

(1)  
May 27<sup>th</sup> 11:00 A.M. (1863)  
(11:00 A.M. P.M.)

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 picket & shovels at work, where our folks are <sup>now</sup> building a fort and I understand that they are fortifying all round now, as though they were expecting an attack, but I think they

need not be much afraid of the N. soldiers 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. Abner 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 affectionate husband, Frank. (P.S. do please leave off that abominable "rancis" on the end of my name.)

I will write a little to-day, but you must have it for me as I cannot write it with the convenience and have so much to do. I will now write a word more, with a drum for a deck proceed. I recd. your kind letter last night was very glad to hear that the money had arrived safe, I thank you for the machine, which is just as good as if it had cost \$5. also for the other stuff which you sent, although I had caution 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 tents are constantly fortifying now, building forts, and digging rifle pits, for the defense of the Quia Creek, and the R.R. from here 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 suppose they know much more about it than we do. I answered your questions in regard things sent by the good folks at home to soldiers in the field & hospitals, in my last letter, and the answer there given I believe to be <sup>mostly</sup> general, although there may be some exceptions to it. I hope there is. This world is too full of iniquity, and especially here, that I sometimes become almost discouraged and feel like giving up, and was it not for the confidence that I have that you will eventually bring it out right, I should be completely despairing. I long to see the time when the iniquity of a large share of the Officers in this Army, <sup>particularly</sup> who are engaged in selling (as it were) the rights of the worthy, and competent, ~~and~~ to those of their friends, (personal) who are neither worthy, nor competent. If I could see my friends, I could tell you 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.