

May 27th 1863. (1863)
(11.00 AM PM)

Dear Katy,

I have just finished writing a letter each to Clara & Lottie, and expecting that I may not have a better opportunity to scribble a few more lines to you. I have lit another candle and now I commence. I have just been out. it is a beautiful moonlight evening and were you here and felt well, I think you would have an invite to take a walk in the camp. However, there is but little to be seen, here you see a tent lit up, perhaps someone playing cards or billiards or some other game of chance or amusement. Mine is lit up for the purpose of conversing, while with those who are dear, though distant. Well I can hear the rumbling of wagon wheels along the roads, And south west of here, I can hear the pickets & shovels at work, where our folks are building a fort and I understand that they are fortifying all around now, as though they were expecting an attack, but I think the

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need not be much afraid of the Whigs
as here, very soon, but I like the plan
of being ready in case they should.
The Whippoorwills make so much noise
and I am so sleepy that I can scarcely
think of any thing to write. I am so glad
that you have the Freeman sent to
you, I thought I would write to you
about it, as soon as I got some money to
send you, to pay for it with, but did not
think of it when I sent my money. I begin
to feel rather anxious to hear from my
letters which I sent my money in, but I
hope you have got them ere this. Anne
has been quite sick but is some better today.
There are several cases of fever in the Regt.
Two messengers have just rode by at full
speed, probably carrying dispatches of some
kind. I think I wrote all the news in my
last which I sent night before last, so
I must stop by wishing you more pleasant
dreams, I remain now as ever your af-
fectionate husband, Frank. C. do please
leave off that abominable "cancis" on the end of my name!

(3)
I will write a little to you, but you must
have to read it for me as I cannot write it
with the convenience and have to do it in a hurry.
May 20th M. How are you today? hope you are well.
As I did not get time to send my letter off yesterday,
I will now write a word more with a drum for
a desk & proceed. I recd your kind letter last
night was very glad to hear that the money
had arrived safe. I thank you for the neck
tie, which is just as good as if it had
cost \$5, also for the other stuff which you
sent, although I had mention that you
sent me before. Yet the manifest desire to
do good, and care for my needs, is just as
worthy of thanks. I have read a little in the
little book you sent me, I think it is good.

We have moved our camp, and are now
encamped on an elevation in the
woods, very shady and pleasant, our
Cnks are constantly fortifying now, building
forts, and digging rifle pits, for the defense
of Aquia Creek, and the R.R. from
there to Falmouth, (or Fredericksburg)
Our field Officers are moving the timber

of which their old quarters were built
and seem to be making preparations
for a short stay at it, but I don't sup-
pose they know much more about it
than we do. I answered your questions
in regard to things sent by the good folks
at home to soldiers in the field hospitals
for my last letter, and the answer there
given I believe to be ^{pretty} general, although there
may be some exceptions to it I hope there is.
This world is too full of iniquity, and of pain
here, that I sometimes become almost dis-
couraged and feel like giving up, and was
it not for the confidence that I have that I
will eventually bring it out right, I should be
completely despairing. I long to see the time when
the iniquities of a large share of the officers
in this Army ^{will be exposed} who are engaged in selling
(as it were) the rights of the worthy and
competent, and to those of their friends,
(persons) who are neither worthy nor
competent. If I could see my friends I
could tell ^{them} just how the machine is
run but will say no more now, I
have had to stop three times since
I commenced writing and have lost my
writing desk to boot, so you see how a
soldier has to write. I now hold my report
book on my lap and write on that and
have no good pen, so you must excuse
this scribble. Yours as ever J. Strickland.