



1863
Camp Near Lowell N.Y. May 2

Dear Friend Anna:

I got
your letter in due season &
have only time to write a
few lines in reply.

I have been waiting patiently
for that long letter but have
not seen it yet doubtless you
have written it & is on the way
I have not heard from H.
for nist a month & have had
but one letter during that time.
I want to hear awfully for I
dislike badly to hear any name
the names called over in delivering
out the mail & not find mine
among them. I am sorry
Gyloanus did not get his letter

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Camp Near Lowell Ky May 8 1863

Dear Friend Anna;

I got your letter in due season & have only time to write a few lines in reply.

I have been waiting patiently for that long letter but have not seen it yet doubtless you have written it & is on the way I have not heard from H. for most a month & have had but one letter during that time. I want to hear awfully for I dislike badly to hear the names called over in delivering out the mail & not find mine among them. I am sorry Sylvanus did not get his letter

to your brother & sister from G. & yourself
old candle of gut holds out. regards
written him he will

have better luck next time

I am well & tough as ever
like Old Kentucky first rate
sain enjoying ~~to~~ myself
like a pig in the clover.

don't want to come home till
old Jeff is hung on the sour apple
tree & the southern confederacy
knocked all to smashes.

But I can't write much
to night I have to stop & laugh
at the fun the boys are having
in our strat they are cheering
for fighting for telling when
they are going home, singing songs
&c &c. I don't know as you
can read this for I have written
it in a hurry expecting the candle
will drop through the bayonet before
I get through & shall be left to spread
down in darkness, but thanks to the

stands in a double
turning
of the candle

PAGE 2

written hope he will have better luck next time I am well & tough as ever like Old Kentucky first rate & am enjoying myself like a pig in the clover.
don't want to come home till old Jeff is hung on the sour apple tree & the southern confederacy knocked all to smash.

But I cant write much to-night I have to stop & laugh at the fun the boys are having in our street they are cheering for fighting Joe telling when they are going home, singing songs, &c &c. I don't know as you can read this for I have written it in a hurry expecting the candle will drop through the bayonet before I get through & I shall be left to spread down in darkness, but thanks to the

Old candle at yet holds out. Regards to your Father Mother, Chas. S. & yourself

Yours in a terrible hurry W.J. T. (out goes the candle)