

Worcester Aug 13, 1860

Dear Mother

Having received  
your letter & one from George the  
same day, which was the 11<sup>th</sup>, I  
will answer it, so you may know  
how & where he is, he wrote the  
4<sup>th</sup> the same day, he got to Newbern  
he says they had a pleasant voyag<sup>e</sup>  
they started from N.Y. the 31<sup>st</sup> of July &  
got there the 4<sup>th</sup> he was very sea sick  
untill the last day, they had pretty  
hard fair on their passage, when  
they got to Cape Hatteras, they  
brought them on board a lot of  
magerly crackers, which was all  
they had to eat for one day & night  
but when they got into camp they  
had a good breakfast, he was in  
a rebel tent, one captured when  
the place was taken, he was well

then but verry tired, I answered  
his letter ~~last~~ that night, & it takes  
a week to get a letter either way,  
he has not joined any company yet  
or had not when he wrote, probably  
has before this, he is at camp  
Oliver a few miles out of the  
city, but his letters are directed  
(at Newburn N.C. 25 class. V. 10)  
we are as usual I was most sick  
last week & am not well now, nor  
cannot be as long as I worry so much  
about him, you wanted to know  
about the bounty, George enlisted  
as a Leicester Soldier & then he drew  
\$1,00 dollars, from that town & I shall  
draw 12, dollars a month, but it takes  
a ~~good~~ great deal to live here, & use  
all the economy possible. I have one  
boarder now but it does not pay  
the way, I want to know if  
Father is away to work you spoke  
of his being gone, & where are

I Willie & Sammy, give my  
love to them & tell them not to  
forget George, but write often  
but I must close. I was sorry  
you did not think you could come  
up & see me, you was verry kind  
to offer to keep one of the girls  
a while but you have your hands  
full now, they would be verry  
glad to come either of them, they  
have not got home from Leicester  
yet, give my love to Father &  
all the rest and receive a large  
share your self, but it is late &  
so good bye, write often for  
I am so lone some, from your  
daughter

Almira A. Gould,