

remembered Tell my little

Tommy that best boy

am going to write him a little

letter. Dear little fellow

his image is ever in
my memory. His loving, pure,
child soul seems so
beautiful to me, that he

has become one of my heart
treasures.

Ever,

John, dearest sister, forgive
this welcome infliction of

paper & ink.

I know that much

has been said that

"sophomoric of
perhaps soft. But

have talked, might
style of expression
but you know what I mean.

H. Y. Harbor.

Dec. 2nd. 1862

I want to let you know something

how we are prospering in our new & barbarous

life, & hence I will keep a sort of informal,

irregular, journal, for. I want to write in

the good, brotherly style, so that it shall

not exclude all affection for mechanical.

To my regret I found last evening that I

should be compelled to wait a couple of hours

before reaching the ship. I might have enjoyed

a nice visit with you meantime, had I

known it. Last night the poor suffering

I spoke to you of received his

discharge from all earthly service & he

has gone — where? One day the secret

shall be revealed, till then let him rest

along, forgetting style of expression
I love you, but you know what I mean.
I was talking with my sister because

2. with the great multitude of those who sleep.

This morning is bright & glorious. We do not yet stir from our morning. Countless craft flit to & fro around, precious with the myriad lives they bear upon them. All this beautiful Bay is astir with life & the glory of God's sunshine makes all around more wonderful & enchanting. But in every gallant ship that dots these waters the fearful tale of life & death is being told with stern reality.

Yet the world is beautiful & glorious; still there is much to love & there are hearts to long to if God meant we should be happy. I declare, my sister,

I believe you are one of God's good gifts to me & as such you shall be loved & cherished. My Father meant that you should help me to be nobler as a man, truer & more faithful as a Christian & I accept his kind purpose.

your heart.
Fairwell. Your brother
M. E. W.

for say I to look right into

want to hear all you have

3. I now became so firmly attached to a family on so short acquaintance as I already have to your good aunt's household. The children are very dear to me, all of them. There is a beauty in little Tommy's character that quite charms me. Dear little fellow, I am going to write him a little letter soon. Your aunt came to me a noble, great-hearted woman. I esteem myself very fortunate in forming her friendship & winning her favor. My intercourse with your friends has been very delightful. There is something about your uncle's frank, impulsive, mercurial temperament that meets my fancy exactly & I can sympathize with him in some of his erratic heats.

But how I am dashing on in my volunteer homily on your friends. Forgive my audacity & correct my failings.

I cannot cease to be thankful

that we camped on Long Island, for
 think how much it has gained me.
 That fortunate circumstance may be the
 means of making a man of me yet.

Wednesday. ~~For~~ Dec 3rd 10th A.M. Hurrah we
 are off & two hundred miles from N. York.
 We weighed anchor at three yesterday P.M. at
 3 o'clock took a turn of about two miles up North
 River so as to obtain a good view of the city,
 then swept grandly down the harbor seaward.
 I took a last, long, affectionate look at
 your dwelling which I could plainly
 distinguish. It seemed like proving one
 of the last links that bound me to the
 rest of the stirring, living, world.

We had a noble sail down the
 harbor, pushing quite close to Staten
 Island, whose great natural beauty
 seemed half concealed in robes of
 mourning. When after a long & weary
 ministry my overtaxed powers begin to
 fail me & I feel the need of some quiet retreat

then will I purchase one of those Italian
Island palaces. Then shall my aged sister
Anne, now a widow, come & abide
with me & pass the sunset hours of
life in peace.

Has., I wander. Here we are
far from all sight of land, with our
ship rocking comfortably to & fro. There
is just enough motion to make walking
a little hazardous. Last night was
most glorious. A brisk little breeze had
the effect to drive up a countless
host of fancy breakers that dashed
& snapped up against the great ship's
sides in a sort of impotent, though
insolent raging. But when the day
was fled & a mantle of silver came
falling over the scene, my delight
knew no bounds. Oh! it was wonderful.
I ~~could not~~ stay below in the dull, close,
cabin even though ~~there~~ was rank of gilt

were there. I kept upon the hurricane deck all the evening. As I watched the hurrying, sparkling, foaming waters, I thought of the expression I once heard H. Greeley use in a lecture descriptive of his travels. He spoke of "the white plumed cavalry of the deep," if it just meets my conception. Oh! how the waves, flashed, in the clear moonlight. Now they the break up heaving, gleefully, sometimes frolicsomely & angrily. One darts swiftly forward seeming to tear itself from the others, like a frightened sprite, bearing a crest of living light. Now & then a distant sail glides along in a sort of mystery. In fact it all seems a kind of mystic drama to me. I had not supposed there was so much that was beautiful in so short a trip as we have ^{yet} had. There has been but a very slight swell as yet. So that there has but but very few cases of sea sickness on board. I have had not

the slightest touch of the disagreeable ailment yet.

