

Camp Butler, Newport News Va.
June 25th 1861.

My Dear Wife:

Your letter of the 19th and Laura's of the 20th were duly rec'd. I also rec'd a letter from Charlie Howard which I answered yesterday - I begin you a letter now not knowing when I may finish it, for I am called off every little while to attend to something or other. You and Laura enquire particularly about my health. If you could see the amount I eat and the amount of labor I do you would not think me very sick. I have had something of a cough since I left Rutland. It has been better and worse according to the weather, but now it is almost entirely well. Among the goods sent from Bradford somebody sent a two quart jug of cough medicine and I think it is helping me. That together with the weather (102° in the shade they say, tho' I don't believe it) are rapidly curing me - I had a slight touch of the climate complaint just after the fatigue of Great Rutland, but I am entirely free from that and all in our tent are perfectly well except Strauss who is suffering from summer complaint - There is one disadvantage in ^{my} business, I have to do it all myself. So I have no time to be sick or absent. It is rather a responsible position in many respects, as I have to decide in many instances whether it is safe to let a black or white man go, or whether he should be detained -