

David's Island

September 14th, 1862

Dear Sisters,

Yesterday I received a copy of the Ogdensburgh Republican of Aug 26 and on the margin you folks were kind enough to inform me that you had sent me a Budget, but of what kind or quality you said nothing. Neither do I know whether you sent it lately or 3 weeks ago from the date of the paper, but I do know I have received no Budget.

I am still employed as Commissary of the Kitchen and as everything in shape of eatables passes through my hands you may reasonably conclude that I can live on the fat of the land if I chose, but the Everlasting Bread and Milk (of which I get all I want now) is my principal article of diet. As for fruits I can at any moment have pears, peaches, apples and etc., as many as I like and I am living far better than at home!!! It seems almost like a dream the change from the starvation of Virginia, to the plenty that has surrounded me on this Island, and as I enter the Bakery to draw our bread (of which we use about 33 loaves per day) and see the hundreds of loaves of nice, fresh, sweet, bread, that I now wheel and cart round like so many bricks, I often think of the day when I was paying 21 for a loaf about the size of my fist, up in the "Old Dominion". Yesterday we got a bell for the Island and it is ringing for Church. After service (which is held at 4 PM) I must go to the Kitchen to help get our supper and as we have to toast and butter 16 loaves of bread or about 250 slices, and only one hour to do it in I shall have no more time to write. So I bid you good day.

Psalm 34th 1st-10th

Yours,

John