

2021/2-1

Haines Bluff - Illis.

March 21/54

Dearest Elletta

I have just answered Mr. McKewen's letter about joining Mr. Cress. I have set on foot inquiries by which perhaps I may find time, but I fear that it will stop here, with the data furnished. Since my last letter to you I have heard from Anthony.

She speaks of Eliza as if she were very ill.

I must be exaggerating the severity of her sickness. She does not say how long you will be in Phila. so I will direct this to Newark.

Please give my best love to Eliza, and tell me her direction. Poor child, how hard her life has been! I trust that few years of care and kindness with you may not so soon be ended. She seemed so happy when she was growing more and more to be a comfort and blessing. But I will not believe that she is dangerously ill until you tell me so.

I wrote to Lady Turner the other day, what you said about the Shell-rose, and I told her at the same time that I would like to have

it remain in that room until I returned, on
account of certain associations. The fact that
you thought of having it given to her will
will give her great pleasure; and I know
you will not blame me for wishing to keep
it.

I am sorry you were so anxious about me
in reference to Sherman's expedition. I have
been constantly sending off letters homeward,
whenever an opportunity occurred. The rumour
now is that we are to go into Banks's depart-
ment, but rumours are untrustworthy;
and I think this one more so than usual.
But dearest Eliza do not be worried
so much about expeditions and battles.

They cost far less loss of life than disease,
and that I can avoid with due care
and attention. The form of fever here
is generally intermittent, and nothing rapid
or immediately dangerous. Should I
be really sick, I will let you know, and
you can come to Vicksburg and take
care of me. I think I should be well
the next day. I have not been unwell
a day since I left home..
It rains tonight - a regular April pour. The

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weather has been cold and compelted for
the last week. However my fire flares in
my Siley Stone, and the drops hiss as they
fall thro' the hole in the tent where the
pipe goes out. My Servant Joe has
just come in for shelter - his tentment
built of old boards in the rear of my
tent, not being impervious to rain - and
I shall have to let him sleep on the floor.

He is already curled up before the fire and
drying and steaming. He is a most
capital cook - making a good dish out of
anything. I pay him ten dolls. a month
and "put him" - good wages but he can't
them in this rough life. Tell Harry I will
write to him in a few days. Love to all,
at Newark! where you are Louppore. Mrs

Iraey wrote something about the death of
Will Hoffmann's child. None of you mention
it. Please tell me if it be so. Do not keep
back any home tidings from me, because
they are sad. It distresses me far more
to hear them from others. Good night - dearest
Mother!

Yours affectionately
Ludwig H. Miller