



Barrington Station,
Sept. 18th 1862.

Dear Sister Mercy,

I have been
trying for a long time to write
to you, but some how could
not accomplish it, but hope
to do so now.

Mr. Kellogg is
much better than he was last
winter, but is still far from
being well. We now expect

from you before ~~you go~~, I will
ask, we have ~~not~~ ^{not} been asked any
we shall start for ^{the} Michigan in about

to go to Michigan to spend
the winter. I have delayed
writing two or three weeks
waiting for Mr Kellogg to
determine what he should do.

Last week he went to Chicago
came home last night, &
said he should go to Michi-
gan. It is a wilderness
place on the eastern shore
of ~~lake~~ lake Michigan,
about 60 or 70 miles north
of Grand Haven.

I recd a letter from Horace
night before last saying that
he had enlisted, & was on his
way to Dixie. He has made
a great sacrifice to go, &
when I think of how many
are trying to sneak out of

These this summer, some to all, several boys,

Of we dont get disappointed we
 write again when we get letter
 these weeks, I would like to hear from
 you

the draft I cant help being
 proud of him. I intend to
 have a few words with some
 men in this town when
 I get an oportunity there has
 been a great deal of trying to
 get rid of the draft here.

I wrote to Martin several
 weeks ago, but have recd no
 answer, where is he?

Where is Mary? She has not
 answered my letter, & you
 did not tell me anything
 about her. Is your Grand
 Mother Perkins yet living?

Tell Marcus that I would
 like very much to hear from him
 also that I would very much
 like his picture to put with
 Martins, & I should like to

Dr. Kelloggs respects to all.

I heard some time ago that
 Mother was dead do you know
 any thing about it?

to have a picture of all my
 Brothers & Sisters & friends.

I wish Uncle Wm. would send
 me Millie's picture. If you see
 Augusta, I wish you would
 tell her that I wish she would
 spend a few minutes time to
 write to me & tell me about her-
 self & family, & who has gone to
 the war from there that I
 know, I have never heard of any
 one that has went from Fulton
 except Uncle Wm. & Peter's boys,

What are you doing this summer?
 Who used to own the place that
 Mother has got? & how has your
 farming been this year? Some
 people about here have made a
 pile of money this year a raising
 onions. I have got to the end of my
 sheet & I'll stop, From your affectionate
 Sister
 Helen & Kellogg