennis. We spent the afternoon very pleasantly. I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant family, the male representation of which formerly belonged in Providence R. I. They are very nice people, and gave me strong invitations to call again.

It is said that we are going down to Coracook Inlet to look out for an English vessel expected in with arms. If so, I hope we shall succeed in catching her - it will be a good haul.

April 2<sup>nd</sup>, P. M. I have spent nearly the whole day on shore, and must hurry this up for the mail leaves to-morrow morning. I took Henry and Josiah Osgood in tow this morning, and went out to the camp of the Mass. 17<sup>th</sup> which arrived last evening. We had a glorious time with the many friends we met there. There were Col. Fellows and his son Charles; Adj't Barns, Mann, Henry Cheever 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. Mellen, Bill

It will go  
hard with  
him. I won't  
stand any  
such imputes.  
We are all  
anxious about  
the state of  
affairs at  
Iceland No. 10,  
hope the Govt  
will push  
ahead now  
they have their  
foot in it.  
Begin with  
much law  
to give  
and act,  
I am,  
your  
affec-  
tional  
son,  
Geo. J. Stur.

N. S. Stur, Louisiana,  
Washington N. C.  
April 4<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Mother:

We left New Bern in the morning  
of the day after the date of my last letter.  
We had a pleasant sail to this place, and  
the sun gave us a hint of what we may ex-  
pect very soon. We passed two or three peach  
orchards, the trees were loaded with blossoms,  
indeed, I never saw trees so well filled.  
We went up to Washington this morning, and  
learned that the Secesh had entered the town,  
while the gunboats were away, and taken  
away the Mayor and several other prominent  
men who had used us civilly. I think it  
was a wicked thing to go there as we did, and  
draw out private feeling, and thus leave the  
place unguarded. There are always plenty  
of spies in the lookout for any expression  
of feeling adverse to the rebel cause: and  
when we enter a place the people that are  
loyal very naturally expect they can speak  
their mind freely, without endangering their  
personal safety. When we entered the town  
today, the people fled from us, and would have  
nothing at all to do with us. If we pursue  
such a course as this, we will cultivate but  
very little Union feeling, and our own friends  
will not dare to acknowledge us when we enter  
a place. We are now anchored below the town,  
and probably will go back to New Bern to-mor-  
row. Now the horse is stolen, they probably will  
lock the door, and leave me or two gunboats here.

New Borne, April 5<sup>th</sup> P.M. We have just arrived from  
Washington, and our mail has come on board to give  
us good cheer from many dear friends left at  
home. I was very fortunate this time - have received  
five welcome letters, and nice long ones they were.  
How thankful I am that you write so often to  
me, and that other kind friends consider it no  
trouble to correspond occasionally!  
I got a fine Cousinly letter from Elloy Pratt  
today, and I shall answer it at once. She is  
prompt in her replies, and deserves a like return.  
Yours, including Et's, come to hand, and their per-  
usal gave me much pleasure. You deserve  
much more credit for writing often than I do,  
for you have much less time, and it is more  
difficult for you than it is for me. I know  
you must have to steal time from some duty  
or other to write as often as you do. I try  
to pay in the same coin; but your main reward  
must lie in the pleasure it gives me to hear  
often from you, and to know that your letters are  
highly prized.

How thankful I am that you were ignorant of  
my presence at the battle of New Borne, and that  
you were thereby saved all anxiety on the score of  
my personal safety! It spared you a great deal  
of unnecessary uneasiness at all events, and I am  
heartily glad that it did not write that we were going  
there. The gunboats ran no risk there, for the rebels  
would not fight their extensive water batteries;  
they were terribly frightened by our shells, and did  
not relish the noise made by their bursting over  
their heads. They threaten to whip our barge when  
they march into the interior, out of the reach

and support of the boats. Whether they will redeem  
their promise remains to be seen, but I will bet  
(although I am not in the habit of doing such  
things) in our bags if things are any where near  
equal. We have as good stuff as they have.  
There are some amusing stories told of our fight  
here, one of which I will give you. A New Bern  
Judge was captured at Roanoke and released  
in parole. He came to this city, and, after viewing  
the batteries, pronounced them to be excellent for-  
tifications; "But" said he, "if they (the Yankees) attack  
you, they will certainly take the place". Whether  
the "Yankees" did attack, or did take the place,  
history will tell. These "Yankees" give the rebels  
a great deal of uneasiness, it seems to me.  
They find now that, if they are a gang of traders,  
they can sometimes fight, when their blood is up.  
I visited the Hospital, the other day, to see an acquain-  
tance, formerly a divinity student, now a Captain  
in the "Army of the Union". He was wounded at  
our last battle - had his leg shattered by a can-  
non ball, about the knee. The leg was amputated,  
and he is now doing well. I saw the stump, and  
faith, I came near fainting! When I see a man  
struck down, it doesn't affect me at all un-  
pleasantly; but I can't bear to look upon the  
horrible wounds after a fight, when my blood  
becomes cool. I forgot to tell you that the offi-  
cer's name was Capt. Sawyer. I saw several  
of the wounded men, who all appeared to be  
getting along well, and were comparatively easy.  
They have excellent quarters, and the climate,  
at this time of year, must be particularly  
favorable for their rapid recovery.

April 24<sup>th</sup> P.M. What a glorious Sunday we are favored with to-day! I had the dock this forenoon and did not go ashore, but sat on dock reading the papers sent me by you and George Blake. This afternoon, beautiful as it is, and inviting as it looks ashore, can't tempt me, for my letters claim all my attention. All my letters were so good this time, that I feel brisk and fresh as a lark. So Carrie has been added to my "littie collection"; only she reclines on the bed instead of being hung up on the window sash. Well, I cheerfully surrender it to her, and expect any amount of thanks for my generosity. But what has been done with my cat and dog's skulls which used to grace the bureau; and the ram's horns over the window? What a job I <sup>will</sup> have when I return, to arrange matters! Well, there is no use of meeting troubles half way. There was a little mouse used to pull me company o' nights; tell Carrie not to be frightened if he pays her a friendly visit.

I miss William, Esther and all, you could be here for a short time to enjoy this delightful weather. Everything is so pleasant, and the flowers look so lovely, that it seems as if they had put on their most winning appearance to greet us. I am very thankful to the "boys", and to all of you, for the kind care you took of Hissie. She duly appreciated all your kindness, and went home delighted with her visit. I would write more, but have several letters to write for to-morrow's mail. My best love to Father and all the household, and to all friends. Tell Father if I catch that "chap" who put the name of a Union girl in a secret draft

this is a lovely day the trees are leaning  
out and the grass begins to break green  
and the singing of birds has come  
and all nptum rejoices. and Easter is here.

My Dear boy April 16.

