

[fragment letter, no heading, salutation, or date]

...I dont know whether it is best for me to go on with this now, or to wait till some other time when I feell more like writing than at present. There is nothing new to write about, and you know all about how well I love you, so perhaps there is no need to go over with that again. although that is the most interesting subject to me, and no doubt it is the same to you. If you dont send me the postage stamps that I sent for I shall have to quit writing at all, for it is impossible for me to get any here. We have got a new uniform, at least we have new pants and caps, and I have anew blouse, the pants and cap are dark blue, they look much better than the old ones did. Do you find any dificulty in reading my letters it seems as though it would be rather hard to make out some of it. There I will quit for a spell and try and finish out with something a little brighter than than this nonsense.

It is evening now and I have come into the hospital to stay till twelve o'clock which is my part of the business every day. the rest of the time there is not much to do but to help bring water for <sup>^the</sup> use of the cooks, and cut the wood, the rest of the time I have to myself to do my own work or to read, sleep or look around the camp. so you see that the work is not much, but my greatest trouble is the want of sleep, for I am as bad about going to sleep here as I am at home. I think if I could get into my bed now I could sleep twelve hours without waking, however we are much better off for sleeping priviliges than we were before we came here, before we had no tent, but used to sleep on the ground or in / a waggon, anywhere, in fact, that came handy. I have roled myself in my blanket and laid down on the ground with my head on a stick of wood for a pillow, when the dew would wet my blanket through before morning, now we have a tent, where eight of us make our home, and we have made some wooden frames that do duty as bedsteads, and some bedsacks filled with straw to spread our blankets on, and we use our clothes for pillows, so you see we have very decent beds, for soldiers they are something better than we have any reason to expect, for in the companies they have about twenty in each tent, and lie on the ground with only their oil cloth and one other blanket, but we have as many blankets as we want, I have on my bed 4 prs of blankets, one great heavy one that Beman, (that is another of our good fellows) gave me, it is one that belonged to the rebels which he captured the night we landed here. I beleive that every one of our men have picked out one for themselves and we have got a great many in the hospital. In other respects we are as much better off than the soldiers in the companies, for provision we draw from the Commissary ~~w~~ just what we want, and as much of it, so you can guess that we dont eat much [ho\*] hog and hard tack when we are in camp. when we are on the move we have to take it as it comes, in the companies the cooks give each man his allowance, and he takes it into his tent or sits down on the ground and eats that and dont get any more genarally, but we have a table a "secech" one and some seats, and have riged a canvass over it so that it makes quite a dining room and we set down and and eat and / drink all that we like, and we get a great many articles that are not given out to the companies, and on the whole are much better off then the soldiers generally, but you would not think, that was much to brag of if you could see us everyday. It is not very often that I feel as I do now when I commence writing, to you. especially I run on about nothing, for the sake of making up a letter, but I will write again in a few days and try and do better.

We are having what we call here a cold day, there is a cold disagreeable wind blowing off

the ocean, but it is not cold enough to freeze water out of doors here tonight, but the men make just as much fuss about the cold as they would in a real "cold snap" in N.H.

I am sorry to hear that your husband is getting rubed out, but think it must be because you have not sent me my wife and babies, there is an d<sup>a</sup>gurean artist in the camp, near the Headquarters. I don't know if he takes minatures, or is conected with the expedition for some scientific purpose, but if it is possible I will get a picture of your husband "as he now appears" and send it to you

I do not think, however that there is much probability of getting it taken so you must not expect it much.

I am glad to hear from Nelson, that he is getting along well, when he gets able I should think that he might write to me, and tell Hattie, (I mean you tell her) that if she will write too I will send her my autograph for her album. But seriously I should think they might all write Lewis and Ruth I mean, I should be very glad to see a word from them if it was nothing more than their mames, if they wont write a letter tell them to sign their mames on a ø paper and inclose it in yours. You must get Annies sled mended and let her go out as much as possible this Winter and dont let he study too much, tell her she must be a good girl for I hear from her here and want to know that she minds mother. I beleive that I will not go in to any argument on the subject of slavery with you at this distance, but all that the Banner, or any abolition lecturer can say on the subject will not change my opinion at all.

Well, I guess I will stop now and write again when I feel more like it than I do now. I guess I will send you a lock of my hair in this and if Hall comes home will send you a Kiss. There darling I feel as though I had not writen much of a love letter this time but I feel just as much love for you as you could wish. Remember me to father & mother, and all of Claras folks, and beleive me

truly Your affectionate

Leander