



Fork Tillinghast, Va.

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> / 1864

Friend Fred,

I received a letter from you, through the kindness of John Phillips, on last evening, for which I am truly grateful, and will answer it as well as I am able. Those "Orders" very forcibly put me in mind of the many excellent times I have had at certain entertainments of the kind, under the patronage of Phillips Din. We poor devils are deprived of all such sport now; the most extensive thing of the kind we can get up is a regular

'He dance, to the tune of  
a couple of fiddles. Well  
if we are fortunate enough  
to get safely out of this we  
must make up for lost  
time, and be all the merrier.  
Those words of "Johnny comes  
marching home" came in  
quite handy, for I had  
just learned the music  
but could not find the  
words. It is all the go  
in the company and they  
keep it going so much  
I am afraid it will be  
worn out too soon. That  
Dress I think I should like  
very much, it is about my  
style of color, and is neither  
gawdy nor dowdy; just about  
intendant, How does Mary  
get along about fitting

now I am away! I think  
I could render some valuable  
advice and services in that  
line. This afternoon we are  
to go out on Regt<sup>l</sup> Parade  
probably there will be about  
1000 men of the 1800 composing  
the Regt<sup>l</sup> out on line; I wish  
I could be where I could  
witness the performance.

We are having beautiful  
weather, quite warm and  
pleasant: we have had  
but very little snow and  
only a few cold days, the  
whole winter; We have  
a story here that "Tommy"  
is trying to get the Regiment  
home next month to recruit  
I hope it may be true, but  
"sufficient for the day, is the  
evil thereof", and it is not



best to look too much to  
the future. I can think  
of nothing more to write  
that will be of any interest.  
We had some citizens from  
Boston visiting here today  
and I tell you it seemed  
rather provoking to see them  
travelling about just when  
they pleased, while we  
can not go beyond the  
sound of the drum. Well  
patience is the word.

Give my love to all my  
Saline friends, and my  
most special regards  
I send to yourself and  
wife and all the children.  
Remember me to my family.

Truly Yours  
R. P. Bruce

**Hubon Family Papers**

**1801 - 1966**

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**CORRESPONDENCE - Letter from Robert P.  
Bruce to Frederick Hubon, 1864 February 28**



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