

[LETTER 5]

[No date; Summer 1864]

Dear Belle

Another hasty scroll I suppose you will begin to think that every thing is in a hurry nowadays. Jim left yesterday and this morning Col Schadt goes so it is every body is leaving for the north. I hope the time will soon come for me I am tired of the army at least down here but still I shall stick it out to the last. I long for the quiet of our now sweet home and will you not rejoice my own dear child when that happy time arrives. Farley is now ever before me with its sweet green lawn its garden & fields all so fresh in memory. I wish I were there to enjoy it all with you this summer The first I suppose I shall miss. I intend having a general fixing up today about my camp will try and make myself comfortable for the summer I have had no letter for several days. What has become of Annie Tell her that if she don't write I will strike her from the lists of friends. I sent you a pitcher by Jim. It is a memento of Jackson It was given to me although I can't vouch for its not being stolen property. I expect to drink many a glass of milk out of it yet It is the only spoils I believe I have appropriated during the war Give my best love Kiss the dear children a hundred times for their papa I will write a line or two each day here after

Ever Binni