

Baltimore - Camp Dis

June 3-1862

Dearest Mother

It is almost dark, but I must write while I can outside my tent. Here it is so noisy. Your letter I received this afternoon. My own darling Mother I weep & pray for you. I am so bewildered by all these wild strange events of the last ten days, I cannot think. That child was to me unutterably dear. Her gentle eyes looked into mine like the spirit of her Mother. I thought she loved me more than the others. She seemed to cling to me. Oh Mother how dark & dreary have been the last three days. Yesterday I was with you. I could not go in time, as I thought. I did not know when it was. I received Anne's letter on Sunday, while I was on guard

which told me only the day,
and I couldn't tell whether
I could possibly get home in
time. And then I would rather
remember my darling as she lay in
my arms the last time I saw her.
Sweet Mother if I could only put
my arm about you now.

You lean upon God so surely
always. Dear Father how hard this
is for him.

Could not be come here while
we are encamped, with Jack
or yourself. I am sure it would
do him good. I hope we shall
go home very soon. I shall ask
a furlough unless we do. All danger
from the Enemy is over, if there
ever was any, and I cannot remain
here for mere form. It is too
dark to write any more. Let Jack
write often. Goodnight

Your affectionate child
Erindley Hellitt