

[Based on content, letter from February 18-19, 1865]

No 2

I know of nothing different in regard to our loss than when I wrote you last in our "Co" at least. I think I gave you the No [number] & names of those you would have any knowledge of; we have heard nothing from Tyler & suppose him to have killed or taken a Prisoner, & if he was taken, I think he must have been wounded previously, or he would have come out with the others. The ground was so broken up by the previous rains & those at the time, that the roads were very bad; it was with great difficulty that some of our Artillery went with us. & the wagons & ambulances; all of the roads that we passed over the second time had to be Corduoyed. we have now a corduroy road from the extreme [sic] left of the line back to the front of Petersburg; & the Rail Road has followed us. the cars run up to us here; & to all of the Head Quarters along the line; they build a road & run the Cars here almost as fast as you would cut out a logroad; & with the exception of the road to your "Parrie Flats," will run over almost as uneven ground; they do not stop to cut through hills, or to embark across hollows: but go ahead wherever Six mules can draw a wagon; Sunday 19th

I did not have time to finish this last night, so I will try & do so to day [sic]: It is now noon; & I am in for my dinner. I am at work for my Lieut. building him a House you may think it a little Strange of us to work on Sunday; But to make ourselves comfortable, we have to use all of the time, we can get. besides, "Military," makes all exceptions;

We have now been here a week, & the most of us used all of our spare time in building Shanties, our miss; (4 in No) got ours out, So we had a fire in it; & spent the first Tuesday night, & since then we have done all we could to finish it but other duty has prevented;

On Wednesday [sic], two of us went on Picket. we do Picketing now, along the old Weldon R.R. & near it; I came into Camp from Picket; on Friday afternoon & since then, I have been helping to put up the Lieutenant's Shanty. So our house as yet, is only done enough, to occupy comfortably. we will try to get it finished. after a while if we are allowed to remain here; but a house for a Soldier: need be nothing more than a Shelter & a place to sleep. when I come in from Picket, I found that Burch had started for home on a Furlough; I was aware that the was to get one; but hardly thought he would start so soon. he left here early on Thursday morning last; & if he has had good luck I think he is at home now; He will call on you I think while at home; try & entertain him as well as you can for he has but a few days to stop at home, & Open for the war again.

I rec[eived] a letter from Emory lately; he was well, & said he had written to you but rec[eived] no answer: I lately had one from Oscar Ray: he informed me of the Death of W^m [William] Bishop: "Sad news to his friends."

This morning one came to me from Uncle Alfred's folks; Date Dec 27th it had been to Davids Island; & then to Savannah Ga; & then to me; they were then well; Tell Mother in regard

to sending me a Box of Eatables that she may do as she feels disposed about it; & I will be contented. if we remain quiet any length of time, it would come to me all right if sent, but if we should move, then I should probably realise [sic] but little benefit from it; But I hope we can stay here a while, for some of the worst weather is to come, I think.

So I leave it all with you; & will be content at your pleasure; Tell Addie & Nett I hope they are well & enjoying themselves, & think of them often; Addie sent the picture I wanted; don't want any more now;

I would like to know why I don't hear from Sarah; I have written to her twice & have had no answer. if there is any particular reason for her Silence I would like to know.

I will close this, fearing you will get tired of reading any more: & hope it will find you all in good health & enjoyment. Please answer soon & Spin as long a yarn as I have, if you have anything to spin it from.

My respects to all; From your Son

AH Tibbals

done in a hurry