

1062  
Wednesday evening  
9-36-

Emma dear:

Let me write with a pencil - a thing I detest and almost never do - and I feel like devoting a little time to you, and I have no ink. My hands are so very tired with rolling bandages at the Aid Room (although I had a nice machine to do it with) that I can not scribble. You were a dear good girl to write me so soon. From my heart I thank you for it, and with all my heart I desired to answer you sooner, and pray you not to return me fear in my own species. Last week I had a certain quantity of sewing that must be accomplished within the week, and this week I am devoting every moment, not demanded by absolute duties, to our "four soldiers". I stay at the feeding rooms and work with the pupils just as long as I can and have time to eat my

1862

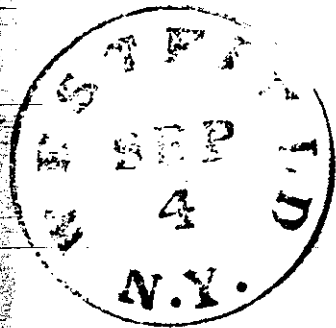
dinner, and every evening the old rooms  
 are open — they are afternoons also — and  
 I go there, besides doing what I can in my  
 room. We hope this terrible, pressing want may  
 not long exist, but to me there seems every  
 prospect that it will. For myself I am  
 unhappy if I cannot devote my energies  
 pretty thoroughly to it out of school; it is alto-  
 gether trying enough to be obliged to put my  
 mind before school, or drawing things that  
 will not be ministering to our glories  
 or our needs. At the same time I am  
 glad that I am situated where I can give  
 a pretty fair proportion of my time in that  
 direction, and yet have something to occupy  
 my thoughts — something to keep me from  
 dwelling constantly upon the evil,  
sickening, harrowing, gloomy, terrible  
danger, uncertainties, and sorrows of the  
 hour. I hardly can conceive how any man  
 not physically disabled, or morally founded  
 home, can stay at home now. I have very  
 little confidence in the manliness of any

specimen of humanity who is unwilling  
 to stay behind, Lockwood, at this crisis of our  
 and I strike I uncomfortable almost, as is the  
 idea of yielding up our loved ones I can-  
 not see. I wish really glad my father is too  
 old and my brother too young to go. Sometimes  
 I feel that my father will have to go before  
 we see the issue of these things. I had a long  
 illness in sister Ellen, who has been visiting  
 in Cleveland, and went to the Camp before  
 the 15<sup>th</sup> left. Her first visit there she said she  
 had the pleasure of looking at Lieut. Tourge  
 while he was drilling his company, but went  
 away quite disappointed because she could not  
 speak to him or any of her friends, or even  
 find I was going to feel aggravated indeed —  
 but she went again the day that Regt. left,  
 and was on the ground after they were all drawn  
 up in searching order — with knapsacks  
 on their backs — and saw him to chat with  
 him some time, and introduced to his  
 sister, and looked at his father. He sent me  
 a message about our fear he was eating!

Decidedly characteristic, and equally satis-  
 factory. "That's sarcasm"! I conclude their  
 story in Cleveland was shorter than your article  
 of Sat. and that their sudden leaving decided  
 was a matter of "at night" or "at day".  
 I am sure that your "I was glad that in view of  
 Newport's work" is a thing of my "I was  
 glad" and "I was glad" and "I was glad".  
 I would have been most glad to see any  
 20 of my friends were right in the midst of  
 the scene of last Friday's fight - Richmond was  
 one of our friends, and the rebels were all around  
 and captured the game, near where I went to  
 capture them there. I succeeded in being to at-  
 tend to the work of the over-land, for while  
 the Rebels kept the road from Richmond I  
 could have had the road from the battle ground  
 and had seen only had them, with all  
 my arms and supplies in my hands.  
 For these reasons, I could not get at all the  
 south of the road, and I was not in the  
 20 of my friends in the day, lonely hour -  
 and I am sure your precious one has gain-  
 ed a confirmed, man.

Your sympathizing sister  
 C. P.  
 Lizzie.

Please write soon & don't go East without stopping  
 here.



Miss Susan L. Miller.

Convent.

Ohio.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013