

On board steamer Boston, Monday }
 Night, Dec. 20/58, 8 o'clock }

My Dearest Mary:

I am now near Portsmouth, on my way to
Mayville. The fog is very heavy, and our progress is slow.
 I shall probably spend part of to-morrow at Mayville, &
 part at Augusta — reaching home on Thursday morning, unless
 something occurs to detain me longer.

I presumed that Col. Finell called, according
 to promise, this afternoon, to tell you of my whereabouts &
 health. I ~~pleas~~ spent a pleasant Sabbath on yesterday,
 at Gallipolis — leaving there at 9 last night, & reaching
 Greensburg at 3 o'clock, this morning. ++ in

I have had, all told, a pleasant trip. I
 hope yet to make it profitable.

The boat shakes so that it is difficult to
 write at all — & as I have other writing to do, I will
 bid you an affectionate good-bye. Kiss our little
 ones for me, & remember in your prayers,

Your absent husband,
 Rich. W. Collins.