My first day for a long time that I  
have felt equal to writing, as after the  
~~which~~ cold some how I took a fresh cold  
which resulted in Bronchitis and  
I had to take to my bed, which was not  
my choice, so for two months I haven't  
bin good for much. your account  
of those delicious grapes came when I  
had considerable fever and made my  
mouth water for some, to day I see a  
fine photo of George and one for Goe which  
I shall send, I think he looks splendid  
and hope he is as he looks. I shall write  
him to day. Stanley is getting uneasy,  
it takes so long to wait for answers  
how boy I hate to think of his going  
away but nothing seems to offer  
any chance here. I cant realize that  
he is so old, how the years slip by.

The James Hovey has died very suddenly,  
since I wrote you, and now I am afraid  
you will hardly be able to read us  
I have mistaid my spectacles, the old  
story you will say. Mrs. Wadell is here  
waiting to be called. good soul she has  
nursed me up, the Miss Lanes. Called  
here you remember their Brother used to run  
from Liverpool to Cape Town they feel  
interested in your wellfare. I have  
kept so close at home for two months  
that I am barren of news. I hope to get  
thawed out by May, many thanks  
for your letters and I hope to do better  
in the future had from Lucy but she  
was well, hadnt heard from the Hudsons  
since Christmas, it is seck hard work  
to write when you feel good for nothing,  
I will not complain for I have so much  
to be thankfull for, only one hates to  
put a burden to those around calling a  
every little while, but I am not the man to  
complain only me u. with baskets of love till next  
time  
mather



Monday, April 28, 1851  
 Dear Mr. you tell me that you are glad to  
 hear you were engaged the last party of  
 Miss's friends, it must be delightful  
 to see them even though they prefer the  
 and the same to them. I wish to trust  
 that you should suffer so far as your  
 ailments are concerned but think in this early  
 kind age something might be done, why  
 I heard of a case where one kidney was  
 affected by an infection made. Eyes taken  
 out and limbs treated, couldn't you be  
 treated or retained by surgery as it were  
 more thing about you must be put out.  
 I should wish to suffer if I got heartier  
 I couldn't sit in the sun. I am naturally  
 free now since my last letter I have  
 given better to the division of Cuba  
 and the West Indies, the last sent me  
 to bed, it's a severe attack on my side  
 I can't do anything at all but  
 indulge in it but I shall not  
 from the 28th of April 1851

best come out all right, I was so worried  
 to death if the least thing, all one I don't  
 think he is in any way, he has to be very  
 careful about eating, so I watch him  
 and he me. the season is for wood the  
 trees are nearly out - but the East winds  
 prevail. Stanley goes to NY tonight. hope he  
 will have a good time, they are making  
 great preparations for the new exhibition  
 will in such a Co. out. I have written to  
 George your bitter fellow that after I see the  
 for him, now is the time when he ought  
 must to be tied, he was a most worthy to make  
 a good sensible and noble man, but would  
 judging. I always wanted him near me.  
 he has a very affectionate nature. hope he  
 will find friends. I have a letter enclosed  
 to you, but as it is short and written on heavy  
 paper and contains only a few lines as to  
 his height and weight, I will not doubt have  
 written to him a long letter and so will George.  
 do you often hear such and learn his name in  
 your chamber & I must stop short. I rather

Steamer leaves  
for Newbern  
to-day (Sunday)  
and I will  
send this. I  
will write  
to Mr. the  
musk  
George

"  
U.S. Steamer Louisiana"  
Washington, July 5<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Mother:-

Through great negligence  
I have omitted to post up my daily  
amount of writing, and now find  
myself with five letters to answer  
all in a lot. These arrived yester-  
day, and constituted about all of  
our celebration. I, for one, wish  
the "Glorious Fourth" would come  
once a week, if it would bring  
a mail in its train; but I doubt  
whether the day is sufficiently patri-  
otic as to do that. We had been kept  
without a mail for nearly a  
month, and were all sadly  
deficient in "news from home."  
Well, we have now received our  
letters, and are glad to get them.  
We hope to have no more waiting.

U. S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Newbern, April 23<sup>d</sup> 1862.

My Dear Mother:—

I am going to make a desperate effort or attempt to write a letter. My last was such a miserable apology that I want to send another to appear it. I received your letter mailed the 12<sup>th</sup> last Monday. It ought to have reached me at least a week before. It found me in excellent health, and, after reading it and learning that you were still alive and likely to be, in good spirits. You ask how many cartes de visite I have received. I have only received one from you Father's one from Mrs. his own, and Mr. Leonard's, Mrs. Youis, Joe, Abel's & Hans, Charles's and Esther's and Carrie's. I think if she occupies my room, that I ought to have her face to see how much cheek she has. I throw all these things out as suggestions for you to act upon. We have had a lovely day. I had the morning watch and saw the day open magnificently without a cloud. I took a nation to go ashore, and the Chief Engineer and I took a fine walk and had the good fortune to come back each with a beautiful bouquet, with roses,

Verily our patience has been put  
to the test for the past week.  
We have been in almost daily  
receipt of Richmond papers,  
and they have all teemed with  
account of Confed. victories.  
They have cut McClellan's army  
into small strips, saved money  
for samples of what it was  
was. The last paper that came  
in gave a flaming account of  
the "big fight", saying that the  
Northern army was totally de-  
feated and driven back. There  
was great rejoicing in Secesh  
hearts, but no public utterance  
was given to their joy. Now  
comes our mail with the fol-  
lowing despatch - Richmond is  
taken - Jackson killed, his army  
annihilated - McClellan marches  
into Richmond! If you consider  
these reports carefully, you will

verbena, pinks and many other kinds of flowers. My baguet now graces the music table. I wish I could give it to you as it now stands. You would be delighted. Mockingbirds are very numerous here now, and they make the streets resound with their delightful notes, which by the way, sell for a higher premium with us than the rebel note. The trees are now fully laid out, and, after our recent rain, are of a beautiful green. The flower gardens are now more beautiful than ever. I never saw verbena grow so luxuriantly as they do here. The seats are left in the ground through the winter, and now some of the gardens are entirely overrun with them, and show only one gorgeous scarlet bird. I have not seen so many varieties of them as we have at home. Scarlet is the prevailing color. You mentioned in your last that you had sent me Mrs. Newhall's photograph. I have not yet seen it. Did you send it in a letter? Always do so. I am very sorry that it has not reached me; hope it is not lost.

Gen. Reno's brigade had quite a brisk fight at Elizabeth City the other day. The object of the expedition was to go near Norfolk and destroy the locks. They made a forced march, and, when within twenty miles of Norfolk, came upon the rebels and made

to them, suffering however severely. They were so exhausted that they were unable to follow up their victory, and were obliged to retire.

All the rifled Parrot guns have been taken from the transports and carried to Beaufort, and a fire will soon be opened upon Fort Macon. It will have to "come in", for stone can't stand Parrot guns. Our Captain has been detached, and ordered to the command of the new steamer "Debago," now at work at the rebels at Yorktown. I wish I was to go with him, for I am anxious to be at that fight. But she is fully appointed. Nothing is stirring about here, only the ladies are "coming out." We are glad to see them out, and "I take this method of expressing my thanks" for their kind consideration. We are soon to have the Provisional Governor of North Carolina, who will soon arrive. Those who have known him speak in the highest terms of his abilities. I hope he will prove the "right man in the right place."

