Camp, Wild, Dec 25, 1862

Dear Brother & Sister, I wish you a Merry Christmas, and while I have my hand in a happy New Year to. The weather is very pleasant here almost as warm as in summer, yet everything seems dull to me. We are at Camp Wild about a mile from Denver. This morning we all went to town, but the crowded streets seemed more London to me than our dull camp. Old familiar faces kept crowding before me it seemed as though something was going wrong at home. I don't know why. I hope it is not so. I suppose you will stay only a disquipped imagination, and I suppose so. If any rest we will let that pass. I hope and suppose after all you are gay as larks and having the best time in the world, all at father's perhaps eating turkey. But if Crit and out-hunting you will miss my guess. By the way it is mighty hard to learn to be a soldier, not hard to learn to handle a gun or snare that comes to me natural, but hard to obey so many arbitrary rules and laws, to be obliged to touch your cap to so many uniforms. To some yes to nearly all this seems to come as natural and easy as though they

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