A squad of us got together on the deck last evening & sang all kinds of songs & a few of us who knew college songs had a jolly good time in roaring them forth.

Thursday. Dec. 4th. Yesterday we had considerable lowering wet weather, but toward night it cleared away & we had the softest, sweetest moonlight evening ever enjoyed. It is plain that we are reaching more southern waters for the air is becoming mild & pleasant. This morning is superb with royal sunlight & the beautiful white-caps that crown the waves as far as sight can reach seem to ride with an air of triumph. This morning we passed Hatteras lighthouse. I gained a most excellent view of it as it glistened in the clear sunshine.

away, away, on the farthest horizon's edge. Our Captain tells us that the sea is unusually quiet for this coast at this time of the year, yet we have a very generous kind of a swell, which makes the ship stagger & strong men grow pale.

Happily for me the motion of the boat is quite agreeable to my feelings & unless we have more serious rockings than we have yet experienced I shall not be reduced to the unpleasant necessity of giving old Ocean his due. Some of our men have quite given over & are quite generous in their disbursement of nature's tribute.

The commissioned officers live like princes compared with those who are not so fortunate as to wear the shoulder straps. The Sergeant's quarters are just above them & we can look down upon them as they feast in luxury. So when after dining on "hard tack" I wish for pie or any other extra dish I stand & look down upon their heaped up niceties & enjoy the

rich odor that rises from the steaming
wreaths, then retire filled satisfied

We are now in the waters where
Brunswick soldiers suffered so terribly
in that pitiless storm. The aspect of things
is totally different on this lovely
morning. A more delightful day it was
never my good fortune to witness. The
men are basking in a genial sun on
deck. Overcoats are universally discarded
& satisfaction is seen on every face.

It seems to us more like a charming
Springtime morning than one of the
days of low-hearted December.

But amid all this beauty, & novelty
I miss the kind hearts of friends.
Moreover religious privileges are denied
me to an extent before unknown & social
religion is almost among the things
that were. But there are moments
when I may have sacred though silent

Communion with my God. I know that He is still my Father, loving and gracious; that from our holy Jesus' heart flows ineffable tenderness, & that truly He is an all powerful, all helpful friend. I know that God's Spirit is still a mighty power to quicken & uphold. Oh! since when these grand truths sweep over me in something of their true power my soul stands still, & wonders & grows strong. How glorious is our God; & how majestic is his very condescension to us poor beings whom He honors with just a glimpse of his glory!

Why is it that sometimes we suffer the clouds to gather round our sight & dim to our dull comprehension that light that still does shine from God's throne of light.

Yet, dear Anne, there are hours when my groping spirit sees no light, no truth, no beauty, but all is darkness, trembling, & bewilderment. Pray

my sister for your brother that he may be strong, Christian & manly.

Now that each ^{hour} places a broader space between us I realize the more strongly how much you are ^{to} me. My precious sister, you are ^{already} become very dear to me. If it be that we are not to meet on earth again, I shall thank God that He gave me just a taste of the sweetest friendship I ever knew. We are brother & sister so I am

persuaded that I am not silly ^{in this}. But this friendship is doing me good & I feel its helpful influence each day.

Friday A.M. Dec. 5th. Awoke this morning to find a strong breeze blowing & the ship pitching finely. The storm increases through the day & the men become sea sick in hundreds. I feel nicely all day & enjoy the grandeur of the scene around us very much.

The ship rides the towering waves

like a conqueror. Now his brow
is buried in the advancing tide & a
drenching flood is poured over the deck
& dashes high up upon the smoke
stack. There is a majesty in all this
wild fierce commotion that I dare not
attempt to describe. What a little
thing man appears when we get just
the faintest glimpse of God's power.

