March 24, 1864

My Dear Wife:

I suppose it would be wrong to send the enclosed letter forward without a word to their maternal patient, so I have set down to scribble something, what it will be I don't know.

This evening brought one no letter, tho I rather expected to get at least one from Washington. Whether the sign is good or bad I am not Augur enough to divine, but I hope for the best. I will write as soon as I receive anything definite or otherwise from head quarters. It would be a stroke of very unexpected good luck to succeed in my aspirations, but if what I hear of other chasing
Before,

chance, and I do ask see why I should
not have very good ones. The three
I hope will enlighten, as to the first
idea, perhaps give more informa
tion than I shall like. I sent
you a letter yesterday, and re-
circled these papers, and a letter also
two papers, the day before. In the let-
ter I sent a $20 bill for pickles,
which I hope will arrive safe
by due course of mail. The
Grant is supposed to have gone
to the front to-day on a special
train went out. If he did not
he will probably go to-morrow, so
that the work of the organization
will probably commence at once.
We are all anxious of course to know
what he proposes to do. We shall find
that out in the time I suppose, mean
time we will be the sport of a thou-
sand idle rumors.

Farewell, darling.

L. B. V. B.