

I had just commenced a letter, my dear Maria,
of interrogatories concerning your state, and perhaps
it might even have proceeded to reproaches on your
silence, when your letter arrived, and I threw down my pen
too happy in the interruption to resume the subject and
most heartily rejoice that neither sickness nor sorrow kept
you silent. in these cheerless times of winter and war
if we have nothing to complain of, we should consider
ourselves happy and as your husband, sons & brothers are
safe around you. I hope you repose in peace every night
unhindered of the howling winds, and fast descending rain -
but we have so much sympathy abroad for our encamped
brothers' forlorn situation that we do not wear very cheerful
faces during a storm. It is reported they are to be ordered
home this week and they will make many hearts glad by
their return. The bivouac station on Mount Mole is a bleak
hill on the sea beach without any shelter but a leafy wood
for the horses, and tents for the men, who all, even the Captain
sleep on straw, which to men who have been accustomed to
all the luxuries & comforts of opulence in a city, must be scarce
enough - two of the Millings and several other married men

are in the company and have been out since since August
we see very little of military affairs, but feel more than you
do, because all your camps are so near the city that your
soldiers are not deprived of the pleasures of home - Men I do
have only been home three times since they left it, and never
longer than three days at a visit - they have enjoyed very good
health, but many more delicate constitutions have fallen sacrific-

ed. Our dear Sally has lost all that exuberance of spirits which
annoyed her so much last summer. for several weeks she
has been quite well, but I think she is now more languid
her nerves are so much shaken by these extremes that
every sudden change alarms her. The return of our Brothers
will cheer her up again I hope, and the bracing weather, with
exercise strengthen her. She bids me tell you her affectionate
love, write to her when you have leisure, she is always so
happy to hear from you, that your charity should keep down
your aversion to your pen, indeed if we did not know you
are different from the rest of the world, and so much
better than most of it, we should sometimes fear even your
recollection of us took a nap of a few months, and ^{could} only be
roused by a good scolding. I am afraid to hear Eliza & her
boy are returned and enjoy health - we have not heard
from her in a long time - tell her we love & sometimes
talk of her - inform Mr Hoffman that Andrew Hamilton is
gone to try his fortune with a Baltimore belle. The family

Nov 29 1872



25-11-72

Mrs. Ogden Hoffman
Broadway
New York

