

Camp Somewhere near Richmond

June 7<sup>th</sup> 1862

My darling wife

I rec<sup>d</sup>. two letters from you to-day, a happy day to me, but they tell of poor Ainsworth's death, I can hardly credit it yet. I thought he was with McC. Donnell & did not look for his name in the Shanandoah fights. I hope he will turn up yet. He was one of the best, & neither his friends nor the Country can afford to lose him. We especially have reason to cherish his memory - This is all we can have left to us of many noble victims of this unnatural war. What sacrifices are required to vindicate the right. Blood must be spilt & hearts bleed. I think more & more each day how innumerable are the horrors of war, yet nations plunge into it as tho' it were a pastime. People seem to regard it as a few pleasant days of drill, then a fight on some chosen spot where a few are killed & this latter constitutes the chief hardship & horror. But it is impossible to portray war or tell what it is. Read any man, inexperienced, been told what