

Monday morning - Again enjoy the
privilege of Camp which is truly appreciated
after marching 25 miles in one day - the road
being extremely dusty and one of the warmest
days - any junior soldier ever experienced.
The expedition was - for forage - And the way that
is conducted - as to drive up the the Linn - take all
receipt for it - if the owner is loyal - he re-
ceives pay - if not - apply the Confiscation bill -
It is amusing to see a party out purchasing
horses for the Service - Occasionally find a secret
riding a fine horse - Just in the town - also mounted and
sent him on his way rejoicing - but a fool. We also
care for. Sam L. As the Custom directs - They are
excellent hands to build fortifications for the brave boys
to stand beside to defend the Constitution.
Children being another - few. - and some and green
Pain and fruit of which there is an excellent crop in this
section of Dixie. And just at this time it is rather
a controverted point - who will have the pleasure of
stealing it - I presume. The most powerful thief
is equally controverted as to experts.

Will redeem my Pledge made in my last epistle - with
your consent.

Is suff. Cause to be visited for scenery, inevitable in its
strange wild grandeur.

Here no valley deck'd with flowers of gorgeous hues.

Where many a dome of that no easy surpassing breeze

Here ancient Cedars tall as those on Libanus heights -

And heavy firs bestrode the undulating hills

And cover their stately heads, from many a towering crag

Here thousand Mountains. That in awful silence stand

And gazing afire since the day begun, in just

Eternity when Day did set the Sun and fix

Each Star within the azure vault that man calls Heaven

Witness the power of him who sitteth fast their base

Here sun-furnace mass till night. Mowing all the happy trees

With careless song. The wild birds flit; or startled by

Uncommon sound. Twitting they hide themselves within

A wilderness of ever green where many a night

Of sedg'ing clouds and howling storm. They sleep

Secure and fear no harm from elements above.

Far up the mountains' steep and craggy sides huge grey

Rock stand out like hourly sentinels that long have

Kept their silent watch upon the beat of time

Now ever through contented years,
Have delighted in our chosen way,
In doing the good things we should do.
Of troubles, in their world refrain;
As out they go, with laughing glee
From all their thousand sorrows set free
And down would dash, like liquid light,
From many a grand and dizzy height;
Till mingling in the vale below,
Like molten silver and the flood;
And gentle leave each race and share,
Still whirling, rising ever more —

I don't repeat these mountains as the mighty palaces of a temple
made by the hand of Deity. — Nature says, natural not
affected, Ionian and not shipping due — Pen worth, water.

I can now know where your humble seat is — And that con-
tent is natural — What stand it be cruel for the Gods to create
this immortal monument, Hope that I may now hear from
you — Am very anxious — having not heard for two months.
And should it be the fate of this Divinity — to be
told on in — Perish, with others. Hope you will not forget
a gobbled, admirer.

Yours affectionately H. P. Eschmumpe