

Camp near Jasper Penn

Morning, Aug 23<sup>rd</sup> 1863

My Dear Wife:

Reveille Roll-call is just over and as the morning is by far the pleasantest part of the day, in fact, the only part in which one can have any comfort, at all, I have abandoned my accustomed plan of returning to my bunk as soon as Roll-call is over, and sat down at the desk to write to Anna, but somehow I wrote "Wife" - half unconsciously at the head of the sheet and must perforce fill it out. You see you will see this sheet, entirely to accident.

You cannot imagine what good times we are having since the Capt's departure. The boys love me now quite as well as one could wish, as much as they hated me at first, or more. They hate the Capt-terribly. If men had such feeling toward me, I would resign at once. He does not seem to mind it, however, but keeps right on playing the knave and tyrant, with great success. The boys say they are having a "jubilee" now and wishes that the Capt- may break his neck ere as earnest as they are frequent. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. is a fine fellow and well liked by the boys. If I am not promoted, and cannot get detailed on some special service, I shall certainly resign after Capt- comes back.

It is morning with its usual characteristics here. The valley is shut in by fog and the

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tops of the mountains shut out, by the same. It will remain so until about 8 o'clock and then begins the boiling. There is no such thing as comfort here after that time until Jack comes again. The Jews here are so heavy that the drops fall from the leaves, and from the edges of the fly of our wall tent, like rain from the eaves at home.

It is as hard for me to think of you as sick, as it seems <sup>to be</sup> for you to be sick. I never saw you even comfortably sick for more than 24 hours at a time and I have not the least idea how you would appear under such a visitation as you have had. I suppose you must be quite ephemeral in appearance now, after so long an illness. Really you must be very careful and not have a relapse. You know you are my all upon Earth. I am afraid that my sending for those things was the occasion of your illness by causing you to work too hard. I ought to have known better. You must forgive my thoughtlessness, with other shortcomings.

I received a letter last night from Dobbie Wright; When I answer it I shall send a note to Jennie. I have also had another letter from Mary Daldriety. After all my fun I should not wonder if she became a very valued friend. She certainly writes a very fine letter and shows herself a woman. I shall have to stop joking about the "Widow" and call her Mollie again, I guess. — But (our cook, brother of Mrs. Dammister) has called me to breakfast, so I must close my letter —

Farewell returned  
Albin W. Stargae