



"The U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

sends this sheet as a messenger between the soldier and his home. Let it hasten to those who wait for tidings."

Morning of the 21st clear
the male goes out this morn
I will write out those few
lines. Child do the best you can
those few lines leaves as small
as common hopes they will find
you in the of health
look after them two little
ones give them good council
If nothing hapens I will come home
and look after things my self
wright often Farewell child
E. J. Gorham

To Mary Ellen Gorham

Eleazar J. Gorham
Savannah Ga.

1st Brig, 3rd Div, 20, A. C.

Co. K, 79. O. I. B. I.

Care Capt Williamson

January 30th 1865
Robsinville South Carolina
Near sisters ferry. some forty
miles from Savannah Ga.
Darling we halve started on
another campaign. said to be
alonge and dangerous one. this
is the last chance for us to send
male till we land at some other
port. the rebs are in our front
now in force, this country is flat
swompy land. the woods are very
thick. not one stick but pine and
the tolest kinde. all the longe leaf
terpentine pine. we marched yester
day and to day hard. we will stay
here aday or two. then start with
fifteen days rations. then fight
our way through if we can. we halve
never foled yet

mean many a poor fellow will be
left in S. C. to molder in this poor
land no one cares ho it will be

knight the camp fires burn
bright but every thing is black
with pine smoke, my eyes are
nearly smoked out. we are smo-
-ked black as negroes nearly

I have had one letter from you
and one from Elick since we
left Atlanta, near three months
I have watched the mail but
nothing for me so far

Mary Ellen we have marched
through the confederacy, one
thousand miles to the east and
now started out the coast thro
S. C., there has ben many sent
to the rear and buried on the
way. I have ben alonge with
the army all the time yet so far

Darling I recon you heard
that we took the city of Savannah
on the 21 of December, we went
in to the city, staid there till
after new years then crost
the Savannah river in to S. C.
where we have ben wondering
through the swamps every
sence. Child I have not
mitch to write, but I
concluded this was the last
chance for some time I
would write a few lines
I am looken ahead to the
time that we will be at
home if I live, it is dark
and I must quit till morn
the mail leaves here at 9 o'clock
in the morn. I hope your
bead is a better one than
my one is to night ^{fare well} child