



To my Mother.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by R. E. Nicol, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

I am sitting here,
My mother dear,
As oft I sit—alone,
With memory cast
Upon the past—
The happy days now flown.

I am thinking now,
My mother, how
I've oft sat by your side
And listened to
The tales which you
Have told to be my guide.

I drop a tear,
My mother dear,
While musing thus alone,
For something says
Those happy days
Are now forever flown!

But memory still,
My mother, will
Cling to those lessons given,
Which, as a spark
Shines in the dark,
May light my soul to Heaven.

PACKAGES

Sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the Army or United States.

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Dear Mother

I now
sit down to write you a
few lines I am well and
I hope this will find you
the same I received a letter
from Henry Carr last night
stating that you was there
I guess you have forgotten me
I have written five letters to
you and have had no answer
from you I have written to
Kellen and have had no answer
I got a letter from Sarah
last night dated the 12 of
february I dont know
what is the matter

I dont expect to get paid
a gain till may and maybe
not then but when I do
get paid I shall send it
home I shall be a little
more careful than I was
before I lost over a hund
red dollars but never mind
it will come all right
yet I wish you would send
me your photograph and a fin
cushion I think the war
will not last two months
longer old grant sherman
and sheridan has got the
rebs in a bag and they
kick and squirm to get
out last night they
opened on our lines with
their batteries and it was
the heaviest canonading
I ever heard

They thought to break
through our lines as that
is their only hope write
now the store came out
this spring you may send
me a couple pairs of socks
send them by mail one
pair at a time we have
had no snow this winter
it has ben over a year
since I have seen any snow
but I have seen enough
mud to make to it all
up I dont know of any thing
more to write this time so
good by write soon this is
from your son

George F. Hill
to his Mother Sally V. Hill

I will send you one of our
picket, fast it was drawn when
we was on picket