

Camp of the 14th NY Vols [Volunteers]

Near Culpeper Va April 12, '64

Dear Friends at Home,

I write you a few lines today as I have a picture I wish to send you and I expect to go on Picket tomorrow and want to send it before it is soiled.

John & I went to have it taken last Sunday, as he wanted to have his taken for a friend. I went with him and we had this taken. Perhaps you may think it strange that we had it taken on Sunday but with us it is not so for then is the most convenient time to get away from Camp. besides such days with us are only known as a day to rest from drill.

Tyler came in from Picket yesterday & Burch went out & I presume I shall have to go out tomorrow. the Boys are well.

The weather is very disagreeable [sic] – hardly a day that we can count pleasant. this morning appeared like the Commencement of a pleasant day but it is now raining again and appears likely to be a stormy night. We have had regimental inspection today by Brigade Officers troops equiped [sic] in heavy marching order.

The heavy rains of late have swollen [sic] the streams so as to take away some RR bridges and stopped our mail and supplies. We have had no Mail now for three days. but it must take long for N. S. to rebuild them as he built a RR bridge across Rappahannock last fall in one day & night.

I have but little to write today as it is but a few days since I wrote to you. I hope these few lines will find you all well as it leaves me at present.

Write Soon – Write Often

John wrote a few lines to you, I inclose [sic] them to you.

Tell Nett & Addie I want to know what they think of this picture, and if they know who it is. I would like to have your opinion about it if you please, not that I think it anything very nice but only a plain outline of beauty. you may perhaps think from the appearance of this that I am about as portly as I was before I had the mumps. You are right, I am heavier than ever before.

I guess I forgot to speak about your nigger in my last. I rather think you will have to wait till after the war is over when White men will be worth more than niggers. I would like to accommodate you but I hope to see the time when I can return myself.

I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain your affectionate son.

A.H. Tibbals