

Dear Husband,
 I have been sewing
 every time I came for a
 good stopping place that I would go up stairs
 and write to you in such manner's paper said "all
 communication ceased to day between Louis-
 ville and Nashville" and I did not suppose
 my letter would go very far if I wrote one
 just at present as have not time to write
 now. I did not think of getting a letter
 from you but just now I did. Ah, my dear
 under arrest are you? Hope you are out of
 the fix by this time for some things, though it
 may be comfortable for you, I don't relish
 it very much. I say I am an unlucky fellow,
 in all truth. You must not think I am
 going to loose my spirits over this news. No
 of course you did not think I would
 you would not have written it. I ought
 always get out of bad places so easily that
 it is a great comfort reflecting how easily
 you will get out when you are in one.
 How bad I do feel about it. I hope the
 poor fellow you lashed your sword through
 for I suppose you did, want die for I'm
 afraid he told his and I want he should
 have time for repentance. I expect he
 will all come out in the Leader by and by.
 I think I have some news for you.
 I had a letter from Angie Tuesday.

Every body is
 quietly at home
 I don't
 know where
 you are
 I don't
 know where
 you are
 I don't
 know where
 you are

I don't
 know where
 you are
 I don't
 know where
 you are
 I don't
 know where
 you are

O. June 11th 1863
 M.

I must make one of a party of friends and relatives who meet every week at the Falls for a Picnic. Angie had to go there quite a while from Canada at the close of the term and our friends decided to meet her there and had a grand Pic-nic. We are invited there to spend a day or so at a cousins in Laviston who owns a delightful residence on the river. I have advised our folks into thinking the way of food to let Emilia go and if nothing else I will make the best of it. I wrote to "Father Lungee" asking permission for Rosetta to make one of us. I have not heard from him, in reply but am sure they will not think it best for her to go. It will be the close of school and she has a job in the exercises besides. I don't know if Rosetta would want to go, but I wanted she should as badly that I could not help asking for it. Anna was coming to spend week with me and I had written her to extend her visit to Cornwall a little further east and go with us. Oh, don't I hope she will. If we don't have a good time I shall wonder out the back of it I had not told yet. We are to stop, Angie and I, on our return at Ajuntisk and spend a week with Dorcas who from Anguish hints I expect is to be married. Anna and she goes will stop too and Emilia and Rosetta can come on home if they desire it. How don't you think it will have a nice old time? — If digger was only at

Westfield says we would take her along and make her happy with us. I got thrown out or imbedded out of a buggy Tuesday night. I don't know which it was. I do know I have been terribly lame and sore ever since. It happened after this manner. We were going down the hill at Chestnut St. when something started the horse. The buggy fell and I was thrown out. I don't know whether head or heel first. I was taking a woman up town who had been working here and she was hurt some but not much. I wonder we did not get hurt badly. There was chance enough for it. I wish so that it pains me to hold the pen. one of my limbs is all the way and I am so sore that I can hardly walk but am thankful I have to relate no greater casualty. I walked up town after it, from there and back again which is the occasion of my being so lame. I know I wish I had done it. I had some letters which I had a great anxiety to mail and knew of no way of getting them to the office only by taking them. Our folks decided not to say for doing it when I came home or you must not think I am injured at all. I had a letter from Katie Barnes last week. The poor child is wading through a sea of trouble again. I see her would. Charlie asked for a release from his engagement with no explanation and I too failed to ask for one, gave him the release with

out a word." She told of her calm and
 command, but there is a perfect exquisite
 bitterness through her entire letter. She said
 she could not offer my own congratulations
 that I was married for she could not
 I never saw "Charles" but I am sure he
 could not have been the man I thought
 he was. Keattie must have given him some
 blessing which he did not receive. It makes
 it doubly hard for her now that she had given
 up all her former friends, and now is alone.
 She is so wild that she will never take
 her place at home. Her father predicted this
 for her, but what woman could believe her
 father against the lover whom she trusts.
 I wish, not Keattie. She says she shall never
 see her "girl-friend" again and I wish you for
 got her for "Miss" just the same has been they would
 "she" to all her friends acquaintance. I am
 so sure for you from friends. Her path does
 seem clouded.

The roses look well, but saw the buds appear
 any when you left are in wild flower. There
 is a perfect mass of them in the back and
 the garden is radiant with them. I
 believe you have a Cassia in view. I wish
 I could send you a bouquet to relieve your
 imprisonment but you are out of luck
 or in a worse one by this time. I wonder
 if we shall not see you some time soon with
flowers out of and consider drops minas
 I presume so — Dear, how lived I am

A long embrace from
 Wife Emma

My darling

My Love; My letter did not get started
 last night, and I thought I would add a
 half-sheet this morning. I had such a funny
 letter from your father last night. He said
 Keattie would not dare take such a trip
 without him, because if she were gone over
 night, Keattie would start, "not haste" after
 her, and nothing would stop her until she
 found her. I am really disappointed that
 she is not going, though I hardly expected
 it, but I wanted she should so badly that
 I could not but hope she would go.

Anna sent me a note too last night. She
 don't think she would enjoy herself among
 strangers, and she thinks she could not
 go to see Dorina uninvited by her, after
 her treatment of herself and family. I
 got the written all around. I thought
 Anna would feel so about Dorina and
 I don't know as I blame her very much.
 Dorina has not used them at all kindly.
 Every body seems determined to have
 it. Mrs. Longue, she came up to Mr. Taylor's

yesterday and there was a ~~somebody~~ ^{somebody} in there
 Ingot there shearing sheep. He asked if
 she was not the girl Mr. Louger had married.
 Mr. Taylor told him that he believed she was.
 When he came in to supper he began talking
 to her about you, and so meanly that she
 said it was well for him you she was not
 your wife or she would have scotched his
 eyes out for his impudence. It was
 some of Rowena's relation I imagine.

I meant to have told you, dear the other night
 that your insisting upon the arrangement
 in regard to your funds had not occasioned
 me to think you distrusted my proper use
 of them were they sent to me, Not in the
 least, my husband, I have the most perfect
 confidence in all your arrangements in regard
 to me, and know that only love and trust

promptly them. Your father sent me the letter
 you wrote him at Louisville. What for I
 do not know, unless to show me of your
 faith in me. I felt badly that he should think
 I doubted you in the least.

I send you some papers with this letter. Tell
 me if you get them. I don't think it will do
 to send them for some one else to read.

The chimneys are getting steeper. I wish you could see
 some. I think you will be obliged to come home
 to get them (and). The boy
 — Wife Emma —

Ans. July - 1863
Mrs. Emma H. Young

Recd. June 28 - 1863

I stand in admiration
wondering for the tools of life
waiting for the blessed moment
when my life should whisper
"I am here" - they will be here when
God will. It is thy God's command
"The country needs thy prayers!"

Beulah H. Young
Co. I. 105th Reg. O. I. L.

Murphyboro
Tenn.

To follow the Regt.

