

Camp Young. Jan. 16th 1862.
Miss Mollie.

After returning from an expedition on the Mountains I sent my self to respond to your highly interesting epistle of the 30th inst. which came safely to hand last evening. for which I feel undered great obligations to you. I feel very much at a loss to know what to write. Though for a beginning I will give you a history of our last march.

On last Sunday morning we left Camp Weston near Bardonia. After a march of 12 miles we camped at Bottom ^{town} in Washington County. Just as we completed the pitching of our tents the rain which had been falling in perfect torrents all day, ceased and the wind began to blow. and the snow began to fall thick and fast. What an interesting scene. On Monday morning when we awoke we found the snow very deep the wind blowing very cold. At 7¹/₂ O'clock we were on our way. after marching some 14 miles we came to Springfield. A beautiful little village situated in a ^{lovely} ~~lovely~~ ^{lovely} little valley. for which this section of the country is noted. At 4 O'clock P.M. we encamped one mile this side of said village. The snow being very deep we pitched our tents and then took spades and threw the snow out of the tents and then threw snow down on

the ground and retired for the night
have sweetly overslept. On Tuesday morn-
ing when we awoke the weather had some-
what moderated. About 9 O'Clock
A.M. the snow began to thaw and
then it was fine marching. The mud
and rutter about six inches deep.
About 12. we passed through Lebanon where
there were there were several regiments
encamped. As we came along we were
treated very kindly by the citizens who
were good Union people. Many of them
looked upon the Union force as their
deliverers. We encamped here on
Tuesday evening for the night expecting
to go on next morning but this night
received a despatch to stay here until
further orders were received. We were
first ordered to London Ky. But now
expect to go to Somerset. At least
further up the mountains. ~~Off~~ ^{way} ~~we~~ go to
Somerset it will be a march of 100
miles (A long ^{way} to go and walk). We now
begin to enjoy all the blessings of a sold-
iers life. Which are many. The pleasant
season adds greatly to our comfort and
pleasure. especially when it is clear. we
now raining and snowing the most.
One word concerning our present encampment -
it is three miles East of Barbours. And in
as lovely spot as I ever beheld. On side is the
pike leading from Lebanon out into the Mounta-
ins. Over which the heavy laden Army wags.

are constantly passing. on the other is a
beautiful little stream. along the margin
of which hundreds of soldiers may be seen
busily engaged washing their clothes, and pre-
paring for the long march just before us,
which will be completed cheerfully.
So day we were called out on Battalion drill
after we were relieved the Col proposed
going on the Mountains. which proposition
was immediately accepted. soon we started
for the one in view. going through farms
and over fences soon we were in the
valley where our companies were formed
into platoons and then for the fun of
climbing the cliffs - we had a very sturdy
to ascend the Mountain when the Col. com-
manded double quick. Then of all the interest-
ing scenes I ever beheld it was there some
rolling down some up some climbing others
jumping. in fact - any way to get up -
after we reached the top we were called
into a line of battle and then of all the yelling
I ever heard. that was the loudest - and would have
thought. The mountains were crying out - huzak
for old. Hosiou. And well might they - In a
few minutes we were permitted to breast Knives
and ramble around. And amused our selves
as best we could. The sight was perfectly magnificent
we could see for miles all the farms and rice build-
ings in the valleys. It very much reminded me of the
pumpkin hill in the east. in point of sublimity I never
saw any thing to exceed it. The timber was small
and very low. And many beautiful pines were ~~also~~

the side of the mountain. from which the
boys plucked many a small bunch part of
which they say will be sent to their sweet-
hearts. And by this one might suppose that
fond memory has not forsaken their tender
hearts. Now speak of the self-styled poor soldier for
one I think they are very much mistaken when they
think so of their friends either. To spend one
evening in camp would be enough to convince
any person that they are the happiest people on
Earth. Truly there are times when a dark cloud
may hang over us. And deep sadness steal over
the soul. especially when we think of some kind
ones. And the blessings of good society the pleas-
ures that we have for sorrow. for a time that
in the future we may enjoy them with perfect
freedom. You seem to think that now is some-
what similar to a bubble. When once within
our grasp. the beauty has parted for ever and it
seems so. Yet in the Army there are many pleasures
unknown to civil life and an excitement associated
with it that seems to cheer the soldier in the
darkest hour. One of the greatest pleasures associated
in any way with a soldier's life, is that of corresponding
with some one left far behind. At least 'tis worth
me. Many cheering thoughts pass through my mind
when the Mail comes to camp. Thinking perhaps
it contains a letter from me. And one from
you. I am of the same opinion that you
were as that it would be unpardonable
for any one to not respond to a poor
soldier's letter. What a cruel thought
I don't wish to send you by this means