Today, my distress, there is no sick call — reason, no medicine — and I have a few remonstrances all to myself which I intend to make use of in writing to those whom I love most. A nice quiet time I shall have at least for a little while, and such a relief and such a good time for writing that I enjoy it. I like to get off to myself where I can think undisturbed, of my wife and little boys and of the folks at home. I should like very much to know how you are all getting on today, what you are doing, what the little boys are doing, how much you think about me and how much the boys miss me and think about me. Since my wife and little boys, I cannot tell how long it will be till I shall see them. I hope it will be but a short while. Is it too soon today since I left, or will it be too early to-morrow? I have forgotten what the day of the month was on which I left.

You must tell me.

I am still doing very well here, and have no duties to do that I can not easily perform. I am usually engaged at the stockade from 8½ to 12 o'clock.

Yesterday our orders were to send to the hospital all who could not walk and absolutely needed medical assistance. Can you guess how many were sent? One hundred and fifty persons. One of them who I had decided to send and had him already labeled, as they call it, died before I had finished examining the other cases. This is not the only case of the sort which occurred in other detachments. Such deaths as they are — men dying in the hot breathing sun. To those who are prepared, that death must be. But prudence — and such prudence — in no common army there. I can not think that many of them are prepared to die. The sight of a dead comrade has no softening influence on a Yank. They are accustom to it and I don’t know but are hardened by it. On Tuesday I
was at the hospital and saw four little Yankee boys — the two litters-running around carrying off the dead to a place used for that purpose.
They were in a great blaze — coming to enjoy it a great deal, and as soon as they had moved one body over back, adding in the true Yankee voice, "is there another the we wishes to take a free ride for nothing."

In my rounds through the stockade (about which I told you in my last letter) I met up with one fellow who said he wanted to take the oath of allegiance. He whispered this in my ear, and as he had a good-looking face I promised to do what I could for him. So I asked Capt. Clark, commandant of interior of the prison, whether he paid any attention to one desiring to take such an oath. He replied he did not. I was wondering how I could get the Captain's answer to the prisoner, but yesterday at sick call some one strangely saluted me and I recognized the man who wanted to take the oath. He seemed very sorry to hear that I was unsuccessful, but told me to try to have him detailed as shoe maker or carpenter. If I hear that man as the above are needed I shall try again.

The weather here is very hot as we are in the pine woods and have to sleep on the ground, not meaningly dirty. Stanley, a remarkably cleanly man ordinarily, has found small lice which distresses him greatly. I have not found none, but am glad to think one can when the vermin trouble as much as they used to do me. He declares he will go in the tent to physical no more Yankees.

I am very sorry that the raiders have so interrupted communication; I can not get your letters, nor can you get mine. However, hoping that some of your letters had reached Bacon before the road was torn up and the bridges destroyed I wrote to the P.H. at that place to forward all
letters addressed to me to this place. I hope I shall get them today. As soon as communication is resumed you will then get my letters, and I yours. You will then see that I have written home and regularly. But lest your letters should not come right, don’t be too fearful of repetition. Write us all about home and home folks, our little crop, and anything you can think of. Did Mr. Houghton get his details? Did Mr. Parker get home — is Cullen Front at home still? Where is your mother and how has Harry got? Wilson has quit plowing by this time — can’t he put the horses in the pasture? I could ask more questions, but will not now. Tell Harry to be a good boy and father will bring him something. Ask him what I must bring, and tell no what to bring. He too, I am in hopes will be glad to see father. But I must close now, dear.

From husband

J.M.H.