

Head-Quarters, Army of the Potomac,



Mr. J. M. Jones,

Stockbridge

Ms

Head Quarters, Army of
the Potomac, Camp near Falmouth,
Va. Dec. 18

My dear aunt,

Perhaps you have
wondered many times why I
have not written to you, but
I have hardly had time to
write to my parents, who I
think have the first call on
me, but if I have not written
I have thought of you a great
many times, but ^{now} we are hav-
ing more leisure, & I am going
to try to write more.

In the
past year I have seen some
very hard times, & some very
easy, through all the disas-
-trous campaigns on the

Demiseles, & then through
Maryland & Virginia for 3
months, I have had a chance
to see a considerable of the
rain, but I have stood up
all with a wonderful degree
of health & strength.

We are
now detached from the brigade
& detailed as Gen. Buhmeier's
guards. It is almost six
months since we came to
Head Quarters, & it seems
most like home to us now.
Our duty is not very heavy
mostly guarding the quarters
but sometimes going off with
horses, & other detached duty.
Our fare is pretty hard, I
being mostly hard crackers
& salt pork but we get
the best of coffee all the

while, & that makes a hot
meal out of the 3 for us.
We live in the little shelter
tents, the spot of ground
which one covers is about
6 feet long by 3 feet wide
and in this 3 live, we
have got a fire place &
chimney in ours. & by lying
down, we can be quite cool
portable, even if it is cold,
the weather here is quite
warm compared to what it
is at home at this season.
There is no snow, & it only
freezes rarely. I would give
most any thing, if I could
sit down by your big fire
place. & eat a piece of your
old fashioned pumpkin pie, which
I think would relish much

better than "Uncle Sam's
pues", a hard tack, but as
long as my health is good
& I will try not to complain
& hope for the time
when this horrid war
shall end, & we shall
see each others faces
once more.

Please don't
show this to any one, as I
don't wish any of my
scrawls to be made public.
Give my love to Uncle, &
write very soon to your
loving nephew,

F. H. Jones,