

March 25th 1863
In camp near Stafford court house

Dear wife

I recieved your kind letter of the 11 and glad to hear from you and to hear that you was well you ask me whare is Stafford court house it is in virginiy about 8 miles from Fredricksburgh we are about 1 mile from Stafford the weather is fine here it is like summer to day but thare plenty of mud and the mud is not like the mud in our country it is like glue my health is very poor but I am some better than it was when I wrote you last the Captain and the regamentle sergeon have ben trying to get me a sick furlow for 30 days but they cannot do it the medical director will not grant aney well never mind I can stay here do not worey about me for I am getting better all the time but it is slow I would like come home and see you first rate but we cannot do as we are a mind to here Thare is one thing I want you to stop that is finding so mutch fault with your letters if they please me it nead not trouble you if you do not I shal think that you are making fun of mine we will call it an even thing and make no apologies tel the children that I was very mutch pleased with their letters and think they done well I have wrote no letters to nunday but what you have got I have not wrote to you for I did not know but I should get a furlow but I shal have to give it up I have done no duty for more than 3 weeks I did not go to the hospital for I had good shanty and the boys said that they rather do my work than to have me go thare is so mutch disease thare that a man stands a poor chance of getting out again I am glad that you have you home for I like to hear from thare you must keep up good courage for this rebellion must go down I would like to kiss bouth of those cheeks of yours to night that is so A H

I thought that I would send along some of the crasy productions of my brain in the shape of poetry

A H