

dark the firing grew very rapid
and continued until it was
quite dark. It turns out now
that one Division was sent a-
cross the Rapidan, was met by
the Rebs, driven back and very
nearly gobbled. We were obliged
to leave our dead and wound-
ed in the hands of the enemy, -
loss about 240. Gen. Kilpatrick
commanded the Cavalry - he is a gas
bag & humbug. He is exactly such
a looking man as Charles Ecker
- the resemblance is remarkable,
only he has a crooked nose.
I never saw him until I was
in Washington the last time. He
has not a very ^{high} standing among
the officers whom I have heard
speak of him. - I send within a
letter to Rob. and a new novel which
I hope you will enjoy as much as
I did. Good by dear Mr. L.
Thine

Rockville Va

Feb 8th 1864

My Dear Wife:

The letter you commenced
on the 1st came to hand last night,
reaching me in pretty good time. Our
letters are now sent to us on the
same day they come down from
Washington; and as I mail my
letters so that they must generally
reach Washington in time to leave
in the evening mails, I hope
you get mine more promptly.
The monotony of camp life gives
an additional relish to a letter,
which you, occupied with your
many duties, can hardly un-
derstand. I could devote a large
portion of my time to sewing
you, if you should send them.
So don't be afraid of writing too

many or too long ones.

I wrote to John Howard by yesterday's mail in reference to the 7.30 notes. Nothing need be done about them at present. The 5.20's were all taken so soon that the arrangement I proposed could not be made. I think I will have no difficulty in making an arrangement just as satisfactory when the 7.30's become due, provided I am not obliged to sell them before.

Poor Stacy has lost his father. He has been in infirm health for some time. I 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 desperately in love with Miss. E. and before he left spent a large part of his time in writing to her. I think he sent a letter away every day. Perhaps he spent so much of his time at F.H. during his absence that he feels the loss of his father more on that account.

On Saturday we had some excitement - all we have had since I wrote 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 way up in that direction. Towards