

Home, Sept 12th 1862.

Friday Evening

Am I not pretty good Alben?

This is the fourth letter written to you since last Tuesday morn. If you get them all you will have enough reading matter for an hour at least. This has been one of the fair days and the boys did not board prisoners from the 100th were on the grounds. I'm that one, Mr Parker not said he saw you when you stood yourself to the fence corner. I wanted terribly to see him myself and ask all about you but did not dare to, for fear that it would not sound just right. You see everybody dont know that I have a husband in every thing but name, and it might be thought imprudently for me to ask about you if a stranger. I dont think I lost very much. He had undoubtedly told all he knew about you. I saw a lot

to day from John Kozline of company
I written from Camp near Louisville
so I know the Regt is there but
about you I am not so sure. I
wish you were with the Regt. but
hardly which you have been able
to follow. I am not so sure a-
bout the Regt being there now rather
for I heard that it had been or-
dered to Cincinnati. They seem
bound to keep you in motion
You did not know, darling and I
have not a mind to give up my
accustomed life to the relief of our sick
and wounded soldiers, by your
permission, Miss Foy. I don't
know enough. I believe I will
not wait for that. You did not
ask me if you might go to war
again, so I think it my duty
to retaliate just now. If Mrs.
Rouse would let me come to
Cleveland, my time and greatest

efforts should be given to be disturbed
as she might direct. I do not
to do something just as badly as
one ever did, and just now a
real active life would be the best
thing in the world for me. Don't
you think it would be a fine
idea for me? —
I have been mother, maid of all
works this past week, and have
enjoyed it ever so much. I had
visited the banks for berries and
ransacked the barn for eggs with
as much enjoyment as I ever had
when a child. My time, and though
I have been so much occupied in
domestic concerns that I could
not possibly find place for some
poor meditations, and I have gone to
bed so tired that I would hardly
touch the pillow ~~ever~~ I would be
setting out for the Land of Rest
and remain there undisturbed, until

Emma S. Hillman

Concord Ohio

Sept. 1862

C. P. 105 Reg. S. O. O.

Louville & Covington

follow the Reg. of dispatch

