Wilmington Del Dec 18th 1862
Dear Brother
We received your letter of the eleventh today. It
had been missent. I expect you are very anxious
after an answer, but
your letter has
been a week on the way. Mother went to Mr.
Alfred Walton] and got the best medicine
he had for frosted toes. We will put it in the office
at the time we do this letter. We sent to you a letter
on last Friday with stamps in. And on last Tuesday
some letter paper and envelopes. Mother says to
let us know whenever you need anything and if it
is within our power we will send it to you. Mother
heard today that a committee had gone to
Washington to see the President about the
Pennsylvania, sick and wounded soldiers,
Something about getting them nearer home. The
other week we had a letter from Brick asking for
directions to you. Cousin Ellis was thinking about
going to see you, but I don't know
wether he will get up or not. Mother wants you to be sure and tell us wether you are in frame or canvass tents and whether you have any fire or not. Hyett's school house and dwelling are turned into a hospital, and there are several wounded soldiers in it. and they expect more next week. Anna [Anna R. Fulton] intends writing you another letter to see wether you will get it or not. She was so unlucky with the others. I will send you a paper in a few days. Do you have the same nurses all the time and are they men or women? Please write soon. Mother and Anna [Anna R. Fulton] join me in love to you. Yours affectionately
Sarah. C. Fulton.
George Washington
An Acrostic
Goodness and greatness were in him combined;
Envy and malice leagued could never find
One ear to listen to a sland'rous tone
Respecting him; for "all hearts were his own."
Grasping his trusty blade with valor's might,
E'er ready to maintain a heaven-born right.

Wise was his counsel, prudent in its tone,
Against the tyrant king on England's throne.
Standing beneath our flag, to do and dare;
Hope in his heart, born of the courage there,
In God his trust, to Him he did appeal—
Nor other king than Heavens had seen him kneel—

God heard his prayer, and stretched his mighty hand
That he might triumph with his patriot band;
On God relying, freedoms land he won—
No tyrant rubs where sleeps our Washington.
End Sallie.
Mr. Edward A. Fulton
General Hospital, Ward 6
Smithtown, Maryland