

I shall write to Father  
to send me "a box" as the  
boys term any package from  
home. He can procure most  
of the things that I wish better  
with less inconvenience than

Yours  
William

Camp Winfred, Tenn.  
July 23<sup>d</sup> 1863

After twenty-four hours picket duty, and  
the necessary fussing up, after it: viz. washing and shav-  
ing, blacking boots and cleaning accoutrements and side  
arms. - I am at length, at liberty, with a sense of  
being a boy as near clean, as a man can be in camp.

Your letter of the 17<sup>th</sup> inst., came yesterday evening, just in  
time to cheer the dark hours of a wearisome tour of duty.

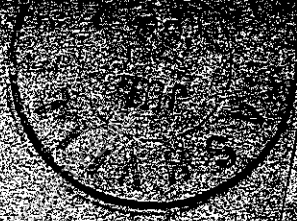
My cook brought it down with my supper, and daylight faded  
hardly long enough for me to read it. I paced ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~ground~~ <sup>ground</sup> ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup>  
in the dusky twilight of this region, and afterwards in the  
dim starlight. Sometimes walking along the road  
past the orderly sentinels (who looked half fearfully to see  
if I noticed their dullness), and again through the brave  
old woods - (those woods whose every phase affects me  
so powerfully). You may well imagine, that absent  
I sat for review. Every portion of your letter was thought  
over again, and again. In that spot of clear moonshine  
- where fairies might have danced, for they could have no  
sweeter spot for their gay <sup>revels</sup> ~~revels~~ <sup>revels</sup>. - there, I thought of Angus  
~~the~~ license; - took it out and looked at it, - wished I could  
see the original document, and wondered if she would take it

pleasant if her eye rested on me:— for I have a sort  
of lurking idea, that she is pretty tolerably cross at me.  
I don't know why she should not be. It is my grand  
good fortune, and about time for her to brood. Well, I am  
prepared for a scolding, just as soon as she chooses to give  
it. In that dark blotch of shade, capture one of the great, shing-  
leaved oaks of this country,— casts its shadow, I missed of  
Donna and what you wrote of her. — I don't know. I believe I  
saw like that black shadow, — darkness in the midst of light.  
I don't know what I told you to tell her, — no very pleasant mes-  
sage, I presume. Well, I can't help it. I am in no very good humor  
now, and it really seems as if the bitterness of my temper had con-  
centrated itself on Donna. (just now) I am sure I wish her  
every bliss which I can bestow, and would be most happy  
to see her in enjoyment of them; but, I do not, somehow,  
feel that old warmth of love towards <sup>her</sup>, which I used to.  
Perhaps I wrong her. I do not doubt, <sup>but</sup> that I do, but just now  
I am as I am. — And you — dear, loving, self-forgetting  
wife, — you were present with with me all the time. You made  
the light a halo, and the shade, a sanctuary. How often did I thank  
God for you. — Enough? You a thousandfold more than presump-  
tion itself, could hope for! Would that I could clasp you to  
my breast, and thank you, with a kiss, for the sweet resignation  
of that letter. I believe you were sent to see me — to see me  
from ~~myself~~, if, indeed, — no matter. — But you did  
alarm me, when you spoke of your eye. Of course, I was  
not entirely flustered, and did not imagine all sorts of "vain things"

I do think Dr. Fuller — an "old judge," and have no faith  
in his opinion. The very possibility of it, however, discomposes me.  
You must see some physician of skill and experience imme-  
diately, — without any flutter however. Then — the pink struck  
Does your Mother know what Dr. F. — told you? If so, I may  
as well buy a mourning badge and prepare to receive consolation; for  
I shall hear, pretty soon, that it has spread to your very toe-nails,  
and that, when last heard from, you were sitting — tentatively leaning  
in a lonely cemetery, trying to get your last foot into a lonely  
grave. Could it you tell her something so utterly preposterous about  
it, that she would not talk about it? I wish you could. — You  
had better see Dr. Hubbard, or some one of equal skill, and get his  
opinion. It may be very serious, or very slight. I think  
I must send you to Batavia about to get your feet  
grafted. That is a splendid one of ~~the~~. You must tell her  
however, that she cannot hope Capt. Spalding's for the present  
mood. The truth is, I gave him the one he had given me in  
order that he might send it to you, in pay for your want  
of sending mine to him. It is a splendid one and I would  
not lose it out of my possession (or yours) for any con-  
sideration. Besides, the Capt. is too involved a quantity  
in such doubtful proximity to so many ladies, I  
shook Amie by reading that to her. Give her my warm  
thanks for the likeness, — unless it was sent merely  
solely to gratify you, and get rid of your superfluous  
which case, I don't see but you are only desirous of  
I just remember now, what it was that she said



is against me. It is just something about that  
Dr. Fuller, to whom she was business was the only human  
what. Could I have any other disolution.  
She offered in that I was almost dead, and  
wrote a letter which she never could get over. It  
was not an eye for an eye, but just spring a year  
ago. John is fighting in the back part of  
our quarters, which has been running down some  
time with diarrhea and has strong symptoms of  
typhoid fever. He is all right for him. John  
misses his girl awfully. There is something strangely  
attractive about her growth. She seems almost feminine  
in grace and simplicity. She is a good boy, is John  
and the survivor of many of them. He is not very sick  
and is not in any danger. You need not tell his people  
what I say about the character of his sickness. John is not quite  
as well as usual. I have just asked them what I should tell you  
to tell his people. Well then is not quite as well as  
as common. It is better to let them know that John is sick than  
to keep it still. Tell them I heard of John being wounded and was very  
sorry. He is not very bad and that he will soon be well again.  
He is right, but they did not know my purpose. He has not been strong for  
two or three weeks. Let your mother apply her magnifiers to his eye. He  
was very deeply touched by John misfortune. I read your letter to  
him. I did not read his your strictures on the removed, intended  
amputation. That reminds me of Staines, very greatly angry, sir. — That  
I had a man who had an acquaintance, that was a person, who heard  
friends of his, say I was angry. Did not that about as good ground as you  
had for pronouncing the supposed amputation as about to be made  
for insufficient reasons? — Do you know that you cross jump  
at such wild conclusions when you live anywhere else? — I am  
really glad you saw Mrs Hicks. She is such a sweet lady, at home



Mrs. A. W. Young

Command

Whitcomb Co

Or

Bank of America  
July 2, 1864