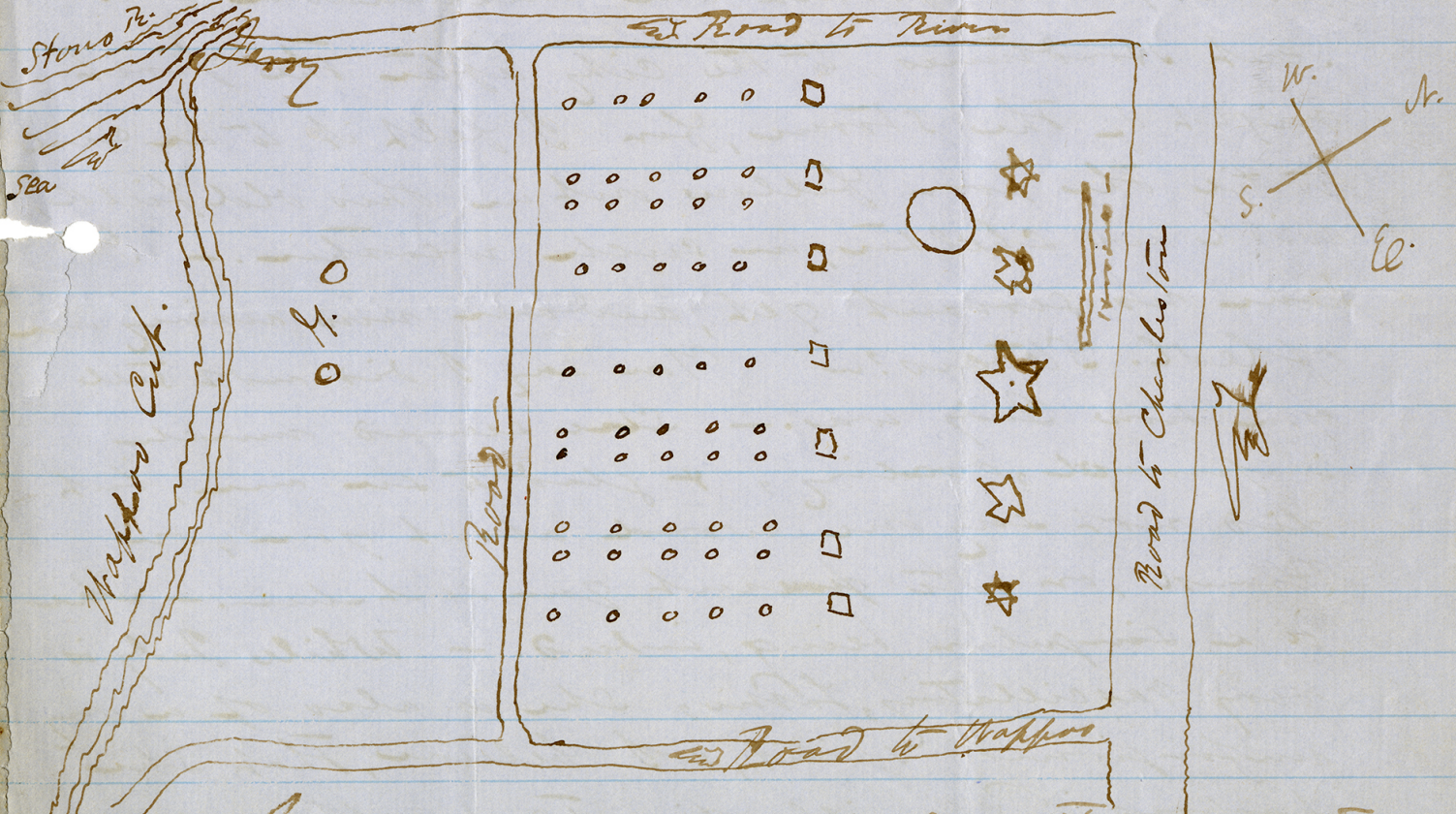


Saturday Night -
July 25th 1862 -

My precious Lottie -

I will begin the letter which is to go up to you on Tuesday, & will add to it every night till Tuesday morning. - A clear sky & a bright sun salutes us this morning after the dismal days just past, and the duties of the Camp have all been actually performed. - I will draw below the plan of our encampment, so that you may show it to Frank, some of these days, when I shall have been laid on the altar: - Here it is, after a fashion: -



Do you see we are right on the road to

the city, & very near Wappoo Creek, & Jones' Island Ferry - The little round works are the soldiers tents & the square ones are the company officers tents, & the stars are the staff tents, the larger one being mine.

The large round work is the Hospital Tent, but I have my sick ⁱⁿ a house - The tents by themselves, marked M. are the Guard tents.

We have had a terrible time during these last few days, but thank God, I have not suffered. - My health continues good, & my chest gives me no pain. - My wollen socks, gloves, & comforter are inestimable. - I sent sometimes to the city after the first night of the storm, for I felt it to be cruel to tie the poor fellows out in this old field, with no shelter, in such weather. - I have no servant yet, and am now using one of Capt. Stevens'. You say I did not tell you how Judy was. - She seemed much improved, & glad to see me, but did not say one word about you, or Frank, or the present you sent her. - She is a singular being, indeed. - While Judy is very vacillating, & fickle, she is also of a very unforgiving spirit, & I believe, that she harbors in her ill directed heart a revengeful feeling towards you & for the Island