

Dear Mollie.

Once more I find my self engaged writing you a few lines, thinking that they would not be all together unacceptable. How much more pleasant would be the task, had I one of your good letters to answer, seemingly this is a pleasure that has departed, never to return. I have received but one letter from you since I came away. And have written at least once every week, perhaps oftener than you would desire. For the last two weeks I have been anxiously expecting a letter. during which time I have been enjoying very ill health. Confined to my tent the most of the time. That added some what to my lonely hours. Many times I thought, a good letter from Mollie would be far better for my health. than all the kind treatment of the Surgeons. Now it would have been more beneficial to the mind. Every mail would bring letters from my friends

But none from Mollie. My health is improving and if
the next mail contains one of your excellent letters I am
certain that I will be quite well in a few days.
This is one of the most disagreeable and gloomy nights
that has been witnessed in this part of Dixie. The rain falling
yes pouring down and dark as Egypt. Our camp is
flooded with water. ~~Been~~ raining for a week. ^{the mud}
the boys say is too deep for description. for my part I don't
investigate. Such weather as this is a perfect terror to the soldier
and causes a fearful increase in the sick list, as well as that
of deaths. How gloomy the surroundings. A few evenings since
I rode out and near our camp saw 200. newly made graves.
A deep sadness stole over my very soul when I witnessed the scene
and thought of the many of our brave boys that have filled the
graves of the true patriots and soldiers and that in the enemies
land. In the last two weeks eight of our men have died.
But this unpleasant subject I drop.
Just at this time I would be willing to leave the fair an sunny
South Dixie, and take a campaign in the mountains, where
the snow would be in summer.
In military every thing is quiet, and but little prospect of a
fight soon. Occasionally we have some excitement concerning the
gun boats which drop down and annoy the rebels. Two of them run
the blockade and are now lying below. That was somewhat interest-
ing one of them went down the to Reel River and destroyed three rebel
transports laden with Commissary stores.
The troops are engaged digging a cutoff which will enable
our gun boats and transports to go down past the batteries

and cut off their supplies. Two weeks will complete the work
Contrabands are quite numerous here and they work on
the cutoff. Content with hard bread and bacon. A merry
set of fellows. They rejoice at the thoughts of freedom—
Just at this time things look quite gloomy, and I fear that
we will have the pleasure of serving another three years. And then
have the glorious privilege serving three more, if we choose.
We do not feel very greatly encouraged by the acts of the legislature
of the north. Incl. I W. & C. especially. We begin to expect a
traitor in the camp. Well now this is not of any
interest, And when the war is over I will preach politics
at Worcester. And pay my compliments to Democrats.
It is time that I should close. Excuse imperfections.
I send this letter up the river by Capt Johnston who has
resigned. for ill health.
My respects to friends. Please write for I am so anxious
to hear from you. Would it be intruding to ask you to
write once a week.

Yours truly
Henry D. Phipps