May 17th 1861

My dear Mother,

Should have written immediately on my arrival here, but have been too busy to get my thoughts together. I have not been able to see many people as have really been unable to be out during the day. Left home on Tuesday morning after having spent the night and returned after the last bits of the frontier told me that the baby had grown much better, but seems quite sick. Although they expect her home soon, I have heard the news that she has been getting worse. I write this letter from my tent, as it is now

10 o'clock. The weather is pleasant but I am a bit homesick. I wish you and Father continued to be well. My love to Mother, as James Monroe seems a great deal better. The one side who has gone down. I am looking back on the time with a new interest. The air with the sea breeze is so refreshing. I wish you and Father could have come with me. It would have been delightful to have you here. I have been thinking a great deal of the question whether my health and nature permit me to stay for the rest of the summer. If I return to the army, as I suppose I will, I shall not be able to return to Sheffield for a year.
I felt that he would get better — he is the theme of my thoughts. The combatants in the battle for the life of our friend and of so many others who are equally dear to us. Time, we are only human beings, and when this life is over, only then do we realize the true value of life, only then do we begin to understand the world. My dear, dear friend, you are no longer with us, but your memory lives on, for we shall always cherish the memories of our past.

Your gentle voice and your kind words echo in my mind. You taught me the importance of compassion and understanding. You always had a kind word for everyone, a smile for everyone, a helping hand for everyone. You were like a beacon of light in the dark, guiding us through the storms of life.

I miss you deeply, my dear. Your smile, your laughter, your gentle touch — all are gone. But your love, your memory, your example — all remain. You taught me that life is not just about living, but about experiencing, about growing, about learning. You taught me to be true to myself, to follow my heart, to never give up.

Your absence is felt deeply, but your memory lives on. You have taught us the true meaning of life, the true meaning of love. You have shown us that even in the face of adversity, we can find strength, we can find hope.

I thank you for being my friend, my mentor, my teacher. You have left a lasting impression on my life, and I shall always be grateful for that.

Your spirit lives on, your memory will forever be with us. You are not forgotten, you are not missed. You are always in our hearts and in our minds.

Rest in peace, my dear friend. Your memory will live on forever.