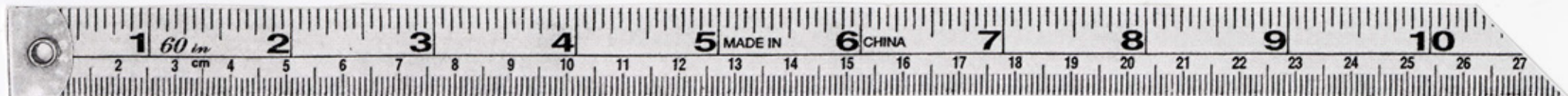


May 1863

My dear little Daisy,

I began a letter to you before the battle, but in the hurry of our moving it was lost. It was night too, so that we could not see much. I am sorry I lost the letter, for it was almost done. There has been a big battle, and we had a great many men killed or wounded. We shall try it again soon, and see if we cannot make those Rebels behave better, and stop their wicked works in trying to spoil our Country, and making us all so unhappy.

I have looked for the letter a great deal, but I shall enjoy writing another to you.



You see I cannot write very well in this way; I believe you could write better if you should try.

I am very glad to have so many nice letters from you. I sent the last ones to dear Mamma. I shall want another soon. I suppose Mamma is at home by this time, so I shall have the pleasure of a letter from both of you next time.

Do you and Wyllys have a pleasant time now-a-days? I think dear Aunty must make you very happy. She has such kind ways. I should like to see you all. What a charming little home you have, especially if dear Mamma is with you. Does Master Wyllys call her Fanny yet? You must have a garden to work in. It is very hot here, so that

we can hardly bear to have our clothes on. But we do not have any May-flowers here. All the ground is so trampled by the Army that even the grass will not grow much. How I should enjoy a May-walk with you and Wyllys, and what beautiful flowers we would bring home to surprise Mamma and Aunty! I often think of all our paths and sunny banks where we are always sure to find the wild-flowers. Do the beautiful birds sing about the trees, and look for places to build nests near the house, as they used to do?

I am suddenly ordered to go to the front to take command of our pickets. Mamma will tell you what they are, so good bye once more.

Papa.