

Camp Wickliffe Jan 28th 1862

Tis night; dark night, the rain falling in torrents on my canvass house, while I alone sit listlessly, half sleeping half waking, when the shrill notes of the bugle denotes the hour for retiring. Once aroused from my dreamy mood, from sitting in reverie over the days and hours just past, and of the enjoyments I had left, and thinking thus, to myself, I said, though perhaps aloud, I'll write, if for nothing else than to employ the hour that hangs so as heavily, that moves so slow. For tis to melancholy I would give my time to night, those terrible blues, it is indeed terrible, when one becomes tired, disgusted with everything. But what to write ~~too~~, is the question, and to whom to write is another question. I'll think, to Y_I__ no, I have written to that individual, and another before an answer, will not do. Well then to ____ no, that will not pay,

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would only receive a (prosy) epistle in return, not worth the perusal, or an answer. Well then, who shall receive the sheet after it is written? Shall I write at all? Yes, I'll write, and direct after it is written, and if the one to whom I shall then conclude to send it, sees fit to read and answer it, all right, if not, all right anyhow. Perhaps, I shall send it to some one, two whom I have already written and from whom I have not yet heard, well, if I do, what matters it, I am altogether independent. But then I could write better, if I knew to whom I was writing, so then I will say I am writing to Cousin Mattie, whether I ever send it to her or not. Perhaps may get Buckeyed in the operation, but what does that signify, suppose I should, I would not be the first individual that had got himself into that condition, and I have yet to hear of a single case proving fatal though often the patient suffers much, but then I have no fears as to that, since I have been very reliably informed.

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I have neither feeling heart or conscience, got a sure thing on the pain part of the subject. But then what will she think, or say, when she received another letter from me before the answer to the first is received? I do not care what she thinks or says, if I choose so to do, I will send this to her, and ask no pardon either. I'll not put my name to it, so she cannot prove I wrote it, however much she may suspect. Besides, I think I am now well enough acquainted with her Ladyship, to know, that it will make but little difference whether I waited for an answer or not. She knows well that there are times in this, as well, as in evry other kind of business, when a man wishes it was not himself. And that is just how I am to night. I never had the blues so bad in my life. I cannot tell what the trouble is, but I only feel miserable. I am not homesick nor lovesick, have only got the blues, and wants some one to talk to, therefore must write.

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Jan 29th

Wednesday Morning

Cousin Mattie,

I have just been looking over the miserably foolish stuff I wrote last night. It is certainly Serio-Comico-Tragico (deal and?) (missing word due to cease), (Ah?) but that you may see what humor your cousin gets into once in a while, and how he usually gets better, by thus gasconading awhile on paper. If you have not answered my former letter, do it immediately, and if you have, and think this stuff worth giving heed two, answer soon. (Now?) write this morning, except that I have not got the blues as bad as last night. What Regiment does Lieut Lamb belong to. Do not let any one see this letter, but burn it,

Your affectionate Cousin

WM McKinney