

Camp Griffin Mar. 6th 1862

My darling wife,

I rec'd yr letter this eve. Am sorry you have so sick, but glad to hear you are better. You must be very careful. I ought to be there to go to the ball with you. Hope I shall be with you soon, but ^{it} is hard to calculate when this war will be over. There is much to be done yet. I am pretty well settled in my new location now. Henry & I mess in our own tent. Reckon I shall yet be quite a cook. Shall beat you at it if you ^{don't} go to work & learn sovy. I went to Washington Monday to see Genl. Porter. Lent two prisoners down today. Dont think my work will be very hard until we move! Genl. Brooks told me Monday I must return to my Regt. that I could not be spared from it possibly. I said I was not particular where I went. Then he said he should see Genl. Smith about it at once. But I have heard nothing from them yet. The mud is very bad & it rains nearly every day, when it dont snow. I believe this is the worst climate in the world. No England in any season is a paradise to it. There is the most moon-shine about the salubrity of Southern climate, of anything I ever heard of. We cant tell one hour what the weather will be ^{the} next. It changes several times in an hour in fact, & every time for the worse. It turns out much like the courage of Southern men; a very