dark the firing grew very rapid and continued until it was quite dark. It then, out now that one division was sent over the Rappahannock, and, next by the Rapp, driven back and very nearly gobbled up. We were obliged to leave one dead and wounded in the rear of the enemy, - loss about 240. Gen. Irwin commanded the cavalry - he is a good bit of hunting. He is exactly such a look of man as Charley Collett - the remembrance is remarkable, only he doesn't look so healthy. I never saw him until I was in Washington the last time. He was not to my standing among the officers, whom I have heard speak of him - I read within a letter to Robt. and a new novel which I hope you will enjoy as much as I did.

Noteville, Pa.

Feb'y 8th 1864

My dear Wife:

The letter you commenced on the 1st came to hand last night, reaching me in pretty good time. Our letter are now sent to us on the same day they come down from Washington, and so I read my letter to that they must generally reach Washington in time to leave in the evening suable. I hope you get more mail promptly. The monotony of camp life gives an additional relish to a letter which you occupy with your many duties, with hardly understand. I could devote a large portion of my time to writing yours; if you should send them.

I don't be afraid of writing two
I wrote to John Howard by yesterday’s mail in reference to the 7.30 note. Nothing need be done about the same present. The T.30s were all taken so soon that the arrangement I proposed could not be made. I think I will leave as difficult to making an arrangement just as satisfactory when the T.30s become due, provided I am not obliged to tell them before.

Poor Stacey has lost his father. He has been in uniform health for some time. He had only returned from leave the day before the telegram arrived announcing the sad event. He felt the loss very keenly. I have not seen him since his return until this evening. He inquired very kindly about you. He is absolutely in love with Miss E.; and before he left spent a large part of his time in writing to her. I think he kept a letter away every day. Perhaps he spent so much of his time at F.H., owing to absence that he feels the loss of his father more on that account.

On Saturday we had some statement—all we have had since I went last soon after breakfast we began to hear artillery firing, but it was so distant that it was difficult to tell when it was. We settled down on the Conviction at last that it was at the front, and wondered what was up in that direction. Towards