As soon as I think it advisable I shall send for a lot of things to be sent by express, probably very soon.

I am sorry that you were so long without a letter from me. I think it was not my fault for I try to write punctually.

We shall very much want to hear from you, and about your Lizzie's sickness and release from this "body of death" which we vainly call life. But we know how it <sup>must</sup> ~~will~~ be with you. We would not add one more care to your present burden nor ask you to write till you are every way free and able to do so, - nor till you may feel yourself moved and disposed to send us a line. We both felt that you would think of us and be glad of any honest, hearty word of loving remembrance and real sympathy, and so - such as we have - we hasten to give. Next Sunday is Easter Sunday. We will be especially with you in spirit, and celebrate the day with you. It especially commemorates, though all Christendom, a grand victory of Life over Death, - an event which for that far distant day to us, has filled many a heart with a strange, wonderful, joyous hope and rest and trust. There is no sorrow so heavy, no grave so gloomy as



I should like to have the pleasure of attending  
the Sewing or Social or Sewing Circle; but  
our business now is to "saw up" rebels, and  
when we have accomplished that, I will  
talk to you. They must be pleasant affairs.  
I can't tell anything of Mrs. Damon's account  
till I return, as my account was left in  
my desk. My small account fell into a  
tank of hot water, with your letter, a long  
time ago, and nothing is to be made out  
of that. Tell William he must keep my  
account with him.

I wish you would mention to Mr. Leonard  
that I wrote him just after the battle of  
Newbern; ask him if he received it.  
I am sorry to hear that Nellie Blake still  
remains so ill. Hope she will soon be about  
again. Give them all my love, and tell them  
I am expecting to hear from them every day.  
Stan. must be more particular with his  
letters, or I shall scold him. It doesn't  
look well to forget to mail a letter.

I received a long letter from Cousin Mary  
to-day, and have answered. Luck work that,  
she is the most punctual correspondent I have.  
Now, don't all die with jealousy. Give my love  
to Father and all the rest. Tell Joe he owes me  
a letter. You haven't yet given me Elsie's address.  
With much love, I remain your son George

M. S. Stur, Louisiana,  
Newbern, April 28<sup>th</sup> 1862.

My Dear Mother,

My last letter, written early last week, still remains tranquilly when I deposited it, in the P. O. I hurried it in as I was informed that the mail would leave on the next day, but Gen. Burnside ordered that no mail should leave till he returned to this place, which court will certainly take place in a few days. I trust I shall not be liable to censure for that information. The General went to Beaufort the other day to look at a little piece of property down there, called Fort Macon. It originally belonged to Burnside's "base", but some other chaps got hold of it, and having paid ~~no~~ rent and prevented others from paying, Burnside gave them notice to quit. Which they "couldn't see" neither would they let Burnside in to take an inventory of property, for fear he would attack it. So Burnside determined to make more windows and doors in the fort, with this peculiarity - that they should have neither locks, bolts nor bars. Which he did after ten hours firing. We lost one man.

The rumor here is that the rebels are retreating from Yorktown and moving down this way. Be that as it may, all the regiments were called in to the town day before yesterday, bag and baggage. Harry Mann came aboard to see me yesterday, and told me that they had marched thirteen miles in a drenching rain. Several regiments were out from six to fifteen miles from the town. For my part I do not believe they will attack

it would have been if no East or West  
of hope and rejoicing had ever gone up  
from Earth to Heaven. Say nothing about  
the theology, the dogmas that belong merely  
in the head. There have no conflicting powers  
They are themselves dead forms. But  
the heart, when most sorely stricken, most  
earnestly maintains its great, underlying  
faith and hope. God loves men, that  
are no longer visible to our mortal sense,  
we trust. They can, - they do pass between  
us and you, - freely as spirits move -  
"They come, on the wings of the morning they come"

Lizzie has read me what she has  
been writing. You will say, or feel, that we  
have been vibrating to the same chords. It  
makes the more down feel encouraged to  
send you our message - If you only could  
or can come, for with one pure consent  
we draw you, we want you to share our  
hopes, our faith (which is no light, "Crescent"),  
our aspirations, our prayers, the dim  
yet sure revealings of the Land of Light  
and Love. Yes, I wish that all the world

us here. We have no inclination to get in the way of shells from the gunboats. Should they come down, we could choose very favorable situations from which to shell, as the Meuse and Trent join at this place, and make a peninsula on which the town stands. We could bring a cross fire upon them with good effect, while they could not return the compliment.

We have had cool, rainy weather for the ~~last~~ four days, but this afternoon it has cleared off beautifully. Gilmore's band will serenade the Adjt. of the 24<sup>th</sup> this afternoon and I wish to get ashore and hear them. I was ashore this morning and engaged green peas for next week. It is difficult to find enough to eat ashore, for comparatively few paid any attention to their gardens, affairs were so unsettled. We get radishes, lettuce &c. now. The most beautiful bouquets continue to be brought aboard, any one of which I would like for you to see.

Our Captain, Murray, has been detached and ordered to the Sebago. Captain Renshaw, formerly of the "Com, Barney" will take his place in a few days. Our new Capt. is a "fighting man", very quiet, and will make things "howl" if he gets a chance. May 2<sup>nd</sup>. Yesterday a large mail arrived, the first for ten days or thereabouts. My portion was not very satisfactory, consisting of only one letter, and that just a month old. It was one you posted in Frank Harris's care, and contained Nellie's carte de visite, I was very glad to receive it, as I had almost given it up for lost.

Is Nellie's photograph a good one? If it is, she has changed so wonderfully that had she presented herself before me I should not have recognized her. Well, it is some time since I saw her, plenty of time for great alterations to take place. Miss Newhall's has not yet reached me. I begin to think that you forgot to place it in the letter.

Yesterday was May-day; and, after the M. & fashion, it was rainy. Flag Officer Rowan returned from Eliz. Dig. yesterday and we are no longer Flag ship. I suppose our new Captain will take up his quarters here this morning as we expect to go to Washington during the day. I believe the inhabitants have formed themselves into a company for their own protection from the rebels. I don't know how long we may remain there, probably only a few days. No particular news down here; and no telling when there will be any.

