

No 2 will write soon  
Home Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1862

Sunday afternoon

My ever dear husband-

I kind of expected a letter last night but did not get one - I am afraid that you have left Louisville - and therefore it takes longer for your letters to come - I received the one you wrote Sabbath last on Wednesday, & mailed one for you on Friday - Mother & Mrs Thompson have gone down to see Clark Wiser who is daily expected to die of fever contracted in Camp Chase - Lizzy is playing on the floor, we have a little fire in the grate & I am boiling the tea-kettle on it to make up some coffee when Mother returns, - quite a home picture is not it? - but there is something wanting to make it complete - I wish I could feel more contented, I wonder if I ever shall get used to it - Who is preparing your Sunday dinner do you enjoy it as you used to at home? have you a good appetite? - Mother put up a can of our own peaches for you yesterday - made them very sweet knowing your fondness for sweet things - I will make a jelly-cake tomorrow - & fix up a little box for you if nothing happens to prevent, Mother says when you get them you must not eat them all at once for fear you get sick - but I tell her you will give the largest share away, she says if the weather was cooler she would put a bottle of cream in for you to eat on the peaches - & a nice little roll of cream butter - perhaps we can do so if you dont get too far away - when we send another box to you -



I am so fearful of you taking fever - do be careful -  
and if you feel unwell don't let it run on without  
taking some remedy. do you have any idea of getting  
home or fur long? It would be so nice to be looking  
for you home some of these times. — — —

After supper - we heard just now that poor Clark died  
a few minutes after Mother was there, poor fellow it seems  
so hard, I cannot keep him out of my mind - so young  
& so healthy - he has only been home about ten days - he  
in his spells of delirium he saved about Camp & was  
all the time - tis a sore trial for his poor Mother - he was  
her first born - Folks think Wiser will be more down on  
the war than ever - but it was Clarks time to die &  
he might have taken sick at home just as soon  
as in Camp. The hand of an All-wise Providence  
is in all things, though we think it seems very hard.

Best time - don't be alarmed my darling - when I tell  
you that Levi Brown called again while Mother was at  
church & had a little chat enquiring about my hus-  
band and everything in general, Fiza crawled up to  
him & he took her on his knee & she looked at his bright  
buttons - but she knew it was not her Pa - he asked me  
if I was happier than when I was single I told yes I was  
he asked me if Sadie Burns was happy - he has very roman-  
tic notions about such things, but he is a good honest fellow.

Good night my darling - Fiza is crying for me to take her  
& we are all sleepy - I will finish in the morning - — — —

Good night my darling - Yizya is crying for me to take her  
& we are all sleepy - I will finish in the morning -

Monday morning 6 o'clock - Yizya & Mother are still asleep,  
and I am getting this ready for the morning, to quite a  
nice walk for me - I wish you could see Yizya - she is so  
cute, seems to know so much - tries to say so many words -  
& looks so knowing - - Mrs Gunters poor baby died of Erysipelas  
the other night I felt so sorry for them - & so anxious about our  
own idol - I trust God will spare her to us - she seems  
well & grows finely - has a little cold some times -

Dorothy Johnson

Albany Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1868

As I will write soon again

I wont wait to write any more now. Write often

My love to your loving & true wife Phoebe.

Sister & Mother send many good wishes & good  
Kisses. Take care of yourself my dear. I trust in  
our God who will support in every emergency.



M B

My Father's Regiment

Lt-Col. Milton, Barrack-  
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O. & I.  
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