

me a letter?" I told him certainly, supposing of course that he wished to dictate to me. But no such thing. He gave me the direction, & went off.

I wrote the entire letter, from "Dear Mary," to the end, & then called him in & read it over, signed his name to it, (with p.p. Ad.) & sent it off.

I don't know whether he has heard from his fair friend yet or not.

I received your letter yesterday, fish hooks & all. A letter from home is a real treat always, no matter if it comes seven times per week. I shall write to father this afternoon, & I think I shall be able to let him know what the Achilles has been doing, where she has been, & what she has seen. I think

I have got along this week with about as little wardrobe as ever man had. I am wearing my grey flannel shirt, & black suit, and

Washington D. C.

April 27th 1862

My Dear Mother

Still in D. C.

I am going to write to you before breakfast this morning, if I have but time, but not knowing what the hour is, the result alone can prove whether I am able to or not. I hope to put a different date to my letter this afternoon. I expect the Achilles up today, & am going down to Alexandria after breakfast, to see if she has yet arrived. I saw the Captain of the "Saturn" yesterday, he is just from Yorktown, & tells me that the Achilles was lying there, but was under orders to come up. He thinks she will be here tonight. I hope she will be, for I am tired of this life on shore. I want to be where I can see something. I have lost

my appetite since I left the boat. I really don't enjoy my meals here, half as well as I did the salt beef & sea biscuit of the Achilles; although of course the table is so much better, as to leave no comparison.

It is well enough to come up here once every ten days or so, for my letters, & to change, but I don't think I should like to live in Washington.

There isn't much to tell you today, seeing that I wrote on Wednesday.

I have been down to Alexandria every day, but didn't yesterday without hearing news of the boat. I went over the Smithsonian Institute on Thursday, the public conservatories on Friday, & went up to the Capitol yesterday.

I saw Cousin Callie Kassen the other day - she is quite well & sends love to you & Grandmother. Emma Kassen is sick, so Callie is kept in the house a good deal. I called on cousin Lucy

Leaves the same day. She is going on to N. Y. about the 1st May, so I presume you will see her in Brooklyn. Aunt Kate thinks of going North this summer with Harry, - you must ask her to stay with us while she is in N. Y. I don't much think she will start before the 1st June however. Aunt Lotie has been quite unwell this week with a bad cold - headache etc, - she is very much better however, & now that this last spell of Easterly weather seems over, I don't doubt but that she will be well in a day or two.

Did I ever tell you how I sometimes act as "private secretary" when on board the boat - or rather as "confidential letter writer"? I remember the first time.

I was sitting at my desk writing up the log, when one of the deck hands came in - "Mr. Stimpson will you please write

the only extra articles I brought from the boat, were five paper collars, & a comb. I'm not troubled with much baggage! I wanted a handkerchief the other day so I went into a store & bought one, but I haven't needed anything else. My white shirts have given out, (i.e. they are no longer white!) - I can wash handkerchiefs & stockings very well, but when it comes to doing up shirts, with starch, etc., I must give in. I haven't got as far as that yet. Luckily we don't need them at all, for flannel takes their place entirely. Before I return you may get me a new comb & brush, & wake up your mind that I shall need an entire new outfit, for such a place to wear out clothes never was.

I presume I shall hear from

Lottie at Lowell, - has Lyair take
up her case with us yet? Give
them both my love, if still in N.Y.

Have you seen anything of
Mr Lambert this season? I
don't know whether he has started
in business again, or given it up
altogether. I suppose the Barners
have all moved out to Irvington.

Give my love to Aunt Esther,
& now I must close for there
goes the breakfast bell - just
in time.

Your loving son
Appleton