The last letter I got from home was postmarked April 10<sup>th</sup> a long time ago, considering that letters came yesterday as late as the 27<sup>th</sup>, showing that no one had written for over two weeks. I think I had better cease writing for a month or so and take a quiet rest. I suppose a letter once a month would do as well as one once a week.

of showing, stronger humanity  
might rejoice henceforth in the  
Gospel's light, - not of tradition merely, or  
of hereditary faith, - but of God's ever  
present revelation to the children of men.  
I grieve that in the body I am too feeble to  
proclaim with the living voice what I be-  
lieve. But I will bear my <sup>feeble</sup> testimony as  
I best can, and trust that many more  
able and eloquent lips may proclaim  
the needed message of hope, comfort and  
Love - - Yes, and Lizzy and I here feel, as  
with one heart and soul that you are  
spiritually an ours, given to us, a true  
and loyal friend and brother, not for time,  
but through time, and in that life which  
is beyond all reach of change and death.  
"If those whom thou hast given me I have  
lost none!" This is a grand, universal  
truth. Those who are ours by divine gift  
and right are ours forever. Love is stronger  
than death, stronger than all absence and  
separation, for it is to the heart, soul and

I suppose I ought not to complain; but  
it is not at all pleasant to have them  
about you receiving quantities of letters  
and you forced to do without. Letters  
have been dropping off for two months  
or more, and I suppose the draught  
will soon come.

Well, I will say no more, when any  
letters come, they will be gratefully  
received.

It is now breakfast time, and  
I must close.

With much love to you and all,  
I remain your dissatisfied son  
George.

Please send me 1.00 worth of postage  
stamps, and oblige Geo.

Al. 58/62

Exp<sup>o</sup>! Boat expedition at Thricestray  
sounded after our destruction of a  
Gumbade

Additional P.S. Reliable information! This is no humbug  
sensation dispatch, but may be depended on!

Last night a boat expedition was fitted out, consisting  
of our two cutters and a boat from the shore, the first  
under the command of the 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut, Mr. Hopkins; the  
second under the charge of your humble servant, Geo. H. Hill.  
Mr. Daniels, one of the engineers, a Massachusetts boy, also accom-  
panied the expedition. We were informed that the "Lives" men  
were constructing a floating battery or a saw mill, about  
five miles from where we lay at anchor, on the mainland.  
We knew that the place was kept diligently guarded by soldiers,  
and we made preparations for a hot time. We numbered about  
thirty all told. We left the ships at half past ten, clear  
and calm, and each boat had the line of the following boat  
made fast to it. We pulled up two miles or more above the  
place where the mill was located, and then followed the  
shore closely, with our oars muffled, and all silent as  
death. Soon we saw the mill looming up, and the lines were  
cast off, and we took up our positions. The mill is situated



essence of all life. In such thoughts  
feelings, hopes and aspirations we  
will be especially with you next  
Easter Sunday - And may the under-  
tones of a deep peace and a solomon  
joy fill your spirit, while we sing that  
time hallowed hymn - "The Lord is risen  
indeed" - And though every grief and  
hardship it is our birth-right privilege  
to believe that we are the children of  
the Highest, and that nothing can finally  
separate us from His unceasing Love.

It is late, and I am tired, and  
can't write on, and perhaps too much  
weary you - It is enough; you know  
where we stand and live and travels  
spiritually. Few knew this so well as  
you do - God bless you, dear Mother,  
and when these words are breathed  
from an unflinching heart of love,  
there is nothing more that can possibly  
be added to their depth and fullness  
of meaning, except the ever living  
and new yearning remembrance  
of Henry and Jessie

at the mouth of a small creek, the banks of which were piled  
up with cut wood, affording an excellent place for a fox  
to conceal himself. A party landed from the 1<sup>st</sup> Co. Cutters and  
examined the mill, finding all right, and no indications of a  
battery going up. Leaving the third boat at the mill, the 1<sup>st</sup> Lt.  
Leav. and I proceeded up the creek, found two weasels, and  
set fire to them just as the moon came up to tell tales.

I thought the mill would be fired; but we had orders from  
the Capt. not to burn it if we found no battery building.

Having successfully accomplished our work we pulled back  
to the ship, arriving at 11 this morning, when I took a good glass  
of rum, got someone to stow my watch, and turned in.

I know nothing of my going in the expedition, and turned in about  
nine o'clock, and at ten I was awakened by the 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Leav. and  
asked me to take command of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Co. Cutters. I was pleased enough,  
for I considered it no small compliment.

We presume the soldiers were all away attending to two other  
steamers on the other side of the bay. We found seven boats  
an old "Centrabaw". No one injured! - Gary.

vision any more  
letters. I quote as  
we now are, among  
from the main &  
that we must  
live in peace  
Our market  
negotiable in  
way at all socia-  
ble, as they are  
of different  
penetration.  
We have just  
got under weigh  
and are steaming  
down to North  
river to take  
a look at that  
part of the  
County. As we  
are sailing blind,  
I hope we will  
have a chance to  
capture some  
healthy boys.  
It is a rebel  
in general the  
best thing  
to capture  
is healthy  
and young  
boys.  
Feb. 5th  
We are now  
well at the  
North river  
at the mouth  
of the Canal.  
About twenty  
two refugees  
came off to  
we make a  
flag of truce.  
Turn over

U. S. Steamer *Pulsiana*  
Elizabeth City, N. C.  
March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1862

My Dear Mother: At my last date I informed you that we were under sailing orders. At noon on that day we haul up our anchor and came up to this place. We are the Flag ship of the fleet blockading this place, which consists of the Southside Shawshen, and will soon be joined by the Lockwood. We lay little over a mile from the city, during the day, and at night drop down the river where it is a little wider, so as not to get our good clothes perforated by rifle balls from the banks of the river, which, being well wooded, afford a convenient hiding place. I think, though, that a wholesome dread of grape and canister will be a sufficient inducement for them to keep at a safe and respectful distance. We could everlastingly cut them up if they should hazard the experiment. No artillery can be brought to bear on us on account of this peculiarity of the shore, so we may call ourselves in safe quarters. The town is held by the rebels, although they do not flaunt their colors, afraid, probably, that we would shell them out should they dare so to do. We are in full view of the city and can see their yellow hospital flag floating over one of the churches. It is very provoking to lay so near a city and not be able to go ashore. It makes our situation seem even more irksome than it is in reality. The more we look at it, the greater is our desire to explore the place and see what it

perceive a slight inconsistency,  
we don't corroborate the other.  
Both stories can't be true, one  
or the other must be slightly  
wrong. Which to believe is the  
question. When we rec'd our  
news the Union people were  
jubilant, and thought no better  
celebration of the day could  
be devised. We shall look anx-  
iously for further news.  
I believe I wrote you in my  
last that the 24<sup>th</sup> were ordered  
back to Columbia, to the great  
sorrow of the people. It is now  
reported that they will return,  
and they are expected to-day.  
The 24<sup>th</sup> is a great favorite here,  
and the people are delighted to  
think they are to return. I, too,  
shall be pleased to meet our  
"quartette," as it will soon be  
time for us to indulge in fresh

It seems that they had been drafted along with many  
others; but not liking the idea, they ran away and  
concealed themselves in the swamp. They told us now  
that a hundred were hiding in the swamp, and the  
Confederates were out in force hunting them up.  
Contains. Were the rebel soldiers away from the  
place, we might luxuriate in clover. But the  
~~place~~ is so near Norfolk that troops enough to  
overwhelm us might be precipitated upon us.  
I am not informed whether or no it is our de-  
sign to land troops at this point. There may  
be some expedition fitting out for some point  
farther south; if so I shall regret that we  
are not allowed to participate in it.

