



George B. Wright and Family Papers

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up & down the road a little way
without any body with him &
seems when more contented. his
eyes are no better & he has lost
all hope about them now -

You must be very near
Robert Eden. who is I suppose at
Tuckerburg of thereabouts on the
Herald. I wish you could
see him - how nice it would be -

Did you know Henry Roper was
killed at the battle of Gettysburg.
He came to our house to see
Sarah Willard who was staying with
me only a little while before we
went out of town - he was a
pupil of Sidney's & very fond of him
& saw him the day before he
died -

Last Sunday who should turn up
suddenly but Mary Brown, Brattleboro
who was united in the holy bond of
matrimony to one Henry Farr, Capt.
on the Friday previous & was spending
part of her honeymoon at the
Glades. Imagine our surprise, horror,
& disgust - You know she is not a
favorite here & nothing she could
do would be just right - If I had

Cohasset Aug 11th 1863

Dear Wm

I know how long it
has been since we have heard from
you? more than a month -
My last letter was dated July 5th
I have had no idea of your
whereabouts since except from
short notices in the paper.
I do wish you would
try to write often, it would save
us a world of anxiety & do
us other more good than medicine.
I have just seen the death
of Ezra Ripley in the paper -
It is one of the saddest things
I have heard for long. Such
a splendid fellow - how can
he be spared. I wish you
would write me about it if
you know anything more than

I am sure you will write soon about it - I am sure you will write soon about it - I am sure you will write soon about it -

the paper tells - I send you
the notice in the Advertiser
as I think must have been
written by Mr James Hayes
it sounds so like him. I
always had the greatest
admiration for Mr Rely, he
was such a modest, devoted
character -

Should I tell you John Rely
desired to be remembered to
you & inquired especially all
about you - It was some time
ago but I don't remember that
I told you -

Hobbs calls upon us occasion-
ally, smiling & shining clear, but
we have only to hear him rattle
on to see how hollow he is -
He says Post Hall went on to
Washington with him about 2
months ago in consequence of a
telegraphic message from Pilby

that she must come on if she
wished to see him alive - They
found the afore said Maria -
perfectly well with the exception of
whisky so Miss M. became Miss
P. & travelled back to Cohasset
with her new name & is here
now. It is hardly worth while
to send such gossip so far, but
it was one of the tales with which
Hobbs garnishes his conversation -
in the intervals of glowing de-
scriptions of student life, duels
Lager beer & c. &c - Doubtless we might
have more edifying society -

Kitty Wells - nee Gannett has
been making us a little visit
with her kind & master, now
she is going to make Sarah Wescott
nee Read a visit - She abideth
with her clerical spouse in Barre
about 40 miles from Worcester - &
is so happy that earth has nothing
more to offer for her.

Father seems better than when
we first came to Cohasset; goes

wrote much of her; but, if I were ever
so much opposed to woman's speak-
ing, I think she would do much to
make me ashamed of it. I met
her and spent an evening and
chaperoned her homeward once in
Philadelphia, & was glad to renew
the little acquaintance as she was
gracious & cordial in her recog-
nition. We spent an evening
hour with her at the Winthrop House
& ate some delicious grapes - of
the variety we used sometime to
taste four yrs. ago - sent in to her
by some of her countless admirers.
She has sweet child-like ways, seems un-
conscious of her power, - dresses neat
as a pin & plain as a Quaker - has
clear, peachy complexion, & looks much
like the pictures of Evangeline.

Shall I tell you further of Faneuil
Hall, the State House, the view from its
dome, the harbor shipping, the great book
store, and all which used to charm
our family as it was into spending a good
many horse-car tickets? But last week
we fled away from all this & went off
to Nahant & for three nights slept on the
ground in an army tent, as part of a crowd

Soanoville, Aug. 11, 1863.

My Good Girl:-

Wouldn't you like to get a
letter from Abner Blaisdell? From
uncle Lewis? (where I wrote, or Fanny
did, to mother) we came hither on Mon-
day - a week ago yesterday & were re-
ceived according to aunt Mercy's an-
cient forms of hospitality. At first
Fanny's presence embarrassed them
all; but she had the hardest of it,
and soon all parties got happily
over it. Calley is a fine young
woman of sweet, maidenly face,
as guileless as ever and just as
artlessly loving - as much more
beautifully as her manners are
mature. Sarah Merrifield, who
lost her first baby a year ago,
has not yet seen her second. -
"Uncle Abner" is rheumatic & old,
& has been obliged to give up his

fruit business & small farming operations — indeed all hard work. They therefore rent the house only, not the grounds, which are not so carefully managed as of old.

Mr. Rand, Mr. Hodgdon, Newton Gannett & Mr. Merrifield are still among the boarders. Mr. Rand's second word to me was: "Where's the boy?" And the household generally evince the interest of former days in "grandma", "Serena" and all of us. Things about house get on somehow in the same slipshod style. Lydia Remick lives here now, & seems quite efficient as a help, & well-mannered as a lady. — I have been over to South Boston; found cousin Abby miserably off with her old liver complaint — which in her case is well named. The children have grown a good deal & Fanny is very fat at the close of her 1st year in the Bos-

ton Normal School. George I didn't see. Fredy, now five yrs. old, was exceedingly shy.

One night we took tea at the Fowler house in old Cambridge & found Mitty & the whole tribe of girls buxom, busy & womanly. That evening, they & we with a young gallant of theirs made up a party for a boat ride on Fresh Pond, & then we returned & stayed over night. James is doing noble service as chaplain of Higgins' Regiment — 1st S. Carolina vol. colored. of which Billings is Lt. Col.

We have been to the Athenaeum twice, and on the day appointed by the President for thanksgiving, we sent out a tedious programme at Tremont Temple, hoping to hear Sumner towards night Henry Wilson relieved us with a good, wise talk, & then came Anna Dickinson — the glorious, dear girl! I cannot

You know my wish concerning mother Daniel: It is to do the best & all I can, to make her shadowed life cheerful & comfortable. And my own feeling has ever been that with you she would be happier than she could be elsewhere, all things considered. I do not know how your present circumstances may lead you to feel about retaining her; nor do I know her feeling about remaining. But if, consistently with the rights and happiness of all parties, it can be possible for things to remain as they are, it would suit my notion of what is best for all: or, at least, best for mother. I cannot hope to see you this year; but am hoping to visit you next Summer. Please don't disturb her with any allusions to so painful & delicate a subject unless for reasons proceeding from yourself. I shall be happy in doing for her, or for you, & yours, at any time & always, whatever I can do. When you write, please be very frank with me about all you think I ought to know.

A letter addressed to Yonkers, N.Y. (Yonkers) if sent before the 22^d Aug. would reach me.
With much love from us, I am still
your fond & faithful Father.

composed of Klaisdells, Stoods, Stables, etc. And we took a row, & splashed gloriously in the sea-water, and picked pebbles & mosses, & gipsies round in a promiscuous way to great satisfaction, till the last night we were persecuted half to death with mosquitoes. — Charles White is now a universalist minister in East Boston to the grief of his good orthodox aunts. He has a pleasant wife. His sister Mary is married down in Seccessia. Belissa is an uncommon girl. Mother Hood seems to have settled down into quiet old womanhood. Mercy is clerking in a store of her brother's, near by, on Milk Row. Martin is married & lives in Chelsea, but has several "fancy goods" stores here & there. As for Charley boy, he remains an employee of the N.Y. & Erie R.R. but occasionally reports himself, & still

makes inquiries for you. He saw something of the N.Y. riot, & tells of a negro child - a baby, which he saw pulled him from him, after the mother had been murdered.

I have not yet hunted up Cy. but hear he also has gone the way of all flesh - & got married.

If you opened a letter I sent for George, you are already informed that we are not to return to Cin. but are to settle in Albany, N.York. That it should be so, is still a surprise to myself: but I have followed all the light I could get in deciding between two calls, both unanimous & both urgent. I may yet regret not staying in Cin. but I felt that the field was a hard one & the climate so debilitating that I should be running too great risk of breaking down. I suppose Fanny's mother & brother (Johnny, 13 yrs. old) will come on in company with

Charley Ames, & will form a part of our new household. Can you realize it all? — I don't yet know that we shall be able to find a house till we do. The three must be kept back from coming. Sept 1st begins my year: & on the first Sunday in Sept., you may think of me as making a plain open-hearted statement of the work I desire to perform as a minister & the relations desirable between me & those whom I am to become.

Slow, sleepy people they may seem to be in that stagnant, Dutch Knickerbocker city; but it will be good for my western ferocity & impulsiveness to be tamed down a little. — And yet I dread it.

In a few days, we shall meet Mr. Dall, who is now away, & then we shall steer off to N.Y. city, whence we reach Albany by a Hudson River steamer.

breastwork for Benjamin's 20
 lb Parrot battery. On the 12
 went in to support the picket
 on the left of the Canton road
 which the first day was the 35
 Map, & on 13 July was the
 7 R.I. On the 13th we went
 into camp, where we remained
 supporting batteries & construct-
 ing breastworks till 15. That
 night we advanced, took the
 place of the 79th M.Y. in the
 rifle pits under a very heavy
 fire & then remained during
 the 16th July. Early in the morning
 of the 16th I lost a man John
 Scully shot through the head.
 We buried him next day, a
 comrade doing the duties of
 Chaplain. He was the only
 one of the Regiment lost. During
 the 16th I was detailed to
 head the charge from the
 rifle pits of which I have

Be careful of
 this little package
 It has some of
 Mrs. Jeff. Davis
 hair & letters from
 her.

On the river below
 Memphis. Aug 13/63

Cherbourg, France,
 Your voyage commences
 je tente pour mon plume dans votre
 esprit. C'est très convenable et
 une bonne étude des langues anglaise.
 Since this time a month we have
 had no opportunity to send letters
 except by occasional chance
 by private hand to Vicksburg
 & thence north & for over a
 week no mail has gone
 north at all, nor any come
 south. I kept a sort of me-
 morandum of our movements
 since the commencement
 of our Miss. campaign which
 I send you here.
 July 4. Started from Mem-
 phis and marched for Paducah

son, on the 7th crossed Big Black
in a heavy rain & bivouacked
for the night. ~~Heading~~ Moving to the North
of the City, we went into position
near the Pearl and about two
miles from the City, near the
Insane Asylum on July 10,
placing two batteries in position
on a range of hills and sending
Gen Welch's 1st Div. forward
to skirmish. The first day we gained
a line which we held with
no material change till the
16th. Jackson is situated on
the Pearl River, which at this
point runs southwesterly, and
immediately north of the City is
a deep and woody ravine ex-
tending for over two miles from
the River to the Canton road
on this north of this ravine
at the very crest of the hill
our skirmishers were deployed
the left of the line in woods

the centre on an open hill top
in rifle pits, and the right in
the woods again. To the right
of the Canton road the country
is more level & then Smith's
4th Division of the 16th Corps was
stationed, extending to the Living-
ston road. Thence to the Clinton
road and from the Clinton road
to the river were Ord's & Sherman's
Corps advancing over a quite
level country. The nearest
approach was on the left
400 yards from the main
works & 80 from the enemy's
rifle pits. This was held by the
9th Corps. F. B. Clarke lived
in Jackson about ~~1 1/4~~ 3/4 miles
from our infantry outpost
on the Canton road.

On the 10th the 29th Sup-
ported a battery Edwards' 3 inch
rifles, on the 11th picketed to
the river & at night made a

Nothing material has happened since the first of August, except the reported death of Ripley. We got him sick leaving him him off for the North, but after the Mississippi was too much for him. I have something to do all the time now which I am glad of. In addition to being acting field officer of the Regiment, I have undertaken to be S. M. during Whitman's sickness & absence. We are now bound for Cincinnati, started on the 10th from Camp, got on boat 11th underway 12th A.M.

July 15th at island 64 or below 62. Lost overboard a man named Sprague Co. G. drowned while bathing. Lost a horse & 6 mules at night.

Good bye. we are nearly at Memphis 16 July.

W. H. Whitman

read a deal of nonsense in the papers, and full accounts of the capture of the enemy's pits. My orders were to advance if the force on my right did, but that did not, & only our troops in the woods went on. However at night, a small reconnoitering party under my orders took without knowing it an abandoned rifle pit of the enemy, which caused us first to know that he was really evacuating.

Request after request was sent for permission to attack the enemy's line I feel them, but till 4 A.M. 17th we were not allowed. Then the 35th Mass. 50 Pa 46 N.Y. & 29th Mass. marched on the works, entered the city, the 50th fell out to plant their flag on a battery & the 35 went on & pulled down the Confederate standard from the cupola of the state house, twisting him

own in its place. A good deal of
ill blood arose from this against
the 9th Corps among the Western
troops who came in some hours
after we had struck camp in
the square. We staid in town till
afternoon, then went to the Sem-
inary again, & thence started back
on the 20 July. On the 19th
I took an orderly & rode in
to Jackson visited Mrs. Clark
D.B.'s mother & found her a
most pleasant, but sad old
lady, she spoke feelingly of Sam,
and we had quite a long talk
over the horrors of the war
&c. Poor woman, she who
had been accustomed to servants
horses & plenty all her life, had
a ruined house, a plundered stor-
eroom, a farm whose servants
had all run off, an empty
stable, and worse than all
her family portraits that of her
husband given her on her mar-
riage, had been picked and torn
by bayonets. Part was down
by our troops & part by the

Rebels, for she is not an orig-
inal seer, & D.B. was a
conscript in the Rebel army.

On the 20th July we set
out & after a weary march
from 2 A.M. to 12 night
22 hours out of 24 rested. On
the 21st we marched from 3 1/2
A.M. to 7 P.M. On the 22 from
4 A.M. to 8 P.M. and on the 23
we crossed our wagons over
the Big Black, marched 8 miles
in a heavy rain & rested. On
the 23 we reached Milldale
again. Our Jackson cam-
paign lasted first 23 days
during which we were with-
out tents, on half rations of
coffee & sugar, quarter ra-
tions of hard bread & as much
meat as the Quartermasters
could kill. Little or no salt.
On the 24th I lost my horse
a fine animal, 16 1/2 hands high
which I got of an artist in
Jackson. He was worth
at least \$2.00 & was stolen
from alongside my tent.

Minneapolis, Aug. 14. 1863.

My dear husband,

Good evening. Was it yesterday you went? I guess so, but time is not counted by yesterdays ~~years~~, it is all blank now - a dead stand-still for three months, the mystery only being how the Almatice can bring that time about.

Four Years ago this hour you were in Boston and I in Somerville - Four years a little earlier in the day we sat under a tree, whose branches were mostly green, but a little dead at the top; typical of what? A barren spot in our wedded-life? What is it? Four years ago to-day ~~was~~ it was we told each other a new story, but Four years tomorrow night - since you asked me to some day be your wife, and I said yes - is it not so? God bless my dear Husband! - an hundred fold more dear my husband than my lover. How different

these days from those. Then we were looking
on, as it were, where we are now actors. "In
Short" — You are a man and I a woman, where
as we were then boy & girl, dreaming, and
in love. How our world has changed! ~~What~~
Husband and babies that now take all my
time and thought, were then — where? Father
and Mother and our little home, that had
been my cell in all so long, now — I can
think of nothing only of its being a precious
seed that has lost its ~~own~~ ^{own} individual life
and brought forth good fruit in several
other happy homes. So be it — and let us
give God our thanks that it has been well
with us all — and not least blessed for her
whose home is not as ours, but everlasting, &
with our Father.

Cyrus then formed no inconsiderable
member of our little world. as no doubt he
does now of yours, but to me he is one of the
past that perished with the time. You
have continued to know him, and like
him for what he is, and I like him as

a pleasant memory; intimately ⁱⁿ connected in
thought with a very happy part of my life.

Well-Love — in a review of the past with
what feelings do you come back to the present?
I am happy, and almost contented.
In your love I have steadfast confidence,
and in our children we are blessed. Yet
I often ^{feel} there is something lacking, do you not?
That the presence and support of our Heavenly
Father are not always felt and acknowledged;
and that you and I are not yet "one flesh".
Having apart no interests, thoughts or feelings.

Perhaps we live away from each other too
much to feel close companionship in all
things necessary, but that it is necessary for the
harmony of a true home I have no doubt,
and to-night, I promise myself to be unto
you a faithful and true wife all the days
of my life — having with God's help, no thought
but you might share. Now good night.

I only began intending to write a line to send along
with Smith's letter. You are nearer me than
the end of your journey was. We are well.
Mary is better. Be careful of yourself — Love, Serena

and forgiving to the end. There have
been four blessed years - and for these
alone I would willingly have given
myself to you - but this is not all - and
we must either go on or back, we can
not stand still. You know I love
you with my whole heart.

I had two letters from Papa today.
One was to you written at Nahant,
The other to me written in Bernville.

I wish we could be there a little while.

He says he hears Cyrus is married.
Is it so? I do not believe it. He had
not hinted him up he said. I will send
the letter to you. If Cyrus is really
married I hope 'tis to a woman strong
enough to keep him walking straight
in a path I have feared he slightly straggled
in. - To-day in the heat Elsie and
I have been over the River and had
Mary's picture taken. I did also. To-
morrow he is to send proofs. I guess
Mary's will be good. If mine is not
I do not care so much, and shall
not keep them it.

Mr. Russell has not been here
yet. I don't know when you expected
him to come, but I thought pretty soon.

I shall hear from you at Crowding.
The babies are both sleeping. They are
well. Ask Watten if he don't want
us to send his mail, or did he make
arrangements. He must be anxious now.
I must to bed. Good night Love, Serena.

Minneapolis Aug. ¹⁷~~15~~, 1863

My Love.

This has been an awful hot
day. I have thought of my poor mes-
sage toiling along in the heat, and wished
I could make it more comfortable for
him. But you have pitched your tents
before now and are resting in the cool
of evening. Where are you? I wish I
knew, but I don't, and can't. Will
we ever learn to be content in a present
which finds us two widely separated?

I am afraid we may learn to regard it
with complacency if we suffer it much
longer. For my life I can't tell why,
but since you have been home least
I can't help feeling our lives are not
so closely united as they should be - that
you and your business are somehow
separated from your wife and babies,
who in their turn live in a world you know

too little of. Be patient Love, and
look this thing fairly in the face. Do
you not see that instead of growing 15 con-
fide more and more in each other we do
it less and less. I have thought I
would not say anything about ^{this} to you,
that time would cure it, and you
might think me jealous of your
time or attentions, or else unwilling
to trust in you so far as I ought. But
I feel it so painfully at times, I am al-
most ready to think you must have
made the saddest mistake of your
life, when you took me to be your
wife. Forgive me Love, if I hurt you,
but I remember once four years ago
nearly, I said I should always come to
^{you} and open my heart fully, and you
would never turn me off. If there
is sometimes unpleasant stuff in it - don't
wonder. I feel sometimes if God had
given me a nature like my Mother's
you and I would be true man and wife.

She would not allow of barriers - they
must be broken down, or she was mis-
erable. But it is awfully against my
nature to ask for anything, more es-
pecially for that I feel ought to have
and most especially for anyone's con-
fidence, no more can I give mine when
there ^{might be} is any shadow of coolness in the
receiver. I really don't mean to say
that I ever keep anything from you
for I do not intentionally, but for all that
I do not feel like that you know me in all
things as you ought. The longer I live
with ^{you} the more I feel that reserve in
anything is dangerous - that even in
the matter of follies, and even larger
faults, there had better be perfect
transparency trusting love to overlook
and forgive much. Haven't you
felt these things, and wished it might
be otherwise? Now Kiss me Love,
and let us promise each other to be
more truly one in all things - loving

Platte River Aug 19/63
Darling - I am getting along
well & prosperously but slowly -
we shall be one day longer going up
this year than last - have a full
party of 16 - will write fully in a day or
two - am busy - Write to Chippewa
Agency - Drop letters in Po on Tuesday
Thursday & Sat P.M. & same will
reach Chippewa Agency Thursday, Saturday
& Tuesday next succeeding - mail 3 times
a week & 12 days from Minneapolis.
All well & pleasant - but hot muggy
& rainy weather. Write often for I give to
feel homesick for my love now -
Good bye - God bless & keep you -
Kill the babies for your Husband Love

little rounded, dimpled, dumpling, jumping
body would lose all its grace if it were
flattened out on a pasteboard, Maria couldn't
see her laughing, blue-eyed baby-boy looking
like a little pumpkin.

I sent you a ~~little~~ letter, to Crow Wing -
two of them, and enclosed one for Smith, and
one to you from Gummy. Two papers have
come to Smith in your care, I don't know whether
to send along such things or not - probably I
had - A letter came for him too, I will send it.

Horton called in this morning to say he
thought he had better work a little in the
Nursery - he said bees were getting numerous
and enormous and it would be impossible
to harvest anything unless they were cased
for. He goes out tomorrow I believe, and
Charley with him. The cattle have not been
in yet.

Mr. Russell has not been
here yet. - Oh! yes - I sent two letters
from Papa to Crow Wing. Papa is going
to stay in Albany. His duties begin as
Pastor the first of Sept. He thinks that
Stair, old Stutch Town will sober him off
a little, and take down his ferocity some-
what. I wouldn't wonder if it would be bet-
ter for him, provided he can succeed in learn-
ing calmness and moderation. But man
cannot change his nature - he get neither "figs
of thistles" nor "grapes of thorns". Bless you.
My darling - precious Love brought your own, Serena

Minneapolis, Aug. 21/63

My Love,

Quite contrary to my ex-
pectations I have got the children
both asleep, and can sit down for a
few minutes. Sister Hannah, who
is visiting us now, and Elsie have gone
to the Boardman's Concert this evening.
So I am alone with three babies, count-
ing Charley Thuff, but he is pretty good.

