

# Letter From Ramsay, Charles S. written Sunday, December 29th, 1861

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Soldier: Ramsay, Charles S.

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Location: Home

Correspondence Type: Letter

Subjects: Daily Life, Family, Friends, Home, Rumors, Wife/Girlfriend, Wife/Girlfriend

[Letter written to Charles from his wife]

My Dear Dear Husband,

I received your dear good letter yesterday soon after I sent mine. Am brought it from Harvey Raymond. O My love, you don't know how sorry I am for talking as I did in that letter but you know I was sick and easily worried and you know I am a naughty girl anyway. If I could only see you to throw my arms around your neck and ask forgiveness O how happy I would be for I know you would forgive and kiss me in return.

I am sorry you have a cold. You must be careful and not get sick now. I have read several of Charlie Evens letters in the Republic.

Last night I went up stairs to sleep for the first time with Bertie. We have your little stove in the room you and I had while you were here and Mary sleeps with me. Han sleeps alone in her room and if I want her she comes over in the night. He cried all night and I did not know what was the matter till Mother was dressing the next morning. His little breasts were swollen up like hickory nuts and so sore he would not let us touch it. Poor kittle fellow. He had to suffer and could not tell us. I sent for Mother R. She is my Coctor. She said if we were not careful they would be ---- and we would have an awful time but she said it was a common thing for babies to have them sore and gather milk so they would have to be milked. Is it not strange! His hair has been turning lighter every week till it is now a light brown. He grows fast.

Mary's sister Maggie has another girl. Is disappointed that it is not a boy. Everybody I know has been to see our boy but the Marenie girl, even Mary Gallagher was here. Mary and Emma went with John Blake the other Sabbath to Selba in a carriage instead of going to church and before they got there they broke the carriage and John pushed it along while Mary led the horse and Emma road. Ha!Ha!Ha! Worse then our sleigh ride. They are all the time falling out and making up again. He teaches singing school in Selba.

That boil on my breast is about well now. Our baby has a dimple in his chin and has a double chin too. Mrs. Cates invited Mother, Father and I to dinner on New Year's Day. If Bertie is well enough I will go. Father will get a carriage.

Today was the first I went out in the yard so I will be better able to go to Mrs Cates. She is so kind to us. Never slights us. O how good and funny it will be to go away from home again. I wish you could go to.

Tuesday evening Dec 31st

I have just received another of your dear good letters giving a discription of your Christmas. O I was so glad you had such a nice time. Yes you enjoyed yourself a great deal better there than you would have done here for it was so dull all over town, there was nothing going on only the Rover's had a fair but no one hardly goes. I spent Christmas talking to Bertie about his Papa but poor little fellow he did not know what I was talking about.

It was a most beautiful day. I could hardly stay in the house but I did not dare go out for fear of taking cold but I feel as well as I ever did and Bertie is so good now. He sleeps so much. He knows me from the rest already. John Sykes called on me last night and hald Bertie a long time and kissed him too. He thinks it is such a large child to be so young. This morning I went over to call on Mrs. McC and Gertie, the first time I have been out of the yard. Gertie let me read your letter and said she believed you were ashamed of your boy for you did not say anything about him in your letter. She wants to be so good and kind to me now. Cannot do enough to make it pleasant for me. I am going to take Bertie over there soon to let all see him. Father gave Han a present of a beautiful new silk dress blue like Sallie's weding dress. O, did you get Mollie's letter I sent you? Every letter I get Mary says did Charlie answer my letter this time. She thinks you ought to. She is so pleased when so many tell her the baby looks like her. She loves to hold him.

Wednesday Morning Jan 1st

A Happy New Year my love! This is a beautiful morning. We will go to Mrs Cates. Last night at twelve o'clock the band serinated the town. It was so pretty. I thought of you and did not sleep for two hours just for thinking. I do wish I

could hear you play. I am glad you improve so fast. The next time you play, play for me and tell me what it was . But I must go.

Evening.

O Charlie dear, we had the nicest time ever was and the best turkey dinner I ever eat. Mrs. Cates said to tell you she was sorry you could not be with us. Her house was just full of ladies and gentlemen. There was a girl there with Mary Turnbull from Clifton who looks just like Anna Wonderly. She took a terrible liking to our boy and said it was the only strange child she ever did take such a fancy too. Everybody made a great fuss over him. I had him dressed so pretty. He has such bright eyes and looks at every body as though he knew them They talk of Kate Winger's baby all over town.

There is the greatest talk all over town about Emma Cook and Mr. Abington. They are so intimate while her husband is gone. O it is awful the way they act together. Who would think that of Emma. He is a bad man. Earl wrote Han all about that girl he took such a liking for. and said he had got himself into a snap and wanted to know what he should do. Pshaw! Han and him were at a large party at Laura Smith's last night. O you don't know how the Springfield ladies do dress this winter, the gay colors and feathers are seen on everybody rich and poor as though it was not hard times as war times and all goods are going up at a terrible rate. Callicos like I ---- six cents before are fiftenn cents and they say by spring they will be twenty-five cents a yard. Just think and yet everybody can buy the richest things as at least they do. I got me a new hoop skirt to go to Mrs. Cates as my old one was all broken and wore my black silk dress. Tell Andy that Author Forbes and Anna Huntington are married. Mrs F. Turner was married to a Cincinnati gent. Arn will soon be with you I think. I wish I could send you something but I have nothing to send as our fruit is all in glass cans but those peaches and tomatoes I sent you some of them.

My love to Will and Hez and a kiss from your boy. I remain your ever loving wife,

Kate (Ramsay)

The family send much love to you. Father was very much pleased and surprised that you though of send home \$50. At first Mary gets \$1 a week. I cannot get a cent. Why is it? We have tried twice.