

Transcription of Mary Joanna Morton's Letter to Samuel Gray (Page 1):

Lansingburgh July 30th 1865

My Dear Brother,

We, (that is George and myself)
left our Home Monday evening the 17th of July
went over the river staid all night in Sum-
merville Ala, had to cross in a flat boat
because the bridge was burnt, took cars at
6 o'clock in the morning for Atlanta, rode
all day in uncomfortable box cars, got to At-
lanta near night, all is destruction here —
slept eight ladies, four children, in one room,
next day rode all day in cars, arrived in
Chattanooga same evening, had the same
accommodations as the night before. Three
ladies in one room! rode all next day arriving
in Nashville Thursday evening, staid all
day Friday there (my birth day). Mr. & Mrs.
Curtis, 2 children, and nurse, were in company
with us, we staid over to get rested, and
get rid of the rest of the party; we left same
evening for Louisville Ky...

George had a friend in Louisville who
showed us its beauties, it is really a
beautiful city. I was charmed with its

appearance; we left on steam boat for Cincinnati, perfect palace of a boat! and such a splendid table, Mrs. Curtis and I enjoyed the ice cream we had been so long deprived of this great luxury, and I am so extravagantly fond of it.

We arrived in Cincinnati Sunday morning the 23rd. I asked George to get a directory & order a call on Mr. Pittman, which he did. I wrote Mr. P. a note, he called on me at our Hotel; he was very pleasant and kind. I went to church, and walked with him. Mr. Curtis and George went to see a German garden with him in the afternoon, there is not a church open in the afternoon in Cincinnati, only morning, and night services are held. Cincinnati resembles Philadelphia in the regularity of its streets. We left there Sunday night at 10 o'clock...

rode that night, all day Monday, all that night and arrived in N.Y. Tuesday afternoon, we stopped at the Albemarle Hotel opposite The Fifth Avenue Hotel; next morning Mrs. Curtis and I went on shopping expedition; we looked like we came out of Noah's ark, we secesh, rebel ladies, afterward we had an invitation to ride round Central

Park; it is beautiful, enchanting place.

At night we called on a friend who used
to live in Columbus. We took a night boat
and arrived in Troy Friday morning
took breakfast at the "Troy Hotel" and then
cars to this place. Emily has grown so
very fleshy, when I saw her last — five
years ago she was very slender. It seems
so strange to have no Mother to go see.

Oh! if I could only have seen her once more —
but I did go to see her just as long as I could,
and tried to make her happy when I was
with her; that is a comfort to me now.

We are truly thankful this terrible war
is over. Factories are all burnt, every store in the
city was broken open by Federal soldiers
& robbed of all their goods. Negroes are all
demoralized, gentlemen all thrown out of
business; we were glad to get away for
a time at least. Easter Sunday April 16th 1865
is a day I never shall forget; we
had a taste, a feeling recollection of the horrors
of war. George went in the Army ten weeks,
he was in Savannah when she fell; he
suffered indeed. The exposure came near
ending his life. He lost 30 lbs while he was
gone; what I suffered while he was gone I
cannot write, but Thank God he is spared.

We let a gentleman and his wife come
in to our house just to take care of things
& Augusta stays with them. The blacks
are all leaving their former homes and
renting to live by themselves; my Fanny
has gone to housekeeping, we offered her wages
but she would not stay; it is a terrible state
of things South; the negroes are so imprudent,
independent, and lazy, every white family
that could get away were gone or going.
Many families are going to Europe and Mexico
to live. I received yesterday a letter from you
dated March 22 nd, 1865! The letter you speak
of sending me last July or August from
New Bedford I never rec'd. I had faith you
wrote me during the years of trouble though I
never rec'd but two letters. I was very much
disappointed that I could not see you
last summer; we don't know what
we shall do; I am not yet resettled.