I was right glad of a line from you
to-day. You must by this time be near
your journey's end. It has been very
warm here for a week or more - and
I see by your letter it reaches where you
are. I have tried you, tramping all day
long in the heat. But soon it must
get cooler. He takes care not to expose
yourself to changes more than is necessary
just on extra clothing, and your flannels
as soon as you suspect you need them.

I have been wonderfully smart since you went away. In a week I have walked over the River four times and back - and twice been down as far as Laurinda's.

L- has a boy-baby three days old. She wasn't sick over two hours in all - and is doing very nicely now. Her husband was away at the time, and does not know of her sickness yet. Last Monday Wednesday and to-day for my Photograph. The first time was a failure - the second and last times judge for yourself, I send you one of each. I hope you will be pleased with one of them. They are like me - but don't you see your wife is losing the bloom of her youth? Or have you noticed that for some time. I never did so painfully ^{in myself} see the ravages of babies, as in looking at my pictures of eighteen and twenty three. I confess it does make me feel bad a bit, and more especially to note the difference in my pictures and mine - There is a decided improvement in you, judging from your

Pictures of twenty-four and twenty-eight - It is a fair sample of what a few years does for a young man and woman - There is nothing specially pretty, nor really very interesting in undeveloped manhood, a husband and father at thirty, as the world generally goes, looks better, and is stronger than the youth at twenty, but in how many cases is the same true of woman? But, thank good fortune, my babies are worth more than a fair face. Only regret wherein I have marked my face with fretfulness, and deepened the lines with scowls and ugliness. I would like to keep for my son a face it would please him to look at. Are you not pleased with Mary's? I think it is remarkably good as a likeness ^{for} of a child, a a pretty picture in itself. Bless her sweet heart - 'She seem to know she was' having her picture taken' - She would fix up her face and keep as quiet as could be. Now if you had baby Vernon's picture your family would be with you, in shadowy forms. But his

In ^{exp.} 8 1/2 miles from Chippewa
Agency. Sabbath Eve Aug 23rd/63

My Love - At last we are in camp &
on our work - Yesterday we reached
the ground at about noon & commenced
work in the afternoon. Just barely com-
menced & it is all swamp. - To day
it has rained all day & I fear we
shall have a wet rainy fall. It
has rained almost every day since
we started, more or less. I dare not
think what the result of bad weather
may be. A very wet season would
only put me more deeply, & hopelessly
in debt & put off the promised day
when I may breathe freely & feel that
I have a right to rest & happiness
with other people - To feel that I am
also a free man and that my wife
and children are mine, and that I
have a right to their society & compan-
ionship. A right to say "I will work &
rest, when it pleases me" - I have
yet still do & hope that this fall will
enable me to, for the first time, take
a favel next year with my fave
& then to build us a nice little coop of
our own & to begin to feel that we
live and properly belong to one family.

You have no idea of the scores of
nice little projects I have had in
my head, wherein my wife and I have
figured most conspicuously, & all
hinging on a safe & prosperous termina-
tion of this fall's rough work.
I will not yet think otherwise

& say & hope that after Jan 1st 1864
we will begin to live a different
life - I have I think got the best
party I ever had & for so large a
number I think really remarkable.

All Americans except one, a German
from St Cloud Matthew Casper there
is as good as any - Our strange
characters are here - a young fellow
Geo Farmer who gives himself as
formerly from Lowell, Mass, from which
place his people moved to Canada
where two or three years ago he
enlisted to the Hudson's Bay Company
& was sent away up North of Lake
Winnipeg, packing, hunting & trapping
from there, finding that kind of life
intolerable, he ran away, & here, a
few days before I came along, reached
St Cloud. I met him there in the
evening & hired him the started with
us next morning. He is not 21,
but has been extensively "travelled,"
has the most perfect blood self-
command of any one I ever saw,
& with that easy air of conscious
strength which marks him a
decided character. I was a little
surprised yesterday when I handed
him the book of notes for him to
sign - he dashed down his name, with
the utmost apparent indifference
& handed it back. It was in splendid
business style - I hardly know that

to make of him. He is smart at 2
all events & the boys have unanimou-
sly voted him a "brick" - He wears a
deer skin hunting frock & is about as black
as an Indian x

The boys are coming in & going to bed
& I shall have to stop writing. I was
going to say that I got two dear
precious letters & others enclosed, at
Crossing on the way here, dear
precious letters - but saddening ones.
Oh my love - Then I must
stop - Good night. God bless & care
for you, now & ever. - I love you - Good Bye

Your husband George

Saturday Evening August 29th 1863

It is late & cold & I have written 3 or 4
other letters this evening but must add
a few lines to this at all events

We have kept at work all the week
early & late although it was shockingly wet
for 2 days. we have averaged near 9 miles
a day - some 50 miles now done
- when we get fairly broken in & in good
weather & work we will do 12 miles
a day. - Oh for fair weather for a
few weeks - Tomorrow we go to the
Post Office then I shall hear from
you - & must write more tomorrow
morning & send this. Last night a
heavy frost - Cold too, to night. Then I
must go to bed - will you sleep with me.
You will come when I sleep at all events Good night

Sabbath morning Aug 27 30/63

My Precious Love - Oh the miles, the long weary cold miles between my love and me - To say I shall hear from you - God grant you are well - You and our darling little ones.

Do you think we are growing estranged. It is the saddest thing that has come over me for a long time, that you can feel we are less one than we used to be - Oh my Love - To not think so! with every succeeding season you become to me more and more my wife. Dearest & more dear to me; the first thought in the morning & the last at night is of you - Every dear & tender thought or association attached and blends with the memory of my wife and children when I am away - I cannot bear that you should feel that we are separate except bodily ever. Could you see how my every thought, every plan & scheme springs out from & comes back to my love for you and our little ones. You could not feel so

This life in the woods is not pleasant but it becomes more endurable & even desirable when I think that by a few months here, I can be with you again and in such a way that we can begin to live

3
To³ together as we ought - We ought³
to live together all the time & when we
get so that we can, we may be
happier & better & more truly husband
and wife than is now possible -
I know that when we are together
we are not what we should be
to each other - This summer when
I was at home for a few days
I was so pre-occupied so much
to think of & so much to do, & you
had so much to do also, that I
had scarce a thought or word for
my wife - Somehow we are wiser
of us so constituted that we
can talk fully & freely about the
things that most nearly concern
us & to those most nearly concerned
also. You have seen enough of
my folks to know that I come
naturally by it - It is almost
always painful & unnatural to
me to open my heart - It is
like a display at a marriage
or funeral, But it has been an
inexpressible satisfaction, relief
& rest to me - a "safe home"
feeling, when tired & worried to come
home & when the still calm night
comes to press you to my bosom &
feel that there was one place where
there was no doubt, no distrust
- no misunderstanding, no need or call

for words - where all wd be taken
for granted - no explanations or
apologies necessary:- It is so yet
& with every day let us anew solemnly
pledge ourselves that it shall ever
be so - There is to me when you
are with me nothing whatever
no thought or feeling to separate
us - Is it not so with you -
Oh My precious Love, I will try
to be a good & true husband. You
have sent me by your love, away
from you & through the wilderness
for your sake - but in every day of
the roughest & hardest of my woe'd
life I feel that you have blessed
me & made my way bright &
pleasant above all my former
hopes, my brightest fancies.

Then I must close - If Mr
Russell has not got the money
it is high time he should - He was to
have paid the money in 2 or 3
days - The Interest on it amounts
to about \$1. for week & if he delays
any great time I want you should
remind him of it & that I expected
~~if~~ he made the arrangement he
would make it at once.

I do not know that there is anything
else I can tell, only that the nursery
must be looked after, & the Tulips
down cellar planted out & things looked
after - Then - Good bye - God bless you
& our Children, Kiss them for me -
write me often - A kiss for you, Good bye
your husband George

Quarter Master's Department, Convalescent Camp,

August 25th 1863.

Capt Thos W. Clarke

29th Inf Mass Vols
Captain

I have the honor to herewith transmit a certificate given to George Eickhoff a member of the Carpenter detail under your Command at Camp E. & Co. S. Alvarania Va. This certificate was given February 9, 1863, although he remained in your Department until March 24th when he was ordered to report at Convalescent Camp. The Paymaster informed him that to procure his pay he must have a certificate of a later date. He has therefore called upon and requested me to intrude upon your good nature for the signing of another which I enclose and at the same time have a vivid recollection of the dates of his Services, and in no way see that this latter Certificate will involve or compromise you while it will probably be valuable to him.

I have the honor to remain with regards
Your Obedient Servant

D. Frank Wagner

law, and also building a Mill to go to mining
or something of the sort. Their boy Johnny has
been sick but under Dr. Andersons care is getting
better; he rides the little yellow pony for his health
that the Dr. carries from here. Mrs North is not
very well contented, she rather live where Grass
can grow.

Stole you in my last letter that
Horton had been here, and said he thought best
that some work be done in the nursery - it was
nearly a week ago, and he has not been near
us yet nor out to the nursery. He promised us
to come help us to work, but didn't. Charley
has been out to the farm two days, but
his going amounts to nothing.

I was in to Mr. Chowans the other day and
they told me Mr. Dean - you will remember
Ada's friend in St. Louis - was dead. They
were all ready to come to Min. and he was
often sick and died in four days. - I have not
written to Ada yet - I wonder if your letter
wasn't good enough for both of us?

Big hurrahs! Fort Sumpter has
fallen, and tumbled the right way this time.
Charleston was so shelled today, with every
prospect of success.

Thornton was here today, they had got so
far on their way. He said he succeeded in getting
Goodrich to run Campaign. I sent two pairs
of socks by him to Cron King. He left \$5
for you, and enquired after Arthur Graham
and fare.

Oh! my darling Love. What
black charms full of dead longings, vain regrets
and hopeless wishes the next three months are to
look at them from now.

My Love, God bless thee and thine.
Your wife Sere. a.

Minneapolis Aug. 25. 1863.

My dear Husband,

I am in our room, the
children both in bed and fast asleep. Mary's
month, I find this evening, is full of cankers. Poor
child, she has worries all day, and when she
has eaten has particularly squirmed and fussed,
till my patience nearly gave way - and quite
sometimes, for I even imagined what could ail
her, indeed did not suppose anything did.
If ever I get vexed with her, and feel she really
deserves spanking, I find myself so much in the
wrong, and have to so bitterly repent my want
of forbearance, that I have only to be thank-
ful I do not go farther than to be impatient.

I am afraid my stock of patience will
be extremely limited if it continues to de-
minish as it has lately. I get cross forty
times a day in spite of myself almost. It
distresses me, and forty times a day I re-
solve I will do better, but no good comes of it.

This morning I ironed, all I could, for the children, and this afternoon been down town with Hannah to all the stores doing some trading, so I am tired enough tonight.

I wonder if you are not at your work by this time? This weather is fine for you to work in Laupfuz, but the change from heat to cold was so sudden and so great it threw us all out of gear. We have all a few colds, and the children have been greatly out of sorts. It is growing a little warmer, but yesterday it was fifty degrees colder than it was three or four days ago.

There is nothing new in the papers at all lately. Walter left no word to have the papers sent to him so I shall not mail them only when I see something that I think worth two cents, unless he orders otherwise.

I believe it would be a better thing for me to go to bed, than to write to you. Last night I sat up, while the rest of them went to hear Hewlett and made my baby a flannel shirt to put on this morning and by so doing hurt my eyes so much one of them has been red all day. I wish you could get in the habit of wearing flannel next to you, exposed

as yours are at all times, it would be such a protection against our uncertain and changeable weather.

My Love, good night. I will write more in time to send this Thursday. Goodbye, and a kiss Love.

Wednesday Eve. Aug. 26.

Night has come again. The days go very fast, and bear little with them of my doing. A ~~reason~~ tread-mill is my life, look at it in one way, in which I go "round and round", but there is another way, and a better, where it seems to me I might if I did well what I find to do, accomplish a good deal.

This afternoon Mrs. Hodge and I have been out calling. We went to Mr. Northrup's, Humphries, Graham's, Brackett's, Ben Harris's, Chapman's, ^{and} Godfrey's. Weren't we smart? We found them very pleasant at Mr. Graham's. Pleasant, pretty girls. They were not at home to Mrs. Brackett. Mrs. Harris was nice. Did you ever see her? Strong, large and angular, looks very much like her brother J. W. North. She had a letter from Mr. North last week. They were well. Mr. North practicing

would not spoil if they were picked and spread to dry. I asked him if 'twas necessary to see to them or have some one else. Charley is in school this week, so he could not. He could not tell whether the white beans would stand it or not. — — — — — Our Japan Lilies are blossoming splendidly.

Last evening I went to hear the Black Swan! A wonderful singer, visiting these parts. I never heard the like. She could go up, away beyond any voice I ever heard, and her tones be as clear as a bell, and then she could descend into the bass region, beyond where most women dare venture. She did not make one shrill noise or shriek, in an unnatural effort to go high, but went from octaves without an effort. It was splendid singing, such as I guess, Minnecota never heard before. She is a big, fat-black woman, any thing but Swan-like in appearance. Harrison Hall was filled full and two or three hundred they said, were turned away. She sings again this evening. Wish I had not been alone my dear. — — — I had a letter from Adeline yesterday. Oh! what a funny, silly girl. She imagines she can sympathize with me in my afflictions now, for her husband is away from her from morning till night, and she can hardly bear it. Alack-a-day! She says she believes George was making fun of her in his letter, but says she deserves it, and will forgive you. — — — My darling Love, I would like to see you! Goodbye, and good-bye. — — — I hope I will get a letter. I can't stop it if I don't. — — — Your wife Sarah.

Minneapolis Aug. 30, 1863,

My Love,

Sunday, and almost night.

I thought this morning, while I was in church, I would like to write you a good long letter; but ^{you} in the place of my Father-Confessor, and let you see what a poor, naughty little sinner I am. But since I came home I have not had time, free from the children, to say my prayers even had I so desired, much less to attend Confessional.

Sister Hannah's boy Charley is quite sick to-day with Stomach-ache, and Claire, too, is sickish the same way, and I, if it were possible without starving my baby, should be fasting for a sick stomach and dizzy head, and Oh! the noise and racket of the children is enough to turn a straight head.

Mary and Vernon both seem very well just now. Mary was quite sick last week a day or two but seems right again.

I thought I certainly would have heard from you before now. I will in a few days I guess.

The Plymouth Church was opened for service for the first time this morning. It is all finished and furnished, excepting a pulpit, and carpeting the aisles. It is pretty and pleasant, but I found for some reason it was difficult to understand what Mr. Saulters said; and the echoes were distressing.

Have you been freezing where you are? We have not, but vines, tomatoes, melons and other like sensitive things have been freezing. We have had two or three sharp frosts and a freeze. I have heard no one say what the real amount of damage is, but our garden is pretty well used up. If I could I should go out to the nursery to see what I could find there. I don't see as we are likely to get much good of it. There are a good many things I would like, that boys and men will get before me, I guess. Horton don't come near, for all he thought the work there was

so very much needed.

Tuesday Sept. 7th.

Take the first sitting down moment I have found to-day - and now 'tis almost night - to say a few things, and send this letter that it may go tomorrow. I am hoping good things from the next River mail this evening; wonder shall I be disappointed?

We are just at present not very well off. Elsie and Charles Huff have had Dr. Hatch in attendance on them since Sunday. Charley seems a little better to-day. He has been very sick, and is yet. Elsie is no better but hope she will begin to mend by tomorrow. You will see, with the care of two babies, and the whole work to do, I have my hands full. "It never rains, but it pours".

Horton came in Sunday Evening, said he was going out to the farm yesterday, to do a little work, and look around, and would call in the evening again and let me know. He had been there since the frost and said things looked pretty bad. He thought the Cranberry ^{beans} were

At the Annual Meeting of the Proprietors of
the Portsmouth Steam Factory held at the
Court House in Portsmouth N.H. Sept. 1. 1863.

Calvin W. Clark Esq. having declined a re-
election as Director, the following Resolution
was offered by W. H. Y. Hackett Esq. which was
passed unanimously:

"The determination of Mr Clark to retire from
the Board of Directors having been communicated
to this Company at its Annual Meeting held at
Portsmouth Sept. 1. 1863. it was thereupon

Resolved, that the thanks of this Corporation
be and hereby are presented to Calvin W. Clark, Esq.
for the able faithful and very acceptable manner
in which he has discharged the duties of
Director of this Company from its organization.

Resolved, that the Clerk transmit to Mr
Clark a copy of the foregoing Resolution"

A true extract from the Records

A. R. H. Fernald, Prop^r & Clerk

in
our Common Father, will cure all.
And I am sure it will, if we together strive
to think we both mean to do, to be one in
the high, Christian sense of living for a good
purpose, honest, true and unselfish lives.
My Love, never thinks I fancy such a
growing away from each other.
I am all yours, grow as you will, I fear
must grow the same way too, so it becomes
my duty to grow right. My eyes

tell me to go to bed, where every body else already
Elsie, I think seems a little better today.
I must stop. Dearest, I wish you were
here in our room, instead of in a tent with
so many men. But I cannot bring you
with wishing, so next best thing is to wish
you good air and sweet sleep where
you are. Also take care of yourself. Look
out for a too hearty supper after a hard days
work. Good-night Love.

Sunday Afternoon
Darling - I have just time for a word.
Miss. Dean who has been here all day, will
drop my letter in the office as she goes by.
Elsie I hope, is on the whole a little better
to-day - not much different though. Our
friends are all very kind. Mrs. Soames and
our little Miss D. today to see if we could
do anything as Miss. Lucy H. and 'd' Prof.
went this morning to see if they could
get Emma to help me a few days, but she
is not well. I shall get along some way. Never
you fear for I am pretty well. How you Love, Love

St. Minneapolis, Sept. 2, 1863.

My Love.

I have just read your letter, written
not yet a week. You are not very far from me
when I can hear so soon. I am glad to hear
so soon good from you. Judging from our
weather you have not had it wet this week,
but cool and pleasant for your work,
though for my babies cold and unpleasant.

Elsie is still no better, but the Dr. says
with her disease there is no speedy relief pos-
sible. She is not alarming by sick, I guess.

It is pretty hard to get along, being not over
well myself. I shall get some one to help a
few days if I can. Helas came up this
evening and offered to go for a wash woman,
or do anything else we could, which was
kind in him and helpful to me. My
mouth is very sore for a day or two
and this evening quite painful and trouble-
some. And that makes me think of Mary

Eddy. Miss Hawkins told me today she was very sick indeed. She saw Mrs. Couston last week and she said Mary herself had given up living and her friends had but little hopes of her. She has a young child I do not know how old. Lucy did not know particulars but as near as I could learn she was very sick at the time, had a Dr. that wasn't good, and has been very sick ever since. Her mouth is so sore she could not speak. John was unable to leave her a moment through the day. Poor man, how hard it would be for him if she should die!

News from the Grove this week, I believe, report her a little better.

Has Walter heard from his Mother again? I have left word to the Office to have Smith's letters forwarded.

A letter came from Papa this week. I will send it. I guess they will have enough of a good thing, by the time they get fairly at home in Albany, and will be glad to remain stationary awhile. So my Charley is married.

I cannot claim the honour of having broken his heart after all. Happiness to him and his wife! He was a good boy, and I hope is a good man, though I fear not a very efficient one.

Friday Evening. 4th

I didn't have a chance to say even good-bye, and now 'tis right-again. How times does go. You will be home before I know it - tho -

I am, and have been ashamed of these letters I sent you to Crow Wing. It was a piece of mind I should have kept to myself, and not let the first greeting, after you left home be fault-finding, desponding words.

No, my Love, when we are together I never feel there is anything between us. I rest in your love, and feel that you I have no need to tell you of my own. It seems to me our marriage is a thing of too solid foundation to be injured by any storms that ordinary mortals usually encounter. My better and more common way of looking at the little shortcomings of our married life is, that time, together with faith in each other,

Sunday Eve Sep 6/63

My Love - I have only time to
write a few words - I got yours
a short bit written the 1st, & also
2 papers, Aug 20 & Sep 1, yesterday. Tomorrow
or next day I shall send to the P.O.
again. - We are getting along rather
slowly - Have about $1\frac{1}{2}$ Townships
done, but I think the work west
from here is better than that wh
we have been doing - I get no
mail from Crow Wing. No papers
only what you send to the Agency
I subscribed for a Press to be
sent to Crow Wing, but cannot
get it. The weather is much
better than I feared. It has been
pretty good the past week.

I shall send off the notes of one
Township done: about \$400. tomorrow
or next day - we have about \$200
more done. I hope to get this
Township done this week -

We are all well & thriving.

Don't you see I cannot write
anything to-night. The tent
full of men all talking. Walter
& Smith are reading up survey
notes. Norton is sick. The rest are
gabbling all sorts of nonsense
I have got a real wholesome
well-disposed party - Some one

two are putty lazy but there isn't
a real black sheep in the party
- that half so rowdyish as I
expected the camp would be
to day nearly all have been
writing some. Some of them have
handed in their letters & there
are 13 already. - Every one can
write a fair hand. One from
Farmer I notice among the
others. An easy business hand
as ever you say - I with put
him the other day at making
the calculations on the surveys
- he was perfectly ready & familiar
at that - He is quite unaccount-
-able. Oh I forgot to say that
a week ago I got your
pictures - Mary, bless her, a shy
little fuss as she is -

My Love I love you
You look no older to me than
- yes older & better, a wife & mother
if you please, but no less loving
than at 19. A photograph always
makes a woman look worse &
a man better than the life.

