

My Dear Wife
Camp near Fairfax Station

July 25th 1863

My Darling Wife -

I have a large sheet of paper but do not intend to write a long letter - Don't feel much like writing as I have several things on my mind this eve. The storm has passed away and we have had a delightful Sunday, warm as May.

This season is vastly different from last winter, much pleasanter & warmer -

Thos. Foolish Chester was to resign - The great obstacle in the way of success lack of backbone. I see everywhere the croakers at home write to the soldiers & visit them & talk all the discouragements that their traitorous & cowardly natures are capable of -

Oh for a little good old Eng. England Puritanic pluck & hang on - What a degenerate race we have become -