

Camp in the field near Winchester Va. Sept 9th 1864

My dear Wife -

I know not what to write but will attempt to say something. I don't like to be always talking of myself, but in reality it is about all I have to write about. In the first place, I am happy to tell you that my health is much better, but I have not returned to duty yet nor do I mean to till I feel much stronger than I am now.

You do not know how thankful I am for your kind sympathy for me. It is like a balm to my depressed spirits. I do not wish you was out here for I would not punish you so, but I do wish I was with you. I sat on the ground last night before the fire all alone and thought of home and of the comforts of home - yes I may say the blessings of home - and did seem that I could endure this kind of life no longer. I thought on and on till the fire burnt low - and the night advanced and I threw myself back on my blankets