Write me every day or two,
- I cannot write now, so much
noise & so much to do - but when
all is ~~the~~ still, then I will be with you -
So bless you my wife - A kiss - Good bye ^{to see}

Minneapolis. Sept. 9. 1863.

My dear Husband.

Good evening. How do you do? I hope to see you tomorrow evening, whether or no you are prospering.

Did you mean to ensure for yourself good long letters, that you ^{left} such a supply of this big paper? It is after eight-thirty minute, and, if there was any other name at the top, my evening work would look a palling.

Elsie I think seems a good deal better. She is not so she eats yet, and only has been up once to sit-up, but I guess she will get along fast now. I have been alone till now, but I have found a girl to come help me a while until Mrs. Wright is able to work. She will come in the morning. The children have been remarkably good lately, or I don't know what I could have done. Mary plays out door most of the time. She is getting so I have to keep watch or she runs away, following after Charley, or Mr. Hodges folks, when they start off. This evening I missed her a few minutes, supposing she was with Charley, but when I came to look she was nowhere about, and I hunted half an hour I think before I found her. It was just dark when I found her in Mrs. Taylors kitchen playing with their children.

Baby Vernon grows fat and hungry. He is rising to the dignity of eating beef and ginger-bread and drinking milk from a bottle.

Let me see - I hardly know what I have been doing since I wrote last. This is Wednesday, I sent a letter away Sunday evening. I told you Miss. I can spend Sunday with us. I sent her Mary's picture a week or two ago. She thinks 'tis very nice, indeed; very true. I hope you like it. I have sent hers and mine to your Mother.

Miss. I can say they received a letter from W. R. Marshall, you know he is at home now, - a day or two before she was here, with the "compliments" of George Langford Marshall, a son just born. They have been married fifteen years, and this is their first child.

I suppose Libby is home this evening. The Expedition is expected into the Fort in a day or two. Many wives will rejoice, and a few mourn without comfort. Hannah went home last Saturday, to get ready for Andrew's coming.

I am beginning to gap, so now to the point of my letter. There was a man here today to see about renting Papa's farm. His name is Macumber, and he lives in town. He wants it for three years if at all. I told him I would write you about it, and you would probably tell the conditions of renting the place, and whether or no he might have it. He said he would call in two or three weeks to see what you say. He has a horse team & five or six cows. I said he would draw all the dressing out of the land, and do the best he could for his own advantage at any rate. Then Howe brought him and recommended him, but that is nothing. I said I thought you did not leave the renting the place in charge of anyone.

He is a little, honest looking man enough; says he knows you by sight. You will tell me what to say to him I suppose.

Well, I am say 10 getting late. Every body is in bed and I hope sleeping. I am in our Room writing. Oh! my Love, how long a time it seems till I shall be here; not writing, neither alone nor lonely. One month nearly gone - three more to come and go! My Precious Love, God grant us a safe passage over the many days between us. I would give my eyes - to you - if I could lay down with you, outside the Tent, and sleep on your arm till morning. One kiss from you, and your arm around me, and I should rest in as sweet content as does my baby, when he nestles close to his mother in the night. Darling, I love you, but I must go. "Now I lay me down to sleep."
"I pray the Lord your Soul to keep".

Thursday - 10th -
I must send this off in a little while, and see what I can get in return. I hope I shall have a letter, for I feel as if I needed something good to cheer me up a bit. Elsie keeps a bant so. I feel dragged. It would be to me such a blessed thing, if right, which is approaching would bring my Love. His Presence I am sure would bring me new life.

At any rate I must have a letter. I dread to send for fear I shall not. I hate to close my letter with an empty page, but 'tis cruel to leave Grandma with the baby any longer, beside Mary is running wild, and Elsie wanting supper. I imagine the next page full of unutterable things, read only by your heart. My own Love Good bye and God blessings on you -
Your Ever Love, Serena.

reasures that they cannot hold
out much longer — I
wish you would remember to
say in your next letter whether
you get out letters & papers,
we frequently send papers, Ned
wrote to you about that many
& wrote to the parties too, but never
heard a word — It seems nearly
a pity at your time of life not
to have any thing laid up when
you are receiving so much — I
wish you would be less free with
your money to strangers — experience
seems to have been to you, a hard but
unsuccessful teacher.

I wish I had any thing to tell
you of friend Josh Hobbs he has
been down here for several weeks he has
called several times, he does not acknowl-
edge his engagement — he has a commission
as 2^d Lieutenant of Cavalry —

Poor Ripley he was brought home
by one of your men & died on the way, he
told him before he died not to tell his wife
first, but to go to Mr Thayer & get him
to tell her — But arriving here at Thanks

1863

Cohasset Sep 6th

My Dear William [To Thomas W. Clarke]

To day is 31 yrs since
your Father & I were married &
we have Aunt Abby J. Anne. & Ned
& his wife here, & we all miss you
very much & think a great deal
about you, your Father contin-
-ually says one missing, it is a
most splendid day I have one go-
-ing to Church & cannot help
thinking of six years ago when
we celebrated our silver wed-
-ding & you were here too — how
much has passed since, I hope
my dear Son that you are keeping
this day holy, I may fear you
& hope that the responsible place
~~that~~ you fill will be faithfully,
conscientiously filled, & to your

own satisfaction & to others & to
the approval of your Heavenly
Father - I have been reading to your
Father the story of the little Drum-
mer boy, by Father Bright-Lopes
& have been by that newly awak-
-ened to the temptations of the
Army, you know my former
dread of that sort of life on ac-
-count of the temptations, God
grant my dear son that you may
have strength given you to with-
-stand them - in times of idle-
-ness do beware of cords, & other
temptations too harmful for me
to express - for loss of life weighs
lightly in the balance compared
to loss of character Oh that the
moral courage of men could
in any degree equal their phys-
ical, then should we see much
more purity & happiness & we
should be relieved from many

hours of agonizing remorse

We are about moving
up to Boston, the summer has not
been very pleasant, Annie has
not been very well she has had
a cough ever since she came
from Washington - Your Father
is in excellent health, & his eyes
seem to be a little better, at least
he gets along here with more
confidence in himself, the
rest of us are well -

We were glad to get
your two letters, one to Lizzy
the other to me, for we did
not know what you were
doing, or where you were,
Your visits to Mrs Clark must
have been gratifying although
sad, I cannot but pity the
Rebels & particularly the non-com-
batants, I think they must suffer
greatly & it seems to me that they
now meet with such constant

... giving day Mr Rogers place
of business was shut up &
so he went to Milton to Mrs
R.s when he got there she had
gone to Boston, the neighbours also
had generally gone, & he went into
a neighbours & fainted after a
while he returned to Boston &
left a note for her saying that he
had a message from her husband
which she went to Boston to get &
he was obliged to tell her himself
after all ~~Ridley~~ was too feeble a
man for such hardships, how
many have lost their lives in the
same way - I think those who
can bear the hardships will be
forever strong, but many will
be broken down - I hope we shall
all meet again at some time I
am anxious to hear from you now
because we think you have been
in another battle - do write us
often as you can your letters are

always interesting & give us
great comfort to know about
you - Annie sends love
& the rest would if they were
here - I now believe that
I remember you with the
affection that none but a
Mother can know -

In much affectionate
love your Mother

Minneapolis. Sept. 10. 1863.

My Love,

Such a wee morsel of a letter! written, too, & just because Serena must have a letter go tomorrow. I can, not only read, but feel your tiredness and indisposition to write as plain as day.

For all that 'tis worth more than three cents. It lets me hear from you, saves me from disappointment, and in a measure satisfies me. I have just sent to the Office a letter, but somehow I was too strongly moved to take my pen and write My Love, to resist. I good many times I begin writing to you, feeling I must, when My Love is the substance of all I have to say.

I suppose such feelings are prompted by an irresistible desire to get as near you as possible, and ^{through} the ink bottle is the only possible way by which I can send abroad a bit of myself. Oh dear! Oh dear!

I have sent nothing to Crow Wing, only those two letters you got on your way up. Oh! yes, those stockings by Thornton, I would have sent those to the Agency, only he didn't know as he should go there. I am sorry you don't get your paper. I wish I had something good to send you to read. So, my Love, rest Sundays. I can't bear to think of your getting all worn out and broken down; but human nature can't bear a continuous strain, and I do seriously fear for you, you work so much, and rest so little. I do wish, for your body's sake, you believed in an athodox Sabbath.

Saturday Evening Sept. 12th -

"My Darling Love, I would give Oh! so much to be with you somewhere, on a log" in some "vast Wilderness" would not be bad. I am really home sick. I hope you are not. I wonder if you are writing to me. I hope so, but don't catch my spirit, for it is an evil one tonight. There is but one thing in the world that seems desirable, that is to be with you, and in your arms.

Ah! pity me, poor heart, three months ahead my only rest and refuge!

Elsie don't improve as I see. The dieting is much better, but her stomach is bad. She cannot eat, so cannot gain. She lies in bed keeping about so. It is very discouraging, and she is extremely restless under it. Dr. Hatch said her stomach was badly inflamed, and so it's yet, I suppose. I have a pretty good girl. But I have got so tired and nervous I hardly know what to do with myself.

So this is Saturday night again - the weeks go fast, but, Oh dear! My Love, I hope you will forgive me for writing this letter. There is nothing specially the matter. If you were here, and I close to you I should feel well enough.

Tomorrow Plymouth Church is dedicated. Did I tell ^{you} Mr. Saulter's folks had just lost their little boy, their only child?

Sunday Morning Sept. 13th, Good morning Love. A bright beautiful day, which drives away all the blue devils that plague poor humans night times. It is now getting toward meeting time, the work is all done, Annie, dear girl, has gone to Church, baby

Vernon has gone to sleep, May is playing around me, wanting to get into my chair, and troubling my writing generally. Charley is reading in the kitchen one of Dickens' stories, Grandma is reading the bible, and Mrs. Wright is just laying her case before the Dr. who has not been here before for several days. Now please, what are you doing, and the folk around you. How much pleasanter it is having a decent set of men. It seems to me that young man Farmer is rather precautious. I wonder what he will come to. Such men do to wonder over and look at, but for real every day life I prefer the flower, sweet sort, like Wallen for instance. — —

There, now it's night again. This afternoon I have been to dedication. Mr. Saulter preached, several other assisting in the exercises. His sermon was good, very good indeed. He alluded to the other Church, told how it came to be burned, and went over the history of the Society in a hasty review. I must close my letter. Annie sits with her thing on to carry it to the office. My Love, I wonder if I can wait three months? Will you be home in the time? You said something about it. Well, I suppose I can wait. Write often, when you can and not do yourself a wrong by sitting up when you should be in bed. Your letters are my only comfort, except the babies always. Good by Darling. Your wife, Serena.

Boston Sept 10 1863

My Dear Sir [To Calvin W. Clark]

I recd your note declining
a re-election as Director of the
Portsmouth Factory and on
laying it before the directors
found the strongest expressions
of regret at your withdrawal
and for the affliction which
caused it.

And I wish personally
to express my sympathy for
your trouble, and my appre-
ciation of the kindness with
which you have always sup-
ported me, and particularly
at times when you were the
only member of the board
on whom I could depend for
counsel or assistance

The withdrawing of

Your practical knowledge. left
me without any one of ex-
perience to consult with. And
acting upon your suggestion
to put in one of our new as-
sociates, I procured the Election
of Mr Charles Amory Senior
who, I hope will help to give
increased value to our property.

I am very glad you
retain your interest. and beg
you at any time to call on
me for any information.

With a sincere hope
that your sight may be
restored

I am Yrs Very Truly

Wm J Eaton

Finley U. S. Army General Hospital,
Washington D.C. Sept 16th, 1863

Sir:

I have to inform you that Frank M Hobart,
Co. A, 29 Regiment Mass Volunteers,
has been paid in this hospital by Major Eaton,
Paymaster U. S. Army, for the months of
July & August, 1863, and that he has drawn
the following articles of clothing, which you are requested to charge on
your Company Rolls, as he has ~~no descriptive list~~:

FORAGE CAP.	UNIFORM COAT.	UNIFORM JACKET.	FLANNEL SACK COAT.	TROWERS.	FLANNEL SHIRTS.	DRAWERS, PRS.	BOOTS, CAV.	BOOTES, PRS.	STOCKINGS.	GREAT COAT.	BLANKETS.
	/										

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Mason D. H. B.
Asst Surgeon in Charge.

Commanding Officer Co. A,
29 Regiment

Mass. Vols.

We can get nothing comparatively from the country. I fed my horse on saps after for two days; then got some corn for him. I sent a skinner out for a turkey. He was gone two days, & the turkey - I ate his game - saw the last Christmas we had together, in 1860. & this fellow was round. Didn't the shoulder blades come off nicely, & the sides bones. Another man bought two hens. We had one boiled five hours, she was tender & tasty. The other was fried, she was high flavoured & tough. It was no economy of time to cook her so, for by the time she had been slowly eaten the boiled hen was cooked. We get fresh meat & salt & rub & roll the meat in the salt put it in strong salt & water, boil, & eat it cold with beef. This with hard bread & honey or bread of about five miles off the road makes a very nice meal. Such is our mode of living (with tin plate & two pronged iron forks which eat break on a tough fowl). Good bye love to all

H. M. Clarke

In the field 7 miles N of Cumberland Ford Sept. 18. 1863

Dear Annie,

Here we have been for two days in a heavy storm. We started on the 9th from Crab Orchard for Knoxville, I days rations on the men, cattle driven for meat a supply train behind us which has just caught up. We worked on from Crab Orchard through roads & over hills almost impossible to the town of Loudon where we arrived on the 11th. Thence over a river, and up a most precipitous hill to a broad level table land, along that to Rock Castle river & Rock castle hill, through Wild Cat & at last to Harboursville where we arrived 15 on the 16th to this place very tired, horses fed from the fields for a week mules played out wagons broken, men weary, more than half the officers absent, worn out in the service, but three Captains with the Regiment, Leach Oliver & myself. Not a first Lieutenant here but the Quartermaster. When I wrote

last from Crab Orchard, I wanted some things, I want them just as much now, but don't want them sent till I send word. I sent Ned by Lt. Taylor from London \$100 to be expended from Crab Orchard.

Campaing isn't so very unpleasant after all. My horse carries a rubber & two heavy woolen blankets, my dark (Hase Lily) carries a day's rations & gets me paw paws, a fruit like bananas only more so, with great seeds like turnarinds in them. You know I can live on the fruit of the season. Lt. Rign & I occupy a wall tent. His rigger & mine cook behind the tent, sometimes only coffee, sometimes boiled meat, sometimes steak, sometimes tatoes, sometimes a turkey very tough, sometimes boiled hen, ditto, sometimes fried chickens. When it rains we hang the rips out to dry in the morning. Up here in the mountains the principal products are small club-dried & Indian corn, fence rails, butter-nut-towers, sour milk, horse chaunt-ry, fever & ague, sour faces, hills that are ascended by limestone steps, no mails, the Cumberland river, apple brandy, and potatoes at two dollars a bushel.

When we are going is said to be a pretty rough place. It is Cumberland gap. We may stop there. We may go through. Or that depends whether we have as this too much to eat or only half enough for the fed troops on (nominal) half rations there. Everything would have to be haled from Nicholasville by 125 miles over horrible roads, or from Knoxville 60 or 70 miles over similar tempikes. It would be 10 days march for wagons from Nicholasville with only one forage station 95 miles from the Gap say 3 days off.

4 mules require 320 lbs of grain & say 224 lbs of hay (1/2 rations) to get to the Gap. 550 lbs say in all to each team, for the out & in trip 1000 lbs, and they couldn't hale more than 500 lbs in all. So you see what an immense train it will take to supply 5000 men in the Gap. full rations amounting to 10,000 lbs a day, or 5000 lbs to be haled & 5000 (buff) to transport itself. 10 wagons a day for bare subsistence, let alone the necessary accumulation against a rainy day. 80 wagons only 8 days supply, just think of it.

and Mr. Perkins, who sang and played humanly enough. Don't you get your papers yet? If you do, it will be a waste of time and paper for me to write News. Charleston is being picked away at, and time they think will conquer. To-day's paper says our draft is to be made after Ohio, when that is delivered. Sibley's Caravan has been back a week, with the Indians at his heels. A man, Edwards of Champlain was killed a few days ago a little way from Kingston by them. Sully has just surprised, but of course you know. Andrew was here to see us a day or two ago. He looks brown but well. Three Regiments have been ordered South as soon as they can get ready, which is thought to be in about a month. I hope Andrews' Regiment will not be among those to go. The paper said they thought the 11th 9th and 10th probably - he is of the 11th.

Well - my Love, I didn't think I should write so much as this tonight. All are in bed except Annie, who is out, but me. Elsie is getting better, though very slowly. My Love always imagines good things of us when you are away. I find it saves a world of worry. I have fits of looking at things crosswise, but it makes me miserable. I say I won't, and count. If I imagined evil of you were befalling you when you are away I should die prematurely I fear. I have not been a bit well this week, but am better now. It was my back, with getting too tired. I must go to bed now. I will write tomorrow. Darling, I kiss you. Goodnight.

Sunday Sept. 20. My Love, How does this bright, beautiful day find you? If I only could be with you, in the woods, on the prairie in a swamp - anywhere. I am sorry to lose confidence in your word. But what you say in your last letter about "never forsaking Mr. M." again, I have seen in your letter so many times I am beginning to think it a fable. I can't say as I have any hope of your present way of living, away from your family, being altered very soon. And more, I don't know as I would change it if I could, altogether. I guess, as a whole, its benefits counterbalance its disadvantages. Though I would so far modify it that you would be at home little more than half the time instead of little less. There is no kind of life I can think of you as living where I think you would be as happy or useful. I hope our boy will follow in your footsteps, though I am afraid he will have to jump 10 do so with his short legs. But if it is possible to in a measure redeem the Wright tribe bodily we must do it.

Minneapolis, Sept. 19. 1863.

My dear husband,

I have just got, and read your letter, mailed two days ago. Such short letters, but I don't complain. My eyes are nearly put out to-night, being awake with many last night, so I really ought not to write a bit, but I must a little. So you are going further and further from me every day! Twenty-five miles from Post Office seems a good ways - and pretty soon you don't expect to hear at all! You were roasting when you wrote; getting along slowly it was so 'ironically hot'. It was just so here, but very strangely we have had a sudden change; last night it froze. Tuesday it was windy & in shade, right before last nearly freezing, and quite frosty. I guess every thing that could spoil was spoiled last night.

We covered up a few of our Tomatoes, and saved them. This week I have been putting up fruit, in a small way. I bottled three or four bottles of Tomatoes, and one of Rhubarb. I should have had had a splendid lot of Tomatoes if the frost had only waited. What did ripen were as fine as any I ever saw, and there are a bushel or two of green ones left on the vines. Today I have been stewing up some of the green ones in molasses for winter, and have been making, out of Water-mellons, some sweet pickle. Our Water-mellons are good now, when it is too cold and too late to have them taste so. You ask me what of Russell.

I surely thought I told you. He has been here, I guess it was three weeks ago and now he came, and got the papers you left, leaving a Certificate of ~~the same~~, I believe from Thomson and Bros. But I am sure I told you at the time. As to Horton, I do hope you will leave your business in other hands when you go again. No doubt he means well enough, but I really can't get much out of him. He is full of promises, and that is all.

I don't know but Walter Summers work was a complete failure, it is so to us at any rate. I have asked him again and again to bring home from there whatever could be of use. Such as tomatoes, Melons, vegetables and he always says he will do so, but I never have got anything only what I have sent - Charley for. Horton was here a night or two ago and said he had been out there working, but I can make out from what he said that he has stacked the Cran berry beans, and threshed the white ones, which amount to a bushel. He came to ask for an order on Pettit for thirteen dollars worth of paint, or 100 weight of lead. I had scruples against giving it him, but he talked as if his work would come to as much, so I gave it him. I went to have got your orders on the point of paying him, for I knew he would be asking me for money. He said one Samuel Howe had been to him, saying you had let the hay on the farm to him on shares, and either Myron or John Horton was to go up and see it divided. It was so, I suppose?

I hear nothing about the nursery. I have told him several times about the tulips. One Evans was here today. He took away with him Rhenish order book - I thought not the one

you intended he should have, but was the only one I could find. Mary Caddy is getting better, and her little girl baby they think will live now. Chet's folks have a boy four weeks old. I went the other evening to a Sociable where I met Mrs. Cornell, and she told me Will's folks had a daughter six weeks old. Mrs. Barber introduced me to her father, Judge Battum. He expressed himself as very glad to see you, wife, and sent his kind remembrances to you, wishing he could see you. He said he saw Murray every day at home, said they were all well and Murray was doing very well indeed, was a wealthy man now. He left home a month ago, at which time Walter's mother was living, and they did not consider her in immediate danger of death, though hopelessly insane.

