



Thomas Montgomery and family papers.

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Camp 67th U.S. Infantry
Near Fort Hudson, La.

June 11th 1865

(107)

My Dear Mother:

Once more I seat myself this pleasant Sabbath, to write you a few lines, trusting they will find you and Father and Bro. enjoying good health. Last Thursday I received yours of the 23rd ult. the first for three weeks.

You spoke in it of having written a letter May 16th but I did not receive it, the one before the last was dated May 1st.

There is something mysterious in consequence of not getting that letter, which I cannot fully comprehend.

You are doubtless greatly perplexed these times, so many things press so heavily on your mind. I can faintly imagine how you feel now, being so secluded & lonely, since Bro Alex left, but you must strive to bear up under the dispensations of Providence, and

put your trust in One, mighty to save,
who notices even the fall of a sparrow.
May God uphold you by his grace
to the end. I know you must feel
grieved, but perhaps it is all for the
best. I will try and visit you as
soon as possible, and then we can
talk more freely on the subject.

You say that Lizzie is getting restless
and is anxious to leave. If she has not
kept her promises to me, I will shortly
be up there, perhaps, and see her for it.
If she has done & still does well,
it will be the better for her. I mean
that she should be well paid for
staying with you. But if she is head-
strong & disobedient, I would not keep
her, if I could better myself.

She has lived with you longer than
I expected she would, for one who has
been around with the army. Women
here make as high as \$25. per month
cooking for messes, washing & sewing.

Don't know 2' exactly from the right in the Regt. 6' head of horse

I suppose I could leave the army if I would try, but as it pays very well I don't care to go again on a farm.

It is not my intention however to remain in it long. I am troubled this summer much as I was last, with diseases of the bowels, which has reduced me in flesh considerably. I do not suffer any however, but would like cool weather to come again. Since I wrote last we have changed camp again: this time two miles east of Fort Hudson, at the edge of the timber in a nice green place with the best of spring water. This is an important change as our last camp was in a stinking, sickly locality.

Here we have fresh air, fresh spring water and are isolated from other Regiments. It is a nice spot. It is where I had Lt. Moore buried last May. His grave is within 100 yds of my tent. I will put up a nice head board this week. We may stay here a long time. We have nothing whatever to do,

We can get vegetables in plenty from the colored folks who cultivate all this place this summer. The boys bring me in lots of blackberries every day. Last Thursday I changed the old arms which I had for new ones.

I drew and issued 34. They are the Rifled Musket, made in Providence & Watertown after the Springfield model. They are the best gun in the service. The boys are very proud of them.

Monday 12th Wm Estill came up to my tent last night to tell me something to write to Lizzie. He has been in feeble health for some time, but thinks he is getting well. He wants Elizabeth to be a good girl and remain there till he comes out of the service after her. He would rather she would stay there than to leave. He is pleased to hear good news from her and sends his best regards & love. Give her my respects & tell her to be sure and keep her promises to me, and all will be well with her. Give my Respects to all the neighbors & friends.

It will not be my fault if I don't shortly make an effort to go home on a visit. I know that you are lonely & worried & troubled & need the supporting grace of God, but how do you think I do, entirely among strangers. Some of them enemies to my prosperity, far from home in a sickly country, no churches, no schools, no society except that of the wicked & profane. & still throughout the Lord has brought me through. Oh so far along his name, pray for me that I may do that which is right & nothing wrong. Love to Father, Bros, & yourself. Your loving Son, Jos. Montgomery