

Riker's Island. Sabbath Morn.

My Dear Ones at home,

I received your kind
long looked for letter last evening, just
as I was getting into bed, & I jumped
~~out very suddenly on hearing my~~
name in the list of letters. It is
a lovely morning, but things look
far different from a sabbath morn
in Uet I. You would not suspect
its being anything but a week day
here. & I do not know of any better
way to employ my time than in
a little conversation with you. I
~~am a good deal better than I~~
was the last time I wrote. & I hope
I shall be entirely well & strong again
soon. How I should love to go to church
with you to day, & hear Mr Eggleston
preach. I never knew how to appreciate
the privileges of ^{home} till lately, & if I

any chance to see home again. I
will ~~never~~ complain of any thing
as I need to do not think I am
home-sick. I am only thinking of
good home I left, for this second life.

That very evening a few of us got to-
gether to talk over home scenes. & when
we came to think & talk of mother's
final wishes, on evening we found work
& hearing the tea-kettle sing on the
old kitchen stove, than I got some
home-icks, especially when mother is
mentioned. So all that I love dearly
to think of home, especially on this day.
The only thing to complain of is the
water accommodations, which indeed
are very poor, we have to walk
down to drink, & walk in another
state, the well here has green mud
& the stews must be all gone
before long, then we shall have to
have water brought in tanks from
the city, perhaps by the way is further

miles, & then I suppose it will
be more scarce than ever, but it
will better, for I long for a
good drink of milk. & if I had
any money I would go over to
the main land & buy my cow
milk, you speak of wanting me
to try to get a place for you to
board. I do think you would like
the accommodations, the two houses
is an old shanty & runi hole
and there is not any room
~~there~~ in it I think, so is not the
right time of year to come here, the
summer time would be much
better than anything would
be delightful, but now it is
rather cool comfort, what a
splendid victory that was at
Fort Sumter, a few more weeks
would crush out the rebellion,
I see the daily papers every day
so you need not read any

If you are a maid to you may
send me 25-cents. to get some
things for my comfort. & convenience
do not send money at rob. yourself
by any means, but just if you
can conveniently, I wish they would
pay us. & then I could pay you
for things you got me when I
went away. My watch runs very
nicely & is much company for me.
I will write to you again very
soon, & hope you will write very
sately. you know why. I kissed you
dear Ellen many times in place
of you on your birthday. & it
seemed something like you. this
is for Carrie as much as any
one & she will please continue to
write her nice little letters.
Yours with much love &
affection
Fred.

Pickers Island. Sabbath morn.
My dear Ann at home, I received your kind
& long looked for letter last evening, just
as I was getting into bed, & I jumped
out very suddenly on hearing my
name in the list of letters. It is
a lovely morning, but things look
for different from a sabbath morn
in All St. Ann would not suspect
its being any thing but a weeks day
here. I do not know of any better
way to employ my time than in
a little conversation with you. I
am a good deal better than I
was the last time I wrote. & I hope
I shall be entirely well & strong again
soon. How I should love to go to church
with you to-day, I hear the collection
preach. I never knew how to appreciate
the privileges of hill sately. & if I