

no far as Humphreys care. They may not get back or see
the last mail and brought in a western letter from Knoxville
Matters are not so far from the same as
with I think for some days on the road is not yet
Huntsville Alabama,
March 10th 1865.

My dear darling,

I have been waiting and waiting for
a letter this week but no letter comes. The roads have both
been out of repair for a week and we have had no kind
of mail until last night a very large one came. I
thought surely now I will get a nice good fat letter fellow.
So watched the chaplain as he distributed the mail, expecting
every minute to see him look up and say "here, cool's your
letter" but many a time, then I thought well I'll wait till morning
and maybe another mail will come that has mine in it; so this
morning Dick came back from Brigade HQ, saying
"no mail today". but I will try to be patient. I think perhaps
Doc. Stewart will bring me one, and he is due here tomorrow.
The time for grand reviews has come, one day this week the 1st
Div. had a review, and we were to have one yesterday, but
as everything was ready to go out to the field, it commenced a
regular old fashioned rain storm and rained and blew all
day and night; so that put an end to the review till next week.
This morning it cleared up very cold and today we are
crouched down around our little fire places, trying every way

possible to amuse ourselves. The Chaplain has been reading Goldsmith
and every now and then raised up with one of his characteristic
guffaws, & smokes a while - then pick up the remnant of our
old newspaper and try to extract some new news that I had
overlooked in reading a week ago, - then dinner was announced
then another smoke, and - then I will try to write a letter
though I, but in fact it is difficult to catch an idea in this
camp prison, this isolation, But although there is so little to interest
as how, yet time seems to be passing rapidly. The ideas of March
are upon us - one third of the first Spring month is gone, the spring
birds are singing and the buds and flowers are struggling into open
life, while all things give signs that winter is about over, these
cold spells are the exceptions rather, for we have had some
very pretty mild spring weather, O! so much hope that the
long cold winter at home is nearly over ~~at home~~ also, so that
my loved ones can get out of ^{the} little disagreeable winter cage
and get the warm sun lit smiles of spring. How cruelly long
seems our separation from each other! but the future is bright
now with better prospects, let us hope and pray that the end of these
things may soon be. The Chaplain is putting up the mail
and I must tear off this leaf as it is, if I get a letter tomorrow
I will write again immediately, a longer and better
letter. My love to Meyer and Zing and lots to my
own dear darling, from your loving and true Miller