

Home Dec 5th '64

Oh my own precious dear one - Safe
again! how ever thank thankful
she must be - just a few minutes
ago Jim brought up your three bel-
oved letters written on Thursday after
that fierce & bloody battle - I hardly
hoped for a letter was just looking
over Thomsons Commercial - seeing
for the third or fourth time that
"Wagners Div was in the hottest
place - that it bore the brunt of the
assault" &c but that it fought man-
ly & heroically even while falling
back - I had hoped there would be
some list or something definite - I
felt that it would be almost neu-
rulous if you were safe - Oh what
a weary crushing load the fam-

their handwriting and recent date
& first sentence took from my poor
anxious burdened heart - I felt
like dropping on my knees &
almost shouting for very joyous-
ness & gratitude - our minds have
been in a near some strain of anxiety
since this time last week - we dreamed
such hideous dreams about you &
rebels with their guns - that I was
superstitious enough to almost
believe that you were suffering in some way.
O my darling how I pity you - poor
tired sleepy worn out thing - if I en-
ly felt sure that you would get to rest
awhile - but the correspondents all
predict a heavy battle near Wash D.C.
or a chase after that hateful Hood -
As you say he may assuredly see that
God
Can preserve those who trust in Him
and that he has very signally spared
you my love in so much peril - let us
renew our trust and faith in such

a God of mercy, love & kindness -
Col Lane has had to come to it -
What has become of Gen Newton?

I see Col Strickland's name men-
tioned as commanding a Brigade -
Charles's mother was hoping she'd
get a letter tonight, I suppose she did -
Randal Ross was in town yesterday
and got up quite an excitement a-
bout getting mittens for the 15th - there
was a called meeting of the Society
this evening at President Thompkins -
to make some arrangements -

Is your poor hands freezing? -
I do hope you are still safe & resting.
You have no idea how I feel when I
am anxiously counting the hours till
mail time & then afraid to look in
a paper for fear I get find your
name in some dread list -

Our little Lizzy she seems to think
and talk about you so often &
miss you, will be say what Pa will.

