

This letter is for my wife only -
~~some~~ except the last of it.

Camp Winfield April 2nd 1862
My Darling Wife -

I wish I were with you tonight. We have had a long cold storm - It seems as tho. we should never have any warm weather - Talk about the salubrity of southern climate - Perhaps if my sweet wife were in the South I should like it better. The climate that produced you my angel is the best for me. How the Sunshine & love of yr eyes have warmed me - I feel it here & every where. How perfectly happy one single look fr you has made me. No eyes could ever look so much love, but remember & save it all for me - I am too selfish to spare a single "look" Darling I could smother you with kisses. When shall I have the opportunity? I do hope it will be soon - but I dare not calculate when - The problem of this war is beyond my power to solve - But it must end sometime like every thing else & then I go to my own darling wife if alive - I seem to have but little fear of falling. The prayers of my angel.