


Santa Rosa, N.H.

April 4. '62.

Dear Annie:

Do you know what a punky little letter you wrote me this last time? Depend upon it, if I could reach you, I'd box your ears, or — kiss you, or do something to punish you. You say, "I seem to have forgotten you, or else I have forgotten how your ages go." Now you know I hadn't forgotten either of these things. & I understand perfectly well all about it. You was mad because I wrote to Lansing before I did to you. But don't you know that boys are of more consequence than girls? And hasn't Lansing got the charge & care of all the farm matters? And mustn't I write letters on business to him, instead of poetry to young ladies like you!

Will one page of nonsense answer,
or shall I pursue you by keeping on
in the same strain? Seriously, I confess
that you ought to have had a letter be-
fore the boy; but when I wrote to you
I wanted to send some little flowers & other
evidences of the advanced state of the season
here. I think that w^od have pleased you,
& yet in this sprunky little letter you ask
with great spirit, "Did not you think that
I cared for more than flowers? Did not you
think that I was interested in the things
that were going on around you?" Now you
see, little girl, what you get by writing in
that spirited way. If you had not talked
in that style, I doubt whether I should
have been writing you this.

I hurried through a letter to mother
to-day with the understanding that the mail
w^od close at 5 o'clock. But there has been
delay, as usual in getting the Philadelphia
unloaded, & the mail is to be kept open

till morning. I mentioned in mother's letter that two deserters came over to-day. Just before they left Pensacola they tore down a handbill which I have copied & inclose for you to see. The posting of such handbills in the streets & the utterance of such threats indicate the presence of union people in the city & a determination to drive them away. One of these men says he is brother of the Pilot on the steamer that is constantly running on the Bay between Pensacola & Live-oak-Point, &c; & his brother has perfected a plan for running her over to our island into a cove 2 or 3 miles above our pickets. There are 50 or 60 rebel marines on her, & if he can get them drunk enough or all asleep to night when he makes his regular trip, he is to run her over, so that we may not only get possession of the steamer, but also capture the marines. Just after dusk two companies of regulars were sent up from the

Fort, with artillery &c &c, & also teams
with chains to draw small boats from
the Gulf shore across the island to the Bay.
Doubtless General Arnold has done all
that is necessary to take the steamer &
keep her if she comes over. Several of
our officers have gone up the island
to spend the night & see the fort. I want-
ed to go badly, but as I happen-
ed to be regimental officer of the day, my
duties kept me within the limits of our
own camp all night.

Now, Annie, there is not much more
of letter as you want & deserve; but I send
it in the hope that it will shield me from
another such scolding.

Please don't get tired of writing,
Annie; and encourage all the others to write.
My highest happiness now comes from your letters.
Love to all -
Your affectionate Father.