Last evening I went, with Mr. Chowen's family, to see and hear Kelley's Automaton Troupe! Oh! It was horrid, ghastly, hideous, everything dreadful, but no doubt very wonderful. Six grooves in ages sitting before, what looks like a large Piano, but is six separate instruments purposely made for them, painted to and dressed to resemble human beings! ~~and~~ holding in white kid gloves little hammers with which they thump out tunes, their awful, awful eyes, wrinkles and staring, immovably fixed, yet their heads giving little unceasingly ~~to the~~ bobs and turns towards the audience and instruments. I trembled for my night's rest, but bed bugs got the better of them, and in biting Mary turned my thoughts and attention in a more agreeable channel. The troupe were assisted by Mr. Frank Woods

I have been to Church this morning. I came ~~to~~ home and found both babies asleep. I have eaten my dinner, and still they sleep. Mr. Saulters preached a sermon fresh from his heart, on the discipline of Sorrow. They were blessed good words, true to many I doubt not, and I wondered whether it would be true of me, that, walking through the dark Valley of Sorrow, I could sing, "My lifted eye without a tear,"
 "The gathering storm shall see,"
 "My steady heart shall know no fear,"
 "That heart shall rest on thee."

I know I could not, the question rather is, could or would I ever learn to so feel. It seems to me that overtaken by any terrible woe I should sink down into deep darkness where there would be no comfort. But we cannot tell. If only we will try to live right every day, we may safely trust God to temper his winds for us and give us "strength for the day," when evil is upon us.

The new Church is really very pretty. It seems pleasant and home-like. I hear Mrs. Saulters father is going to build a house for Mr. Saulters here, which will make sure of his remaining here probably.

I must send this now by Charley as he goes to Sunday School. I will
write as often as I can. I write to you now to the shutting out of all
others. I have not written to Papa for a month I believe. I have
sent you all the letters I have received. None since I wrote last. I will
send two or three Enquiries by this Mail. Maybe you, or some of the
men may be interested enough to read them, when you have nothing else
to read. You lay feet first time for very little beside work. Be
careful not work too hard. "Learn moderation". My darling
Love, you are all the world to me. I am glad I kissed you in
the night, though I would like to be awake enough to know it.
I dreamed the other night you came home, but you were so strange
and cool and busy I had rather you had been away. You slept away
from me, got up at four o'clock in the morning, and thought 'twas
lazy in me to lay. Three months! My Love, will they ever pass?
Oh! yes, and not slowly either maybe, though it does seem long.
My dear husband, I am your wife, your own, Teresa.

My Darling Love Sunday Sep 20/63
I got 2 long blessed letters
from you yesterday enclosing two from
Mr Ames. - They were doubly welcome
for I had a number of things happen
to worry me yesterday & it was
good to forget them for a while - we
are again sitting along passably again
have three townships nearly done
& I guess will do a township a
week right along now - but the
way the time flies frightens me
4 weeks here & only about 210 miles
done - I wanted to do 1000 miles
this fall - that at same rates would
take yet 4 years. But we shall
work faster now I guess - I hope to
do 60 miles or more a week on the
average from the time we commenced
- Thus far we have averaged only $5\frac{1}{2}$ k
At 60 miles for week it wd take us
17 weeks in the field or 13 weeks more
to do \$ 1000 miles - perhaps I shall
not do so much - of that which
I ~~may~~ have positively to do there is
only 500 miles now to do which will
take us 10 to 12 weeks at present rate
of work but which probably I can get
one in 9 weeks - The weather is
fine & the season wonderfully fine
for us... we can drive teams through
all the swamps & marshes.
It was never so dry before. But oh

how awful it would be if it were
only a wet season - I should not
help losing money every day - I believe
I never will run such a risk again

There is nothing more to say of us here
The work is the same day after day
& no time to think of any thing
else but the work - Yesterday
however for relief I wrote 6 or 8
pages to Mr Ames - I am well &
that is all I can say for myself -
I wish I were at home to night
instead of here - wish my frame instead
of 15 men - ~~as~~ but I can't write
any more - lots of work to do
this Evening, tomorrow I shall
start out with a party - tomorrow
night camp out without tents
next night make camp -

We are just through supper
and the boys are chatting around
the fire - write me often &
much - I love you - come tonight
& see me - want you? I will
imagine you sleeping on my arm
& many in the crib - all alone, holy
& quiet - Oh my love - my love -
- have patience - yet a while & we will
live together

Good bye

Your Husband
George

It is snowing - The teams
 do not reach here (Agency) last
 night we are waiting for them
 One of the boys I have started
 off for Crow going to get some
 things & letters wh we hear
 are there for us - we expect to
 reach Gull Lake to night &
 Pine River tomorrow night

We had a decidedly unpleasant
 affair in camp the other
 night - Norton & one of the
 boys got into a quarrel very
 foolishly & Norton threatens to
 leave - as I think he was
 quite as much to blame
 as the other I shall not
 make any special concessions
 in his favor & if he leaves
 he may - It was certainly
 very foolish in them both

I can get along without Norton
 & if he continues foolish I shall
 tell him just what I think &
 he may do as he pleases - I
 have no trouble myself with
 the men & generally they take hold
 well of work & work tolerably
 well together.

A lot of men together. Wives
are the most unreasonable
obstinate long-eared brutes
that ever lived, no matter ^{where}
you take ~~to~~ them, and it is
a wonder how they get along
at all or ever,

I hear by way of a letter
to Graham from Yucatan, that
Thomson is having bad luck
bad weather everything bad
& is about discouraged - they have
to carry their own provisions
on their backs for miles in
the swamps. - sometimes
nearly starved & are
sitting along terribly slow
- they cannot finish their
work this year - I hope to,
& if Nov 29th does not
find me at home - I trust
Dec 1st will! Still if you
don't hear from me then don't
worry I shall be along as soon
as I can - be making up your
mouth to be kissed for 3 mos
lost time - write often, so when
I get back here I shall know
how you are - kiss me now - Good by
My Love - God Bless You - Yours ^{Wendell}
Gerrish

Charley says, "Ask sister whose turn it is to write?
And how is Vernon & his wife?"

Albany, Sept. 25/63.

Here they come, this blessed day!
Charley Ames, attended by Ma Baker
and her boy Johnny. Fanny Ames
and I rush out in season to kiss
em all before they can get out of
the carriage. And then we escort
them into our new house and
all look very good natured and
chatter like magpies. And the boys
go soon on exploring expeditions
up stairs, down stairs and in the lady's
chamber, all through the house, all
around it, & on top of it, ~~for~~
taking possession of ~~the~~
story rear, where my books are, and
where they both delight to dwell. A
hungry night on the cars and no
breakfast. Some hasty dishes must
serve the exigency, & they must swallow
down some of the grapes and peaches of
their own bringing from friends in this

Papa's let came in this sticky condition. honey
I guess. I had to care-taken by main force.
And, a few minutes later we find
ourselves seated in a semi-circle,
two women to my left, two boys
to my right, the parlor grate before
me, the hymn Book and the "Altar
at Home" on my lap. And so we
have a family dedication.

An hour later. Where are the
boys? "They have taken a stroll to see
the tower." But it rains! "They took the
umbrella."

Fanny and her mother have no
meaning thing to talk over, that I will
not join them now: besides I have
so much to think over, my new
curiosities are so strange.

The trunks come up from the
basement. I help the man take them up
stairs. This large one has in it a box
of honey - and clothing - and two or three
books. And the ~~box~~ clothing is sappy
with sweetness. And I lick honey off
the muslin cover of a big book on "Homeo-
pathic Home Practice" in no homeopathic
quantities. Two boys engage in licking honey
off from glass & cans, filled with peaches.
By the help of the milk-maid, we can now
have milk & honey. Honey is sweet
And it is sweet to have a home & folks.
So, I hope, once more to find it. C. A.

Lucy sent for him by Sue to come to her Room. He went, going in in the ugliest mood, saying if she had any thing to say to him to say it quick. At that she could only look and cry. But after awhile she asked him to tell her what it was he treated her so for, and after repeated teasing he out with it. He said he thought matters had gone far enough between them, that she was just as hateful and disagreeable to him as she could be, and always had been; that he thought she was in love with him but that he didn't want anything to do with her, with a good deal more of the same kind. Instead of flying in his face, as she ought to have done, and scratched his eyes out, she took it meekly, forgiving him before he had done, and told him 'twas not true, she was not in love with him, she only wished he had wife and children that she could show her disinterested affection for him in doing for them. You must imagine all this told with speech and acting worthy the yellowest cover. He left her feeling worse than ever, and for awhile she went about looking like a walking Tombstone, distressing every body, and daily having scenes the most absurd, of which this is not an extravagant sample. He was passing through the Room where she was ironing, and where Helas sat, and neither looked nor spoke to her, when she wheels upon him and said - these are the words she repeated in telling Miss Dean - "If I am thus disagreeable to you why do you thrust yourself upon me? 'Aye, fill the cup to the brim, press it down - run it over, give it to me and I drink it to the dregs'!" And gave him such a look, and left the Room." - After a time Mr. Widstrom began to think he had been exceeding rude in telling her what she wanted to know in so blunt a manner, and conceded as much as to say so, when he lost all, for her tears, groans and loving forgiveness he could not resist, and ^{he} consented to be friends again, and now he is in her power almost as much as ever, though he seems to be making some feeble effort to assist - being taken bodily, but with small show of success. The story shows him off to poor advantage I think. A man that can't keep out of a woman's way if he wants to must be made of weak stuff. And somehow she seems to have the same power over him that a Snake does over a bird. One thing she has done him a good many favors, such as looking after his clothes, and the like of that, and he hardly knows how he can shake her off without a degree of rudeness he does not always feel like indulging in. And she is a poor sick Dilly old maid - the very silliest people in the world, when they are not wholly dear, on friendship and sympathy, men and such matters.

Minneapolis Sept. 26, 1863.

My Love,

I went into the Post office this evening, but came away empty handed. It is the first week since you went away that I have not heard from you. I suppose you have gone a good ways off from the Post office. I some way feel this evening that you have gone away from me again, that we have parted anew. Saturday night. I always feel homesick, and think you must be miserable too, when this night comes round, but the wind howls dismally this evening and adds a new pang. When night is coming on at the end of the week, and you are tiredly marching toward camp don't your heart lean homeward more than any other time? I know home seem more vacant without you then than on any other night.

Oh! My Love. This awful wind keeps ringing, sighing, wailing, screaming, shrieking at ^{me} and nothing only this one fact, as if I didn't know it before, "Your husband's away - Your husband's away".

Sister Hannah, Andrew and Charley came last evening and spent the night, and today with us. They went home this evening. I have been rejoicing a week with Hannah that her husband is not going South. The Seventh, Ninth and Tenth have been ordered there, but the Sixth remains for the present here, and Andrews Co. is stationed at the Fort here now, and I hope will be.

The Grand Armies seem slightly stirred up, and on the move once more. You will see before you get my letter I suppose that Rosecrans has had a terrible battle and been driven back. He has rallied however, and is in force at Chattanooga only waiting Burnside's advance to give battle to the enemy. On to Richmond is the cry once more. Meade is advancing, with only a small force to oppose him now, but probably Lee will whisk his men around from Charleston and Tennessee before we shall have time to move than look about to see what we shall do. I have been over the River this week, a couple of days, visiting; staid one day and night with Mrs. Loomis, the rest with Lavinia. While I was at Mrs. Loomis the battle was going on Miss Dean went in to see Mrs. Van Cleve, who received a telegram while Miss Dean was there, that "Thurs Jan 8th" was the day her husband. He was in the thickest of the fight with our Min. Second. Mrs. Van Cleve said she felt the battle in every bone in her body Sunday, and tries as much as she could do to keep from throwing up both hands and screaming during Church.

Mr. Wickstrand went to Mr. L. to dinner while I was there. Mrs. Loomis and Miss Dean spent one afternoon telling me the story of how matters have gone and are going between the Prof. and Lucy - "The Hawkins" Charley Seomb calls her. You know she, Lucy, is Mrs. Loomis's aversion; something her nerves can in no wise abide, which is generally understood. Yet Lucy is so mightily forgiving, until more than seventy times seven, that she still

claims Mrs. Loomis as her 'Soul-Sister' citing Miss Dean as a go-between. Last Fall Lucy and Wickstrand had a grand floor-up, when Miss Dean was sent for, and kept awake till five in the morning hearing the story of the whole friendship and its lamentable climax. They did not consider it a very private tragedy, Lucy taking the pains to walk out to Mr. Jefferson's to tell Mrs. L. almost a stranger, and before Emma too. It came about in this wise. They two - the chief and sole actors, you know - were walking home one evening from over the River, and as they walked they reviewed the past, and Mr. W. expressed his warm gratitude for many favors received from his fair friend, which of course, ~~was~~ ^{was} listened to with many deprecations. Well, after they reached home she sat down in her room thinking over what had passed, and took up a pen and "indited the following lines" for "To Clara from Sue", the lines she repeated to Miss Dean I believe. They were very sentimental and full of soul. The next time she handed Mr. W. his clothes she had ironed she handed those verses with them, whereat my Lord took fright. He steadily avoided her after that, not even speaking when they met, and acting as mad and ugly as 'twas possible to act. She waylaid him at every corner begging and beseeching explanations, weeping and asking what has she done to be so treated. She cried herself sick, and went off to her brother to stay awhile, but had to be brought back sick-bed almost in a few days. She cried so much and made such a fuss that Sue begged Wickstrand to have mercy on her and explain matters, but no, he would not say a word. Finally

Well, my Love, 'tis getting late. Every body is in bed. Oh! some home and sleep with me do. Baby Mary is in her Crib up stairs - baby Vernon is asleep on the sofa here where I am. They are both well. Vernon is such a nice pretty good baby. He has grown some bigger since you went away, but not so fast I guess. He is learning all the pretty baby ways now; just begins to play with his toes, and try to crowd all manner of play things into his mouth, and draw himself all up in a heap and laughs if he is looked at. He is a very exclusive boy. cries enough to scare a body if he wants his Mother and any one else has time, he is not willing to stay with any one at all, ^{except me} indeed, and only does it by compulsion, and he cannot always be compelled. Mary talks a little, but never when it can be of any earthly use to her or me. She grunts and squeals to make me guess her wants, till I grow almost desperate. Tomorrow is Sunday. What will you do Swonder.

I guess I will go to meeting. Do you want some beans for breakfast? Come home and you shall have them, some nice cranberry beans too, they are baking now. How does Mr Norton get on with so many to cook for? Do you have wholesome variety. Does he keep well? Mrs. Austin was down from Maple Grove, and in here the other day. She said Mary Eddy was getting better. All the rest of them were well.

Horton came the other day and set out the tulips. I believe all the work is about finished up at the St Neerseng. They were digging potatoes.

Sunday Sept. 27. This day must be one of Summers good-byes.
Such a soft, beautiful day. We have just got the morning work
done. It is about nine o'clock. What are you doing? I am
going to Church pretty soon.

I have been looking at the morning paper. No news told - but
they say Government knows what is too good for us! Do you see any
Indians?

Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt started for
Illinois a day or two ago. They, or rather Mrs. Babbitt will go to Mich.
and maybe Maine before she returns. Mr. B. is coming back this Fall
with fruit to sell. Oh! every thing is monstrously high. Every thing raised.
Gold and cotton gone way up! Apples two for five cents. Onions
sixty cents a peck.

Mrs. B. told me Mr. Walt, Lee,
has received the appointment of Superintendent of Contrabands in
Washington, and his wife was teaching them, and looking after the
cooking in a large establishment of them. Mr. Messen has left
Bloomington to seek for work. He is now in Washington, and will visit
other large cities East, and ^{will} move his family when he finds something
to do. His life seems to me the most miserable a man can lead,
Never settled; never knowing hardly from month to month what he will
do to live; just floating through life, catching at the chance drift-wood
that floats with him far to keep him from sinking. I had rather my
husband digged potatoes steadily and contentedly, than to be an unstable
flashy rick and fall Genius, with no place in the practical world of
bread and butter. My poor baby wants Mother. My darling Love. God bless and keep
you. Your wife is glad she can rest in you, on any substantial ground, if you are two
hundred miles away. Love you Love. Goodbye. Your wife's friend.

Suddenly from London I didn't hear a chance
to write now did I know they were going till
gone. I don't want anything now but for a coat
waistcoat underclothes & old pair of trousers.
Don't send by express unless it will go through.

How long we stay here no one can say.
Frank Underwood has friends here. Let
Geo. ask who they are. I know Col.
Brownlow Parison's son with. Did Ned
get my letter explaining business, also \$150 from
London or Crab Orchard by St. Taylor?

Why hear my light, since July 1. Harner's gun
acting Major, ever since covered yet that
Cough? Was George discovered yet that
the long a trap on the left side of my
stable goes two or three times through the
rings (of the saddle & girth) of the breaker?
Now are father's eyes? I don't know, I will
the rest.

Affectionately
J. M.

Knopville Tenn. Oct 4/63

My dear sister, Since we have got to the
residence of Parson Brownlow no-
thing remarkable has happened. We
are camped on a hill side about
(by measure) 2 miles from town
and by hills & dabs 15. I took
my horse yesterday found him or
her rather to sleep. We have a
beautiful grove to camp in with
a broken limestone ground, which
carpeted with pine boughs is very
clean dry soft & fragrant. I
bought 10 pr. white gloves yesterday
for \$2.50. It takes two pair a day
to go to town if you dress up for
Generals &c. one to handle your
reins the other to go in to the office.
My purchase was half the stock
in town! The crockery store tell
Mr. Collinson has 200 Queens
ware cream pitchers & nothing
else! They keep riding birds in
dry goods stores, & all the every

Send me some postage stamps.

a dozen living stables all taken by Gort. so many
smith shops, stables, some fine residences very
New Englandish in look, or Court House with
as 1 Prov. Marshal's office. no bar rooms, four
barbers' shops, one of which has a restaurant at
tached, some badly paved streets, & one paved
No 18 brazans which fit a negro man about
5 miles out!

Capt Leach, Lt Piper did have a cup,
a dining table, a table we can stand up in
3 niggers, a dining table, 3 times a day. If you
eat apple sauce 3 times a day. No plates.
could only see the pastry here. You can roll it like
an indelible filling. You can roll it like
paper for transportation. It don't break. No
crusts are made with shortening & are flaky
when cold. The Gort gives good bread. But the
scenery we went through to get him is worth
any trouble. It beats White Mountain.

Then is a Conscript Band at house. If
you send me any thing, send by them for.
J. Harrell is of my Company. I leave
wise take anything. They went away so

& every paper in town was bought
by the Secesh over a year ago.

A few sutlers have come on. They
have gardens, clothes (very dear &
except trousers of which I bought a
pair so I don't need any new ones)
canned peaches, & tobacco. The town
has nothing you want. Only think
of it though. Go way back in the
mountains of New England, in N.H.
Mr. Map. & if the people stimulate
it is with cider & cider brandy.

It is the same here. They have no
liquor here but apple juice &
very little of that. The surgeon
sent down for some, got a few
quint from the Provost & paid
\$2.00 for a quart sold in place
for 15 cents & glad to get it!

Then are two ugly churches on the
this kind of stable order in N. & Harrell
Shell Baptist & Methodist, three hotels which
don't have butter for meals, some have
stores without stock, a newspaper
about the size of this sheet, two
recruiting offices, a race course, used
now as a camp ground, about 6000
or 7000 soldiers, 2 Maj. genls, 3 brigades;



Minneapolis, Oct. 4, 1863.

My Love,

Good evening. How much do you suppose I would give if you were here? Nothing but kisses, I dare say. Sunday night again, the children are both asleep at last. They have kept me busy to-day, fussing first with one then the other.

The weather has whipped around to the freezing point again. I hope you can keep warm nights. I can't. Your Buffalo Coat will reach you this week, provided you send a team to the Agency. It was to start Friday morning from here. Nearly two months away. Only two more. You say time goes so rapidly it scares you. Every day with me brings more to do than I can well do. Indeed I don't well do anything. I am afraid I grow more and more of a sinner every day. To be sure I repent daily and hourly, but what good does repentance do that brings not forth fruits that are meet? I am petful, impatient and ugly, and worst, and most humiliating of all, eat too much. I wish you would come home. I believe I shall be free from myself when you are here.

Our girl Annie I dismissed last night. Elsie is well enough now, so we can get along. She was with us three weeks and a half. It seems as if a part of the house were gone, it seems so still and lonesome. — I did not go

out to Church this morning. Elsie went for the first time in five weeks.

Did you know Mr. Chapman has any notion of going to California. Annie said she heard the Chapman girls talk about it, and say their Father wanted to go.

I have had a letter from Papa since I wrote you; a half sheet only, yet it gives a very pleasant picture of life in their new home. How much happier he is, and how much more a man than before he was married.

Evidently he is a man that cannot live without a wife and her appertainings. I don't like it to be so, but maybe it most always is. Rather a man would contain within himself the essentials of true life, and have the power to live them out alone. But it does no good to bump one's brains out against a fact if it is horribly disagreeable.

I sent over for Horton to come over and help me. Last week he came Friday to see what I wanted, but was so busy in connection with Fair matter he could not come till tomorrow. I am going to have the sitting room carpet taken up, and if possible made over, the stove put up, front fence mended, and things about house generally righted.

I asked him what he meant keeping me without potatoes a week or two. He pleaded business and I excused him, for I guess he is busy every minute. His brother is back again from Chicago. I guess if he could have a little very slow energy even, infused into him it would be better for all of them.

Our neighbors the Carrs have moved away into the country, and Mr. Taylor's folks are coming into this house again. Lucy Hawkins expects her Father in

November, and she has engaged the house when Taylor now lives.

Mr. Taylor is on his back again, and has been for the last few weeks. He is resorting to all sorts of Patent Medicines now.