I want to be in at all the bushes on this  
expedition; and if I am not I shall feel  
very much disappointed. My Gods forbid that  
we should be kept here for a month!

Letters have been scarce articles since we arrived  
in "these parts"; but I am afraid that none will  
reach us here very often. I was sorry that I  
received none before leaving Roanoke, for I thought  
time enough had elapsed since I wrote, just  
after the fight, to receive an answer.

The weather still continues rather dubious, though  
not cold. We have jogged through the winter  
thus far, quite comfortably—more so than we  
expected when we left Baltimore. We have just  
seen enough of ice to remember that water  
will freeze at a temperature of 32°, and snow  
has touched our decks but once, and then only  
for half an hour, just to let us observe the  
phenomenon. On that score we have been for-  
tunate. I, for one, am glad of it. I had no desire  
to try cold weather at sea; not a bit of it;  
I have tried that as much as is pleasant,  
and the remembrance of it is no wise sweet.

It is Sunday. I proposed to the crew this morning  
that we should attend church under a flag of truce.

you are throwing a few shells into the woods, but have  
not succeeded in raising any thing as yet. Last night  
there was a rumor that a battery would be found  
here, and we thought we might have a little  
fun; but there appears to be but little chance.

March 4th Last evening we had a violent gale <sup>over</sup> of  
wind accompanied with heavy rain. In the midst  
of the disturbance of the elements, early in the  
evening, steamers Lockwood, Comm. Perry & Ellis came  
up to join us. We have now here six in all, of  
which we are the only ship of the flotilla.

What was of more importance to us than anything  
else was, the arrival of the mail. Our share was  
exceedingly small; but I was made happy by the  
reception of your long letter of the 17<sup>th</sup> Feby, which  
you commenced on the 13<sup>th</sup> while Leiggi was at the  
house. It seems unaccountable to me that at your  
last date you had not received my letter written  
after the fight. It left here on the 11<sup>th</sup> of Feby;  
time enough to go around the world. It went with  
the mail carrying the dispatches of our Elizabeth  
City fight. In your letter was a large sheet of fine  
blank paper; but I am perfectly at a loss to know  
to what use you designed me to appropriate it.

My messmate called it a valentine, and said I was  
sold. I didn't know but you meant that the blank  
caused by my absence had not yet been filled.

Fail not to give the history thereof.

As that previous letter spoken of was boiled and never  
recovered, I can't tell you exactly what it was  
you said; but I thought I detected a rebuke for  
not writing. It is all right now.

What a hard time Leiggi Hudson must have had  
during the prevalence of so much sickness at  
her house. I hope that they have all recovered  
ere this. I wrote Leiggi a long letter in  
French in the early part of Feby. When you  
see her, please ask if she ever received it.  
I suppose their sickness prevented answering it.

and milk.  
Did you know that you allowed 20  
days to pass without writing me?  
I received your letter & mine of the  
20th. Mr writes that I have left  
this unacknowledged. I say No!  
I thank him for his letter, but  
deny the imputation. I read his  
stamp. Mr seems to think 25  
stamps will last an age. Wish  
they would. I have got a mosquito  
net. Box not yet arrived. Expect  
it to-morrow. Got a letter from  
George B. Down East. He says John  
is trying to cut me out. We are  
going to put our business in  
the hands of a N. Y. lawyer, to take  
after our pig money, & so on.  
I see no prospect of our  
going either to Norfolk or any other  
place. The young ladies wish us  
to remain. The "old man" came down  
with the 8 o'clock arrangement the  
other night, till we got a stronger  
force here. The girls say it is mean  
in him to do so. So it? Glad to  
hear you are all well. So am I.  
Leave to Pa and all hands.

for it now. It is said that the Lockwood will go  
down to Roadside this afternoon. If she goes I shall  
send this so as to be on hand when the mail leaves.  
My cold is better, and everything is going on smoothly  
ly. Give my love to Mr. Demond and to our neighbors  
on each side, and to the Blake, Salans & Hudsons. George.

I am so glad that Charlie gave Lezzie S. such a pleas-  
ant sleigh ride. You can tell him she fully appre-  
ciated it. I expect he will present me with  
a fine little bill one of these days for his ser-  
vices in that line. The weather is charming to-day  
after the storm. How I would like to be behind  
Charlie's brother! G'lang! Last evening the frogs  
made delicious music - that is, for those who  
like the style. Their style of vocalization has  
a great charm for me; and as I reclined with  
my birch-wood between my teeth, the chorus made  
my old attic, cat skull and all, come up before  
me. Who says frogs are not an institution?

I think you, Et. and I will have to occupy a 160  
acre lot one of these days, where we can have  
a good chance to spread - and make a good, rousing  
noise, when we feel disposed that way.

Tell Mary P. that I shall certainly remember her in  
my next lot of photographs, if she will deign to  
accept. I had already settled that with myself. I  
thought of it at the last time, but - funds were low.  
Give them all my love, and tell them I have not forgot-  
ten them. It would give me great pleasure to meet  
Henry Pratt; but when the 89th is, is beyond my reckon-  
ing. It is not down in these parts. "We are sta-  
tioned 40 miles or more from the military and I have  
now no chance to see Henry B. The Country at large has  
sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. Appleton.  
Now that the finances are so disarranged, his char-  
acter would be of immense value. He has lived long  
and well. I may not be able to send this letter  
for two weeks; but I will have it all ready, and  
then if a stray chance offers in it can go, without  
delay. I suppose it will be some time now before I  
do 1st page.



U. S. Steamer Louisiana,  
Off Washington N. C.  
May 12<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Mother:—

The camp here has been alarmed for several nights past by attacks on the pickets, made by the enemy's cavalry. Being thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country, they can steal upon the pickets with considerable impunity. I think the killing of pickets, for itself alone, and when not authorized by an advance, is one of the most cowardly and dastardly actions that the present war has given rise to; and I think the perpetrators of such foul deeds should meet with the most speedy and condign punishment when taken. It is nothing more nor less than downright, deliberate murder and assassination, and is justified by no rules of war. At the first attack, of which I notified you in my last, one of the rebels was badly wounded. Saturday evening there was another attack. I was ashore all the afternoon, and took tea at the hotel. The Capt. was out riding with some army officers, and came across ten of the rebel cavalry. They, our officers, made for the town as soon as possible. After supper I was sitting under the portico smoking my pipe, when suddenly a crowd of negroes came bounding down the street, crying, "De cavalry am coming! de cavalry am coming!" I went down on one of the wharf, and seeing that we were getting up steam, I made the best of my way to her. The streets were in a horrible state of confusion, and every body was making anxious inquiries as to what was best to do. Women who were strong several the day before, forgot it all, and asked our protection. When I reached the ship the men were all at quarters. Soon we commenced throwing

Give my love  
to Dad and all  
our family, and  
let my friends  
know that I  
think of them  
when I have  
nothing better  
to attend to.  
I hope that  
my next letter  
will be addressed  
to you from  
New Orleans,  
I remain, as  
ever, your  
devoted  
son,  
George.

