



Hampton, Va. Monday,
September 1st 1862.

My dear parents,

I received your nice long letter, the day after I wrote my last, & it really seems more like "live", as you say have them come so quickly. I am now patiently waiting to hear again.

Well, here we are, on the first day of fall, little I thought when I enlisted, that we should be in Virginia now. I am afraid I shall not be at home to go to cattle show, as I expected. Oh! mercy! when will this tiresome horrid war end, seems to me it is most time for something to be done. If any thing makes me mad, it is to read on the first page of the paper "Great battle, our forces being compelled on account of an overwhelming force

to retire, which was done in good order to a new base of operations, and then on the next Philharmonic man meeting, speeches by the Hon. Mr. de T. CO. A FEW MORE MEN ENLISTED, why don't those men (or rather cowardly slaves) shell out, Tell Howard, Tom; that if he comes down here I'll snap a cap at him & scare him to death, I hope some of them won't get drafted, as we have no cartages to waste on such cowards, I would give them a little of my mind if I was at home, but to come down to the misery of the ~~thing~~ ~~settling~~ ~~with~~ ~~much~~ ~~fun~~ after all, their romantic life is not what it is cracked up to be, but who cares if the rebels are only engaged & in great old government established, we call old Mr. Pa, and look to him

as such. Perhaps you will think this too strong language, but it is just what I feel.

Nothing of the least importance is going on here, as there is nothing new to tell, I have felt rather poorly for a few days, but I hope to be better soon

Halloo! here is orders to leave immediately as

good bye Fred

better direct to Washington
instead of St. Marys