Did I tell you Mrs. Austin called for a few minutes the other day, and that Mary Eddy was getting better? Chet calls his boy George. I don't know whether for you or not. Mary's baby - Grace they think of calling it - is very wee, and its life they feel is very uncertain.

A man came here the other day, a Swede, Norweiger or something such, wanting to see you very much about some land on Crow River, he said you were Agent for, and which he wanted to buy.

Well, my Love, I must to bed now. Poor lonesome Frans! Don't you pity her to go up stairs alone, with two babies, every night? Poor lonesome husband to have to wrap his blanket around him, and lie down without any babies two hundred miles away. My darling I wish you were here, I feel homesick for your arm to rest on. Good night - dearest.

Thursday, Oct. 8 - I am just going down town to see if I cannot get a letter from my Love, Will!!

We are all well. We have been cleaning house this week. Myron's brother has been helping us - He had him come and take up the carpet in the sitting room and put it down again and he was to have put up the stove today, but he is as slow as his brother in moving. I won't write any more now, but will write again in a day or two, to send Monday.

It is Fallish now, "The Melancholy Days have come" truly, for they are one wail from mom till night. No rain - good for you but bad for Cisterns, My Love, Your Love Serena.

Thursday Oct. 1 - I have hunted the house over to-day and I can find nothing of any field books blue, red or green. I have come to Vreazie's five blank books, the only ones in the house. I am sorry for you to be disappointed, but you must be mistaken in thinking you left any at home. Vreazie said they received the order and check, and had everything ready to send which you ordered, and would send them by express tomorrow morning. I have a notion myself to crawl into your over coat pocket - there is plenty of room. Oh! my darling.

My baby is crying for his mamma - he is getting unmanageable. I ran into Mr. Chowan's a few minutes yesterday evening, and they had to send for me, for baby would not be comforted, but as soon as I came and took him he never made a noise. When he cries too, he cries as if he would bring about his ends or die trying to. He will eat bread and milk almost equal to his sister. I hear now two little feet pattering round from room to room, up stairs and down, hunting for Mama. Do you want me too? Please I am ready to be divided between you, my heart - for you, head and body to the children.

I have not written to Papa for more than a month. I am glad you could find relief in doing so. I am busy, careless, and out of mood for writing, only to you. I must go now. Be good Love, take care of yourself for our sakes. Don't work too hard, nor let matters worry you too much. Do what you wisely can, and leave the rest with God and the future. Be sure your wife is one with you always, and will do the best she can to help bear the burdens of life, and will also do the best she can to increase the joy of living for you, and our household, and she ought to add the world.

Now my Love, a kiss and good-bye. Our Father keep you safe in his loving care - walk with through the day, and lie down with you at night. Good-bye. Your wife
Serena.

Minneapolis. Sept. 30, 1863.

My Dearest Love,

Your letter did come tonight. I am glad. But what short, busy letters you do write. I am afraid my husband is being worked to death, and if he goes on at such a rate three months more will finish him up. It must be an awful task to keep sixteen men running and in order, if they are uncommonly respectable, and rather good. But do take it as easy as you can. You are a young man yet and strength as well as money will be useful for the future. My own Love, I wish I had your tired head between my two hands, I would kiss you till you forget swamps men and money and grow rested.

It is evening - after eight o'clock. The children are both asleep. It has been a dark, rainy day - or has tried to rain, but I guess it has not succeeded to any purpose. I have been rejoicing in this good weather for your sake. Will you be in swamps and bad land much longer? Do your men turn out to be good workers?

I will see to getting ready the things you want sent, in the morning. What ^{will} you have that is pretty from your friends?

I wonder if I really was so careless as not write you when Mr. Russell paid me, or left evidence of having paid money as you expected he would? I am sorry if I was. I have not

heard any thing from Mr. Washburn.

Horton will get around by the time you get home, if he moves at his present rate, I hope. He was in, a week ago, and said, about every thing was finished up, and I understood him they were digging potatoes, but I have not seen a thing yet, although I told him I was out off potatoes, and wanted other stuff brought home. How unpleasant it is to have to keep proking up all the while, and to feel too polite to use a sharp stick when you would like wonderfully to punch.

The world just at present seems to move at a slow-coach pace. Rose crans after starting us into panics about not much of any thing stands fast, and "im pregnable". Meade, who was said to be moving on to Richmond all so fast and surely, is reported as being "all quiet". Charleston grows dim in the distance, and Washington speculates and sends forth 'rumors'. They say another Draft of 600,000 is soon to be called for. I see nothing about when the draft in Min.

The State Fair is in progress at the fort. This has been the first day. I have heard nothing of it. I never could see any thing to care about in fairs anyway. If they exhibited sensible useful and beautiful articles I might offer my boy for first prize, yet 'twould be hardly fair to give other boys no chance at all. He is a splendid baby! No sweeter nor more precious than our girl, but a great laughing bouncing baby boy.

These few days are very sad ones to many in our State. Next week Tuesday three Regiments start to go South, of those who have just

returned from the Indian War. My heart aches so for the poor wives who welcome their ^{husbands} home only to endure the three-fold agony of another separation worse than the first. Oh! my Love, thank God, and work with a brave heart. Yet let us remember morning, noon and night the men who go in your stead, and the wives who suffer in mine. We must not shrink from bearing what of the burden our backs can carry, and God sends. We can at least in thought, word and many little deeds lighten the load of those who do and suffer. I would not be selfish, but it seems to me 'twould kill me to give my husband, though if need be I would give all else. I suppose my offering is very like the young man's, who came to Jesus asking what should he do to be saved, His Character was spotless; the Commandments he has kept from his youth up, he was amiable and honest, yet when Christ told him to sell ~~what~~ what he had and give it to the poor, he went away sorrowful for he was very rich.

My dear husband, I wonder will my love for you be my ruin? Dear Father grant rather that it work out my salvation, and I know my prayer might and may be answered through fire and blood. The flesh is weak, and the Spirit scarcely strong. It is well for us Darling, we ^{not} can foresee, and better that the shaping of our destiny is in a Father's all-wise hands.

I must go to bed. If you see only with me! My poor, tired Love, camping among other poor tired men. Do you feel me kiss you now? Good night, good-bye.

He does not wholly suit; & yet they are often highly delighted. I judge that most of my old congregation attend, for which I am glad & thankful.

Hear also that my Cir. Socy is hearing a young man with some interest. If they & the Bloomington folks can both be suited, two heavy loads will be off my heart. Rev. Mr. Finley is feeble & spits blood, sometimes daily. Henry Baxter, who edits the Pantagraph, has been troubled of late with a kind of epileptic fit, as he was for a while when at Normal. He writes me good letters. Two Philadelphia ladies - Mrs. Randolph & Mrs. Burleigh - do the same thing. Also, Mr. Colyer.

Our congregation increases, and the interest is very decided & active. We need a new church in a better location; & to-day I hear that Mrs. A.D. Shepherd, a most energetic & resolute woman, has resolved that we shall have one, & has begun to circulate a subscription paper. There is more heart in the Socy than in any other I ever preached to, nor are heart-throbs at all wanting. I am not sorry that they are hard to get acquainted with, nor that they are less demonstrative than western people. I am sure they are actually my friends & supporters, & that they will second any good work. Fanny falls into pleasant relations with them, & seems likely to have much to do in the work, enough in S.S. & Sanitary, &c.

And I will leave off just when I begin. Had a good letter from George - long & hearty - a few days ago. He chides Fanny for not writing to you & him, which she deserves; but she hates letter-writing excessively & unreasonably. Papa

Sept 30, 1868.
Yes, my dear girl, we've got the pictures, and are very glad of them. George, Serena & Mary - they are all here. His is a strong face, eager & earnest & honest - the good man that he is, & ever means to be. Yours looks more like the face I used to see at the Temperance meetings and in the Sunday School a dozen years ago on the St. Anthony sand hill than any other picture I have seen. All that gave in other pictures the expression of self-consciousness is gone. You are poorer, I judge: the face is not so padded out with flesh as it was; and I feel a little sure that there must be bones in it. But you look calm, with a kind of calmness which seems born of

struggle bravely endured, and I have a feeling that you are not so full of physical life and animal spirit as before so much of your being went to set up some other beings in the business of living.

Little Mary, bless the dear! what a quizzical, funny baby face she has got! Not that she looks comical, but she makes me feel so in looking at her. I can easily believe that she is shy & that she would run and hide if she saw her grand-father Amey coming. Charley thinks it "twice as coming as the other one," and means to thank sister as much as a letter can possibly hold. He was very demonstrative over it, and I do not know what presents could have been more welcome, either

to him or to his papa, than these same dear pictures of dear faces. Will you please tell me what pic's you have of our family? I've wholly forgotten.

Oct. 8. —

I had forgotten that this letter was not finished & sent. Have just got a note from Sam Paine who with Sady & her two babies still starves on journeyman's wages in an Indianapolis printing office. — Have rec'd letters also from Dr. Willard, Mr. Barber & Mrs. Brooks (the same woman) Phoenix Hall is again regularly open, & Everett Finley who has just graduated from Meadville, is preaching on a three months' engagement. He is very shy & quiet out of meeting, very unimpassioned in his speaking, & very like Emerson in his thought & style, so much so that Dr. W. ^{R. M. E.} says it seems like hearing an essay of

In camp, Oct 7. 1863

My Darling Love - A good day to you - How
do you do? I trust you haven't advertised
me for a vagabond yet. We have not
been to the P.O. for about 3 weeks
& shall not be able to send for 3 or 4 days
yet - but I will commence writing so I
may be ready when the mail can go.

We are now encamped in the center
of Tp 133. & of Range 35 west: - the farthest
west we shall go - It is 30 miles further
west than Forest City & about 110 miles
North from you - We have been exceedingly
fortunate in getting clear through with
our teams now if we have equal
success in getting out again, we shall
be out on the Otter Tail Heron Wing
Road in 5 or 6 days, we are near
finishing over 5th Township, shall have
it done day after tomorrow, that
will make nearly 350 miles done, or
about \$1700 of work -

We have been very fortunate. Have ^{driven} over all the Marshes & through Tamarac Swamps & streams where last year we would have been entirely unable to go.

I expected to have to pack with the ponies all our provisions & for 15 or 20 miles here but have not had to at all - but as I compare the country with what it would be in a wet or even an ordinary season I am frightened to think how close an escape I have had, & how shameful a risk I have run.

In any season but this I should have had to transport my supplies on mule backs all the way, & lost money on every day's work. I never will desert New Mexico again (to run such a risk)

A week ago however, things looked tragical enough here - Fires had been running in the woods for several days previous (set by Indians) & on Monday things came to a focus. It was hot & dry & a heavy wind from the South set in increased till it was a perfect Tornado. We had the awfullest fires all around us that I ever saw. The smoke entirely hid the sun & was so thick with leaves, ashes & scinders that we could hardly see or breathe.

P.S. Oct 9th My Love - I shall send out
to Cross wing tomorrow & so I will
add a P.S. enough to say to you - be sure
you get the fatens dug & put in the cellar
before they freeze & the cellar windows
fixed & every thing snug for cold
weather - Get 12 3 10 25 men to do
it every day ! Until it is done !

We are now in our 6th Township - have
moved today 12 miles nearer Civiliza-
-tion an I now 3 miles from the
Alter Tail road. It is chilly & the
boys are hastily scribbling something
to their respective lady-loves,
Walker has mailed one to his Aunt
There are 13 already in.

They are all similarly affected
now. They have mostly got done
writing & are singing, Did I
ever tell you about the singing
There are for 10 splendid glee
singers in the party. They make
first rate music -

There - Good by. Walker wants to
go to bed so I must stop -
Oh my Love - I love you but I cannot

stop to say it - Kiss me - there
good by -
Your Husband
George

1863
everything about my room - I
had a delightful stay at
home. It was a business
meeting of fathers you see at
the Chonadnoe Mills & of
course he couldn't go alone
so another went & their
business went for the journey
& to see the Autumn foliage
wh they all enjoyed immensely
Sarah Willard came in from
Boston & spent two nights
with me. Cary Young is
engaged to Brigadier Gen
Thomas Stevenson - also Lucy
Thwing to a Mr Eckley - in
fact all Boston seems
crazy on the subject of
matrimony & the very ground
seems shaking under the
foot -

I hope to hear from you
very soon for I am greatly
troubled about you. Don't
forget it
Always affectionately
Yrs Lizzie.

Home OCT 11th 1863
Dear Mom -

I am very anxious about
you. We have heard nothing
since Taylor came on & then
by no means a favorable
account, everything you sent
for is ready waiting for
you then orders from you
& the money was safely
received as I suppose.

He wrote you - he soon
as you get this letter set
down straightway before
you forget it and answer
it for we shall continue
very anxious till we hear.

Now I have a little
bit of family news for
you which will make
you feel old & realize how

long you have been from home - George is engaged the service are run out - the Miss Ellen Keble an old love & a first love I forget how much you knew about it before you went away & by when I get to know her I think I shall like her very much - but it takes me so long to like anybody that I hope the fair but frozen maid won't grow impatient at our slowness to demonstrate that you want to come home & make friends with your father - sister? I am afraid you have been away so long that you don't care for home & have forgotten how it feels to be home with the end of the three years being you back? alas Graylock is confidently expecting Lin as soon as the

three years for which he entered home is it? Did you go for the war?

Robert Edes is here now on a leave of absence the first he has had since he went. Having such a good time being with his old classmates & enjoying himself generally - He says it is pleasure enough to perambulate the streets & see the familiar faces - Father, mother and Annie have just been on little journey of two days to Claremont N.H. & I have been monarch of all I survey. & greatly enjoyed having time enough to read a novel, & thoroughly arrange

or three have gathered together ^{of late} weekly, interested in getting into operation
a Freedmans Aid Society. I gave my name in as one of them.

I am just going to send to the Office - Do let me have a letter.
We haven't had a letter from any body, for the longest while. Do
you get letters, only from me? I must go change my gown now
and take Vernon. How much would you give to have him
drop down in Camp this evening - a little white lamb among
a flock of black sheep. Write when you can, but I know
you do. Good night - again, Love, my Love,

Your wife Sarah.

Minneapolis, Oct. 11, 1863.

My darling Love,

Good-afternoon. I hope your heart is brighter than
the day. A dark, cloudy rainy afternoon. Baby Vernon is asleep.
Mary is on Grandma's bed playing. Elsie and Charley are over to
Mrs. Hodges. I went to Church this morning, and instead of
Mr. Sautter, heard Mr. Chaffee preach, and either he or I was stupid,
maybe both. I am beginning to think that unless I bolster myself
my brain will grow barren for want of strenuous exercise.

I didn't get any letter from you last night. I suppose I need not
expect letters any more, but take them as they come. You hear from the
world no oftener of course, than I hear from you. I wonder if you get
your papers you ordered sent. Two months away, in a day or two more.

Terrible news, if true, is it not from Capt. Fisks Company. All
killed, or fifty out of sixty, with small chance for the remaining ten.

I don't know anything about ^{it}, only such news come from some source,
you have probably heard more definitely than I. Such was not to be
Walter's fate - but, of course, we thought of his strong desire to go with
Capt. Fisk, and his not be able to do so seems providential. Then
comes up the question, was it equally providential that so many others
were allowed to go? Gods ways are not our ways, surely. According
to Mr. Emerson there will be a much better chance for heroes and
rational men hereafter; an excess of population will not longer
hinder, it would seem. To those who can read deeply enough

to divine the signs of the times, there is probably much of interest in daily papers, but to poor wisdom-less folk like me there is not much of anything. I notice in a letter of B. F. Taylor, from the Army of the Cumberland, that great preparations are going on for battle, particularly on the Rebel side, and he says there is to be done there more terrible fighting than we have yet seen anywhere. Who among us Southern but will ~~must~~ pray with him, thinking of homes now desolated and yet to be made desolate "God temper the winds to the Shorn Lamb."

Our three Regiments that have just gone, one bound for Tennessee, and will doubtless go into immediate action. — The draft was ordered to begin in Minn. on the twenty-fifth, but we are allowed credit or if we can get up a Regiment of Cavalry, and are, I see by today's paper, given till the fifth of Nov. to do it in; so, the paper says, if men will volunteer, the draft will be indefinitely postponed maybe. You see there is nothing settled or definite about it more than when you went away.

It is evening, and the babies are both asleep.

It has set in for a rainy night — a soft, gentle pleasant rain for us in door, by a warm stove, but I can't help wondering if it can be so pleasant in a cloth tent, fireless perhaps, and on the damp ground. I hope my Love is not cold and wet, as I fear he must be. And tomorrow's work must look dubious too; walking all day through wet bushes and wet grass, if not yourself in a storm of rain. All this for one little woman and two little babies whose utmost love is powerless to give you any rest, or even so much as a cup of cold water

to drink, or a dry garment to wear. Only two months more, Love, then your wife and children will use all their endeavors to rest you, clothe and feed you, laugh and sing and cry for you, and in short make you the hero and principal figure in all their doings.

Oh my Love, I wish you did live at home — I wish you were here to help me make this stupid, treadmill, useless life of mine, better and more useful. I have periodic spells of seeing my life in a full daylight and of seeing, I will dare to hope, slightly magnified, the trifles for which I live, and in which I move. I don't know as your presence makes it any better, but it is more comfortable to rather lose myself in you, and to be interested in your comings and goings ~~as~~ than to be always thinking of my soul and body, whether or no they are doing as they ought in this or that.

To one Constitutionally disinclined for overmuch action of any sort, be it of brain or body, I mean to one born lazy, sin ~~is~~ must be much more troublesome, if a sense of it gets driven home to conscience, than to very smart, energetic thrifty people, who are disposed to fight obstacles that come in their ^{way}, and seem made to set things to rights generally, and who would set about purifying an unclean soul with the same kind of ardor they would clean a dirty floor, or make straight any crooked or cross-wise thing. — I must to bed now. If you were only here! Our Father, keep you, watch over you while you sleep, and go with you when you wake, making your labor lighter for his loving care and presence. Good-night Love.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.

I have just returned from the Methodist Church where two

Well now I have been out reinforcing the fire & see take a hop, hop, hop, & alight in the big chair as aforesaid. There you sit down on this knee to, & little ones here to! Now we will be once more all-together at a home - rest peace & quiet - and all the world is better, & brighter. The other night I got to thinking & not feeling sleepy I laid awake all night thinking of days past & present & of the probabilities of the future. I didn't go back much beyond 11 or 12 years ago - a dear precious road I have travelled over in memory hundreds of times before - How in sailing across the ^{great} unknown - drifting up and down with every breeze & certain only of the one fact that go whither I would I should at last be cast on the further shore, either may be, on rocks & shoals, or possibly in the quiet havens of rest & ~~quiet~~ peace. I remembered of sundry friendly sails that had kept in hailing distance but each bound on its own "individual curve" some-what to my sorrow & sister's sometimes & then I thought of one certain night when I went over to your house with Mr. Chown, for which & all other thing he has my unequalled thanks.

Almost 6 years ago it was. - The firm demure & proper little maid with Chops like a chip-munk who sat on the other side of the room & didn't scarce venture a word. I remember her very well, but I did not see any evidence that her name needed

In Camp on Leaf River
30 miles from Shippena
Agency - Sabbath Oct 18/63

My Love,

Sunday has come again, but it isn't over peaceful & pleasant here - There is a sleety nasty wet snow storm prevailing & we are all cold & soapy & nasty too, we in tent number one have got a good camp fire built in front of the tent & amid puffs of smoke ashes & snow I manage to keep my fingers warm enough to write - It is a penance of tears dust & ashes though - We have not worked out a Sunday yet, but plenty of mending & writing we have done in camp yesterday it rained all day, the 4th day since we have been out that we have stayed in camp on account of storm.

I never told you how we are messed in camp. Our tent is the small one - only 6 of us in it - Walker, Norton, Walter Smith (the other compassman - Norton's friend from Cincinnati), Chase of St. Anthony a brother of the merchant Chase - and myself - A rather select party, but there is no feeling of difference or exclusiveness - all the surveyors are in this tent so that we can have our books quietly to ourselves - We have been getting along finely lately, have made 12 to 15 miles a day right along for 2 or 3 weeks past

Day before yesterday Walkers party made 7 miles. which is the largest days work yet. Two or three days before I made with Walters party $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles & several times we have done 6 miles.

The Largest days work yet is I believe $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the 3 parties. Equal to $\$82\frac{1}{2}$. We only Average however not to exceed 12 miles for day or $\$60$. probably for the whole time we are in the field we will not average over $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles for day, for each party or $10\frac{1}{2}$ for the whole - There I have stopped & figured up - we have never yet done 429 miles in 42 days = $3\frac{1}{7}$ miles for day for each party - we have done $\$2145$. worth of work - so much for what we are doing here - I trust your dirt value your babies and less than $\$1000$ apiece which will just balance the company account - though I don't know as you will claim the babies to be your exclusive contribution to the partnership properties. Indeed if you do I shall not consider them worth $\$1000$ each & shall consequently recede.

It is getting kind of warm & easy in the tent & bawlin the smoke and an occasional cloud of ashes it is quite pleasant - so I will imagine that instead of the tent with Walter as usual patching his breeches & Smith Morton reading the magazines you sent me & Walker writing a letter

I will play that I am at home, a cosy fire - big chair - arms full of wife & babies & then let it know out of doors if it will - but before I forget it let me say that we had some luscious apples the other day - we did - in a paper box - and two magazines - The apples made 16 mouths glad for about 2 minutes & two left for one mouth the next day - and the magazines are still left - I guess my frau knows what a fellow in camp likes - Salt pork stood in serious disrepute for one or two meals but now it has resumed its ancient & despotic rule among us.

