

Lucretia
Briarwood, April 26th, 1865

My Dearest Brother,

Your thrice-welcome letter of the 20th March reached me last Saturday, with another containing a few lines from father; the first we have received from him in eight months. I gather from your letter that you are not coming on, at present, so we will have to fore-go that anticipated pleasure. We are in a delectable state of uncertainty — we don't know exactly when Father will be here and are getting very impatient; as long as we know he could not come, we were in a state of quiescent endurance, but now to know that the way is open and he not here is rather an aggravation. This has been a very trying winter to us — to have Father away in such tremulous times and especially to be away where we could not hear from him. We have heard from him but once since he left the Confederacy and that was through Mr. Merchant. What might not have happened to us all this time! but we have been mercifully preserved through it all. Mother has borne up wonderfully, it has been a great trial to her to be separated from Father for so long a time, to have the whole anxiety of the family and constantly dreading to hear some bad news from Father. Every day I have reason to thank Heaven for having blessed me with such a mother, with such parents as I have. We have looked anxiously forward to the coming of the Yankees as the harbinger of the re-union of our long

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My Dearest Brother,

Your thrice-welcome letter of the 25th March reached me last Saturday, with another containing a few lines from father; the first we have received from him in eight months. I gather from your letter that you are not coming on, at present, so we will have to fore-go that anticipated pleasure. We are in a delectable state of uncertainty — we don't know exactly when Father will be here and are getting very impatient; as long as we knew he could not come, we were in a state of quiescent endurance, but now to know that the way is open and he not here is rather an aggravation. This has been a very trying winter to us — to have Father away in such tremulous times and especially to be away where we could not hear from him. We have heard from him but once since he left the Confederacy and that was through Mr. Merchant. What might not have happened to us all this time! but we have been mercifully preserved through it all. Mother has borne up wonderfully, it has been a great trial to her to be separated from Father for so long a time, to have the whole anxiety of the family and constantly dreading to hear some bad news from Father. Every day I have reason to thank Heaven for having blessed me with such a mother, with such parents as I have. We have looked anxiously forward to the coming of the Yankees as the harbinger of the re-union of our long

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society

MMN # 99388

Date: April 26, 1865

Description: Lucretia Sewall to brother on end of war, Mobile

separated family, and yet I could not help
looking upon it with sadness, as another blow
to my afflicted country. I have been indeed
distracted with conflicting ~~small~~ emotions!
I am, as perhaps you are aware, a strong
Confederate — the only one of our family.
Your my brother, were always for the South
in days gone by; are you still one of her
allies? With my sentiments, the day that witnessed
the evacuation of Mobile by our troops, could
not but be a sad one to me. One by one
our cities have fallen; step by step has our
bloodstained soil been encroached upon;
the noble, the true and brave have sacrificed
their lives for the forsaking born of liberty, and
dark indeed seems our horizon now. But I
cannot believe, I will not believe that all
has been in vain; that the thousands of martyrs
who fill nameless graves, throughout our land
will not ~~yet~~ have given up their lives for
naught. But perhaps you are not of the same
opinion and in that case this will not please
you very much.

There is so much to tell you that I
don't know where to begin — six long years have
indeed wrought changes in your native
place. First I will tell you all I can of Cora
as you mentioned her. She is a very nice
young lady. She and her sister Carrie with
Willie are the only ones at home now; and
the two girls are in town now, have been
ever since the evacuation of the city. Cora
has been engaged to be married to a young
gentleman to whom she was supposed to be engaged
was killed in the battle of Franklin, Tenn.
She has had a great many admirers, whether
she has really been engaged as many
times as reported I don't know. She speaks
of you quite often. I haven't seen her for
some time now, anything more than to
speak to her. She told Eunice the last

separated family, and yet I could not help
looking upon it with sadness, as another blow
to my afflicted country. I have been indeed
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times I believe, to a young gentleman to
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times as reported I don't know. She speaks
of you quite often. I haven't seen her for
some time now, anything more than to
speak to her. She told Eunice the last

time she saw her, when speaking of her
sister that she did not want to hear from
her ~~th~~ now that she was in New-York, I
don't know but that her feeling is strong
enough to lead her to discard all acquaintances
who have been at the North. Cora is a very
active energetic girl, very smart indeed — a great
nurse and a great ~~sewer~~ seamstress — she has
made a great many garments and knit
a great many socks for the soldiers. Her three
oldest brothers have gone off with the army. All
your old school-mates are in the army, even
Howard Eustis. I have never seen him except
in the streets, he is very bashful and never
goes out with company. Theodore Warner and
Henry Bright are both in the 21st Reg't. They
both came to bid us good-bye the day before
they went away. John Bright, Geo. Poe, Geo.
Dobson the Davenport boys and a good
many others belong to Tobin's Battery.

Theodore and Henry are mighty good boys,
and both of them very good looking. Theo.
is rather delicate. Robert Beers has been in
the Trans-Mississippi Department, and I
was told about a month ago that he was
to be married shortly. Charley Wilson has
been married more than a year — he married
in Louisiana — a widow with one child!
Albert belongs to Selden's Battery, they are
both dissipated young men. Mary Wilson
has grown up very beautiful, is a great
coquette with sparkling black eyes that do a
great deal of execution. The Hubbell boys
belong to Maury's Cavalry — Octave has been
very sick all Summer and Winter — he is
very handsome. Vivian Evans is married
and has a child.

