Jan. 22nd, 1864,
Camp near Hamilton.

Dear Miss E.,

Yours of the 8th has been received.

I hastened to respond, I am that promptly, because I should have resented the severe censure you administered to me. As you've punished me so severely by writing a short letter, I knew if in better form to elucidate these by writing a very long one. I should very much have preferred to receive the punishment "in persona personal" thus through the medium of the Post Office. Suffice it to say, the "flogging" had had the desired effects, and I made my promise for my future conduct you may demand. As usual, I am "as faithful for a 'root' and I swear you that I am "perhaps" 1'1/2 'as faithful' as a stump for you ever saw, or "they ever took Georgia grit.

So pleasing a picture of home you drew
with each word, that my memory returns with pleasure to scenes of happiness spent in your beautiful little city. In these mists, this is where Abby fell to my right, here's where Jackson began his brilliant Valley campaign, and at the base of the opposite mountain was only a favorite resort for the pleasure - seeker. I sigh for the boughs of the 'sycamore' pine. To beauty of nature, no former recollections, restful can contend for his cruel separations from home and the all the loved spots to my childhood hours. Do you remember the beautiful stanza of Rogers, in which the reminiscence of the past is so beau-
fully expressed? 
"Still do those scenes their memory make, 
And fondly broods with miner care; 
Time but the impression stronger makes, 
As streams their channels deeper near."

Ah! what a beautiful tablet memory would be, if only these things were only remembered which were pleasant! Some might be dressed in mourning, yet who would wish to heal the wounds that the grave has made, or to forget those ties of love, whose severance had wound. Reviewing to every remembrance of nature would he be, who'd forget the tender tie that bound him to a mother, that the earth had long since received her. The memory of her is present to chide with gentle admonition, to inspire and cherish in despair and to restrain in passion. Who could forget?

I wrote you a few days since when upon the eve of march. As you see by the caption of this letter we are again down amongst the hospitable Dutch, who preserve the customs and habits of the Teutonic, and have introduced us to many of them very favorably. We are here for the winter, it is understood, and are now in the midst of a forest of centuries' growth, and the trees fall around us like the explosion of so many shells. We
are preparing for a snow, although traces of the last storm are still on the Blue Ridge, at whose base we are situated. I anticipate a fine time generally until Spring when Early's command will be recalled to take part in the 3rd Penna. Campaign, which the boys predict with much confidence. By the way, I have observed, since my connection with the Army, that where any idea prevails as a general impression, it is very likely to prove true in the end.

You must excuse this letter really, as I am disturbed by every member of the men, who engaged in preparing a chicken dinner.

It is generally thought that Lee will attempt a Second Pennsylvania Campaign early in the Spring. It is believed that a campaign in the enemy's country will expedite and put the war to an end. If so, we are ready for our part.

Yesterday as rations were scarce, I went to a neighboring farm-house to procure dinner. The family received me very kindly, and soon the hospitable
dine was spread, and I sat down to a dinner of the olden time. We had buckwheat cake, warm roll, milk, butter, beef and pork in a variety of ways, turkey, cranberry sauce, sugar and chocolate coffee, etc., etc., etc. How do you like the Bill of fare? Hold on—it is not all magnificently. Since pies crowned the feast, and all this with an apology—"Indeed and double, we have nothing in the pantry."—Your kind invitation to oysters and ice-cream is unavoidably declined, regretting the necessity which compels me to do so.—I read a letter from St. Newell a few days since. Poor fellow! he's sick in Baltimore, at West Buildings Hospital, cheerful in spite of his captivity. I do not know that I did right in mentioning a fact concerning Maj. S. My information came from a young gentleman (not us), whose word is truth. But to state it might possibly injure his reputation, and I would not do that for the world, as he is a very clever fellow. I must close as the chicken's ready. Compliments to Miss Mary F. Ethel, and Miss E. Jones with esteem.

Edward Mitchell.