

Headquarters Genl - Court M...
Aug. 15th 1868.

My Dear Wife: I wrote you a short letter from this place a few nights since, and as I am here all the time - even when asleep - I have come to regard it as a sort of home for a week now. I have been here trying and persecuting persons, officers and enlisted men, of various regiments, for all manner of offenses. I have been up until 12 or 1 o'clock ~~at~~ every night almost and I am now pretty tired. If I could have a steady job at this I could like it pretty well, but this having just a spurt now and then is what I take no pride in.

My clerk Corp. Sumner Grate of Capt. Spalding's Company has made a drawing of the interior of the room with him and myself at work at night. It is a log building - the logs hewn on the inside, and the cracks between them stopped with mortar. We have an old sort of work bench for a table and I have the uncommon luxury of a chair, by virtue of mine office.

And as poor Orman is sure Mr Wright will die.

I most sincerely hope that she may be disappointed. I think she will lead a little quiet married life now, and surely no one could better enjoy the same.

— There is a monstrous great bug flying about the room just now and his buzzing so annoys me that I am just cursing the whole little tribe in my thought. This is a great country for bugs—bugs of all sorts and sizes are plenty everywhere especially where they are not wanted.

Thos was aggravating to tell me of Anna's headache and I away off here in the land of desolation. On one of the "utmost parts of the earth," that are designated as the inheritances of the righteous.

I am afraid, however, that in this case it will be some time before they come into possession.

— And so you think St. A. Venckas is a new "nomme de plume". Pentetre. I wonder how many times you would have overlooked it had you not known the poem.

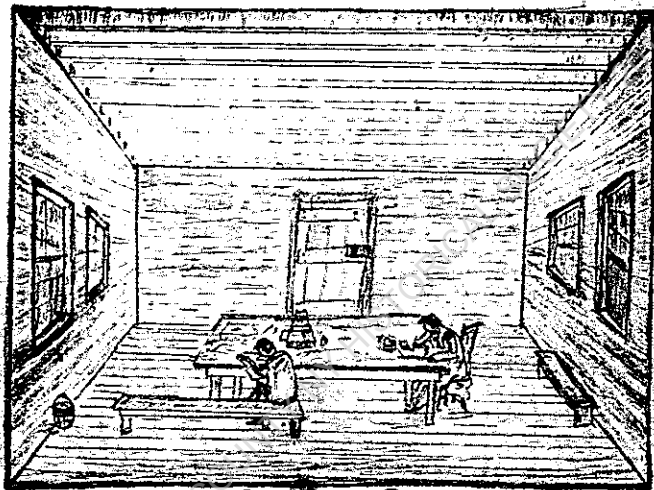
— I shall make no calculations in regard to the contents of my box—other than to expect that they will all be very nice, until I get it.

I am afraid I

shall not be able to write you a long letter tonight. The writing of some 40 pages of evidence has somehow filled me for that tonight. Tomorrow will be Sunday at least. I shall have to write all day to copy up my records.

— I have been down, since our adjourned to a little glen about half a mile from here to bathe. It is a glorious place—piles of old red sandstone, piled one upon the other. Dark woods and a pretty little stream of the purest water, constitute the scenery for bathing. There is a fall at one point of 100 feet and here we have rigged a bush sprout which carries the water out to a flat rock just below which we stand and let it shower down upon us. I never go there without thinking how I would love to have you with me. There is something peculiarly retired and pleasing about this glen which makes me long to have you and it is how I would love to see you bathe beneath this pretty waterfall, — to catch sparkling steam as it itself into spray against those beautiful banks when all impurity had been washed away from you retire to some mossy study nook among the rocks and enjoy the holy pleasures that wash from the remains of husbands' and wife. Just think of it.

"While I pondered worn and weary"



Clerk - J. A. -

Headquarters General Court Martial -
inside view

Judge Advocate and Clerk writing Record

By Corp L. G. Grist

I hope you are satisfied with the
likeness, it is good

A. W. Sawyer
Capt

