

Baton Rouge April 10th, 1864

Dear Elizabeth

It has been but very little more than a week since I wrote to you and I have rec'd no letters in the time. I shall however continue to write often so long as we remain where we now are. It is the sabbath and one of the most pleasant ever witnessed by me and reminds me more than ever of friends and scenes up north.

We are much better suited here than when we first came and will be well satisfied if we have the privilege of remaining here during the balance of our term.

We are living pretty high for soldiers, but then we think we have a right to. We are hiring our cooking done by some old "Yankee" people who we found near camp, each of us paying them \$1.00 per month for cooking our rations and giving us the privilege of sitting in a chair at a table and eating from earthen dishes, these are considered luxuries by us and we think are doing as well as it is possible for soldiers to do in the provision line. You would no doubt be rather surprised if it were possible for you to be suddenly transferred from your quiet home to look on the scenes of camp on a sunday morning. Instead of the quiet of home it is far from quiet here. The boys are busy preparing their arms and accoutrements for inspection. Drums are beating, fifes are squeaking and everything seems much different than it used to while I was a citizen at home and feel like asking the question shall I ever see and enjoy the bright days of peace again?

How much joy would a declaration of peace an "honorable peace" bring to the people of this country not only at the north would peace be welcomed but thousands of the poor people of the south are praying that war may cease to spread desolation and poverty over the land.

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And the soldiers the many thousands composing our large armies, are looking forward with joy to the day when they can follow the peaceful pursuits of life. There is however no use of wishing or thinking much upon the subject. It is evident there is work to do before we see that day, work in which the whole country is engaged in and as bad as many dislike the responsibility they are all doing more or less either for or against their government.

I see that my pen is leading off on to the war question but I will try and direct it to another subject.

We had considerable excitement here yesterday caused by a false alarm of fire, in town fire bells were rang fire engines brought and the soldiers poured into town by the thousand. I started to go but saw the Gen. out ordering the men to camp. I took the hint without seeing any more and returned to camp. The Gen. was considerably frightened thinking it was a plan of the rebs to attack the town. We were not molested however and quiet prevailed in a short time. The Gen. is a fidgety old N. Yorker named Cooke and dont suit the westerns very well.

We are to have inspection at one o'clock and I will wait until that is over before I finish.

Inspection is over and were found "not wanting". After which I took a walk "down town" but saw nothing of importance, which can be seen almost any time, unless I except the ever present, in the south, "nigger" with which the streets of this city are especially well lined and who are at the present time commending as much importance as the best of us. I thought when I sat down to write that I could finish without interruption but the drum sounded for "Dress parade" consequently the pen was dropped and the gun taken up. We received the most interesting and pleasing order to turn out in future at "the earliest peep of dawn" and stand in line of

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battle, with bayonets fixed, until sunrise. This comes of the alarm on yesterday, which it seems has excited our Gen. \_\_\_\_\_ George Cooke to an uncommon degree of caution.

Elizabeth. When I mentioned that my letters could not be interesting to you on account of there being too much in them concerning the soldiers life I had not the least thought of yours being uninteresting and if I have written it before which I believe I have I will now repeat it, dont let any such thoughts prevent you from writing often for be assured that a letter from Elizabeth is welcome at any time. If I chance to be on duty on the receipt of your letters I always find an opportunity to read them very soon. I suppose your people think the soldier must surely find something very important to write about or he would not write quite so often. This would be a very natural conclusion at least, but one thing is certain he does not write as often to anyone else. It is growing dark and I will bid you "Good evening". Hopeing this may find you enjoying good health I am

Yours truly

Leonard.