

Hampstead Aug. 6th /63

Darling Husband,

I have received your letter of dated the 23^d July, and feel much relieved about Joseph and you to. We had heard by way of the papers that J.H. Harris was wounded, but didn't know whether it was him or not we were afraid it was, and were afraid it was something more serious. I have written a note to Julia to night and a letter to your mother. There was a lady called here a few moments ago to inquire for the fourth regiment. Her intended is out there, he is the cook for the officers, his name is George Grenough. She is as bold about him as though she had been married ten years.

It was after ten when I began to write this letter and I knew I should have but just time to say "good evening" but I couldn't resist the temptation to write a little. This lady says this – your regt has been granted a furlough home, but I didn't believe it. She is doing house-work at Dr Eastman's. But I will not write any more now my precious husband. I long to hear the result of this battle. Father bought a ("Journal" yesterday but there was nothing in it but "Copperhead" from beginning to end with the exception of the editorial and that was how the president was going to protect the dear little niggers at all events. I hope he won't buy another of them. I think it is an insult to the soldiers to read such a paper. Only think of it, Joe's poor wounded leg is worth a thousand niggers

I never could believe in a hell but I ~~believe~~ ^{think} I can now believe in a special one for these accursed abolitionists. If you could only be here and see them sneak when they thought the draft was coming you wouldn't blame me for being mad when I thought of them. I say every man that approves of this war and think they are fighting in a good cause ought to go but they are no more willing to go than others and this Conscript law favors them. All they have got to do is to pay over a paltry sum of money and they are safe, while some poor fellow with a wife and children perhaps (that he loves more than he does the negroes) that does not have this sum is forced out there against their will, and if they resist are handcuffed and dragged out there. Is slavery any worse than this? This is the ~~our~~ freedom our Country has boasted so much of, is it?

Well I might as well stop for all I can do don't amount to anything, only gives vent to my feelings

And now good night and God bless you my darling. Although I don't approve of this war at all yet how much better I think of you for lending a helping and as long as you do approve of it. So don't be put out with me for not thinking as you do. I am going to write a lot more before I close Yours Emmy

Aug 7th

I shall have to finish this in a hurry after all. I am going to the office with your mother's letter & think I will put this in at the same time, so that you may not be disappointed about getting a letter. I will write to you every week after this I think it is a shame not to do as much as this for my blessed husband when it is all I can do. Our school closes to-day and I intend to go to the examination this Afternoon. Your babies have gone all dressed up ~~and~~ with a bouquet as big as their heads. Josie was very particular to have me tell you that she had got big, enough to tread down hay for her uncle Lewis. Hattie's baby over a year old weighed just one pound more than Ruth's when it was six weeks old

Mother has just told me that she made a mistake in telling me about it

Hatties weighed 16 and Ruth's 13.

I am going to try and write to Joseph now that he is wounded. Havn't answerd Haynes [leitter, but me too soon*]

I have got a lot more to write but cant stop now. I went berrying yesterday where you and I went when you got all-most put out with me because I wouldn't consent to have you enlist.

We heard ~~about~~ ^{^that} your reg^t was all cut up at the time the seventh was, and the children were quite worried about you Josie says. "Why I ~~hadn't~~ ought to have told him not to go" And I told her I told you not to, but you would, and then she said "I ought to have put my armes around his neck and held him.

And then Annie told about waking up when you went away, and about kissing you, and told all how you looked, and what you had on. ~~and~~ so you she remembers you at least.

They talked about you a long time and at last Josie said I know why God takes care of our father. It is because we are good. ^And then droped asleep Now "good bye" darling

Write longer letters if you possibly can. Your own as ever
Emmy