

Camp Near Fairport, H.
Dec, 21st 1862.

My Darling Wife.

I was going to write to you last night but we have no mail here on Sunday. I am very anxious to hear from you & know how you got home. Wasn't it lonesome that dark morning? I was so sorry to have you go, but I did not dare to have you come out here as everything is so mixed up now, we are liable to move at any time and you could not endure the cold in a tent with softy. It is dreadful cold weather, much more so than last winter. I went back to our room that morn, but it was darker than ever. I thought it was quite a nice room until you left. What a good time we had