

Camp of 100th Penn. Vet. Vols  
Annapolis, Md.  
April 19. 1864

My dear Jane

The spaces between my letters are beginning to get nearly as great as those between yours. I am surprized on looking at the dates, to see that it is now eleven days since I wrote you last. But so much has crowded on me in that time that I could not well manage to write unless I had sent you a mere note that would have been worse than none at all. Now I have accumulated so much matter that I hardly know where to begin, and in trying to crowd it all into one sheet I will certainly spoil it.

I thought I would certainly have had time to write you on Sabbath the 10th while you were writing to me, but our men were out of rations and I had to get and issue rations for five days. As our regiment is now large, Willie and I had a busy day of it. We have now to do it ourselves as Henderson has returned to his company.

On Monday, George came down on a visit, and the day was spent in showing him through our numerous camps, the capital etc.. He left on Tuesday. He would have been down sooner he said, but waited till after Kate's confinement. He also had a message from Robert, whom he told me wanted to see me, as he was very ill and did not think he would live long, which has turned out to be true. On Tuesday we all had to be on hand and in our places to be reviewed by Genl. Grant. The review was held, and passed off as such things generally do - quite a bore to the men and no doubt very much the same to the officers, who do it merely to show themselves to the troops, so that they may be known in general movements. There was very little expression of applause in comparison with an informal visit of Burnside's few days before. That evening I learned that Col. Dawson's wife was in Phila. at her uncles' and that the Col would like to go on to see her if he could get any one who was acquainted there to help him to hunt her up. Lt. Justice knowing that I wanted to go told him that I could do it, and he got permission for himself and me to go for five days - I promising to find his wife for him. All that he knew of her whereabouts was that she had two uncles in Phila. and their names. We started on Thursday morning and arrived in Phil. that afternoon. The first man I saw after leaving the depot on Broad St. was a policeman. They dress in blue uniform now, with a great brass badge on their breasts and a long club in a scabbard at their sides, like a sword. This man grinned and smiled so that I thought he must know me, and on looking closely at him found that it was John Davis, who had left the R.R. and joined the police. Without waiting longer than to shake hands with him we went on to hunt up the Colonel's wife's uncle Mr. Fry, who I guessed must be

the one who lived in Race St. not far from where we used to live. You might remember the name on the door. We went there, and sure enough it was the right one, but Mrs. Dawson was not then there, but at her other Uncle's, Mr. Green in Germantown where I soon found Green's, and left the Col in his wife's arms. I shortly afterwards found where Robert lived, and met Mary Jane at the door.

Chris soon came down, but told me that Robert was too nervous then to see me. In an hour or thereabouts she told me he was more composed, and I might come up. I thought that I was prepared to see him very ill, but I had no idea that he was so bad as he appeared when I entered. Wasted to a very skeleton he lay, unable even to extend his hand to me, and it took all the strength he had even to speak. So great an effort was it that I requested him not to try any more. For fear of tiring him I only staid half an hour in the room. I never heard him speak again. The doctors who attended him had pronounced him better that day. He had missed having the usual chill and took more notice of what was going on than usual. In the evening when I visited him again, he looked worse and did not speak, and about midnight it was evident that a great change had come over him. I tried to get him to swallow a spoonful of brandy, but he could not. We sent for the doctor, but he did not come - He merely sent word that if he was weaker to give him a little brandy. One of his elders, Mr. Helfenstein, came and remained till the last. About two o'clock his heart ceased to beat, but so slowly and quietly had he departed, I could scarcely convince them that he was dead. I could hardly even persuade myself that he was not asleep. Mr. Helfenstein even came back after going into the entry on his way home, and asked me if I was sure that he was dead. But it was only too true.

There were none at the house except Chris, Mary Jane and Alice, and I remained with them till we got word sent in to George. He came out during the day. I declined having anything to say in regard to the arrangements for the funeral, as it was not in my power to assist in carrying them out on account of the limited time I had to remain. George telegraphed to Jo Kirkpatrick and to John Haworth to send word by first stage to Mercer Co. Joe came down by the next train. The sessions of the church he had preached for and the one he was going to had a joint meeting and took charge of all the arrangements for his interment between them. I gave a permit for opening a grave in our lot at Cedar Hill Cemetery, and there he was buried on Monday last, but I was not at the funeral. I had to be in camp that evening.

When George came out to Germantown, and agreed to remain there a while I went into town to see the living. I started for Frankford, and escaped meeting any one in the cars, but on turning up Adams St. met Mrs. Lackey and Mrs. Woods' two girls. Mr. L. is

not well. I'm saying she is very doncey. I recommended her to go out and visit you this summer and you could care her. She said maybe she would. I also met Sallie Brown before I got to George's. That procured for me a visit from Mary and Mrs. Brown in the evening. Mrs. Brown looks as usual except the loss of all her front teeth. She asked me a hundred questions about Willie. She says, she has his picture, his marbles and his little shoes yet etc. Louisa was out at George's when I got there. She looks a hundred times better than when I saw her last. She is as fleshy and rosy as ever she was in her life. Kate was getting along very well, with only one sore nipple and no appearance of her breasts gathering this time. Bessie looks thin - more so I think than when I last saw her. Dr. Leake called in the evening, and we had quite a chat, but I need not tell you anything about that for you could nearly guess all that he said. These were all the folks that I saw in Frankford except Richard and Alex Lackey who called on Sabbath Evening and Robert M. Bride.

