

Camp Sherman Miss Aug 12. 1863
Saturday afternoon

My Dear Wife

Jim arrived safely on Thursday morning, and I was very glad to hear from you again, but had made great calculations on getting your Photographs, so you see I was disappointed, though I will look for it by every mail. My Shirts are very pretty, and fit me first rate. My Slippers are just as good as I want while in camp, and are nice and comfortable to slip on. I now have a complete outfit, only I need a pair of good boots, and should you see a chance to send me a pair of No 8. I wish you would, but don't send them by Doctor Hollister. Lieut Benton arrived on Friday, and said he went to see you but the house was locked up, and he did not know where to find you. Benton brings word that Gov Gates is going to give me a Majors Commission. I do not know that it is true, but would not be surprised if it was, as Capt Rankin only ranks me one day, and is in Virginia, and never was assigned to the Reg till after I was. I also know that my standing at the State House, is good. I have never made any application for it, nor will I, but if it comes I will accept it, and if it don't come I will not be disappointed. I would however deem it quite complimentary to be appointed over a man who ranks me, without applying for it. We had quite a sad accident this morning; while the cannoners were dismantling an Ammunition Chest, the trail fell, and striking a man on the foot, injured it so badly that we fear that amputation will be necessary, though I hope not. He suffers very much. His name is John Hanson, the one who presented you (or attempted to) with the Pen-ket. We are now having Battalion drill every day but Friday, when we have a Review - Sunday of course excepted. We go full two miles to the drill ground, and then hot days

It makes it quite a task for us. My health is not quite so good as it was the 1st part of the summer, but I get along, and as I am entitled to a furlough, and can get it any day, I will come home if I get worse - I feel pretty well tonight, and by Monday I hope to be all right. The boys have just got new uniforms, and look first rate. There are quite a number of the boys who are not feeling very well, still we have no severe cases of sickness. The boys drew lots the other day for furloughs, and Henry How and Henry Goshen were the lucky ones, and will start for home in a few days, they will call and see you. I expect Ruth and Profie are at home by this time. I wish I could see them, but can't I suppose just now. I wish you would acknowledge the receipt of the money that I sent to you a few days since, as the man that I sent it by, lost the receipts, and I have nothing to show for it. I have almost lost the run of my money matters, and wish you would write me how much we have. If I get a Major's Com. and I am not in good health, I will feel under no particular obligations to remain in the service, and will resign; still if I can well, will see the thing out. I think the winter Campaigns will about finish up the Rebellion. Jim thinks Grevia is one of the smartest girls in the world, of her age. I wish I could see her; suppose Papa has lots of fun with her, though Jim says she is about enough for him, and he can't plague her as much as he used to. Heenan Hutton has just made a very nice Field Desk and presented it to me; he (Hutton) married Mr Crippen's daughter, and is a first-rate man. I suppose Mr Carey has called to see you before this time, and you could send my boots by him if he has not started before you receive this. I think of no more that will interest you, and will close my letter asking you to give my love to all the friends, and to our family connections particularly, and our little Cheney's

especially. I am sorry that you get so blue as to cry,
but if you must get blue May. I know that a good
cry does you good, and when I read your kind
letter, I was about halfway between a laugh and a cry.
I know just how you feel, and just how you worry
about me, and I know that it is impossible for you to
always look upon the "bright side" of the picture, but I
feel just as confident of returning in safety, and spending
middle, and old age with you and our children, as I
do of the rising of the Sun tomorrow morning. Sometimes I
get a little blue, but, I just sit down and write
to you, and it does me just as much good as it
does you to cry. Good night May. God bless you, and
grant that you may be preserved in good health, and
"When this cruel war is over, we will rejoice that we
have been governed by a sense of duty in all our
actions, and no one can say that we are enjoying
privileges under a good Government, that we have
not earned, and made sacrifices for. This satisfaction
will repay for our cries. Won't it?"

Affectionately Yours Husband
Jno P. Cheney

especially. I am sorry that you get so blue as to cry, but if you must get blue May. I know that a good cry does you good, and when I read your kind letter, I was about halfway between a laugh and a cry. I know just how you feel, and just how you worry about me, and I know that it is impossible for you to always look upon the "bright side" of the picture, but I feel just as confident of returning in safety, and spending middle and old age with you and our children, as I do of the rising of the Sun tomorrow morning. Sometimes I get a little blue, but I just sit down and write to you, and it does me just as much good as it does you to cry. Good night May. God bless you, and grant that you may be preserved in good health, and "When this cruel war is over, we will rejoice that we have been governed by a sense of duty in all our actions, and no one can say that we are enjoying privileges under a good Government, that we have not earned, and made sacrifices for. This satisfaction will repay for our cries, won't it?"

Affectionately Yours Husband
Jno P. Cheney