

poor little things in their rage & filth, and it is frightful to hear them talk sometimes, - they use such naughty language.

Papa would like very much to see you and Frank and Robbie, and dear little sister whom I have never seen, but I shall not be able to do so for some months perhaps. It will be a glad time, I hope, when we all meet again; and it will be, if dear Mother can tell me that she has four good children.

Good bye my dear daughter.

Your
Father

Camp in
Tompkins Square
New York City

August 30th 1863

My Dear Daughter:

I am going to write to you again to-day, because I hope my letter will reach you on your birth-day, although you have not yet answered my letter, written to you even so long ago. I am afraid you are not trying very hard to learn to write. Your Mother writes me you are not going to school now - what is perhaps the reason. I hope

When you commenda again you will
apply yourself so closely that you
will soon be able to write me a
nice little letter.

I bought a book
for you some months since which I
hoped I should be able to send you
in time for your birth-day, but I
had no opportunity. The first chance
I get I will send it out to you
& I think you will take a great
deal of pleasure in reading it.

I am now living in camp
in one of the public squares.

Our camp is a quite pleas-
ant one

Though the neighborhood is not a
very good one. The people however
do not give us much trouble, except
the children who are running about
the camp in spite of all we can
do. I don't think I have seen so
many ragged children in all my
life before. Some of them carry little
brothers & sisters almost as big as them-
selves & oh how dirty they all are.
Their mothers are probably poor women
who have to work hard all day &
for them all they are able to do.

It is not a pleasant sight
to see these

Miss Sarah Brewster



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