

me a letter?" I told him certainly,  
supposing of course that he wished  
to dictate to me. But no such thing.  
He gave me the direction, & went off.

I wrote the entire letter, from  
"Dear Mary," to the end, & then called  
him in & read it over, signed his name  
to it, (with pp. Ad.) & sent it off.

I don't know whether he has heard  
from his fair friend yet or not.

I received your letter yesterday,  
fish hooks & all. A letter from  
home is a real treat always, no  
matter if it comes down time per  
week. I shall write to father this

afternoon, & I think I shall be able  
to let him know what the Achilles  
has been doing, where she has been,  
& what she has seen. I think

I have got along this week with  
about as little wardrobe as ever  
man had. I am wearing my grey  
flannel shirt, & black suit, and

Washington D. C.

April 27<sup>th</sup> 1862

My Dear Mother

Still in D. C.

I am going to write to you before  
breakfast this morning, if I have  
but time, but not knowing what the  
hour is, the result alone can prove whe-  
ther I am able to do so. I hope to  
put a different date to my letters this  
afternoon. I expect the Achilles up  
today, & am going down to Alexandria  
after breakfast, to see if she has yet  
arrived. I saw the Captain of the  
"Saturn" yesterday, he is just from  
Yorktown, & tells me that the Achilles  
was lying there, but was under orders  
to come up. He thinks she will be here  
tonight. I hope she will be, for I am  
tired of this life on shore. I want to be  
where I can see something. I have lost