

May 31 <sup>st</sup> 1862	Killed at the Battle of Seven Pines Va
Sept 21 <sup>st</sup> 1864	so ... Fort Harrison Va
Oct 3 <sup>rd</sup>	died of wound. recd at Fort Harrison
May 30 <sup>th</sup> 1862	Killed at Seven Pines Va
Oct 12 <sup>th</sup> 1864	died of wound recd at Fort Harrison Va
Aug - 61	died of disease at German town Va
June 28 <sup>th</sup> 1862	killed at Fraser Farm Va
May 23 <sup>rd</sup> 1864	" " Spotsylvania C. H. Va
May 30 <sup>th</sup> 1862	Killed at Seven Pines Va
June 6 <sup>th</sup> 1864	" in trenches at Petersburg Va
Oct 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1864	died of wound recd Fort Harrison
1862	" of disease at Culpepper C. H. Va
July 1862	Killed at Bat Seven Pines recd of wounds <del>died on retreat from ... after the Bat Williamsburg</del>
May 2 <sup>nd</sup> 1862	died on retreat from Yorktown after the Bat Williamsburg
61	" of disease at Warrenton Springs Va
Oct 11 <sup>th</sup> 1864	" of wounds recd at Ft Harrison
June 28 <sup>th</sup> 1862	Killed at Fraser Farm
1864	died of disease at Centerville Va
44	Killed at Ft Harrison
1864	died of wounds recd at trenches at Petersburg
1862	" " " Ft Harrison
1864	" disease at C. H. Petersburg Va
1864	" " " Camp Otter Va
1864	Killed at Sharpsburg Md
1864	" " Centerville Va
1864	" " " " " Va

Copied by: *Michael Brown*  
 100 FARM  
 Union R. 25319 1/2/99

*Second person  
 full name dead  
 company 6  
 service 1862-64  
 grave*

J. B. Elliott	Fairfield	Private	G.	6 <sup>th</sup>	S. C. I.
W. A. Ellison	"	"	"	"	"
A. C. Fraser	"	"	"	"	"
James <sup>A</sup> Finch	"	"	"	"	"
James Fife	"	"	"	"	"
R. J. Gidney	"	"	"	"	"
S. W. Keolis	"	"	"	"	"
Geo. Samison	"	"	"	"	"
J. R. Kennedy	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Micker	"	"	"	"	"
J. K. Matthews	"	"	"	"	"
Levin Miller	"	"	"	"	"
J. C. Miller	"	"	"	"	"
Wyatt Melton	"	"	"	"	"
Henry McGraw	"	"	"	"	"
Jack McCright	"	"	"	"	"
J. W. McStowell	"	"	"	"	"
Calvin Nelson	"	"	"	"	"
Porter Powell	"	"	"	"	"
John Richardson	"	"	"	"	"
J. D. Robertson	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Stevenson	"	"	"	"	"
J. M. Shaw	"	"	"	"	"
Levin Sims	"	"	"	"	"
Robert Tinkler	"	"	"	"	"
J. A. Van	"	"	"	"	"
Robert Van	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"
Wm. Vane	"	"	"	"	"

Dear, look up and let thy ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> strike on mine  
 Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;  
 Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;  
 In that fine air I tremble, all the past  
~~With the mist-like into this bright hour, and this~~  
 Is more to more, and all the wish to come  
 Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels  
 Attendant the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,  
 I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,  
 My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,  
 Goaded in all exercise of noble ends  
 And so through those dark gates across the wild  
 That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,  
 Yield thyself up: my hopes as thine are one.  
 Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself,  
 Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

I want you to keep this as long as you live, or until I  
 can see you again you say I must write but I will have  
 to wait until I can conquer my love or at least get the  
 better of it for I want to see you happy whether I am or not.  
~~and I do not~~ want to approach the subject any more until that  
 man find some other wife which will be my <sup>daily</sup> prayer

Good bye my darling  
 Your until death

~~It is true that I am not a man of great  
 carnal love, but I am a man of great  
 that you cannot do without me, and I am  
 for the rest of my life.~~

Written by George Douglas Hill to Susan M. Hill  
 Reprinted by Michael Ochs Inc. 1974

Dear Madam

I will have to tell you something  
 only know what it will be. I have written <sup>with your head leaning on my</sup> ~~to you~~ <sup>should</sup> ~~you~~  
 but I would a long way rather read it to you. I hope you will  
 never be married to that man. Your presence does not seem  
 that you must marry him but if you ever marry  
~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~ordered~~ <sup>ordered</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup> I cannot  
 stand it if you do. I can live away from you but never as another  
 wife. I have read all the poetry you mark. The one line  
 Adieu, Adieu, forever more cannot be for God will not part  
 two loving hearts only for a short time. It is impossible for  
 me to write for am nearly distracted. I will never  
 marry. you are my first and last love that I ever  
 expect to <sup>have</sup> on this earth. I cannot write any more at  
 present good bye until we meet again my darling

Your till death

George

If you had the least idea how my heart long for you you  
~~would not~~ <sup>mind</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>but coming to me</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~providing~~ <sup>first</sup> ~~nothing~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>would</sup> ~~spend <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>reading</sup>  
 the verses that you mark, ~~the line~~ <sup>and reading the morning service and in evening prayer</sup> ~~Adieu, Adieu, forever more~~  
 but my mind and heart were with you. I could not sleep  
 that night for thinking of what I had lost my wife, my life  
 my all gone. Adieu, Adieu, for <sup>God will not separate two</sup> ~~God~~ <sup>loving hearts</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~part~~ <sup>two</sup> ~~loving~~ <sup>hearts</sup> ~~hearts~~  
 that promise God will forgive you. I cannot live in peace  
 until you are mine. I would not let that promise stand  
~~between~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>fraternal</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>die</sup>  
 happen. God will forgive you so come to the one that love you dear  
 than his own life come to me darling or I can never be happy  
 had to have my love the morning you left from on 4th Feb. or I would never  
 had to have you but I had a good time afterward. please come to me  
 and I will be still but don't do it. I can be~~

Letter by  
 Michael Fisher  
 to Harold J.  
 Illinois 1979

I had some days of  
 little work in the  
 day last, to go  
 my work in the  
 afternoon

Yours truly  
 Michael Fisher

Dear Helen  
 I have written you  
 last letter to mention that I had  
 written to you in some time. I  
 had it occurred to me from a  
 to spend a short time in  
 with my wandering legs  
 of the many days that I have  
 during the last few weeks, I  
 had so few chances in looking  
 with my fingers that I have  
 time to spend in the new  
 relations of life. I suppose you  
 have heard before that I have  
 some experience left. I am  
 older than I was in the 1970s  
 of some very decisions in us all,