

Transcript of Letter from Frank L. Lemont to J.S. Lemont, December 9, 1862

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Camp of the 5th Maine Regt.  
Bell Plains Va.  
Dec. 9th, 1862.

Dear Mother;

Some little time has elapsed since I last wrote you, and as I do not intend that long intervals shall occur between my letters I thought I would improve this opportunity, the first that I have had for a No of days. I have lately rec.d two letters from Achsah, one of which I have answered. She is very kind to write so often. You have by this time I suppose become pretty well settled in your new house. I hear that you are very lonely. everything reminding you so much of Father. How glad I should be if I could offer some cheering word to comfort you in your bereavement. But we are separated and cannot help each other bear our heart sorrows so well. I think of you always and am striving ever to discharge my duties faithfully for your sake.

I hear that you are getting along well. Oh! I hope it is true. I cannot tell you how great is my anxiety for you. I cannot satisfy myself that I am doing right in staying in the army. Does my duty demand that I stay here? Or ought I to come home? If I knew just what my duty was I would try and be content to do it. It seems that you are satisfied with the course I have taken. I am very glad you are, for I want always to do that which shall meet with your approval.

I cannot say that I am any less content in this mode of life than I ever have been, but I feel differently now that you have no one to look out for things at home but you, and I realize that you are not able to have so much care, anxiety and labor thrown upon you. I want to aid you and help make your task lighter .

I have now been away over two months. During the time I have prospered well, and have not been sick a day but I have passed many hours of anxiety, not only on your account but my own. I have thought how slowly I am getting along in the world. At times I am impatient and writhe in my chains. What I shall do in the world & how I shall succeed in doing it are questions that rack my brain. Oh! I want your counsel and sympathy to calm my troubled spirit when it is tossed and torn in contact with the world. I am becoming tired of these long, weary days spent so idly and carelessly. No privileges for improvement. I find nothing congenial here. And I only await the coming of that short sentence (come home) to be with you. Think not by this that I am discouraged or heart sick for I am not, and I shall stay here probably till you want me.

Pardon me for beginning. this letter wrong side up. It was a mistake.

I dont know but you will think that I have neglected you in that I have sent you no money. But no Paymaster has as yet made his appearance though he has been expected a long time. I dont know now when he will come. I wish

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it might have been different but I could not control circumstances that have kept him back. I hear that Uncle Hen~ has moved to No. Turner. I was surprised to hear it. I cant think what occasioned it. I hope you will visit each other now. Give my love to them & ask them to write to me.

I am well as usual. Write often. Remember me to al l and accept much love from,

Your Son

Frank

Mrs. Jane S. Lemont.