

Camp Briggs near Potsville on the upper
Potomac. Sept 28th 1862

My Dear wife -

Your letter dated the 21st is the only one I have recd since we left Brattleboro. I had almost despaired of hearing from you, and should felt very uneasy had I not known that if anything was amiss you would write. You complain of not hearing from me but I have written every week, and shall continue to do so if possible. I have a great deal of work to do. The other Asst Surgeon has been away and sick the last 10 days. He came back to duty today and I should not have had a chance to be writing this. Our Regt is so spread out that I have had to ride some 16 and 20 miles a day to see them all. The Surgeon has done his share of duty besides. There is not a particle of shirk about him and we work together in greatest harmony.

I am enjoying excellent health. It would do you good to see your lawny simbrant husband riding railroad speed through the line of tickets from morning till night then come to head quarters, and find a smoking hot supper awaiting him, and see with what hearty relish he eats it. And you would laugh to see him come into camp with a turkey or a squealing pig across his saddle and the next day see him devour the same. I have laughed at the picture I must make them in such a plight. But the best joke was to see our Scout Co come into camp night before last with a great squeaking goose across his saddle. But we