On Saturday I went out to the Penn. R.R. depot, and found most of the old hands there. Bartholomew, Jones and Beagle are dead. Uncle Robert was up in Franklin County on his way to Chambersburg, and could not tell when he would be back. I staid at his house that night - I got a good deal of news from Mr. M'Clure and Margaret. But it would be too tedious to write it all - I can only give you the heads - Matty has got tired of living with Joe - she wants to get a room and set up for herself - Wm. King's wife is cutting a swell again dressed up with skirts ever so wide - William died of want of care etc.. Wm. M'clure is working in Washington on the greenbacks - making the green ink. Robt. Liggitt & Uncle Robert are executors of Wm. Boyd's will and have a great deal of trouble with his heirs. Uncle Robt intends to give up his connection with the affair it is so troublesome. As Robbin McKnight lived within a square of there I went round there an hour in the evening. He has failed a good deal, both mentally and physically. Jane looks well. William was there - It is said he is paying attention to Scott's other daughter. John is agent for the Union Line - a concern somehow connected with the Penn. R.R.Co.

I had a good many things to do and to get for our men in the camp - Lots of little articles that they wanted, and many that I wanted too. I borrowed \$80 from George, and got \$10. from Barker Brother's & Co., which will be charged to Morrison & Co.. Don't forget to deduct it from your checkbook. Part of this I wll get back when the men are next paid. Col. D. got \$20, Lt. Justice a buffalo robe, gum blanket etc. \$21. with stationery etc and my fare took it all, and I had 15 cents left when I got back to camp.

The folks in business appear to be crazy. Third Street is crowded with men rushing into oil, gold, silver and coal stocks

making and losing fortunes in a day. It resembles the Copper Stock Speculations, only a great deal worse. Butter is 60 cents a pound, eggs 36 cents per doz, sugar 22 cents per pound. Rents are enormous - houses that rented for \$200 when we lived there now bring \$450. Our Board St. lots are up, but not in proportion to other things. The taxes on them for last year are unpaid. I could not remember the number of the lots so as to pay them. Please look over the deeds and see what the numbers of the lots are and send the numbers on to George. He will attend to it. There are four of them, and two numbers are on one deed, the one I got from Nicholson. The other two from Howell. I met Warner in the Street. He had just arrived from N. York, broke up and in debt. He expects to get a situation in a hotel at Amboy, but if he fails will go into a cavalry regiment soon starting. Maj. Howell is in Paris - has been there for two years. John F. Beatty is in Chicago Ills. He is Secretary of the Board of Trade. Salary \$400 per an. He is also studying for the ministry (Episcopal) You might try him on one of those little notes if you choose.

Between one thing and another I had not a moment to spare while in the city, and finally left with the Col. on Monday and arrived in camp in time last night - did not get into the guard house this time. The morning Robt. M'Bride arrived here too - He wants to get a situation in the army as clerk. He went home again this afternoon. I think I can get him one. Capt. Curtin half promised me to employ him soon, and I am to send word as soon as we are brigaded. Chess is here, but don't appear to care about his father coming. Haddock's regiment of niggers is here too - Had has not come. He is yet in Balt. I don't think he will come, and rather than do it will resign. The affair at Fort Pillow is making the officers of the negro regiments rather shaky.

I received quite a mail this morning - three letters at once one from Haworth, one from Joe Kirk and one from you. Yours was No. 46 of 10th. inst. You have had a lively time there between babies and scuthing. Has Hugh's boy only one eye?

I see you still can't get over my not coming out a second time to see you. I don't suppose it was so much for my not coming as for the idea that I did not care about coming. I cannot make any farther or better explanation of it, than I have already done, and whoever the soldier was who told you that the reason I did not go was because you did not treat me right, does not know much about either of us or he would not have said so foolish a thing, for if it had been possible I would have gone no matter how you had treated me, and if you always treat me even half as well as you did I shall never have any reason to complain.

You must have misapprehended what I meant you to understand when I said I would rather remain in my present situation if I

consulted my own feelings only. You ask why do I consult any one else? I do not. I only meant that my feelings prompt me to stay with Lt. Justice, whereas my duty and perhaps my interests and yours would be furthered more by being promoted. I have heard no further officially in regard to it since I wrote you last, but have learned from other sources that it has been decided on that I shall go to my company as Lieutenant. Lt. Justice is better. He may be promoted yet, and I would then probably get his place if he does not manage to get Dick Holmes in, but I think that will bother him. Capt. Hamilton is back with us, and is working hard for me. I am the more obliged to him as I have never asked him to do so. Many others of our recruiting officers have returned. Johnny is not here yet. Has Martha Mill anything to do with his prolonged absence? We got not a word from him. All is confusion like an election here in regard to brigading our Corps. We cannot yet tell to what command we will be assigned, but will be able to tell you in my next.

With much love I am  
affectionately

Every yours

William