

I don't think
to write
much

Oct, the 21, 1867

Camp David

Dear Wife I recd your
kind letter the 20th
I was glad to hear you
got home safe by the blessing
of God. Well Mag & Cec
is well at present
I haven't been sick a day
since you left me my
health is good at present
I am on the Sound came
here yesterday 6 miles from
town in a tent lying
on the ground bad change
for cold weather. D. Morrison
is well Parks is sick
The rest is well that
old man Wilder is sick
I call to see him if you
send that cloth let him
to speak it on down to me

just now so soon so soon
Well ^{you} may say now, but
the yellow fever I don't
think there was one case
of it in Wilmington
I don't know how long we
will stay down here I don't
^{like} the place but I don't get
what I want if I did I
be at home with you
But the Lord only knows
when that will be I am
sick and tired of this war
it is hard times and more
coming But the Lord
will be down at Mine
I will have to submit
to all those troubles and
trials and trust in the
Lord to bring us through
that is my hope and
bright that is what keeps
me up Write soon
Gave me all the love M.C. to M.J.C.