Octorara

March 6<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My last letter to you was written so hurriedly that I was not a little ashamed of it. I was in haste to send it, not knowing but you might have heard some news of a bit of fighting going on down this way, and have got up a little anxiety in consequence. Now every thing has become settled, and we are only waiting for the Admiral to have the kindness to order us to New Orleans. Our three weeks, the time specified for us to go to that city has come to an end, but still we linger on here. We are probably waiting for the Port Royal, which is coaling at Pensacola. Our present Captain will be detached upon our arrival, and another will take his place. We can't well have one that we dislike more. It is quite probable that Capt. Siglaw will take command. He is one of the right sort. He did a good turn once for me, when I stopped at Ship Island, going up in the Arkansas with Lizzie. He had dispatches at that time to send down to the fleet off Mobile, and came aboard to send the Arkansas. When he heard my case, he said he would not detain us, and set another.

shells over the town, where we supposed the enemy were. We remained at quarters till ten o'clock. The throwing of shells over the town alarmed the women greatly, as was to be supposed, as they are not the most musical articles in the world. The whole town was worked up into a fever of excitement all night. The people, as a general thing, appear to be more dread of the rebels than of our people. As one man told me a few days ago, that he considered the taking of this place the most important of all our victories this way, as it was entirely a moral victory. Faith, we conquered the people here by good behavior &c. Last night, in my watch from midnight to 4. there was another alarm, and all the military were ordered under arms. I didn't see the fun of getting people out needlessly, so I did not hike to quarters. For an hour we heard occasional shots, followed by a big yell. I kept the watch on deck, and stood by the long 3<sup>d</sup> or hearing in that direction. This morning we found that the trouble was caused by the picket becoming intoxicated, and he fired away at random, crying out at each discharge "All's well!". We had our howitzer ashore with 12 men and one officer from the ship all last night. Saturday night I saw one of the most cowardly actions I have yet witnessed. All the officers and men left the shore before any one but the pickets had seen a sign of the enemy, and came off to us in a large scow, leaving every thing behind them. It so hampered us, that had the enemy appeared with artillery, we would have had great difficulty in depending them. When all was quiet they went back. I spoke to one of the subordinate officers about it, and he avowed it to be the most disgraceful thing

May, 15<sup>th</sup>. It is too rainy and disagreeable to go ashore, and I will continue my letter, trusting to luck for an opportunity to send it. We have no post office here and no means of knowing when the mail leaves. Our letters must go to Newbern by steamers, and run the risk of waiting a week or so. Our mail has not yet reached us, though we have some expectations of getting it to day. It is within two or three days of a month since my last date - rather too long to wait. We had an arrival of reinforcements a day or two ago, consisting of a detachment of cavalry and two more companies of the 24<sup>th</sup>. They arrived at midnight and the cavalry immediately scouted out in the country and arrested several noted secessionists who had been giving aid and comfort to the rebels, and brought them in. We are to have more troops here soon, I hear. There has been no more picket shooting since this arrival, and the rebels will no doubt keep very shy.

We have fared quite sumptuously on strawberries, green peas &c. and eggs and poultry have been quite plenty with us. This is the best place for living we have visited in the sound, and we don't mind staying here a short time. If our letters were only sent to us on the arrival of the mail at Newbern we would be quite contented. We are shut off from all news, as the rebels close their communication. When we first arrived here we used to receive daily news through French saucers, but that is now closed. It is rumored that extensive preparations are making in Newbern for an advance in some direction. I suppose I know where the blow is to fall, but it isn't best to trust that to paper. A little caution is a good thing. We all continue to enjoy good health, only two of the ship's company being sick at the present time.

We have had very pleasant weather for the past week, and we have had a pleasant intimation that Summer will soon be upon us.

To-morrow I am going with two boats to gather oysters, which are very plentiful a few miles from here. The Captain has heretofore refused to allow us to leave the ship, but Capt. Siglow, who is here in the Calhoun, has at last persuaded him into it. We might shoot any quantity of game a quarter of a mile from the ship; but we have been refused all opportunty.

I wish I could have been in New Orleans during the last month, as it has been particularly good. I can tell you that I feel the need of some relaxation. It is a hard strain to live this blockade life; and one becomes very rusty, and needs a good rubbing in society. I suppose that Fessie and Stan have been enjoying themselves hugely since I heard from them last. Well, if I get to New Orleans, I shall endeavor to make good use of my time, and enjoy myself as well as I can. My sole comfort now consists in smoking Joe's pipe, which is a source of immense gratification. I forget whether I told you that I left off chewing on the new year. But I must arise at four, so has been clear with  
Good night.

Sunday, May 18<sup>th</sup>. A steamer came up this morning bringing a mail, and I received yours of the 28<sup>th</sup> ult. and 5<sup>th</sup> inst. We had been so long without letters that they were only too acceptable. I also rec'd Geo. Blake's letter, and read it with pleasure.

I am very glad indeed that you have at last fulfilled your promise, made long ago, to send me Mr. Hunt's photograph. I shall highly prize it, and all the others I have rec'd, Wheris, Jois, Stavis, Charles's, C's and all the rest?

We got Richmond papers to the 14<sup>th</sup> giving us glorious news of the operations at our base in that region.

Lizzie sends gloomy accounts of the state of her father's health. Poor thing! she is being sorely tried.

The boat will leave very soon and I must close up everything. We hope that the rebels will soon cry "enough", and that we may turn our prow northward. "Hail! happy day, etc." George sent me the "Mole Hill". I had hoped to hear from William, but I know he must be very busy.

I am in excellent health, and the weather is delightful. I have no time to re-read your letter, and may leave questions unanswered till next time. Tell Carrie she is slow in forwarding her letters. If she is not more prompt I shall give her notice to quit. Love to Father and all at home and elsewhere.

Appetinatly,  
George.

Washington No. Pa. May 20<sup>th</sup> 1862  
U. S. Steamer Louisiana

Dear Mother.

In consequence of the early departure of the steamer which brought up our last mail I was obliged to hurry my letter through without hardly knowing whether I was writing right or wrong. And now I must get another under weigh, lest the steamer come and go, and I be caught napping. I presume William has removed to No. 209 Washington st. since I found part of a circular in one of your letters. This, to be sure bore no name, but I caught sight of H & A. and a Cap. S. from which I deduced the sensible conclusion that Hewins & Hallis were in that neighborhood, and moreover, that they had shirts to sell. I can and admire how the climate has developed my reasoning powers. At any rate I hope I got the right direction, as it would be a great pity to have all that pen, ink & paper wasted, not to mention <sup>the time</sup> expended in careful and elegant writing, and laborious composition.

