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Camp 74<sup>th</sup> U.S. Infy.  
near Hokesville Va.  
March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864

My dear Sarah

I wrote you  
a letter last evening and  
sent it by today's mail,  
but feeling very lonely  
as I do this evening, I  
know of no way to spend  
the time so agreeably as  
writing, and therefore omit  
the action accordingly.

It has been a very dis-  
agreeable <sup>day</sup> in camp.

This morning it was  
very cold & windy. So cold  
that the men were ordered  
in from work. to make  
preparations for the night.

This afternoon about  
three o'clock it commenced  
snowing, and now we have  
what might be justly called  
a young winter.

It has been much colder  
here during the day than  
any weather I saw in N.H.  
or at least I feel it more  
sensibly. Perhaps however  
if I had the same Company  
here, as there, it might  
seem very different.

We will be obliged (not  
from pleasure) to set-off  
a goodly portion of the  
night to keep fire.

As for myself I have  
procured two large logs,  
one of them is already on  
the fire, and the other I  
shall put there before  
I retire for the night.

so I think I can make  
myself comfortable.

I assure you my dear  
Sara, I trip than mice  
soft feather beds, and nice  
dresses in weather like this,  
but in warm weather I  
don't mind it so much,  
but rather like to have  
the good breeze come  
through the tent, if not  
too strong.

I think my smoking Cap  
will do me a good service  
and I am under many  
obligations to you for it.

I am also under great  
obligations to you for the  
Hafjinnep, I enjoyed when  
at Hildesmyr. You did  
every thing that could be  
done to make my stay  
pleasant and agreeable.

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And although much longer  
then I had anticipated I  
felt the morning I left  
you as though I would  
like a longer extension.

Yes my dear Girl. I never  
left home, feeling so sad  
before in my life. And as  
I rode away I could not  
help asking myself. Is this  
the last time, I am going  
to look upon these I love  
as well as life itself?

Am I leaving this dear old  
Home, never more to return?

These and a thousand other  
questions rushed upon my  
mind, until I was obliged  
to exert myself, in order  
to conceal my feelings.

I wished, that I might  
be left alone in some spot  
where to find relief.

1  
Get my darling Girl, I  
cannot but think there  
are happy days in store  
for us. And am willing  
to "trust in him who doeth  
all things well"

I received your letter  
of the 14<sup>th</sup>. Yesterday, and  
also one from home today.  
Was very happily surprised  
because I did not expect  
to hear from you so soon.

Found several letters  
waiting my return, one of  
them from Mrs. Bacon,  
one from Mr Lawrence,  
and last though not least,  
one from yourself, besides  
numerous others on business  
which I don't count.  
I mean the business letters

It is now about ten o'clock  
and you can imagine me  
seated before a Campfire  
fire, and the snow having  
just howling around my  
tent in perfect madcaps  
as it were, and it is not  
free from wine inside so  
can assure you.

I have not got my  
quarters arranged yet  
but I mean to show  
them Campfire before  
many days pass.

My box of provisions holds  
out yet. I have an Apple  
in my hand with a piece  
in the other and am doing  
double duty.

Our tents to satisfy the  
Appetite, while the others are  
to satisfy the mind, there  
being no other means.

Sent Day, went down  
during my absence and  
reported that I had gone  
down to be married.

I met several friends  
in Washington, who laughingly  
asked if I was a married  
man, and I told them my  
but thought I should not  
permitted I should not  
Always give the same  
answer.

Remember me to all, and to  
Eve, bidding you good night  
and pleasant dreams.

Devotely, Yours  
James.