We eat a barrel of flour in 6 days & the sugar 500^{lb} has nearly all gone whether it will never come whence, - and more pork in one day than you would use in a month - The expenses are about $\$30$ for day & it is about 70 days since we left home, amounting to over $\$2000$ now - so I you see for all my time & trouble have made $\$1000$.

How much are your babies worth? well I don't care for that - with good luck yet, I shall save $\$400$. for my self, so that I will be able to keep out of all such jobs in the future -

Then the wind blows & the smoke & dust flies & I am digging my eyes out so to be able to see the paper - I will "turn over a new leaf"

to be changed again; certainly I'm 2^d
sure by her innocent & artless look, she
never thought of such a thing—
Well after once or twice I got the word
leaved so I could go alone—

I observed on one occasion when
it so accidentally occurred that
Monsieur & Madame both were absent
& Miss quite alone & "disengaged" when
also she attempted to learn how to play
chess, that she evidently has something
beside "mits & lies" in her head, even
though it wasn't chess. She was a
Character— not quite like all
other girls, If I mistake not she often
mentioned her chess achievements in
public print. Still she troubled me
not in all those days—

Away along down the year— just
about 5 years ago now she was
writing me a letter— and three or
four letters did the business—

Thence every day became a sweet
poem now a precious memory,
and here— just see what has come
of it all— an old rough grizzled fellow
with long straggling hair & whiskers
here in the arm-chair & sitting on
his lap the same maiden of afore-
-time (very maternally & motherly now)
(Just think of it— my petite france— my
little Mamie a motherly "old woman")
—and— and what's here— two babies as
sure as shooting— two little kits all
the precious property of this Thomas &
that Tabby Kat.

It is now probable that we shall
all be home by Dec 1st - Mr Washburn
has once decided to have no further
surveys made, but he may be
induced yet to change his mind
- If so it will depend on the amt
of the additional contract wh he
gives me as to the time I shall
get back - reckoning at the rate
of about one Township per week

Now I must say good bye -
The boys are getting all mixed up
twice so I cannot write more
I shall hear from you again in
a week - Take y care of yourself
& the babies - and the house &
fixens -

Good bye - your husband
George

From vision ^{look like} ~~visions~~ forms of darkness rather than light. Instead of being a disadvantage to you, it was a positive advantage not being able to go on with your work last fall, was it not? We might learn trust and faith in the good power that governs us if we profited by lessons we might learn. Did not so? I am so glad you have got along so well, with what might have been so bad for you, but I can't say as I have much confidence in you, when you say you never will desert Mrs. M. for a similar undertaking again. I think you would be just as likely to go off into bigger woods and bigger swamps another year, provided a way opened for you to do so ~~another~~ as you were this. We never shall live together as long as your legs hold good, I am afraid.

I suppose I ought to be glad if you get a job that keeps you away till New-Year, but I don't know whether I shall be or not. So hurry up, and get to be Surveyor General.

Let me see - what have we done since I wrote you! Not much of anything I guess. We have been cleaning Laura a little, trying to sew a little and taking care of babies a good deal. Myron sent his brother to help us one day take up the sitting room carpet, put it down again and to do various such things too heavy for us to manage. But - Oh! dear. He came the night of the forenoon and succeeded in getting up the carpet - became very morning and put it down. We told him we wanted the stove blacked and put up, which information costs much for his constitution I suppose, for though he promised to come next morning to do it -

it is considerably more than a week, and we have been obliged to content our selves in the kitchen ever since. For three or four weeks I have had to send Charley over to Hortons with a bag for all the potatoes we have used, though I have over and over again told them I wished they would bring the things home. A night or two ^{ago} they brought the potatoes and a bushel of white beans. I told Milan I wished he would tell his brother I wanted the things brought in from the Nursery for the squashes would freeze, and other things be spoiled; and there were some things to be done here, such as Cellar window to fix, and my stove blacked and put up. The Nursery fence is all down too, Barber worked himself half a day getting cattle out and repairing the fence Milan told me, and said his brother was going out yesterday or tomorrow. They are so done.

Was it since I wrote that Chet Evans was here? He said they cattle were not sold - He could not get what you wanted, so they are fattening, they are in good condition now he said. Mary Eddy is getting better quite fast. I hear no town news. I told

you Mr. Taylor's folk had moved into this next house again. He is very low indeed. Mrs. Wright went in to see him yesterday, ^{she} said he looked very badly indeed. He coughs terribly, and cannot live long, those think that see him - though his wife does not in the least seem to realize his condition. It will be a dreadful shock to her, and I should think to him, too.

War news more interesting. I wish I knew whether you get

He, and he said his brother was intending to go next day into a drug-
store in St. A. - but he would surely send him next morning to see to
such things, but of course we didn't believe him, and he didn't come.
Next day I got Mr. Valsteam and Charley and went out to
the nursery - we found the fence broken down, cattle in, and every
blessed thing gone, not a synash, carrot or bean. The cattle were in
the bam, and Charley said the hay was most all gone - there was but
little in the shanty. I went down to see if I could get Mr. Bunge
to cover the grape vines; he said he would ^{see to} them. He had not yet covered
his own, and thought he would wait a day or two longer, but said
he would do it before the ground froze. He asked how you covered
them but I did not know. He thought sand and dirt better than straw
he said. Morton didn't know whether you wanted cuttings taken or
not. - Walter Sumner's work may have been profitable to
him, but the good to you is invisible I guess. Don't you propose
giving up Surveying, and settling down on a farm. - Farming
is such an easy, independent money making business.

Oh well my Love! 'Tis well for us there are more important
things to lose and gain than money and the like of that. Weighed
at the ~~scale~~ ^{scale} ~~balance~~ ^{balance} Looked at in a true light - my loss of temper
for exceeds the loss of hay and beans - So you look out, my dear,
remember 'twill be all the same in a hundred years from now
whether or no thieves break through and steal, but one thousand years
will not give you back manhood lost through anger and sharp
words. - Vernon wants his dinner - it is getting late too. Oh!
I wish you were here. I will write tomorrow if I can. I thought
I would make sure of this evening - Andrew was here yesterday - he starts
Monday for Fort Ridgely where his Co. is ordered. He and Hannah may come
down tomorrow - I told him Hannah might board with me awhile
if she chose to. God pity and bless our poor Sallies, I am glad my husband
is not a soldier. Peace Love, while you sleep - Good night - your own Serena,

Minneapolis Oct: 23, 1868.

Love. - I am so sleepy! I have been laying down on the bed with
Mary to get her off, and got asleep myself - I don't know whether I
can get up sufficient energy to carry a pen along or not.

I was happily astonished this afternoon to get a letter from you.
I always send the evening the mail comes in, and getting none last
night I was resting on that till tomorrow night. I have been in good
humor with all the world ever since I got it - been better natured
than I have been for a week. I have been cross and ugly lately.
I have got one of the worst colds I ever had in my life - my head
seems an ~~ex~~ unfailling fountain - my lips and mouth are so
sore I cannot take a bit of comfort, and I am one big chill the
moment I leave the fire. It is real cold, and yesterday we had
a slight snow. We have scarcely had a fair day for two or three
weeks. I expect you have the same weather in kind with a little
added. I have rejoiced lately in your overcoat - I believe the
thought of it has warmed me, thinking how much good it must
be doing you. How comfortable it must be for you this
cold weather, and this is nothing to what you must have. I
am glad you are getting along so nicely. There darling
good night. My eyes and strength fail me. I would kiss you if
it wasn't for all these men. Good-bye.

Saturday Evening Oct. 24 - Another weeks work about ended.
My two babies are sleeping, and I have planned to devote to you
the evening. Did you remember Vernon was six months old yesterday.
He weighed nearly nineteen pounds - having gained in the last two
weeks a pound. He is a little pig - he is not a bit satisfied with
his own dinner, but cries for bread - meat, gingerbread, or anything he
sees the rest eating. I should think he eat most as much again as
Mary, who is wonderfully delicate and dainty in her ~~appetite~~ appetite.
Never one woman had two such babies before - You wouldn't do I
value them as high as \$1000 apiece! You need not spend time in
figuring; your side of the house is infinitely in debt if you go to reck-
oning my babies as specially my share in the concern.

"Goodness gracious"! What has become of five hundred pounds
of sugar in two months! If you men were taken to pieces and
analyzed. Sugar and salt would be the chief ingredients found
that go to make you, I guess. Does Walter get all the pork butts,
What do you have in the way of small varieties? Pies, doughnuts and
sweet cakes? How I wish you would jump on that air train,
we used to put in weekly operation, when we were young and romantic,
and come home this Saturday night. Dec. 1st. Maybe! Six
weeks. Well, they will go, and not very slowly either - but then, I
don't want to wait so long. I want you this minute. Wonder
what I can do about it! How helpless in the hands of fate it makes
a body feel to feel themselves engaged in ^{an} assault and battery against

necessity, which never bridges an inch, even we run our heads against
her till our brains are sore. In due season, God willing, I shall
see my Love - and I must wait.

Now I presume you would like to know all about home affairs.
I should have written several days ago only, I thought time would
improve my spirit, which was slightly, or altogether stired up to
wrath and rabidness. You remember I told you in my last letter
how slow Horton was, how nearly impossible it was to get anything done.
Well - he called in one night last week and informed me he was going
next morning to St. Paul to stay the winter. You ought to have
seen your wifes eyes snap, and neck draw up. I tell you I was
down right mad, and showed it too, for almost the first time in my life
before a man. But to think after he had faithfully promised to see your
things attended to, and after I had so repeatedly told him of things that ought
to be seen to, he should leave me so coolly, leaving nothing ready for winter,
and having had the impudence to get his pay in advance too, was more
than my good nature to bear. After keeping the potatoes and bean three
or four weeks at his house, he did manage to get those home - thirteen or
fourteen bushels of potatoes and half a bushel of beans, white beans
is every thing we have got. I asked him if he could not get ~~them~~ the
squashes, carrots and cranberry beans in from the nursery. He was
sure he didn't know where a team could be got. I asked him what
he supposed I should do about the grapes. He didn't know what was
the thing of it - he said. I told him of the Cellar window to fix - stone to put

My Love -

In Camp 35 miles from
Chippewa Agency
Oct 23^d 1863

I have only time to say a word or two - I said ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~ten~~ ^{ten} ~~more~~ ^{more} to the Agency: for the last time while on this job - We are camped in the last Township of the 8 which lay west of Crow Wing - We have had a week of Storm & winter

~~We~~ commenced our ~~week~~ ^{week} Ago tonight - rained all night - all day Saturday & more or less every day since till today - we have however done one Township since those worked every day except Last Saturday.

It has been just about as cold & such weather as we had here last December - 2 or 3 inches snow on the ground for a week - Ice in the rivers & ground frozen two or three inches deep -

One night a part of the boys laid out, cold & such all night, & no supper or breakfast.

One of the party, young Perkins (son of J. H. Perkins of Lower Minnesota) got so homesick that I thought best to let him go. Last Tuesday.

He was only love-sick I guess - If he is faithful & when he gets married as he now is to his Lady love, he never will go a Surveying -

We are all well & recovering as usual - I in particular have been very well all the time - The cold & exposure however I feel more & more year after year in Cramps & "rheumatiz"

In about a week, we shall be on our way up to Pine River I think & in 2 or 3 more shall be coming back - & then & then my Love shall I try to be here with my ~~own~~ ^{own} for one winter.

I wish something would come to pass whereby I might earn an honest living - be independent of masters & live just my span instead of 6 or 8 months in the wilderness every year -

Two or three nights ago I saw you & Mary - you came & sat on my knee & then Mary pouted & wouldn't come near, but when she found that she could sit on the other knee & a little nearer than you, then she came -

& I was just going to kiss you, but waking up, I found instead of my Love sleeping beside me you my arm - that it was Walker "spooring" up to me - Great bushy head & whiskers - I've been used so long to sleeping in all my clothes, ~~at~~ that I fear I shall freeze this winter if I attempt to take them off - (unless somebody takes special pains to keep me from freezing)

23

I don't know that I can tell
you anything about matters there
at home only to have plenty of
wood - have the stoves all
carefully put up - stop up the
cracks & keep the house & cellar
warm - Write me all the news
& write me everything possible
this week. for after Nov, 1st I
may not be able to hear from
you after that at all.

Still I want you to write
after that, so I can get the
letters when I come back
from the Pine River.

Many Good bye - God with you
& bless you
Your Loving Husband
George

Oct 24 - 63

Rhineytown

Soldiers letter
The following
Capt. 29th Regt
Cong. 2d

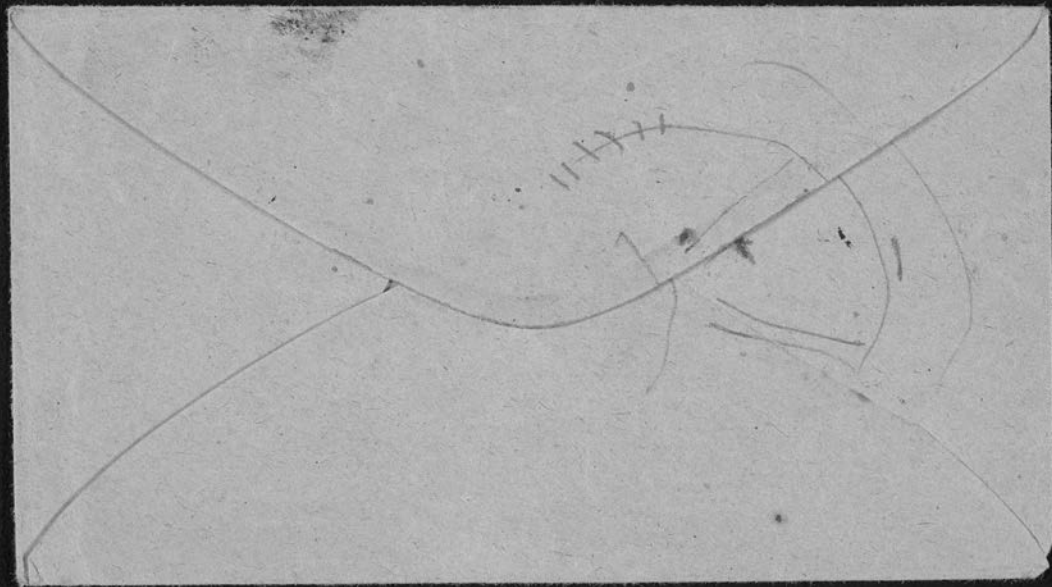


Boston,

Mass

Miss Lizzie T. Clarke

No 1. Kingston St



P.S. Mrs. M. got my remittances
yet?

Phytown Tenn. Oct 24/63

Dear Lizzie,

I am a recruiting officer for
the 29th in the Dept of E. Tennessee.
We got here Self, Dr. Atkinson, & ten
men yesterday in a pelting storm. It
is 20 miles above where we had the
fight, & is just this side of where
we halted in pursuit. I seized a
store for office barracks, hired
place for self & Atkinson. Horses
got the place cleaned up & on
Monday shall open out. W. Car-
olina & Tennessee refugees received
with joy. Kuther short of grub,
but shall manage to find some
belonging to success. The only way
I know of to get things to me will be
to send by mail, if Lt. Taylor or Paul
is not coming home soon, by that I
mean to the Regt. I have a large store-
room the lower floor of the up-
per barracks for the men, wood fire
a good secretary to write on with
pigeon holes for papers. There is no

mail goes from here but I have the P.O.
in my establishment. Whiston & I are
domiciled at a Mr Ernest's who lives in
a large brick house near the center end
of the town, and who seems to have been
quite a person. He gives us beautiful
light white bread, bleached cotton ^{is} not
whiter with delicious hardt ^{crust}
colored crust, and elegant palets, and
we have table cloths ~~for~~ breakfast
& dinner, & polished mahogany ^{at} ~~for~~
supper, and we have sorghum molasses
& Shaker apple sauce, & marmalade
and a kind of stew made of squirrels
every day. And we also have butter.
It is such a contrast to the hotel at
Knoxville where things were damp and
stinky and seedy, broken down, dilapi-
dated. If you sent for a horse you
always got the wrong one. If you
looked at a servant it was 25 cents.

Mr ~~Ernest~~ Ernest has two daughters
17 & 15 (I judge) curls & thorough bred
girls. I offered to send for some music for
them. See if you can get the songs
"When this cruel war is over" & its answer,
& the "Honey suckle Song." Any thing else
is pretty. He said no something to read.

I saw Parson Brownlow a few days
since. He looks like a cat who has been
stealing cream, & is refreshingly duped
in a respectable suit of blue. The only
one in Knoxville except those sport-
ing gamblers hotel clerks & the proprietor
of the grizzly bear "Dave Crockett." I know
the parson's son School B. well. I have met
him often. He's a fine fellow. not very ener-
getic I fancy but of the wiry kind. He was
in Boston with the olomans.

Do send me something to read. You
can send books, music &c by mail.
Send something reviving, something as good
as Elsie Venner & as full of ideas. Cheap
fiction for me lose our libraries out
here. Newspapers anything this place
is so dull enough soon, & dried.

Capt. Thos. Olden
Rhea town
E. Tenn.

Through Gen Wilcox
H. S. Quarters
Greeneville
Tenn.

Love to all, Affly,
W. G. Burke

Oct 25/63

Sunday Oct. 25. My Darling Love. - How do you. It is afternoon, and such a pleasant day! I did not go out to Church this morning, but I guess I shall go this afternoon.

About News - I wonder if it is any good for me to write paper news? So I ever write what you have not learned before? I wish I knew - for it is silly reading or writing state news. This morning's paper speaks of Meade having offered his resignation and of the Pres. refusing it - Last week the Pres. ordered Meade to go forward, pursue Lee and give battle, and if he gained a victory he should have the glory and if he was defeated the Pres. as Commander in Chief would take the responsibility. Meade says the army is not in a condition to go forward, and after an interview with the Pres. he has returned to the front again, and matters have been compromised. - You learned probably last time you sent to Town that Capt. Fiske's party have been heard from and are all right. A big scare for nothing.

The draft is now ordered to begin the 9th of Nov. A new call for Volunteers has been issued. Three Hundred thousand. - Rosecrans has been removed. Then Thomas placed at the head of the Army of the Cumberland and Grant Gen. of the West I believe. I don't half read the papers, nor anything else. I never read so little in my life.

Old Talbot's kids take most after time, as Thomas will not take his share of trouble in looking after his family but must go wandering round

hunting goodness for his own individual mouth! Poor old Tabby! Gray
wrinkled-foolish old Tabby! Fat, sleek, lazy old Thomas!

I got a letter from Ada yesterday. Then, I wonder how you would
like to write letters with a baby dancing on your back? A witch
always follows Mary as soon as I take a pen - she is either in my chair be-
hind me, ~~at~~ at my elbow, or somewhere around. I will send along
Ada's letter if Mary has not destroyed it. She has been to my 1st & 2nd
draw 1 pocket, and taken it out since I have been writing. What a
remarkable talent Ada has for writing without saying anything.

I suppose I must go if I would be to Church in season.

Charley must take this to the office as we go, that it may go out in tomorrow's
mail.

Good success, and many miles a day Love, that we
may soon have a day of rejoicing, and altogether give thanks for
the love that has watched over us while apart, and brought us together, a
complete family once more. — Bath children think I have spent
enough time with Papa for one day — Oh! if you were in this big
chair with your arms three times full. Goodbye Darling.

Your wife

Washington D.C.
26th Oct. 1863

Dear Tom:

[To Thomas W. Clarke]

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, and its enclosures. I spent yesterday in trying to obtain the papers from the Second Auditor's Office: but our old acquaintance Hon. Esau B French, 2^d Audt. would not allow his clerks to make copies, but I will have them day after to-morrow. Only think, Tom, of my being in the Old Capitol Prison for six (6) days in solitary confinement because I have paid you fellows too much.

Do you remember that rainy Sunday at Norfolk News when I paid off the 29th the Col. did not sign his vouchers. I left Howard with him while I went out to the Prison - and he was paid - wrote the names of his servants, but did not sign - I have written him or three times - no answer - Chamberlain, and all others not on regular Staff, must go to Regts - Charges against him - I here - I have not a dollar in the world: Tom, I truly think how that "Do" came in for Mrs L. may, God bless you -

not that. I would take it as a free - but times
may be better - Howard has come home
from Ireland & will die this winter -
all my little ones are sick -
Keller is here making money - Doct -
Bradley is Langton Hospital - St Louis -
J: K: is in Paris, Agent for a Loan
Van Schock was here to see me
the other day - and Redivivus the
old 7th - I had a (no Mrs F. did) glorious
letter from old Schoalen - trusting in me
still - Who would not - Only think I say
of their charging me with buying this house
for 16,000 - giving dinner parties - etc -
etc - and sending me to solitary confinement
therefore - I wish I could fight as well
as pray - Will send you all your news
in a day or two - Would you were here to
dinner - Mutton, Potée. Vegetables and digestion
Quails & hipped as Geese - or a horse to ride to the
Chamberlain - sent J. under mark with him
as Convalescent - next Sunday at Capitol Prison
"Mutator Mulander's" is that Satan -

Good bye May God bless & keep you
Yours
Chas Duke

There, I must close soon, even if I do sacrifice decorum
by telling a man I love him at the top of a half sheet.
I believe I must always think of Dr. Holmes, when I begin the
last page of a paper letter. You remember his remarks, do you
on love at the top of a page? My feet are cold. Tomorrow
maybe I shall think of something I want to say. The children
and I sleep down stairs in Mrs. Wright's room now. It was such
a task to get both children over the stairs to bed. — Why didn't
you find Walker's black hair a good pull when it stuck itself
between you and your Frans? — There, they have all gone to
bed, and it is late. Pretty soon my baby will be calling for his
Duffin which he takes regularly about this hour. My feet ache.
Good night Love. I hope you have been sleeping these good two
hours. Remember in your sleep, as in your waking that your
wife's heart is with you night and day. Goodbye Love.