Some however either you have got the idea that I do not get sleep enough. I think I do. For instance - One night I turn at midnight and out at 7.30. Next night out from midnight, and in before & after. Next in at 8 or 9, at out at 4. Next all night in, which means 12 hours, if I choose to sleep so long. So on in routine. At it wasn't so damned hot in our room I might sleep half of the day did I choose to do so.

March 7<sup>th</sup>. I went oystering this morning with a large party, and we got about 100 bbls. of the nice bivalves to be found. We had an oyster roast on the island, which strongly reminded me of one of our old-fashioned clam bakes. I was up at four this morning, and am rather sleepy. Thank Heaven I have no watch to night. I received a letter from Lizzie this afternoon, dated from Pensacola the 2<sup>nd</sup>. The Arkansas must then be coal. She had a pleasant time there, with some of our mutual friends. The Arkansas was to sail the same evening for New Orleans. I believe I never told you about a letter that appeared in the N. O. "Era". I wrote it to Hills, Jenkins, and my own, wrote to the Capt. telling him to discover the author, and ask a letter of explanation from him. I was asked if I wrote it; answered yes, and sent a plain, matter-of-fact letter, to which he replied that it was not satisfactory, and he should send it to the Admiral. I expected a heavy row, but didn't much care, as I should have gone down to New Orleans and engaged in an army transport with better pay. Lizzie heard of it, and saw the Admiral, who told her to put perfectly at rest on the subject. So that matter dropped.

We have had very warm weather to day, and my nose is as red as Charlie's is under a visitation of sun-burnt. My eyelids begin to droop; so, good night.



So don't be alarmed, and let not your dreams  
be troubled by thoughts of my days being cut  
short by lack of sleep, as such a thing is not  
likely to happen. Our strawberries are nearly  
gone and soon will be counted among the  
things that were, but our green peas are in  
full glory, though we can't find the lamb  
to go with it. This day I dined on mush and  
milk, truly a delicious repast.

The climate here is not of the healthiest during  
the summer months, but I hope that we shall  
get through it after a fashion. Great care  
must be exercised in regard to the men  
that they are not unnecessarily exposed.

I trust I shall pass through the ordeal with  
safety by practicing the cardinal virtues of  
temperance and frugality. I do not expect  
to escape entirely; but if I get off with some  
chills and a bit of a shake I shall take it  
kindly. I had something of the kind a month ago.  
We have only one man sick in board, and  
he only slightly ill. We have, or rather the Lord  
has preserved our health wonderfully ever since  
we recovered from our attacks of colds.

Try don't to write more, or rather I can write  
but I fear you would not be able to read.

May 22<sup>nd</sup> Off Newbern - We left Washington this morning  
early, and have had a fine run. It was the pleasantest  
part of the season, with a delightful S. W. wind.

We were out of coal, and were relieved by the Delaware,  
which vessel brought us a few letters, amongst which  
were yours & Carrie's of the 14<sup>th</sup> and one from Gov. Blake  
of the 16<sup>th</sup>, which makes seven for this week. This  
I call doing the right thing.

We shall coal at here, and will probably return soon. Washington is so pleasant a place, and one have become so accustomed to the place, and have made so many acquaintances, and are so well liked, that if we are to remain here we wish to make our abode here. We were living so well that it came hard to leave. Our steward is setting the table and one of my mess just remarked that he missed his milk now. Well, we used to get our strawberries for 15 cts per quart, and peas 30. 15 40 cts per peck. At Newbern there are so many mouths that few get enough. We are anchored several miles below the town. I don't know whether we are to go up after coaling or not. I should like to go up as I wish to see Henry and other friends. And I would like to hear Gilmore's band perform some of their choicest pieces. Gilmore is very choiced, and whenever we intimate a wish to hear a certain piece he invariably accommodates us.

Do not think that I meant to accuse you of negligence when I wrote the letter. I know you write as often as possible, and send more than Silver could hope for. You say you reminded Mr Leonard of that unanswered letter. I did not mean for you to do that, but merely to learn whether he ever ~~had~~ received it. I knew he would answer when able to do so.

If you neglect Ed. entirely to write to me, he will soon be anxious for my return, as that will bring him an increase of letters. One can't have the wind blow two ways at a time. Daylight is disappearing, and I will close for the night.

March 10<sup>th</sup> I ought have finished this before so as to have been able to send it to Ship Island by a steamer which left suddenly this afternoon.

But yesterday I was fishing in the steamer Calhoun, with the Captain of the Summers. A gale of wind sprang up after starting, rendering all fishing out of the question. - And our pleasant anticipations were dispelled. I suppose we would have been favored with a mail today had the weather been more propitious; but I expect me to miss it. I hope I shall receive a letter from home; I am sure of hearing from Lizzie. I believe her trip will be of great benefit to her.

Now that a rumor has arisen that we may go to St. Louis, I want you to post me up as to who of our relations, ~~are~~ there. Give me their full names, for I am as ignorant as if I never knew them.

March 11<sup>th</sup> I have just received William's letter of the 26<sup>th</sup> ult. Tell him I am much obliged both for the letter and the report of what he has done.

I also rec'd letters from Lizzie stating she had returned to New Orleans, and had found a new boarding house. Also a letter from Elb. from Cin. O. from which I judge he is doing well. When I wrote him, I never thought that he had not been informed of our loss. I am very sleepy and must close.

May 23<sup>d</sup>. The day we left Washington I was placed in charge of two armed boats to go up the river a few miles on a "secret expedition"; so you must not expect to be any the wiser. Cal. Butler went up in a sail boat with a citizen of that place, both in citizen's dress. We were to guard them. We got some Scotch papers through a "peculiar channel"; and picked up some information. I believe I never told you of an accident I met with some time ago.

We had a house on the after part of the ship seven or eight feet high, to which a ladder used to lead from the main-deck on the port side. This was removed to the starboard side. Our day, being in a hurry, I started from aft to go forward on the port side, never thinking of the change in the ladder. I walked straight off, and instead of meeting the ladder, I lost myself in air. I fortunately landed on my feet, and got off without a sprain.

If you see any of the Hudsons, just ask them where, if ever, they are to hear from them.

I don't suppose Es. has as much time to herself now she is at work for William. So I must excuse all silence on her part. I am expecting Charlie's "phiz" every day. I believe I have given you all the "items of interest" I know of.

Why don't you send me a Chelsea paper now and then; it would interest me. Before I order anything from home I will see what I can find in allusion to  
in great haste  
George

Mrs Hannah Wallis

Care of Stevens Hall 221. Washington St.

Boston

My 8th. The  
Ship "Brinker"  
will leave this  
noon for Newbern  
and I will hurry  
this to its place.  
Last night, or  
rather, my early  
this morning,  
the enemy's can-  
nons made an  
attack on our  
pickets, killing  
two, both Major  
of this state.  
We were all called  
to quarters, but  
after completing  
their wardrobe  
did the enemy  
retreat. The next  
of the pickets' papers  
them will be very long  
is, with  
aboard,  
'and we  
are en-  
joying  
delicious  
meats.  
Appetizing  
why I am  
soon going  
I'd like  
I am glad.  
G.