Carrie Snow has been a inmate of our
family for the last three months; I know
you will like her — she is very lively, whole-
souled and generous. She sends her love to you.
Her brother Frank expects to leave this
place to-day for New-York, Boston &c. He asked

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Eunice for a letter of introduction to you which she has written for him. We have been intimate with Mr. Snow's family more from the force of circumstances than anything else. Frank is a very kind-hearted and obliging boy, but very weak-minded and easily led astray (no very great acquisition to you circle of acquaintances as you will perceive. But I don't suppose you will see very much of him; she could not well refuse him a letter.

I told you of the good friends we formed in the 3rd Mo. Battery, did I not? We all hated to bid them good-bye. The company has been stationed opposite the place where Pete Tosh used to live all winter and they have visited us constantly all winter. It seemed just like taking leave of our own relatives. One of them, the most intimate is Leonard H. Willis; he is about 23 years old (you see I am going to give you a description of our good friends) has light air and blue eyes, & beautiful teeth - he is a Kentuckian has or rather had a brother in the Federal army who is now discharged however. He is a great friend of Abby's and mine; has been with us constantly for the last six months that is about two or three times a week. He would do anything for us, I believe. I will show you his picture some of these days. Mr. Harwood is another. He is a tall slender young man, from St. Louis Mo. Rather quiet until you get well-acquainted with him, he is a most excellent young man. I have the highest opinion of him; I don't mean by that, that I like him any better than the others, but that I esteem him very highly. A great friend of his and of ours is Lieut. D. T. Hartshorn (a horrid name isn't it?) a tall, large man, with black hair

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and hazel eyes. Mother and Eunice
think he is the best looking of any of
them, I think Mr Willis is the handsomest.
Lieut Hartshorn has handsome features
and splendid teeth, but he has not an
animated countenance, on the contrary
has rather a pensive abstracted look. But
he is mighty good. I could tell you lots
of things about him to make you admire
him. He is one of the most unselfish
men I ever met. I am now writing with
a gold pen which he gave me for a
philopoena present. We have a picture
of Mrs Barnwood to show you also; I wish
we had one of Lt. Hartshorn. I am in
hopes of having a photograph album some
of these days, I want one very much.
Please send me your photograph, or as
many of them as you please. And now
about that naughty Rufus, where and
what is he? I have not heard one word
from him since the war began. If you
know where he is, give him my love and
a good scolding from me; tell him to
write me a letter and send me a
picture in it as the only means of restoring
himself to my favor. I have kept his
little picayune faithfully. Give my
best love to all my relations. Aunt Sarah's
family in particular. I want to see them
all so much. Dear Julian and Alfred,
how sad it seems to think that we shall
never see them again or dear Grandma!
One has gone from our home-circle too, since
you were here, dear brother, sweet little
Amy, I see her yet. I send you two little

and hazel eyes. Mother and Eunice
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never see them again or dear Grandma!
One has gone from our home-circle, too, since
you were here, dear brother, sweet little
Amy. I see her yet. I send you two little

roses plucked from a bush that grows near her grave. Dear little sister, how tenderly she loved us all, ought we not to try to meet her in that better land?

I wish you were here now, to enjoy the beauty of the spring. The trees and flowers are beyond all description. On the table at which I am writing is a large glass dish of elegant flowers and at on another table, a vase of them. The air is heavy with the ~~fat~~ fragrance of flowers. The china trees are in the full luxuriance of blossoms and fresh leaves. There are perfect banks of honeysuckles round the palace, in different spots. One vine has clambered up over the roof of the stable and is literally a bed of flowers. In the glass before me are fourteen or fifteen varieties of sweet roses, phlox, verbenas, honeysuckle, prince's feather, widow's tears, gladiolus, amaryllis, pinks and one magnolia.

I have something very sad to tell you; that your old schoolmate John Denny is dead. The poor boy has been in a consumption for about three years. He has been anxiously looking forward to the coming of the Yankees, hoping that he would then be able to procure some delicacies, which, of course, have not been accessible since we have been blockaded. The day after they entered the city, the commissary stores left by the

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Confederates were thrown open to the poor,
John was so much excited that he said
he felt well enough to drive his sisters in
down so that they could procure something;
he drove them in town, and out; and
he had not driven any before, for a year.
Whether the exertion was too much for the
poor boy, or not I don't know, but Sunday
after he was taken a great deal worse
and about the middle of the night
one of the little boys came over to inform
us that his brother had just died.
Carrie and I and Mr. Goodall (and
gentleman who has been staying with
us lately went over and stayed the rest
of that night and he was buried
the next day. It was a great blow
to his poor family; they seemed to feel
it so acutely that he had not obtained
some of the luxuries for which he so
longed.

If I have tired you by the length
of this, you must let me know. I wish
Father would come, it is so dreary waiting
for him. All send a great deal of love.
Eunice and Ellen say they have both
written to you, but do not think you
have received their letters. Write often
and long letters.

With much love
Your devoted Sister
Kitty

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With much love
Your devoted Sister – Kitty

[sideways at left]
I haven't told you near all I might but I will reserve it till another
time and not overwhelm you with all at once.