

# Letter From Ramsay, Charles S. written Thursday, December 5th, 1861

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Soldier: Ramsay, Charles S.  
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[to Ramsey from his wife]

Thursday

My Dear Husband,

I have just finished reading your two long letters and one from Hez and one from brother Will. It was the dearest little letter calling me "Auntie" every few words and it was so lively and so good and called himself my nephew. Hez was feeling badly about Hermira Wilson because she is mad at him for giving other girls his picture and not her and she wrote him a sharp note about it. I think she was smart.

I was glad to hear that you had had such a nice time and enjoyed yourself so much on Thanksgiving day. I was glad you got such good things and had such a nice time with the ladies but you must not get them excited.

Gertie called this afternoon for the first time while I was reading your letter. I have had quite a feast getting four letters all at once. Ann and her Mother were here last night just after I sent your shoes. Mother can walk but very little yet. I have had considerable pain today and think it certainly will be over soon. Father butchered two hogs today. Well Good Night.

Friday Morning.

This is a beautiful warm morning. Our folks are rendering lard. Just think, it is Friday Dec. 6th already and me here suffering and working yet. O I feel now that if I ever get over this I shall never, never, never be caught in such a fix again. I have suffered so much already and the worst has not come. I expect I shall almost die before it is over as almost everyone does and no husband to cheer me. Nothing but discouragement all around and my best comfort, my mother, is sick. She was so good and kind to me when she was well. Father is kind but he is a man. Yes, poor women has a hard lot. I suppose Gertie thought so the other day when she tried to do her own ironing and was from early in the morning until supper time doing it but there are harder things than that she will find it out some day but if she has that good kind little man of hers wityh her, it will be different.

I did not like it when you left if any one said anything against you for leaving me. I did not want their pity but I see now that they knew what I was to go through with better than I did and it is hard to be alone. I do sometimes wish I was dead and out of everybody's road and trouble but I know that is wicked and I try to look to the good time that's coming as Will said in his letter if it ever does come. If I was only like others I could work my own way through but I shall not be able all winter and always have a little trouble on my hands but I hope it will be a comfort that I can be thankful for it. It is hard to see others enjoying themselves and me shut up and no comfort, no husband, no nothing - if Mother only gets well. She is better this morning.

I laughed heartily when I read Will's letter and that is something I don't often do since you left. Tell him and Hez I will answer their kind letters as soon as I can and tell Hez that George plays on the Melodaen every day and I used to before Mother took sick and I myself beginning to feel so badly but I love to listen to him play. Sometimes I have to weep the music sounds so solomn.

Saturday Morning.

O My Dear Darling rejoyce with me for all is over. Our little soldier boy is 3 hours old. You may know I feel pretty well in bed to be able to write while laying. O but I did suffer! It was born 4 1/2 o'clock this morning but I am tired and last stop. If my breasts do not trouble me, I will get along. I think the lode weighs 10 pounds, it is so big!

Your Wife (Kate Ramsay)

P.S. Mother R says she never saw such a brave soldier as I was while in pain. I wrote to Will last eve while I was feeling badly.

Charley. Kate says for you to please give this letter to Will Cummings not this one either but the one she wrote to him  
Han