St. Louisiana,  
Washington D. C.  
Sunday, May 14 1862

My Dear Mother,

I despatched a letter to you last week,  
which, if I had <sup>had</sup> time, would have been torn up,  
and another substituted. I did wrong to complain;  
but it did look as if I was to receive no letters  
from home. I got your letter just as I was  
on the point of sealing up, and I believe I  
made a note of it. Your photograph pleased me  
much, and I am very glad you sent it so soon.  
Your smile is as natural and as sweet as ever.  
Last Friday I had quite an adventure. I got  
permission to go ashore to purchase stores for  
our mess, with the understanding that a boat  
should come for me at six o'clock and wait  
if I was not ready. We anticipated that we  
were to leave early in the morning. After  
engaging stores, I visited the camp of the  
24th, and, as I was enjoying myself very much  
with Henry and Mr. Gilmore, I did not leave  
as early as I ought, and it was nearly seven  
o'clock before I reached the place where I  
was to meet the boat. I hunted all around  
for a boat, and, finding none, I started for the  
wharf opposite which we lay, to hail for  
a boat. On the way I met Capt. Murray's clerk,  
who informed me that the new Captain had taken  
command; and pointing to a black abject two  
or three miles away, said it was the Louisiana,  
bound to Washington. I at once went to an  
acquaintance who owned a light boat, borrowed  
it, and engaged two men to pull the boat.

Campbell, Jack Evans, and several others whose acquaintance I had previously made in Baltimore. The regiment made a fine appearance, coming, as they do, fresh from camp.

I believe six regiments arrived here last evening, from N. Y. and one from Ct. I am glad they have come, as nothing auspicious could be done till their arrival.

We got down to Henry's camp just in time for him to take his place in the band, as the regiment was to do escort duty for one of the N. Y. regts. One artillery regt. numbers over 1500! The rebels draw in our pickets day before yesterday, but they will now have their hands full to attend to their own business.

We are now painting ships, and am likely to remain here for some time.

I have received no letters later than the 15th March. Expecting a mail daily. All the Chelsea boys that I have seen are in first rate health, and Henry Blake is in good trim. I am all right as usual.

It was quite dark when we left the wharf, and the steamer was nowhere to be seen. We pulled down three or four miles, hailed several steamers, but none of them had seen my ship. I began to think it a wild goose chase; when looking over to the other side of the river, I observed what appeared to be the lights of a steamer. We pulled over to her, and there sure enough she was, and fast aground. I congratulated myself on some body's carelessness. I called on our new Capt. as soon as I arrived, and he was not at all put out.

The next morning, Sat. I went ashore and engaged a steam tug, which came and soon hauled us off. We had a pleasant run down here, and came to anchor in Pamlico river, about 20 miles below the town, and ~~staying~~<sup>the</sup> morning we ran up to the town, and anchored within fifty feet of the shore. The transport steamer Pilot Boy also came up with one company of the 24<sup>th</sup> Mass. and about 200 muskets for the home guard which they are organizing here. The people are still in doubt about our holding the place, and fear that the presence of Union soldiers here will bring trouble upon them.

To-day the darkeys have been jubilant; and the female portion have decked themselves in their most gorgeous array in honor of our coming. What is better than all, to my mind is the fact that here we can get poultry and eggs, things we have not seen for some time. I had lost all appetite, and was really getting quite ill with the miserable food we got, but now the paymaster has paid us off for the last two months, and I have got \$50. which I think

will keep me till next Friday. It costs our  
miss something to hear. I have at last been  
relieved from the caterer's bill, for which I am  
truly thankful. I had it about eight months,  
and during that time I suppose it cost us  
about six or seven hundred dollars - quite  
a nice little sum for a small family of seven.  
Probably enough it would keep a comfortable  
poor house; but we can't close the leaks.

Monday. - We have just read in the Wesfolk Day Book  
of the 29th April, that New Orleans had surrendered  
to the "cussed" Yankees. That paper says it is  
the most "mysterious thing" of the war. Probably  
the Yankees who were on the spot and were there  
engaged in nothing at all "mysterious" in  
this proceeding. This will prove a terrible blow  
to the rebels - their southern New York has  
fallen from them.

I have been ashore this afternoon, and walked  
through all the principal streets. The trees were  
just putting forth their foliage when we were  
here before, but now, in every street, there  
is a perfect arch from one extremity to  
the other. All the streets run at right  
angles with each other, and you get the  
full beauty of this. I never saw streets so  
beautifully shaded. The trees are generally elms,  
and the atmosphere is so damp that the trunks  
are covered with ferns. As at Newbern so here  
flowers flourish in the greatest profusion.  
This afternoon while walking along the street, a  
woman leaned over the fence, holding a basket  
in her hand, and said: "Sir, I present you with this."  
Comment - Ahem!



I have no time to write more; but  
I think I have given you all news  
of any interest. Do not be afraid  
of overburdening me with letters,  
as I can stand a long siege of  
that kind. I think I shall send  
my guns home by Adams Express  
by and by.

Give my love to our neighbors in  
all sides, Holmes, Blakes etc.

One of these days I will write again;  
till then adieu, with much love.

George.

May 8<sup>th</sup>. I can just make it the 8<sup>th</sup> by half an hour.  
I turned out at midnight, but I would much  
rather have remained in my berth. I did not get  
nicely to sleep till after ten o'clock; and I can't  
see the fun of turning out at midnight.

Just after I came on deck, a boat came up  
the ~~river~~ river with three men and one woman  
colored. Their master tried to take them up the  
country a while ago, but they ran away, and  
have been hiding in the swamps. We gave them a  
resting place on the deck for the night.

Yesterday afternoon I spent mostly in chopping  
to the nigger weechus. Daniels and I went back  
into the nigger quarter, and a rare time we had  
with the specimens. We met some great characters.  
Many of them have a strong religious vein, and  
will tell you of the prayers offered up for  
our success. I met an old nigger with a wooden  
leg, hobbling on a crutch. I asked him how he  
came to lose it. "Well, you see, Massa," he answered,  
"I had a bad Massa, and he shot me one day in a  
drinking frolic. He was de hardest man I ever did  
see for a white man." Near thirty new recruits came  
in this afternoon from the country below, and the Petal  
Boy brought up some more this evening. She brought  
us news of the fall of Yorktown & Norfolk and  
the capture of the "Virginia". This looks like get-  
ting home before long. I shall send with this, a  
letter I received from the Captain on the day he left.  
The contents are a sufficient explanation. I know you,  
and Father and the whole family will be even more  
pleased than it was. Mem. For Heaven's sake, buy Mrs  
Damon a volume of Young's Night Thoughts.

**George Fearing Hollis Papers**

**1852 - 1903**

**MSS.0471**

**Box: 1 Folder: 12**

**CIVIL WAR - Correspondence - Letters from George  
F. Hollis to his mother, Hannah Sweet, 1861 - 1864**



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