

Forest Hardin Ohio

June the 24-64

Dear Husband

I take up my pen again in hand to answer your letter of the 9 which found us all well and how thankful I would be if I only knew you was all right this morning. but many anxious hours have I to spend before I can hear I am sorry you do not get my letters it is not my fault for I have written every week and part of the time twice a week I believe if I knew the brigade division and corps you belonged to they would go better by having that on their is a good many put that on now we have had a nice shower here day before yesterday and things begin to look up again you wrote I should give you a list of the Drafted the first draft was for 8 men they wer John Clayton Prerill Watton Bill Dufferield and Hannah Rouse inen Lon Clayton payed out

Well my Dear if I only knew you was
to Atlanta and was all right I would feel
a good deal better we have accounts of a
good deal of fight since you wrote and you
may know I feel very uneasy about you
and will till I hear you are safe I still
hope the Lord in his goodness will shield
you from danger how long is this wicked
war to last you said in your last that you
thought this summer would end the fighting
I hope so but I am afraid to believe for
we have thought that so often well Elijah
I cant write much this time for my mind
is away down in Georgia the fourth this
boys came home yesterday a part of them
Hall Warner staid in Columbus to see a
circus I think he cares not much for his
wife It is six o'clock in the morning
and I have wrote this letter I want to
send George to the office with it before
he goes to school I sent you a Dollar

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June the 29 - 64

Dear Husband

I take up my pen again in hand to answer your letter of the 9 which found us all well and how thankful I would be if I only knew you was all right this morning but many anxious hours have I to spend before I can hear. I am sorry you do not get my letters it is not my fault for I have written every week and part of the time twice a week. I beleive if I knew the brigade division and corps you belonged to they would go better by having that on. thair is a good many fruit that on now. we have had a nice shower hear day before yesterday and things begin to look up again. You wrote I should give you a list of the Drafted. the first draft was for 8 men. they wer John Clayton Granville Watton Bell Durfeild and Hannah Rousemen. John Clayton payed out.

Well my Dear if I only knew you was to Atlanta and was all right I would feel a goodeal better. we have accounts of a goodeal of fight since you wrote and you may know I feel very uneasy about you and will till I hear you are safe. I still hope the lord in his goodnefs will sheild you from danger. how long is this wicked war to last. you said in your last that you thought this sumer would end the fighting. I hope so but I am afraid to beleive for we have thought that so often. well Elijah I cant write much this time for my mind is away down in Georgia. the fourth Ohio boys came home yesterday. a part of them Call Warner staid in Columbus to see a circus. I think he cares not much for his wife. It is six oclock in the morning and I have wrote this letter. I want to send George to the office with it before he goes to school. I sent you a Dollar

(This letter from Esther White was perhaps the last one written to her husband, Elijah White, who died on July 7, 1864 from wounds suffered by a sniper's gunfire a few days earlier near Marietta, Georgia where he is buried at a national cemetery. Probably there was more to the letter than shown above. I imagine that it was returned to her from among his personal effects. I took the liberty of adding a few periods to make it more meaningful since the words tended to run together. However, I did not correct the spelling and a few of the names may not be quite right. Life became hard for Esther as she had five sons to raise, one of which, Elmer, was to become my grandfather. She received a widow's pension of eight dollars a month. We donated the original letter, along with several from Elijah to Esther, to the Ohio Historical Association, Columbus, Ohio. We retained copies of all the letters, however. Interestingly, he died on July 7, 1864, thirty-six years before the turn of the century. My wife, Marjorie, was born on July 7, 1936, thirty six years after the turn of the century).