

Stringtown, Indiana,
Feb 9th, 1863.

Capt. Peckemphange,

Dear friend;

I embrace the present opportunity to reply to yours of the 12th ult; which I have just had the pleasure of perusing. Is not it a pity that I did not get it earlier - I should have been so interested in the description of the victory of Arkansas Post, which is so nicely given by you - a talent which you possess in a preeminent degree. Sorry to hear you speak so despondingly of the war. True we have been allured from time to time by the hope of an almost immediate

restoration of peace, nor do
I yet despair to do so were to
relinquish every hope of happiness
There is the pleasure in the
security we enjoy, when those
we love most tenderly are hourly
exposed to every conceivable peril
and privation. To affect nonchalance
in this matter is just about as
effectual a remedy as a person
might be supposed enjoy in
attempting to cure the toothache
by a laugh.

Hope you have long since
recovered from the chills, which
evidently augmented the
attractions of camp life;

Wins of all kinds is scarce
except every body is getting pins
I have attended church every
night for a week. The roads
are in fine plight for traveling
and isn't over 2 foot deep,

Ennis, is at home - they are
going to give a party next week,,
Parties now-a-days are getting to
be like angels visits, - dont mean
to be irreverent,

I shall have to close this most
interesting letter as the mail is
almost due. Hoping to hear from
you soon, I remain,

Yours, ever truly,
Willie.