



MAJ. GEN'L JOHN C. FREMONT

Jan 11 1847

Dear Sir  
It is with  
a broken heart  
that I write  
to you to bid

you no that we are well  
at this time and I doo hope  
these lines may find you in  
joying the same blessing my we  
lly little dear I want  
you to take care of your self  
and not trouble you<sup>self</sup> about  
me for I dont no wheather  
ever I will get to come  
home ~~any~~ we are expection  
marching <sup>more</sup> orders every minute  
The Council has gone to Columbi  
bus to day herwill be back  
to day

~~Dear~~

Dear I wish that I should  
be with you and my little  
child been again I would be  
the happiest mortal ~~man~~ on  
earth I hope that some day that  
wee shall have the pleasure of  
living to gether again, all tho  
I am dead I hope to live I have receiv  
ed a bigger wound from here than  
I ever can get in the army I  
would rather had five mus  
ket balls shot thro my  
heart than had that one  
from home tell my daugh  
ter that she has one that  
loves her most dear and  
when she loses that love she  
never will find such love  
again I studd all day and  
by all night my heart is  
broke I can not eat



Broline if you have any  
respect for your brother or  
you uncle that has left  
there sweet home and mother  
and brother and gone out to  
help save howe counting  
from being over come by  
the rebels they both love you  
more than that scoundrell  
say he is nothing better than  
a negation ist and abouard and  
if you have respect for them  
I cant help it for I never  
well that you have more  
for me but I have say  
me thing to say to you  
and that is you shall  
never have my consent  
to have him and mother  
will never give her  
Ims

Said that we was  
well ink is gubb he  
went this morning  
when you get this let  
ter you will say w  
hat made him write  
this with a pen bit  
lent my pen so w  
hen you get this letter  
think none of me  
no you that I am yet  
alive I remain <sup>your</sup> ever  
love ever friend  
The night that we set  
on the ~~night~~ way  
loose seat Isaac H  
darling dont Gollis  
take no  
pride in  
that ~~ca~~ Elizabeth Gollis



January 17

Dear lil It is with a broken hart that i rite to you to let you no that we are well at this time and i doo hope these lines may find you injoying the same blesing my weelly little deer i want you to take care of your self and not trouble your self about me for I dont no wheather ever I will get to come home any we are expecting marching more ordrs everyminut the Cornel has gon to Columbus to day he will be back to day

Dier I wish that I could be with you and my little children again I would bee the happyeztmortle on earth i hope that some day that wee shal hav the pleasure of living to geather again, all tho I am ded I hope to live I hav received a bigger wound from home than I ever can get in the army I would rather had fiv musket balls shot threw my hart than had that one from home tell my daughter that she has one that loves hur most deer andwhen she looses that love she never will find such love again I stude all day and cry all night my hart is broke I cannot eat

Caroline if you have any respect for your brother or you uncle that has left thare sweet homes and mother and brothers and gon out to help save hour country from being over come by the rebles they both love you more than that scoundrell dus he is nothing better than asesationist and a coward and if you have no respect for them I cant help it for i no very well that you have none for me but i have one thing to say to you and that is you shall never have my concent to hav him and mother will never give hum I no

Said that we was well ink is sic he went this morning when you get this letter you will say what made him rite this with a pencil I sent my pen so when you get this letter think no more of mee no you that I am yet alive I remain your sincer lover ever since the night that we set on the loom seat darling dont take no pride in that

Isaac K. Follis

Elizabeth Follis