Thursday 29th. Elsie is going to the P.O. in Mr. Haden's
who has just returned from the East, 1 day 60 miles north of
us there is fourteen inches of snow — is it so? and are you being
plagued with it, and with cold weather. It has not been
very cold here, though we have had two or three weeks of cloudy
cloudy weather with scarcely a pleasant day. Try to keep
yourself warm; give us little chance for cramp and
'rhumatism' as possible, and hurry home to a little
woman who does not allow house-room for such.

Babies are both well. Mary getting better my writing
as you may see. I will write as usual to Agency — I
may not hear from you again after next week? Not
long now Love, and then will be no need of letters. Don't work
too hard — learn moderation as a virtue Love. Your wife Serena.

Minneapolis Oct. 28. 1863.

My Love, I got your letter from the P.O. two or three hours ago,
but have only now found a quiet moment to read it, and as the
quiet continues I will write a bit to send out tomorrow. We
have had a house full to-day. Sunday Andrew brought Hannah
and Charley to stay with me, for I do not know how long — I told
you he was ordered to Fort Ridgely — and to-day Laurinda with her
two babies have been visiting us. We three sisters, with our five little
ones, make quite a show, and a decided noise. You just imagine
five babies under three years old, and three of them just old enough
to want each other's play things, and to keep up a continual squeal
because they can't have them. Laurinda's baby goes ahead of mine — it
is only three two months old and weighs fifteen pounds. We
condole with Hannah on her poverty in having only one baby — and
she in her turn commiserates us on being tired to squalling, dirty
young ones all the time. As usual each failed to convince the other
that theirs was the better lot.

As I was going
to Church Sunday I fell in with Delas, who told me Perkins had come
down to bring some plates, and said your work was so far advanced
you did not need him any longer. Will you surely Love, come
home now in three or four weeks? That is better than I supposed.
You will be here thanks-giving, and I will keep it twenty-four

hums long. Now, will you surely live at home this winter? Oh! 'tis
a sad, sad thing when a woman begins to be skeptical concerning her hus-
band's word.

Are you at all troubled about our winter
preparations? You needn't be. Folk is mighty slow, but it so
happens that winter is slow too in journeying to these parts, so I may
see ourselves and the potatoes. Mr. Dunge came up this morning
and went to the nursery and covered your grapes, and also those
in the garden. He came at nine and got back here, and got these
done by noon. Horton said a day he thought would finish the grapes.
Charley said some half dozen grape vines had been taken ^{and away} up, and
some cuttings taken. — I have been trying to get Mr. Hodge to get
some glass for us, and to fix in the cellar windows. You know some-
thing of his movements, but I feel encumbered, for to-day he got so
far as to buy the glass, by another month I think he will get it in,
and we shan't suffer as we have wood enough.

I have been over to Mr. Hodges looking over the papers to see if
I can see anything worth writing you about. You tell me to write all
the news. Yesterday's paper will send along with this — to-day
there is a report of a general engagement on the Rappahannock
but Officers in Washington believe it to be not much beside a rumor.
Grant is in Tenn. and there was a slight movement there. Rosecrans
has arrived in Cin., but that is in yesterday's paper I believe.

Nothing else spoken of that is important I guess. I hear no town
news — probably something happens, but "away from the dust and

turmoil of the city," we do not catch sound of the gossip, which
after all, is a good part of history — is it not.

Yesterday I went in the afternoon over to the Methodist
Church where our Freedmen's Aid Society meet. There were eight
of us in all. Mrs. Ministery Harris is Pres. and Mrs. Jane Canney
Sec. Mrs. Lane is one of the sweetest, fair-faced Quaker ladies you
ever saw. I wonder if it is their spotless, white lined bonnets that give
to so many Quaker faces such a calm repose, or is it their religion
shining through? It is thought best to get up a box of old clothes
to send to the colored folk. They concluded the small amount of
money in the Treas. would go farther in paying freight on old clothing
than in buying new while every thing is so high. Poor Widdies — they
say hundreds of them are dying from destitution. Now look out
for your old pants, coats, boots, shoes &c! I am getting to be a woman
of charity; You will see my name in the papers reading big sub-
scriptions for the needy and destitute. — I made two calls to-
day — yesterday afternoon — run into Sis, and into Mrs. Vales. Yes —
and carried Mr. Taylor in his supper. Poor man — he lay only
waiting the call to go away. He suffers very much — coughs and raises
constantly, and for a week his hands and feet have been swollen till
they are round — which they say is only just before the last.
Mrs. Vales said she thought they both realized perfectly his condition.
This evening Mrs. Taylor is quite sick, a very ~~very~~ sore throat, with
every symptom of diphtheria. I hope 'tis nothing but a cold.

Nov 2^d at Agency - 2 Letters from you -
I cannot say if they have done
much good or harm. I have been
so perfectly outraged at the conduct
of that miserable detestable whelp
Horton that I haven't perceived
any good from the letters yet

only that you are all well &
that is good - But I am
afraid & sure that you won't
be ready for winter yet, for it
is winter here now & I shall expect
to find the potatoes frozen & my
wife & babies ditto, I saw
everything gone from the nursery
& cattle in and all that. but say
nothing about it the trees which
were the only things of much value

were destroyed or not, nor
whether any attempt whatever
has been made to repair the
fence & board up the barn & keep
the cattle out. -

I expect three \$400 or \$500 all
finally destroyed -

In Camp - On Crossing Road
20 miles from Chippewa Agency - Oct 31/63
My Love - We are on the horse track (for a
little way) We have finished the work west
from Crow Wing & are now started for
Pine River - Tomorrow we shall reach the
Agency & get letters & send letters for the last
time till we get done - Providence permitting
I scribble this by firelight so that the last
opportunity shall not go wholly unimproved
to drop a line to my Gray.

We get through (provided the work is approved)
the very day I calculated upon before I left
home - Oct 31st - If my calculations
come out all right otherwise, we shall
be home about Dec 1.

The weather has been good again
for a few days, though cold & cloudy
& the streams are falling, which is good
for us. - Last Sunday I got three letters
from you: and a lot of papers of
various dates, the last being a Weekly
Press of Oct 21st & giving dates down
to the 16th or 17th - The draft I see was
fixed for Nov 9. & efforts were to be
made to raise the quota before
- Also that the President had called
for 300,000 more men wh if not

raised by Jan 5th were to be drafted.
300,000 men in new Regiments

- Do you know what I thought -
For the first time I wished - (for your
sake & my own) that I hadn't any
wife & babies - Because I love you.
I could have wished that you were
happily married to somebody who
did not feel just as I did about
the way of duty - I wished that
I had no little ones depending upon me
- no wife to torture to death -

It is terrible - How could I go to the
war? For myself I do not care
but I cannot kill you in that way
- yet why is it worse for us than
two hundred thousands of others
who have given up their young lives
just budding into happiness & promise
for their country - I cannot but
feel that it is my duty as it is that
of Two Hundred ninety nine thousand
nine hundred ninety nine others, to
this time make my offering &
your sacrifice - But can I?
Oh my Love - can I kill you?
and it would kill you -
my Love - my Country -
Father in Heaven - which shall I do?

I know what I would do, did I consent
more but myself & were at mine & his
to-day -

I will try to write a word or
two more after I get to the Agency
& get your letters & the papers
tomorrow - I wish I were going
down river - It makes me feel
sick to think of turning my face
up river instead of down, next
Monday morning.

Oh my Love I love you
come sit on my knee - put your
arms around me & kiss me (obliv-
ious to all these fellows here)
Be my good angel & tell me good
things - good for the soul - for I feel
so uneasy, worried, and uncertain
& shadowy future troubles me -
How precious are all your letters
all your words - every memory of
you for these forty years past -

With a single thought, I can
dismiss all but happy & bright
anticipations - The little green-
blinded & vine-embowered cottage
which we are going to have by & by
& all around me the dear happy
ones - There my love - come
sleep in my arms to-night and kiss
away the torturing doubts & fears
till sweet sleep - as a child - comes
& carries us away - Good night Love

Monday Nov. 2^d Good evening Love. It is now near ten o'clock. We are not very early got to bed. I expect you will drive us off when you come. But evenings are my only chances for working. I have all the childrens clothes and my own and my husbands to make and look after, and there is not one day in seven when I get two hours to sew, until the children are asleep in the evening. Vernon sleeps very little days, and he is a restless flyaway baby that keeps his mother pretty busy. To-day Mary has not been quite well. Vernon has been uncommonly nervous and wakeful, and Charley stuff like any other little boy, noisy & teasing, and between it all I have been sometimes almost beside myself. I have need to watch and pray without ceasing that I may passers my soul in patience. It is almost impossible to keep from fretting and getting nervous and ugly, where there are children fretting, teasing and fussing; and if one child is out of sorts they are all sure to be.

Tuesday Nov. 3^d It is almost dark. I have just come in from running about a little, so cannot write the baby broke me off last night. No paper news, only they have decided \$200 exempts a man three years, a question that has been very much discussed of late. Will I hear from you tonight? Good bye dear,
Your wife - Serena

Minneapolis Nov. 1. 1863.

My Love. Did you ever see how fast the months go and come? It seems only a few days since I wrote Oct. 1. My husband will come home this month - then wont I be happy!

— This is a cold, windy, wintry Sunday - In Camp I am afraid it is not comfortable. You had better wrap up in your blanket and go to bed. Do you have warm feet, days and nights? Only three or four weeks more of such a hard, rough, wearing life now - this winter. I am getting so impatient, which is a sure index of your approach. I could not bear it much longer. Now what if your next letter should tell me Mr. Washburn had made up his mind over again? Oh! dear.

When did I write - Wednesday evening, and now tis Sunday evening. Again my beauties are sleeping - Hannah and her boy and our Charley have gone up stairs to bed, and Mr. Hodge has just been in and carried Grandma to bed. Our boy Vernon

has to-day got out of his baby long clothes into colored short dresses and aprons. He looks nice I can hardly wait for his father to come and see him. Mary too, has improved wonderfully. She talks quite well for her, she is a wild and witchy thing, but good and sweet. She dont cry for me now when I am going away, but runs home and says Kissy Mamma, and when I get home

The first thing that greets me is "Oh Mamma, Mamma". I feel so rich Love, with two such babies! How rich do you feel? So rich too? I guess so.

Who do you think came to see Mrs. Elsie yesterday? Who indeed but Lawson or Leston. Sister Hannah went to the store, and he first inquired if Mr. Wright lived here and if he was at home, and then if Mrs. Charles R. Wright was in. Just before Elsie got ready to come into the parlor she thought of him and told me she believed it ^{must} be he, and sure enough it was. I came in as soon as I could. He was very pleasant and chatty; told all about the Forest City folks — He has been there this summer on a visit. He made no allusion to anything unpleasant, but was perfectly delicate and gentlemanly. He told somewhat of his wanderings since you saw him in Iowa. He has been to Pike's Peak and all around — sometimes very wild and sometimes good, he said, just as the freak took him. When he was in Iowa this summer he said he went out where where Elsie lived and all about there, but did not go through town at all. He said he thought of going over beyond town a little ways to see how things were there but he didn't get to it, that was all he said of in allusion to past events and that was worded so delicately. In a great many things he shows that he was made of finer stuff than are most men, but he lacks entirely the grace of God in his heart. Poor boy! Since seeing him I do not feel he is the ~~weak~~ wretch I always fancied him, but

a man of very strong passions with no principle that controls them, but who is, as he himself said, good or bad as the freak takes him.

I have felt so sad and sorry for him ever since he was here. He has enlisted in the Cavalry Regiment now forming for the Indian War. When he left of course neither of us could ask him to come again, and it was so awkward all around, and I can't help feeling what a poor return for his great kindness to Mrs. Wright and her family. For four weeks he never undressed at all, but waited on her in all things as a woman would, ^{and} ~~mean~~ during the time now since, by word or look, show anything that should make her feel unpleasantly concerning his attentions while she was sick.

My mouth is sore and achy. Oh! how I do wish you were at home. It seems to me these three weeks will be longer than the whole three months. How can I wait! I must — that is how I can, and the only how. I am going to bed now. Sweet sleep to you Love. God watch over you — as I am sure he always does. Our Heavenly Father — if we can only live together in Him we will never be so widely separated! Good-night — Though I must tell you one thing more. Grandma the other night got a little note ~~and~~ from Mrs. Wileman, enclosed with some beautiful pressed flowers; she had gathered ^{them} from Mama's grave, and arranged so nicely, so that Grandma might preserve them. It was so kind and good in her — and she never knew Mama either. Goodnight Dearest — Your wife —

Soldier's Letter
From Fort Sumter
Capt. Wm. B. Chilton
Cory, Fort Sumter
S.C.

Boston,

Wm. B. Chilton

My dear Mr. Chilton
No. 1 King's Row St.

Shutown, Tennessee Nov. 2/63
Dear Annie,

I yesterday visited the Little
Sinking Creek & a cave. The Creek runs
for under them $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, though solid
rock worn into curves and basins and
crooks and turns by the water and
wind and stones that have surged about
in older time through thousands of
years before the settlement of the coun-
try. Big stalactites hang from the ceil-
ing, big holes like rooms, fit for cata-
combs of the dead, line the walls and
the whole is like the sewerage of
Paris described by Victor Hugo.
By the way in the book of
May Delafite in my trunk there
is a map of Paris whereby you
can trace the Grand Egoût de
Cinture and many of its tribu-
taries near Montmartre, and very
nearly the underground course
of the Seine. I used it in
reading Les Misérables.
This brook Little Sinking Creek

is a stream of no great size except when confined but it is used as a waterpower, & various attempts have been made, to cut it so that it could be used with a heavy fall. These have failed through defective Engineering mostly. But altogether it is a fine water power.

Then we went to the cave near by. We went through a hole in the ground, over twigs and sharp rocks and debris we enter a room as large as father's office hung round with brown stalagmites with a vaulted ceiling. From this through a passage gradually becoming narrower & lower till at length you crawl some twenty feet prone on your belly occasionally turning on the side when the place is too narrow for broad shoulders, you emerge into another and a larger room broken into capells by the water-worn rocks that hang from the ceiling and branching into transcripts where the imprisoned water has foamed and rushed to find another course, and then along where broken masses of rocks all water-worn and scarred by the attrition and deposit of alkali of the drip, seem sarcophagi of some old King, carved into fantas-

tic shapes & weather beaten, and still on through narrower passages to the final room when the cave ends, some 120 yds from its entrance in a steep pile of soft debris dangerous to creep, beyond this none have yet passed. "Tai chi' entr' laisser' ogri' speranza" I know I shall explore again D.L. I have applied to be relieved from this pleasant place, I enjoy myself here, but can do no good to the Service by getting recruits. I'd like to try the job in Boston but fear they won't let me. Then I could come home on duty & find work enough, ~~and~~ would keep me busy six days in the week but that is too good to happen & so I don't hope for it.

Good bye, there is no other news to send, so with love to all I am as usual.

Affectionately

J. H.

Rheatown Tenn., Nov 6 1863.

Hon Wm G Brownlow.

Special Agent Treasury Dept.

Sir,

On about the time of the first advance of the Federal lines into this part of East Tennessee in the early part of September last, Mr J Smith Reese, a stranger of this place and a secessionist, prepared to leave with the Rebel Troops sold out his stock to the people of this vicinity.

Among others he sold to Mr James W Duncan, a well known gentleman of this place a quantity of Tobacco. One box of this coming to the knowledge of my command through information of citizens was seized by them and I now hold it subject to your order. The decision you may make about this will of course affect all the other sales of Mr Reese made at the same time and I therefore will put you to the trouble of considering the questions in the complications made by this state of facts.

It can be proved that this sale was made before our lines had extended to Rheatown by an armed Rebel to a citizen who has since taken the oath of allegiance, for value received in Confederation.

Script current bank notes, before the President's proclamation
under the confiscation act had been made public in
three parts, and without knowledge on the part of
the purchaser of the existence of such proclamation
or statute.

I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully

Your obedient servant,

Thos. M. Clarke

Capt. 27th Inf. Ind. T.

Recruiting Officer

Albion, Tenn.

Chicago Gen. Wells

Head Quarters

Monday Evening Nov. 24. "Another days march nearer home" Love. The days go very quick, but the weeks to look at them coming seem slow and long. I wonder will it be half so good to have you here, as it seems to me now? Will some terrible thing thrust itself between us and true happiness.

To day I have not done much beside the work to be done every day, and care for the children. They are neither of them quite well. Vernon has a cold that puts him a little out of sorts.

Mr. Hodge set our glass today - or a part of it. He promised to put in the Cellon windows this afternoon, but did not. It is not winter here yet, but Indian Summer.

Oh! dear no, I have done nothing at all about the nursery fence. Horton left it all down, and said it would need a man all the time if I kept it in repair. He said there was nothing there that the cattle would hurt. He said nothing about the hay and did not know until after word that that was gone, then there was so little left. But it never occurred to me what could be done. There was not a board on anything that I remember, about the premises that the shanty could be fixed with. I am sorry if there is anything I ought to have done that I have not.

Grandma had a letter from Bloomington the other day. Our girl Mattie Rowley is married to a Frank Bingham. Dr. Willard has moved to Jacksonville. I was in to Mrs. Harris's today. She said Lucy Hawkins had gone to house-keeping - her father came I knew a week or more ago - and the Prof. boards there! Did you ever hear of such a bewitched man. Whether he is crazy or a fool it would be hard to tell. What will Mrs. Lomis say now.

The lights are out all around - and the house are all in bed but me. When will you come home? I am hope that disturbances in Camp and Norton's stubbornness will not put you to a great deal of trouble. It would seem a pity to have him leave you now. Would Walter take his place. Good night and good-bye darling - God keep you - Your wife Sara

Minneapolis Nov. 6. 1863,

My Love.

I have known all day there must be a letter from you to me, in the P. O. but I have saved it till evening, working hard all day on the strength and good in store for me - and it is well for me I have waited - here it is; I have read it, and feel sick all over, body and soul. I have been thinking of nothing but of your coming home in a little while, and I have thought with the work and the babies three or four weeks would quickly pass. But now it seems to me it doesn't matter whether you come or not. I should not be glad to see you, only sorry and wicked enough. Oh! I feel so crushed, helpless and senseless, and at what? Heaven help me, only with facing the possibility of that which so many other wives and husbands realize with death.

No, it would be no worse for us than for others, and if you feel it surely, after looking at in every light - do not let wife and children stand between you and God. I have private sins enough to account for without keeping you from the right way.

There is no heroism in me to be aroused, I could bear it, because I should never to, I should not die, because I could not. Then there would be my babies left. I can't tell what now I know we should do, but that you would have to leave to Him

who bade you go.

The whole household are in bed now, and Love, ~~should~~ give all the world if you were here with me. I dare say we would only sit silent, or ~~exclaim~~ maybe I cry my eyes out for a little variation. So talk to me Love, when you come home - I should be so miserable thinking by myself all the time, and wondering what you thought too. Oh! if we only could be free with each other.

Do you suppose three weeks even will go away? Must you come in two weeks? It is no use my trying to write, there is only one thing I can think of. Please Love, don't feel it your duty to go forever away from me! We are all pretty well. Mary has not been very well for two or three weeks. She is well and drooping, and eats nothing hardly. I don't know what aches with her. It always frightens me to have her sick. There seems to me a great deal more danger of her being ill than of Vernon's.

I must go to bed, the baby is beginning to fuss. Goodnight - Love. God watch over you, and help you do right in all things.

Saturday Evening. —

Sunday Evening Nov. 8th

You perceived I did not write much last evening. I began at a too late hour and Vernon put a stop to it in double quick time.

Are you warm? This wind must shake your tent badly, and creep into every crack and rent. Cover up warm. It will not be long now before you will be permitted a bed, or rather ship in one already occupied by three — is camping better, or would a

little crowding by wife & babies be good for you?

I have been to Church morning and evening to-day. This morning Mr. Saulten gave a review of the life of a good man recently called to go up higher. It served to show me the poverty of my own life, and made me long for a better and a higher way of living. But there is never a day passes but I am sorry for all my sins, and wish so earnestly to live better, but it must be my sorrow is not of the right kind, for every day witnesses good resolves broken and destroyed. What must I do to keep this every day life of little duties, cares and crosses from veiling me into fretfulness and ill-humor, making ^{me} anything but the calm, cheerful, loving, Christian Mother I ought to be, to teach my Children the beauty of holiness and the way to Heaven? I know you wish as devoutly as I can that our home might be a Christian Home. What can we do to make it such? We both mean to be good but, as I just now read in Dr. Bushnell's 'Christian Ministry', there is a marvelous want of savor in our piety. "We do not make a Christian atmosphere about us". When we are together again let us pray often together for help and strength. We have not only our own souls to watch over, but our children's souls. Dearest Love, Our Father help us that through us they be not lead astray.

