Camp 17th U.S. Infantry
near Rokeville Co.
March 21st 1864.

Dear Sarah,

I left Washington on Tuesday morning at 9 ½ and arrived at Catlett's Lt., about 2 O'clock. There I got a horse and rode 15 miles to the Camp of the 17th Infantry, where I found everything very much as I anticipated before I left home.

Think if every thing was a God forsaken place, this must be the one, being right in the wilderness as we are and no troops (except patrols) stationed within four miles of us...
Think if I was ever inclined to be homesick I have reason to be now.

Think dear Sarah, it was created not kindly at home, which adds much perhaps to the gloominess of the place.

Had you given me a blanket, and made me sleep upon the floor, I would not have felt the change so severely, but shall soon get accustomed to the left side of a firm board. Although it seemed as if it had grown harder during my absence.

The first night in camp I caught a severe cold which has given me a slight touch of the Rhinomania but it will not last long.
I am inclined to think she got the blues (Don't think it is anything more) and I think they were brought on by going home, for I can hardly keep from thinking now pleasantly time passed and in comparing it with camp life in a gloomy place like this it's no wonder that I have the blues.

I have your picture open before me and will you any dear Sarah although it cannot look yet I take great pleasure in looking at it. It is a comfort to know that I have at least one friend outside of family connection who is true and reliable.
One to whom I can entrust my heart's fondest wishes and feel that they be safe as with myself.

Yes, dear Sarah, I have no reason to regret coming home, except it be that I seemingly lost about two weeks of my life, which I shall cherish to your account, for it does not seem as if I was at home more than a week whereas it was three and three weeks of enjoyment peeled off so quickly that it seems quite as much like a dream as it does like a reality.

I have often asked myself the question, and now I ask you. Cannot we be as happy through life?
Now I will tell you what we are doing in Camp.

The whole Regiment was turned out today to police and arrange the Camp.

We have been burning fire and building an Adair all around the Camp for our protection.

Also cutting away the brush & trying to make it look a little more cheerful. I think we have made quite an improvement in one day.

But—we have only begun what will result in a very satisfactory manner of no unforeseen event take place. It will probably be a week before the Camp will be completed, as we want to see it.
We are all looking forward anxiously to see how this Army of the Palmae is to be reorganized, and to learn what is to be done with the 17th. Probably we shall know by the 1st of May, Remember one thing to all your friends and write soon

Affectionately

Your Delia

Sam.