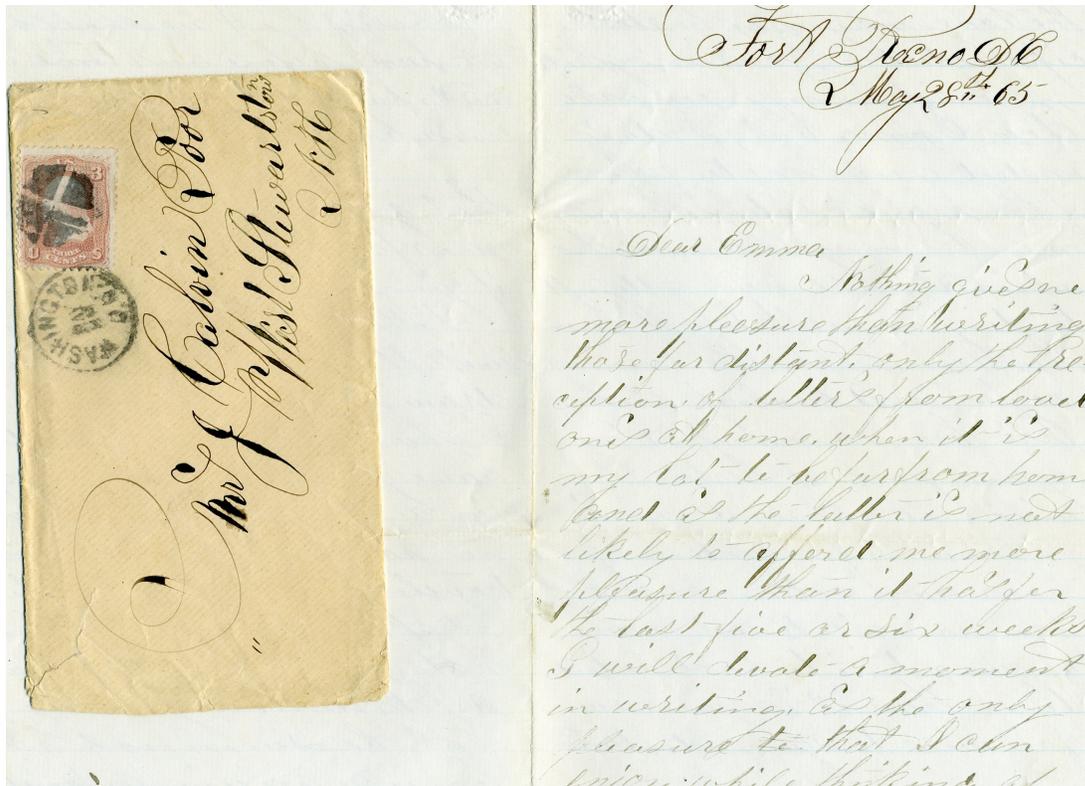


FROM: John Calvin Poore | Fort Reno DC | 28 May 1865
TO: Emma Poore | Mrs J Calvin Poor



Dear Emma

Nothing gives me more pleasure than writing those far distant, only the reception of letters from loved ones at home, when it is my lot to be far from home and as the letter is not likely to afford me more pleasure than it has for the last five or six weeks I will devote a moment in writing as the only pleasure that I can enjoy while thinking of loved ones at home although the love may not be reciprocated – your may think me harsh in my remarks dear Emma but it does indeed grieve me to think of the neglect lately shown me – I may be unworthy which I will not attempt to deny, nevertheless I can but feel deeply, the seeming neglect and coolness that has been so manifest on your part of late – I will not upbraid you as you have the free control of your own actions and I have no right to ask more of your time to be devoted to me than it is your own free will to squander thus

I am fully in the belief that we shall be at home before our time is out, but how soon I am unable to tell

It is my wish that you go and visit your friends at Plymouth if you feel so disposed Father will furnish you with the funds or you may draw it from the Town I should be pleased to have you enjoy yourself for a season as you have not had the facilities for traveling that has been the lot of many. And I think that you will never have a better time, as you may not be so much at leisure again for some time

I was last week down to witness the review of the Grand Old Army of Uncle Sam It was magnificent beyond description I would I could give you some idea of the appearance of the war worn veterans as they passed in review before the vast assemblage that had meet to witness the Grand Procession

FROM: John Calvin Poore | Fort Reno DC | 28 May 1865
TO: Emma Poore | Mrs J Calvin Poor

The many hearty cheers that rent as the battle scared and time worn soldiers passed up the principal Avenue of the City And then too the torn and tattered colors that had been riddled by many a ball and shell, all torn in shreds, and some forsook with nothing but the bare staff brought fourth shouts from the remotest depths of the heart I can give you no idea of it and will not attempt in my feeble manner

I guess that you will hear all that is going on here and I will not write it

I would I could see you this evening dear Emma, how much more I should enjoy it than in a feeble attempt to interest you by writing, which by the way can not be very edifying to you

How much I would enjoy a ride this pleasant evening I have not had a ride since I left home only in cars Strawberries are ripe and nice here now I wish I could send you a box Cherries are ripe also and very fine I think by the time you decipher this you will be satisfied for once

Please remember me to all

Yours As Ever Calvin