Miss E. C.

I trust if anything has been new I shall have written it earlier, but thoughtfully, from the signs of the times, I might possibly have some news to chronicle. I adhere to the fact that prevailingly prevalent that a battle is imminent at this time. And I have hoped that we will have another victory that adorned the war with the banner of our cause. And another inscription has adorned the war with the banner of our cause. Things remain in status quo. It is daily, hourly expected that the land-moored calmer of the two armies will open a campaign fought with civic of life many readers political, moral, and social to the two nations now at war. Since such a state it is the forlorn is it strange these that the two armies should hesitate? Ever, they are ready, but every day adds to his attempt. The men are hopeful, confident.

I have just finished "Macaria", by the author of "Revolt in Labrador," I must express the great satisfaction with which I read it. It certainly is a master-piece in its way, elegant in style, fine in conception. I think quite natural in its characters. Macaria was the daughter of Hercules, whose descendant had gone to war, but was fought under the yoke by their common foe. Afterwards it was decided that their freedom would be given them if they would surrender one of the immediate family of Hercules to be sacrificed upon the altar to the gods of the common enemy. Macaria
accepted. This as her share of the priceless boon, she
was burned upon the altar in honor of the unknown
gods of the heathen. The book is intended to illustrate
the heroism of our women and their selfless and sacrifices
for its done. Character is as noble a character and other
men in one of the finest I ever found in a novel. And
I presume you have read it yourself.

The keepers miles have come again and met the
facts. Beautiful evening in the mountains, just on the
north side of the Rapidan. Are yet capped with snow.
These birds are one of the soldier and their
incautious presence between long summer days, have
marriages to render shortations and bloody fights. We
look sorrowfully upon the field grain grain and foliage and
the hours and seasons are said objects of beauty. The music
of the buses in harsh accord with the beautiful sun-
rise. Unannounced, a cloud, excites pain instead of peace.

The soldier prays for a man second only to the
deluge and a mighty twenty-four hours in duration. And
change that, the emotions of nature should be so accor-
dated as to produce contrary emotions to that which
education and agents have taught us to expect. I tell you
plainly that there is no poetry in war. Philosophy and
science have improved the art - poetry has exalted
its. The theory of we learned it from being of fact. This
true picture is a combination of Simbad's most terrible
adventure preserved over by the queen of the Faries.
Here are ordered to leave.
Two days' rations to be ready to leave. We are preparing with all possible dispatch. Farewell! May it not be a long farewell!

Your friend,

[Name]