

flinching, need have ^{any} no fear of seces-
sionists, and their infernal masked bat-
teries. No, no, my dear "Ted," I know
you too well for that, and such a thought
never entered my head, or that of any
one else who knows you as well
as I do. But the evils of "Arab Bells"
or "Arab Hollow" are but slight in com-
parison with those of soldier life. Then,
at least once in two weeks, you had
the privilege of returning to civilization,
to see friends and taste of palatable food.
There you were your own "nigger" with
the right to express just such opinions
as you thought were right, with no
fear of the consequences. Then you had
the right to go where you chose to, and
had the satisfaction of knowing that
when you wished to retire at night
you had some sort of a human place
to go to, with no lonely vigil to keep or
met ground to lie on. But it's slight
by different here, and if ever a class of
men lived like beasts, I think soldiers
must have the preference. It's simply
barbarous, and that word more nearly
expresses it than any other that I know
of. At the distance at which you are now
the seat of war, there is a sort of romance
thrown about the mode of life,
which danger makes

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Arlington Heights, Va.
August 12th 61

My Dear Friend.

I am seldom in the
habit of making apologies to any one
or I should make some very hum-
ble ones to you for not having answered
your kind and welcome letter before.
The fact is I have considerable cor-
respondence to write, and nearly every-
thing unfavorable for it. The days are
very hot, and it is almost impossible
to make ourselves comfortable, by main-
taining a state of "masterly inactivity,"
let alone the fatigue of writing on your
knee in a cramped position. In the
evening we have parades and drills
to go through with, or else are shut
up three or four in a small tent.
We had one good place to write, but
a guard of our own men has shut us
off even from that, so that we are left
to shift as best we can for coolness and