

20th July 1861.

My little Splendour,

I mailed for you
this evening a very zig-zag sort of a
letter, written in a regular worm-fence
style of composition, which, however,
you & dear Mother will not criticise
as it tells you I am well. In fact,
my health is very good: I go to bed
about 10, sometimes 9, & get down
to breakfast at six, or nearly at
that hour. And, then, while we
live with great simplicity, every
thing is exquisitely neat, the silver
shines again, & the china is beauti-
fully white, & the cloth, may, without
my extravagant shelter, be called
snowy. Then, the biscuits are
unsurpassed by any I have ever
seen, the butter of traditional
"golden" color, the coffee a reality
& the tea any thing but fictitious.

At dinner, which we take at the
aristocratic hour of 4, as befits
my kind grand-mother's rank, &
my occupation, we have the same
brilliant silver, the same handsome
porcelain & snowy cloth, with
a profusion of vegetables, potatoes,
beets, tomatoes & similies, together
with excellent bread, ham &
veal cutlet — all cooked admirably
& washed down by unobscured libations
of ice-water.

Then in my room I see in addition
to the articles already described, my
grandfather's likeness (the surviving)
suspended opposite my bed, & I
am now writing at his table, at
his inkstand unused until now,
while the books he kept near him
are upon my bureau.

This simple story, my dear Mother,
is eloquent enough: if it were
possible full the kindness of any

me to supply you believe me
I should find it in my duty.
And, not only does the likeness
hold good in this important par-
ticular, but in conversation,
especially upon the Science (?)
of Medicine, for we are both
learned in Materia Medica, &
not altogether unskilled in
Practice, — in conversation I
say, she often reminds me of
you; while Mr. Wilson is full
of pleasant reminiscences
which would be valuable to
a College of Honorology, & excite
the admiration of an antiquary,
or historian. So you see I have
indeed a great deal to be thankful
for. I am doing better service
to the Cause in my present
position than I could possibly
do as a soldier, for my facility
& promptness in preparing dispatches,

O! while I think of it! I intended to give these
glasses to Rosa - present him with my regards -

enables many matters to go
forward which would otherwise
be delayed. Thus, shedding Iak,
not blood I contribute to the
vindication of our liberties, I
hope to be able to do something
for Mother, wife & little ones.
Nor shall I confine my "charity
at home", there are many things
I can do, in a small way,
to show that I have "will",
desire, as well as faith. —

By-the-way - Here comes a
sudden discrepancy - while I think
of it your last letter dated the
17th was mailed on the 19th, two
days afterwards, examine into
this, get Mr Wilcox to enquire
at the office & see that it
does not happen again - One
day, at least, lost to me!

God bless you & the darlings
Yours and Yours
J. W. G.



My dear Mother,

I have just concluded a note to Annie, not to her alone, but Wynn & little chicks too, & cannot go to bed without wafting a benediction to you — God bless you Mother!

In Annie's letter she tells me you have not heard as yet from Mr Baynal, but I see State Stocks have gone up 5 percent recently & I am told an immense sum has been subscribed to carry on our new Govt \$130,000,000 exclusive of the Cotton Subscrip^{ns} Mrs B. also has gotten her dividend so I suppose this is only a formal delay.

which will not very long retard
its collection.

Annie is right in attributing
to the family devotion at M.M.'s
a happy influence; it cheers
& consoles me & will doubt
console you also. The Almighty
does not desert his servants, &
whatever befalls us, this faith
must always be cherished —
clinging to it & holding on as the
only hope that can surmount
the mutations of fortune,
the changes of life & the
inevitable journey thro' the
Valley of the Shadow.

God bless & protect you my
treasures! Good night. Kiss
little chicks. All we could
missie Jane said about the
baby. Ever you as

James

Smiles & kisses everybody.

Sunday Morning 21th

My dear Child,

Papa has just recd: your Mother's letter. He was up ever so early this morning & after getting breakfast marched off for the P.O. where he mounted guard until the P.M. arrived to give him his letter. Papa was much distressed to find that his darling - his big darling for little Fiser is very, very dear Whim, too - has been sick again, & wishes your sweet Little Mother to go to Aunt Jane & thank her for her kindness from town, which he shall not forget, & says to her, that especially she will not let any of the servants give you anything to eat without Mamma's sanction. The weather is too warm for Baly Jane to have much meat. Do you swing in your hammock daily? Do you

think of Papa? Do you run
about with pretty little Kate
& take plenty of exercise as
you ought - systematic exercise
which dear Mother must not
forget? Have you seen
any father since Papa left
you? All of these questions
must be answered by Maam
She must take this note, & apply
to them one after the other &
then you see little Chick she
won't forget any of them.

You must say your prayers
too, & be a very, very good little
girl always remembering
that you have a father
in heaven more tender
& loving than he ever
had here, that being
told you & other Tissen how
much he love you -
Papa.

Mrs. James Bacon Hope,
At Mr Wilcox's,
Wareham,

By the hand
of Chs Guice, Esq:

N.C.

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