I must go to bed. There is no draft in Minn. until the fifth of Jan. Our Quota is considered full under all calls except the last 300000. Must you go? How can I let you! Goodbye Love.

Shreveville & Tenn. Nov. 10/63

Dear Siggie,

Since I wrote last
I have been in action without know-
ing it, engaged an enemy 20 miles
off, been an outpost in a dangerous
position thinking & knowing it was safe
acted on a General's staff & all
while not on duty.

The fact I have been recruit-
ing & refused to fall back till
the rest had done so where-
by all these things happened
but there was no enemy within
20 miles.

I am perfectly well.
My recruiting party is broken
up & Col. Ellis (Viles Hatten
Ellis's brother) has been kind enough
to carry this letter.

Don't direct Care Gen.
Wiley but to Regt as before.
If I get to Mass I'll telegraph
home soon. Never mind if they
they can wait a bit present.

I came here from
the front to day. Rode horse
all the way from Rheatsville
90 miles. There is no news &
so I won't speak but 1/2 sheet of
paper. Cover

I don't know what to say but that
I was very sorry to leave Rheathorn
for I was fond of the people. Oh, in
stead of sending the nurse, I sent for
to me, and to Miss Kate Earnest
Care of J. H. Earnest Esq., Rheathorn
Tenn. I write on the same

"Compliments of Belcher,"
or words to that effect.

I know you can get the
nurse, I write for & hope you
have sent it. Had Anne need
letter asking for stamps & encl-
ring money for them. Can't
get any here. Ask Ned to send
me \$50, there are no paymasters
come & I am on my last \$2.

I am still in hope under
late order of War Dept to get to
Mass. recruiting but doubt as
always do about bird not in hand.
Hope, however, & that is better than
despair & I am always hopeful
Love to all

NW.

But this is mean letter. Got paper
pen & ink, & no news

risk our judgment. His house
which he is charged with en-
tertaining belongs to his mother in
law by inheritance, his dinner
parties were like ours, rich
but cheap. A few fine dishes,
nice fruit in season, &c. He told
me the entire expense of a little con-
cert, very select, very pretty, and
creating considerable jealousy a-
mong the non-invited, &c. & going to
the market shortly after I believe
it true. It is plate, glass, table linen
and fine people that make a fasci-
nating party. Many of these one can have
belonging to mother, sister &c. the other
can only be got by one having natural
attractions & one born with
a room full of pleasant people.
Now see I am an epicurean of
parties I know it is true though
I am of opinion that my knowledge is
chiefly from men's company who
can be greater boys than any woman
so much for Arthur. Good bye, this
I will tell this is the end of my sketchy letter
F. T. Clark

Nathan Ellis' brother will tell you how I lost
He has a letter also from me

Leicester, Nov 12 1863

Dear Lizzie,
I don't know what to write
you, but will only say that I have
returned from recruiting after a very
pleasant, three weeks, spent at New-
town, without adventure except a
service of a few hours on Gen Shack-
elford's staff during an expected engage-
ment & ~~also~~ two skeddaddles from the
last of which brought me to this
place. Then the Regiment is in winter
quarters log huts 4 feet high in the
eaves, & about 6 feet square, with
fire place & mud chimney. I pre-
fer a tent for the present at least.
I am having a fireplace & chimney
built & shall be very comfortable.
My overcoat &c, may be sent to
~~C. Nicholas~~ ^{C. Nicholas} left till called for.
Take receipts & I think I can get
a wagon train to get them & bring
them on. Mr. Underwood's brother
was in the line. Shortly since our
own troops fell back. Had I got your

letter while at Rheutown I could
have communicated to him I think
hope to have a chance to close
soon, perhaps by next mail, shall
write to Knoxville & Jonesboro' both.

Congratulate George on his
engagement, & tell him that his military
order should now cease, for no married
man or engaged should be in the ser-
vice, too many people's happiness is jeop-
ardized by a charge into a cross fire,
& it would take too much thought
in action to have another to think
of than those given by nature, &
to ask God that you may do your
duty. He has leave to be in ad-
vance of me till the war closes, for
my duty is to stay - God willing -
that long a soldier. Then, - you will
see a quiet farmer on some prairie
or mountain, learned in stock & fer-
tilizers, & seeking that peace which
I have seen a plentiful lack of
for three years. I will shall mind
the claim (that if she knows about
butter & cheese) & I will mind the
(Chap that drives) the plow" Perhaps
I'll try my profession again, perhaps

but what is future is behind a curtain
only gradually raised & very gently.
& thank the Lord for that for much
terror often lead to suicide, & dark-
ness even is not so terrible as the
ghastly reality at times. So do your
duty, is all can be desired & to
do it well is often hard sometimes
impracticable, but if duty means
desert by Endeavor, the chance may
be better for us. Whether there will
be any party sent to map recruiting
I can't say but if there is look
for me. I think the 1st Feb will see
me at home. You mustn't confide
this to everybody, for you know I said
when I came home it wouldn't be
with Captain's epaulettes, & I can't now
see but one chance in ten of chan-
ging them. What that is lies between
him & Cincinnati & is a secret which
you can find out by inquiring &
explode if you choose.

Rest assured Maj' Fletcher is
honest & will be found so, I
know the man. So does Gen. Schenck
So does Mr McClellan of the P.O.
Dept. We believe in Fletcher & will

been to New York and bought for his firm \$30000 worth of goods, putting up at the Astor House with the biggest. It looks as if there was not humility enough to save from a fall.

Hodsdon I heard was having his trial the other day. I haven't heard anything about the issue. I have told gossip enough. Now, when will you come home! You count go off again with you! It is getting very late. I

revised some before I began writing. Love every body letter. I don't try to write only to you. Papa has begun to conclude we are growing apart, our letters are so infrequent - but I cannot.

Goodnight - Love - I begin to think you are not so far from me as you have been - Come quick. I shall not write again.

Good-bye - I wish I could kiss and be kissed! Have patience get a little longer - Your wife, Serena.

Nov 12/63

Minneapolis, Nov. 12. 1863.

My Love,

It is bed time now I suppose but I feel like talking to you, and so I write. The two babies and their mother have been visiting today, out to Mr. Harmons. The day was so fine, and the children both so ailing I thought I would take them riding to see if out-door air and a little change would not do them good. They were pleased and happy; - going over this morning, Mary was trudging along by my side, helping me dress the baby, when all at once she began calling herself "happy girl". All Vernon has done today has been to stretch his "mouth" at every thing and every body. He is such a laughing baby!

Night before last Sister Hannah and I went to Bro. Bryant's Sociable, at Mr. ~~Stevens~~ Sherburns. The first free Will gathering I have attended for five or six years. There were not many old faces there. Mr. Bryant was social and free after the ice was broken a little. I asked him to call, and he said he would. the last time he was here neither of ^{us} asked him to call again, through carelessness, and we have fancied he took it away, under the circumstances.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 14 - I have just been reading in a book called "Christian Nurture", and I ended with this thought

if I had read this book before I was married, properly weighing its meaning, I should not have been caught where I am. It really affalls me Love, to think of my duties and responsibilities as a Mother, and ~~extreme~~ unprepared and unfit I am! Oh! why can I not be a Christian Wife and Mother. I have been Oh! so far from being such. My dear Husband, I do more earnestly and

solemnly desire to live ^{life} right tonight, than ever before. Our Heavenly Father helping me I will hereafter try more earnestly and constantly to be a Christian than I ever have done.

Goodnight-Love, My baby calls me. This is Goodnight. Sabbath Evening. I have just got my two children quiet and asleep. For the last two or three hours, one or the other, and a part of the time both at once have been crying and taxing my energies to them utmost. One cannot tell of what stuff their nerves are made of till they have babies to try them.

We had a letter from Sarah last week - and guess what your Mother sent you. Her Photograph, and such a nice, pretty face too. Her children and grand-children have not improved upon the old pattern I think, though the faces of those of her family I am familiar with, suit me perfectly.

May I not look for you home this week? Am I wild in thinking of such a thing? It really doesn't seem as if I wait longer than till Saturday night.

Wednesday Evening - This letter is made up of such

little pieces. but what I don't write tonight may go unwritten. There is my baby this minute! Little like, Ie knew I had begun again. It is astonishing how much of a certain kind of knowledge a baby possesses. Don't you come home and read my letter. Where are you? If I only knew something of you whereabouts - would be next to having you here. The are alone

just now. Hannah and her boy have gone up River visiting. We ironed this morning, and I have spent the remainder of the day in taking care of the children. Baby has been more than usually worrisome; he has a cold, as has almost every body else. I never

saw more splendid weather, did you? But it seems fruitful in colds, sore throats, and so forth. - I had a letter yesterday from Papa, and one today from Fannie. She writes a bright little letter; very womanly and nice, I like her. You will see the letters when you come, so don't write what they write. Elsie had

a letter from Enfield today - Mary Coon was visiting Hannah when they wrote, and William had been there. They say Chancy and William are going it on a grand scale. Vidie writes from Boston C. flourishes an eight dollar umbrella - ~~and~~ a sword cane, hat to match, heavy chains, and the finest broadcloth. William is quite as fast. He is in the substitute business, and has twenty men out hunting for him. His ^{Sister} was wearing a diamond ring he had loaned her. They have risen so fast and so high they have grown light-headed I am afraid. Chancy has just

Minneapolis, Nov. 20. 1863.

Love,

I have thought I would not write again, but all at once I feel as if you have moved several miles from me. It seems almost as if you never would come home. And it has come over again, as if a thunder bolt had fallen at my feet that possibly you will only come home to me to go again. My Love, I cannot bear it. How can I. Chet Evans is here tonight. He came down to-day to sell your oxen. He said you wrote him last week to do so - also you said you were all well, and were all going to enlist when you got home. Anything in all the world but that, anything! And just because I am willing to forsake all, and cling to one dearest idol, that is the very one must first be broken. Oh! my dear Husband, how can I? Must I? I wish you would come home. Will you ever come. The last few days are always intolerable but particularly unendurable now. I shall look surely next week.

We are pretty well. Baby is worrying with a colic and Mary is drooping around. I told you she was sick almost - not eating anything and looking pale and green. She has been so now more than a month. I was getting really very much alarmed, but today I thought of looking in her mouth to see if her teeth were

all through that she was going to have at present, and I found
your double teeth badly swollen, which is probably the cause of her
being so out of tune. I feel relieved to have found a seeming cause
for her illness. Vernon's teeth too I expect are coming on. He
is considerably older than Mary was when she began cutting hers
yet he has no signs of having any at present. Between both babies
Lassus my hands are full, when they are both awake I do not
pretend to do much but take care of them. I do get desperately
nervous sometimes. I am a wicked thing at best that is in no way
fit to have children and a husband, and if it was not for the babies
maybe my wickedness would so far get the better of my goodness
that I should say Amen with all my heart to your wish that you
had no wife - but, there are the babies, facts which prevent me checking
all such wishes. Won or no Wan, Husband ^{no} or no Husband, I cannot be
quite wicked enough to feel because I suffer, I would rob them
of being, to be free from suffering. Love, Lovish you were
here - I will stop writing, as maybe you will think I have said one
thing often enough, and I have nothing else to say tonight - only
this perhaps - I love you. I dream sweet dreams dearest.

God save you - Good night - Your wife -

Saturday Night - again, and no Lord. Can I wait
patiently a week. I fear not. I don't know but I will devote
this one letter to groans and sighs and lamentations - for
you will do soon after reading it be when there is no more

Sighing and lamenting, - that this will not hurt you.

This is a cold windy night - I wonder if you are well and
comfortable. We here are well, and as comfortable as we can
be without a husband and father.

Chet Evans went home to-day. He could not sell your
open for more than fifty-five dollars, thinking that too little
he changed them for a pair of young open getting seven
dollars over. He said it was the best he could do - if you are
not satisfied, and do not want these open he will keep them.

Then - I have been holding Mary, who cried out in her
sleep, the last half hour, and reading a story in the last
Atlantic. Mary is so restless in the cradle I shall have to take
her to bed, and that will put a stop to my writing for
tonight. Tomorrow is Sunday, but that is a day as busy
as any other, for when I have nothing else to do I am obliged
by the human nature of my children to care for them
in my arms continually. - Since I wrote you have
had letters from Norman and your Cousin Whitcomb.
I will not venture to send them I guess. Nothing demanding
immediate attention in either. Whitcomb says he has not
heard from you for more than a year. Your letters
must have gone astray. in My feet are cold and I
expect a call from one or both babies that will take me
up stairs in a jiffy. Good night - Love. God bless you, and
keep you safe. Father & Mother - Serena.

it is awful — And we
must feel to the Rebel
Prisoners in Fort Warren!
It makes my blood boil —

Frances Brown in coming
here to stay next week, so
I mean to make her
write to you — Poor Fanny
feels badly because a par-
ticular friend of hers, one
of her Western scholars, was
killed in the late battles
in Virginia — but add
& the brother in law Daney
fear weather it out —

A trunk was sent from Camp
Nelson by Capt Woodward
to Knoxville I hope you
have got it before this — I am
try to send the music to-
morrow as directed —

Showed Ed of letter & suppose
he will attend to the \$50 —
He received the remittance in
asked about —

To write often, it is a
very great pleasure & satis-
faction to hear from you
don't neglect writing whether
you have time or not
you always Lizzy

Home Nov 28th 63.
Dear Tom.

Your letter of the 18th
sent by Col Ellis came today,
Sunday; it is six days later
date than the last advices
from Pheasantown. The
postage stamps were sent
at least a month ago, &
since we got up Pheasantown
letters we have been sen-
ding pamphlets & papers
besides letters. But I had
not yet sent the music
because father said it
was not a good plan to
put too many packages
into the same mail —
The concluded from the
accounts in the papers
of the doings in E Tenn
that you would probab-

by return to Knoxville you affectionately the other
Go some of our missions day & desired to be
have been directed there remembered to you when
then I wish you could I should write, so did
get a chance to come to Hoosier whom I met not
Chast! I think it is time long ago & who inquired
now you had a taste particularly all about you
of home life - you are I wrote you at that time
the only person I have what splendid doings in
heard of, officer or Tenn, I wish you could have
private who has not had a hand in them, the
had a goodough for acct from Lookout Mt
home - are charming - Everybody
is deeply interested now

Sarah Willard has in the terrible acct coming
gone to one of the hospi- all the time of the suf-
tals in Baltimore & miss our dreadfully -
miss our dreadfully - ferings of the Union
she was wanted to go Prisoners in Richmond
for a long time & most they are perfectly heartrending
of in excellent spirits & then private messages
I have not heard from Ann for those who have
her yet. friends then that not a
Mr Fowler inquired for story is exaggerated - I think

Boston Dec 4. 63
Dear Tom, [To Thomas W. Clarke]

I haven't heard
a word from you thus far
since before the Row at
K and feel anxious to
know how you got out
of it. I enclose herewith
the balance of the money
you sent for \$10. My
remittances have been
Dec 1st 10. 2nd 20. 3rd 10
& today \$10. all of which
I trust will reach you
safely. Recruiting at
home is going on as well
as might be expected &
I wish you might be here
to fill up the quota of
Ward Seven.

What is the prospect
of your getting home this
winter?

Waiting favors,
I am Yrs truly
Emily Clark

a pair of sleeves &c. He
keeps all under lock & key.
Frances says she wrote to
you once & you never answered
her she sends her love. Mr
Fowler wants to be remembered
to you & inquires often - For
fear you did not get
the stamps I sent you, I
enclose some in this.

Robt. Edes has been on
a furlough, & has gone back
now, well enjoying him extremely
& miss him very much. We
have a new girl - Eliza made
preparations to go to California
but after she had spent \$30 &
lost her place, she was disap-
pointed in going - but is going
to a new place today.

I really have nothing partic-
ularly to say - but could not
miss the opportunity of saying

Boston 12th Dec/63

Dear William [To Thomas W. Clarke]

Mr Fox has advertised
that he will take letters to
soldiers in Tennessee & I shall
take advantage of the opportu-
nity you may be sure & take it
for granted that you haven't got
one of our letters for a long time.
I feel as if you were cut off from
us. The last time I heard
from you, you had gone back
to Knoxville & asked us to send
there; & direct the music to
the young ladies which we
did at once. I had sent
two novels & some newspapers
to Knoxville for I felt sure that
the disturbances in E Tennessee
would have driven all into Knox-
ville again. We sent your trunk
a month ago to Capt Woodward

Camp Nelson, & he acknowledged
the receipt of it & said he
would forward it by a wagon train
as soon as possible - I have
many misgivings about it -
but it is beyond our reach now.
& I am afraid you can do nothing
about it.

I have written to you many
times that Ned got both
remittances from you & ack-
nowledged them but you
may never get the letters I
wrote about it so repeat
it now. Mother has written
to you lately & begs you to write
to father. I think he would
be pleased - he has very few
pleasures now. We are
feeling all the time that you
may pop in upon us at any
moment, & hope you will be
able to come home on a quick

ing service. Your time is nearly
up now. What ^{are} you going to
do in the future? Have you
any idea? Shall you visit?
Henry Sleeper is expected
home again at Christmas -
his battery has been much
praised.

Francis, Brown & Leslie Fair
are staying with us now, &
we are deep in the excitement
of the Great Sanitary Fair
which opens tomorrow & promises
to be superb beyond any thing
ever before in Boston. Besides
the fair is an organ concert -
a gallery of paintings, &
Tableaux & Theatricals every
night. George & Henry Goodwin
are property managers & Geo
Carroll off last night a
pillow a tea Kettle several
large books, my water pot.

What did you
think of George's engage-
ment to Miss Ellen Hall?
She is considered very pretty
indeed - not very strong but
right principled & we think
it a good arrangement.
Add Bennett is engaged
to a girl in Washington -
So William Spence is, but
don't take a secesh, one
of those fanatical Southerners.
I want you to settle upon
a plain sensible home body
who will make a good
attractive quiet home for
you where we shall like
to visit you & make you
love to settle down into
real life - Can you ever
come back to civilized

life? I can't imagine it
after so much suffering
& living "an natural".

Francis says Adel jumps
up every now & then & runs
to the door for a mouthful
of fresh air when he is at
home.

Good night from all
to you. Write soon, &
often & whatever you do
don't suffer yourself to be
taken prisoner. The horrors
that are told us of the
sufferings of prisoners in
the Rebel hands are
more than I can think
of without the greatest
pain. Affly - A.

[Anne B. Clarke]

-ner with us, it would be a Christmas
indeed - then, I hope you will love your
home when you come to it again -
I tell them all in Williams I hope I pray
that you will act your part well & be
conscientious & upright, in all your dealings
& kind to those poor soldiers here whom
you command - we hope that God who
sees all hearts - looks upon you with an ap-
-proving eye

My letters I know cannot be in-
-teresting to any body, but then so far as
it shows an affection for you, I hope
it will gladden your heart to hear
from home, as no one else was writing

Annie's cough is rather better lately
she sends her love

George you know is engaged
but you say nothing about it -

I have written this while there has been
talking & reading and occasionally so you
will excuse the deficiencies

from your loving
Mother A.M.C.

Boston Dec^r 23 1863

My dear William [To Thomas W. Clarke]

I am very anxious to hear from
you the date of your ^{last} letter was Nov 10th & that
is a long time, & more than that we think you must
have been in battle since, & we do not know
where you are, we sent your trunk of clothes
about the first of Nov^r, long long ago we sent
you \$2 worth postage stamp, & had sent you
money in three or four letters, none of which
have we heard one word from, we sent the
key of your trunk in a letter also, do I beg
you write & let us know whether you have
got any of these things, your trunk went to
the care of W.W. Woodard Capt Nelson & we
heard that it reached there & would be forwarded
-ed to Knoxville, but whether it even was we
do not know, we sent you all sort of com-
-fortable things, & how I long & long to hear from
you - we write to you continually, & send
you newspapers but do not know whether
you get them - There has been a beautiful

spirit abroad here with regard to the soldiers, such a union of feeling & action in every thing, & such outpouring of money as if there was no end to the purses, I mean in the great Fair, they have realised already (& it is not over yet) 100,000 dollars, there has been all sort of things sent in, even to a steam engine, several pianos, harpicas Buggys & a flock of sheep, quantities of things from Europe, I heard one lady say that at her one table the day before she had taken \$1000, - one poor ^{wounded} soldier went in & a young lady while talking with him ^{asked} if he was poor, & when he told her he was, she raised in a short time \$100. for him, & when she gave it to him he refused to take it, for he said poor as he was, the soldiers this Fair was made for were poorer & he had rather it would go to them, & as the gentlemen then took him up & gave him a situation which probably will be better for him than the money - but it is a holy spirit that has gone forth, indeed there is no dream back - we contributed from here about \$34 worth of articles, & then we have spent I should think more than 50 -

Finances
Brown & Lizzie Harris have been staying here

the last fortnight - they have been very pleasant. Finances wished you could have been here too she desires to be remembered to you - Shall you not come home William when your time is out, have you not had enough of the war?

Henry Sleeper has been here on furlough of fifteen days, he has greatly improved, is much more manly & is I think a very good officer, we frequently see notices of him in the papers - Lizzie sent the music you sent her to the place you named - Your Father thinks that you have gone after Longstreet. I hope you will always write when you make any change, I suppose in your hurried life that you cannot even imagine the anxiety we feel here at home about you, if it is only one line to say where & how you are - is Gay -
- Lord with your name?

We are all well as usual, but your Father & I have grown very old since you saw us last, you will be surprised if you ever see us again to see the change - How I wish you could eat your Christmas dinner