

Sept 18.62

My dear son Jacob-

Your Mother told me that you wanted me to write you a letter, and I will do so now. I know you cannot read it but your good dear mother will read it for you. I suppose you would like to know how things look where I am, well we are camped on a piece of ground very much like our little farm. The white tents set in rows so that they form streets like a little village. The officers tents are on the back side of the village and <sup>an</sup> wall along in front of our tents so we can look down the streets of the Poldis, we have 12 long streets in our little town and then it is not muddy they are very pretty. I guess you would laugh to see how I have got things fixed in my tent.