Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, March 18, 1863

My Love,

I receive all your letters today. The news from the East is enough to rattle the heart of any soldier, more bad news from the East. The men I am with are all heart and avaricious. I hope for the best but fear the worst. Poor Aunt Millie will be in great trouble, and the children, poor little creatures. I neglected to answer your inquiry about Mrs. Foster, her father is an old man of the name of Foster, he was with us last fall. I cannot write or express how I feel about Mrs. Foster, her father is an old man of the name of Foster, he was with us last fall. I cannot write or express how I feel about Mrs. Foster, her father is an old man of the name of Foster, he was with us last fall.
...an annoyance to you when your mind was troubled and evoking to the love to its own reflections. I have not yet been able to get you the book I promised you, was up to day, but they were not sold, until he another Duffy room, I got photographs of buttons, but much as Mr. Garfield, I will send you one at station, one in it was autographed, I cut off in his handwriting, on purpose I got it, he intimated that he would like to have all his pieces of yours, so I just gave him mine that I thought with me, he wants all his field officers that fought with him at Stone river, this in the first acquaintance I had had with him, but looks just as good as him in this picture. very much like a very curious line of almost cliny, long hair, his hair behind his ears, when I came to day, however, his wife had cut his locks off, and they were talking and laughing about it. She had evidently come a little over him, his wife is a good wholesome looking lady, very talkative, not very handsome, in fact. Gent, Butternum, as straight as an arrow, slender, about by height, reserved in his manner, has not much to say generally, but speaks with a quiet, calm, and gentle, as a lady, he is a very fine gentleman, a very fine gentleman, his eyes are soft and penetrating, with an expression very difficult to describe, when in his presence, he is as mild and gentle as a lady, he is very fine, handsome, into his full" fight, the battle is quick to decide and cool to execute. It is getting to be better understood now that his "left" wing, over the day at Stone river, they tell a story about...
him occasionally. One is that after the battle was over, he was sitting down on a chair muttering to himself, after which he turned to one of his staff and said "Suppose you were going to eat a chicken now, what part would you take?" I should prefer the "left wing." He was, of course, Washington City soon after the battle, where he was asked what command he would like to have; he very coolly remarked "I don't want any except the one I now have. I can take any little dirty thing and whip any equal number of rebels that can he brought to bear against me." I met him just Garfield's head quarters this morning and sat on my horse talking; Farrar Garfield stepped out of the door and looked at me through his field glasses, and remarked "you look pretty well," the same nice boy I photographed when on solicitation. The other, I have to buy at 50c.

From the battle field, it is very nice, it will cost some four or eight dollars to get it made, but would you wish to have one?

It is becoming deliciously warm down here, writing is getting to be heavy work. Love to try to learn to drive some. My regiment is about the best brigade in our brigade, I have keen killing since a little playing chess lately. I haven't found any body yet that can beat me.

The Major and Colonel are now their letters back, now my dear wife. So now I must quit writing for a day, I hope you are receiving my letters regularly. Hope things is well by this time. My love to yourself and yours ever, Mabel.