The storm increases & it is impossible
for me to write more at present. —

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Dec. 8th. Monday. A.M.
Well down I went, flat on my back at
last, helpless and good for nothing. I
braved the storm finely till about 7 o'clock in
the evening. Having occasion to go into the
cabin at that time, when the ship was
pitching tremendously. Before I could finish the
business on which I had been dispatched, I

fell deathly sick. Hastening up the stairway I reached the deck just in season to bid a hurried farewell to one day's rations. I remained upon the hurricane deck till one o'clock. As often as I fell into a half-waking, ripples bore the cold salt water would dash in my face & rouse me with startling emphasis to a sense of the stern realities that surrounded me. After thus seeking comfortless comfort for twilky hours I went to the cabin & stretching my weary body upon the floor enjoyed comparative comfort till daybreak.

The next day I lay utterly prostrated not feeling sick, but just negativ. Never before during my brief pilgrimage did I experience such a sense of entire helplessness & good-for-nothingness as during the twenty-four hours succeeding the storm. Oh! how homesick & friendsick! I would have given all my poor possessions

14
if a good ministering ~~spirit~~ ~~for~~ angel of consolation
could have been by me.

But who cares for that baggage,
the soldier on shipboard, unless he
wears shoulder straps? For nearly
seventy two hours I could get nothing
nourishing to eat. But no matter. The
fact is past though unforgotten. So let
us drop the curtain over a gloomy
passage.

Yesterday was superb, but I
lacked energy sufficient to undertake the
task of writing. One of our poor soldier boys
had answered the summons of the
supreme tribunal the night before, so ^{very} the
morning we paid the last tokens of
respect of love to a departed comrade.
His remains sank away into the
dark depths of their ocean sepulchre
there was sadness of thoughtfulness on
every brow. For how many more of us
poor fellows shall the simple and
beautiful service for the dead be

repeated before the 12th shall
again tread N. England soil. God
pity us!

Yesterday P.M. we ran upon
a sand bar off the Florida coast
near Cape -. We were in considerable
danger for a moment but steaming
off seaward soon reached a position
of safety.

What a sunset we had that night!
The sea of liquid, quivering fire beneath
seemed to bend in wonderful of
mysterious union with the fathomless
expanse of flushed & golden light that
reached away far & wide above it. But
I must not spoil an exquisite picture
by a poorly wrought, unnatural, description.
Your soul can appreciate the delight
I experienced, for you have witnessed
of drunk in like glory.

To day we have kept the ever green
coast of Florida constantly in view.
It is a refreshing sight to the seasick

multitude crowded together on the boat.

It is sad to witness the changes which
 a few days confinement in this
 floating hospital has made in great & stalwart
 men. We shall be thankful when the hour
 comes for us to land though it introduce us
 to trial of hardship yet unknown. This incessant
 ceaseless wasting of the energies which makes
 this ship life wretched is quite unmaning our
 noble regiment; for the men are literally
 herded together & are not treated even with
 decency. Camp Banks, which so disgusted
 my sympathizing sister was paradise to our
 present condition. But let me not
 complain; for dear native land, we sacrifice.

Tuesday. Dec. 9th. At last we are fairly in
 "the gulf," that leaves the Mexican golden land.
 To day we are steering directly. A. H.

Dec. 11th. Thursday. P. M. Off Ship Island.
 Well at last we have halted of the
 unmerciful. pitch of tons & roll of sea
 travel is at an end, for the present.

On the whole the weather has been delightful during our voyage. But oh the pale worn looking set of men that crowd this ship! But not matter for that.

We came in sight of Ship of Ship Island about 3 o'clock this PM. It looked forsaken enough you may be sure. At one end is a little huddle of sheds for cooking ^{the} purposes but the other quite a grove of trees all the rest is a glistening barren waste of land. But if we can only get ashore & have a chance to have a crust of real bread or purchase taste a little fresh pickles we shall be the happiest fellows alive. I could tell you a tale about our life on shipboard that would make your tears flow my sister. But no matter for that.

We rather expect to land tomorrow but can't tell anything about it. We are the post ship load of soldiers that has yet

reached here destined for Park's Expedition.

Another loaded steamer came in about an hour behind us.

But I have no energy wherewith to write more, though there were a few items of interest on the last part of our voyage. I had hoped to chronicle for your perusal.

It here ends my first epile letter. It comes fresh from your brother's heart so you mustn't criticize too severely. Dear sister, dear sister, you always will be kind to me, won't you? If you could but see tonight how much I need this of you, I know what you would say.

But Annie dear, I trust you, I think I understand you & my heart's sympathies reach out toward you. But I can't tell how I feel, you know the story of my wants without the telling.

My best love to all your good friends of Mr. Reynolds's family. Don't leave out the dear children, but let each of them be particularly

3



Miss. Annie. T. Noble.

Brooklyn.

Long. Island.