

# American Fire Arms Company,

FACTORY, 33rd Street, (between 2nd and 3rd Aves.) N. Y.

A. F. WILLMARTH, Pres't.  
Hon. C. C. CHAFFEE, Sec'y.  
R. R. WALKER, Stock Compt.  
CHAS. F. LIVERMORE, Treas.  
JOHN K. MILLNER, Supt.

Office, Trinity Building, Room 73.

New York, Jan 12<sup>th</sup>

1865-

My dear friend -

I write today to inform you that I am once more a free man. You will see by this letter how implicit my confidence in you is: I wrote to you several days ago enclosing my Photo (I am very ugly anyway, but that is a little bit "higher") which I do most earnestly beg that you will never show to any one while I am in the lines; as you know it would be ruinous to me. It is very probable that I may pass through your immediate neighborhood; and my progress will be necessarily slow as I am suffering very much from a wound I received months ago. It is still running and sometimes causes me intense pain.

I am here the greatest Yankee of them all and see more clearly than any of them sees the defeat of the rebel armies and the final overthrow of the Confederacy (?). Doesn't this sound like mockery? I hope yet to send many a bullet at their hated forms yet. This is the third time I have broken loose from them; and the best thing of all is, they thought naively ironed as I was and in 3 walls I was perfectly secure. I see they now announce the arrival of "the notorious Lieut Saml. Lewis" in "Canada"; from whence they say he intends to sail for Europe. They will find out the fallacy of that I hope. I do wish that Smith & Wells could get out; they were in prison with me two years ago. I see no chance of Exchange. I have just returned this morning from a trip to the "land of wooden nutmegs" - Pontiac Boston. They