

You do not know what a comfort to me
my wife's blanket as there will
be no more.

Camp Green Nov 27th 1862

My dear wife.

I received your last letter
this afternoon. You can hardly conceive
how much pleasure it gives me to get
a letter from home, and ^{then} I come to
that part of it where it says you are
all well. I go about my business with
new vigor and zeal. I regret only ^{much} that you
have so many trials to endure, you know
that I was always ready to shield you
from all hardships, but I hope that the
time is not far distant when I can share
your trials, more directly.

You seem to feel that I feel annoyed
that you ask me for money, but it
is not so. Who else should you apply
to, and you should have had some
long before this if I could have got