Dear Carrie,

Two weeks ago last Saturday I commenced looking for a letter from home and have looked patiently and anxiously ever since and in fear am still on the anxious seat though with a slight falling of patience. This is now over a month since I have heard a word from that direction and this is the third letter that I have written besides the one you sent you an antique Magazine dating as far back as 1817. Did you receive it? I did not send it because I thought it would interest you but more for a curiosity, as well as to show you the kind of reading matters furnished the ones that cannot help themselves. I believe it also makes some comments upon the progress of the arts and sciences in America compared with England.

I also mailed another a paper a few days ago which contained the message of the Govt. of Delaware. I shall it with some interest and consider it a free, open, manly, expression of his views of the present condition of affairs drawn from sound reasoning. Notwithstanding the state being a slave state, he still adheres to the union and law. Quite different from the Govt. chief of New York. I believe he is a traitor at heart; in fact he expresses as much. Now our present troubles will terminate is beyond the conjecture of human reason in fact I believe it would puzzle either God, devil or deers. There seems to be no troubles worse than earth. Things indeed must be the days and nights of the President. Were I him I would put on Dictatorial powers and the first man that I would order, rebellious sympathizers to march into the army, and let them experience a little of the terrors of the domain. They are so free to be preach. Too has been too easy with traitors. A simple arrest and final release is no punishment. It only makes martyrs of them to be worshiped by their friends when released when if they were
compelled to receive some punishment. They would find what a nice thing it is to sleep in the best of their own making. It would neither make any man of them or that their own. So they would keep no more about the honor of his war. The war is horrible enough but the soldiers and those that live along the road know the worst of it. People at a distance are occasionally reminded of its existence by the death of a friend for whom they mourn for a few days and then forget them, but more than that it is but food for their minds in idle moments. I remember before I enlisted how I used to read of battles and skirmishes, at different places, with as much indifference as I would of the prices current and pauperized at the general prices of the day. I did not trouble myself about the broken trunks, broken arms, legs, ghastly wounds, mangled bodies, anesthetized in their own blood, and dead that are dead. I read as victory or defeat as gain or loss. But the sharp thong or sharp mow or the sight of how that he is hit as he clasps his hand to his forehead and falls back to me no more convinced one of the reality.

What is thought of the changes in the army does it not make the people feel responding at to the decay of our army? I cannot say what effect the change of commanders will have upon the men. Gen. Hooker is liked by the men in his own Corps, but is not well known by the whole army. I have been him a number of times. He is a small man, light complexion, sandy hair and whiskers and face as red as a beet. Small eyes and his hair always straight up there is a very good picture of him in the Philadelphia Inquirer if I can get a copy I will send you one. I like Gen. Burnside. Gen. Hooker is mainly in taking the whole blame of the defeat at Fredericksburg upon himself. He did not lay the blame upon somebody else even though the nonarrival of the Artillery did delay the movements. The Department at Washington were so used to the slow movements of Gen. Meade that they were not
prepared for the slow quick movements of the new Gin
Thus the defeat, it is so seldom that men rise in authority
will acknowledge they have a superior he cannot help but
admire Gen. Barnard. He said that Gen. McClelan was better
capable of handling so large an army than he.

I took dinner a few days ago at a farmers about three
of a mile from camp, by the name of Skiller. You don't know
how odd it seems for me to sit down to the table and eat
with a knife and fork. After a while the Soldiers threw away
all their dishes and as knife and fork I placed as our loads
were so heavy we felt compelled to lighten them as much
as we could but more than once do when I came
to see them again it seemed odd indeed. I have been at a
number of houses in this vicinity and I was struck with
the cheapness of every article of furniture. Common wooden
chairs rug. Carpets. Tables that have been used since the inmates
were children. I noticed the knives and forks. The knives were cut
down so that the points were not more than half the two covers
width and the forks were mere stubs. The painting of the wood
work of the house have long ago disappeared before the hand
of the housewife. And shedding the first families. They are said
in wit, as it were wonder. When I first got well enough so
that I could walk I went out one day to get some butter
and I went to a farmers and it happened to be about dinner
time and they wanted me to stay. I was not slow in accepting
as the fare at the hospital here was (as is) miserable. After
dinner one of the women of the house spoke to one of the
little boys that they had ridden and said that he had lied
stay out of school and help get in the corn. The man spoke
and said he would do nothing if he did stay. The woman
said she knew better she knew she could get work out of
him, he after a while the man went into the field. I went
with him, it being in the direction of the camp. We had been
there but a short time before the lady of the house with
the little boy and horse and Carls came out and they
picked up the corn and the woman lifted the basket of corn into the car as easy as I could. The second trip the girl came out with them. They worked as long as I thought and I have no doubt they did all the afternoon. The man is a farmer and has about one hundred acres and improvements and had three hired men so they did it from choice. I think I shall never hear from them any more.

I heard from Thomas a short time ago. He said he had a letter from Albert a few days ago. Albert was teaching school at Amherstville Ohio at one dollar a day and board. Better than uselessness.

I have been in the hospital a month. I don't think there is any hope in it. It does not show any signs of improving. Medical doctor's recommend we have fresh air and exercise every day but we have almost none and all kinds of amusements are here. Only the served have any amusements.

I am losing the battle to correct the condition of our condition and everything is very tiring but I do not know what to do with the work. I believe I shall go back to the army for I know I am not able to do duty but the kind of work we have to do is more than a change. I don't have the physique to that kind of work so the best that can be done ever so well. I have a number of circumstances in the same way and other ways to consider and we are so drained that it is too fatiguing for me to write.

I do not go often and I cannot get a pass for longer than a day. I have thought strongly of going to the company when they think another stage from here off. If I do I will let you know by letter at the time. I should have went long ago but I feared that the army would move and I knew I could not keep up and which I would suffer for it as it is not as pleasant living out as in the summer time. Will do something definite soon. Remember me to Brinna. Yours tr

[Signature]