

Small when I got home

June<sup>th</sup> 12 / 1864

Sunday rain far in Georgia's  
lonely forests where canon loudly  
roar day and night, and musketry  
sings her deathly notes all the day  
and part of the nights, Darling I  
received a letter from you the other  
day, baren date may<sup>th</sup> 26, brought  
good tidings that you all ~~were~~  
were well as common I were very  
glad to here from you and to  
here that you were well,

Mary Ellen I have ben under some  
15 days heavy fire of canon and  
musketry, where shot shell and  
canister musketry bob fell thick  
as rain, I am safe yet my cloes  
has ben brushed several times

Child I have seen some hard sits  
men slawted in all shaps, by the  
hundreds, or what was man made  
for, to di every way I get

the 20 core has lost many  
thousand men in the last month  
Mary Ellen, we belong to the  
1<sup>st</sup> brig. - 3<sup>rd</sup> div. 20 army core  
Gen. word. commands, brig; ~~Br~~ Major general  
Butterfield our div, Major general  
Hooker our core

Darling I must draw my letter  
to a close. I have no time to write  
till this campaign ended. I go day  
and night write soon give my  
best respects to all

fare well child yours truly

Eliza J. Gorham to

Mary Ellen Gorham

it rains, very muddy here  
the canon rose heavy in front  
to day, we expect to move  
front every hour, when called we  
hapt to go, no one sees ho to die  
or live, write soon  
I have saw that I never can forget