Camp in the Field
Camp in the Field June 16/63
My Dearest Lou
I have anxiously expected a
letter from you for some days, but
have not yet received one. I
should have written to you before
this but, on this day week ago
we left our old Camp, and since
then I have had no chance of
writing. We are now encamped
in an open field without any tents
at all and about 30 miles from
Yorktown on the road to
Richmond. I tell you I am living
about as rough as you can
imagine. For Six nights I have
laid on the bare ground with only
a Blanket over me, and have not
so much as taken my Boots off
during the time. We have had
some very hard marching as the
weather has been hot and the
roads very dusty. The officers
were not allowed to bring any
baggage along, so you can
imagine how I look by this time.
I do not know how long we will
remain up here, but think if we
get reinforcements we will march
on Richmond. We have got into
position
several times expecting a fight but did not find the Enemy. I think we will have to move nearer Richmond before we find the Rebs. in force. Two or three of our men have been shot by Bushwhackers that hang about our column. We have caught a number of the wretches. I have not time to give you any details of our movements, in fact have not room: paper being very scarce. I was an hour in hunting this half sheet.

I hope Lou you will write me often as they will go far to dispel these horrid Blues I have so often. I hope you are enjoying good health. Do not feel troubled about me I am in good health, and feel that I shall live to meet you again e'er many months have passed. I shall write to you every opportunity I have. Direct your letters as before except you may put on them "[underline] in care of Col. A H. Grimshaw." Pardon my little note, it is all I have. Believe me to remain unchangeable yours.