

"Our Home" March 7<sup>th</sup>/65.

My darling

Here am I seated by the  
western window of my room - over looking  
the delightful prospect presented by Melands  
- Trils - Theakul &c &c - It is rather a nice  
day - slightly foggy as March is wont to be  
sunshine & shadow alternating in quick  
succession - would be a very happy un-  
spiring Spring-day if it were not for so many  
sad circumstances surrounding us -

I wont attempt to give you the partic-  
ulars in detail of John Cooks Murder  
of Dr Stewart will be prepared to do that  
for my part I have heard it all repeated  
all over by so many different persons & their  
own particular emotions when they first heard  
it that I am perfectly heart sick of the  
sad awful tale of guilt and sorrow.

We heard the report of the pistol but  
never thought of a deed so dreadful being  
perpetrated in our midst - Every body  
was so terrified & excited that there  
was but little sound sleep that night  
I am sure I was awake every hour &  
my sleep was troubled with dreams.

To day I heard the gate open & looking  
out saw a man in soldiers clothes - I  
felt "Kind a paid" to go to them, he came  
in - told us his name was Jordan from  
the 99<sup>th</sup> - said he been sick - I didn't  
feel comfortable all the time & was  
glad he was gone - When we were  
talking about the Murder he said there  
would be a good deal of such work,  
when the war was over - Officers who had  
been so cruel proud & hateful to their  
men would be apt to smelt with the Com-  
fate - I wish he hadnt come here talking  
in such a way at this time - I cannot  
get it out of my head - I have no rea-  
son to believe that he or any one else

had any spite against you - I've never  
heard any intimation that you were  
anything else than kind to those over  
whom you are placed - yet it made  
feel uneasy & miserable - but then  
you know our minds are unusually  
excited at this time - hope it will wear  
off however & that our humor will come  
of it. It is between 1 & 3 o'clock Mother  
has gone to the funeral - the Prasers  
are to officiate - I dislike their performance.  
I wish you were at home to cheer me  
up & reassure me - then I could snuggle  
up into your great strong arms, and at  
least imagine myself so secure, so safe -  
then I could sleep so soundly & never  
once be popping up head to see if some  
dark shadow weren't prowling into our room.  
Oh wouldn't it be nice - no - for then if  
you were here now, I'd be fearing that  
some fire prompted horse whet would  
be barking round our great happy home  
just to rob me of my best me - My protection

-but why do we forget to trust in that  
God who alone is able to protect & preserve  
us in all such times, Let us try to have  
faith to trust our selves so entirely into his  
Care & keeping that it will drive away  
all this slavish fear - He is able, he is willing  
Let us doubt no more - My darling  
The evening last week that I rec'd  
your letter I got a nice good one for you  
and our poor little "Dad's" - you spoke of  
having written a good long one a few  
days before - that one I've not gotten yet  
hope I may - for in it I'd like you to tell me  
about Charles's arrival & how you like your  
new shirt - Saturday evening I went down  
to the office & so I got another nice little  
letter - & enclosed a very darling little one  
for my darling - to say she was pleased &  
would not half express the ecstasy of her heart.  
I read it over twice for her then she'd take  
it and read what she could remember of  
& the idea of the Chaplain giving the paper  
she thought was very funny, I shall take

care of it for her will be a nice keepsake  
& memento of her infant days & of Pa's love  
for this little Quinn - want it her?

I used to think I'd be selfish enough to  
enjoy my child if she had been lavished upon  
it by my husband. Ah how little I know  
of it then - it seems to tighten the link  
than binds our hearts into one - I love  
her all the more for it my husband  
because I know it meant they love for me  
not me whilst she has - Do you remember in  
those dear old times now long ago - how when  
we were prospecting - you told me in soft  
low tones - "I'd kiss the child & then its mother"  
I hardly thought then how fully I should re-  
alize it all - But will talk of all these things  
by & by must see you old dark-eyed. Scamp you -

Since I commenced writing - Bell brought me  
a letter from the office from Meliss - she is attending  
a Boarding School in Zanesville - one of the  
District kind - St. Chumbers - tis an odd idea  
I cannot understand it - why she is leaving  
her money - & going to such a school - if she can

intends to marry Capt Jim - I think she  
has as much education & accomplishment  
as he can appreciate - Jim talks of going  
to Idaho here & staying one year perhaps  
then they are to be married - hope so anyway.

Charlie wrote to me that your folks had  
sold the farm - & were talking of selling their  
town house & buying Lyle's farm - they get  
Heed - I don't know who bought it -

Ruth was out among the Neptunes -  
Clark in Whiting in Hospital & Jimmy  
in Washington City - Frank in Baltimore

Charlie came up Sabbath - read me his  
letters of commendation - and praised you  
so much for your kindness to him - he  
hasn't up those things yet & I am so crazy  
to see them - I got the letter from James  
Morton - I span he was pleased, but he said  
but little - his father came last night to see  
him - he is so ragged - I tell you he has not been  
fixed like Jim - I think will try and  
get some family to take Jim, if possible -

It is almost dark I must take this down  
for Dr Stewart to take - Don't send any stray  
soldiers here, I am afraid of them - I am loving wife  
I've been all your own - Rhoda