

Camp Griffin Va Nov 4<sup>th</sup> 1861

My Good wife

I am here yet and am likely to be for a few days yet. It takes a long time for the "big bugs" at Washington to sign thru or for names - that was all that was necessary when my papers went to W. was to have "thru" names signed to them. And tomorrow will be a week since they went. Off course I am looking for them every hour and "longing" for the time when I shall once more set my face towards the land where dwells my "pets."

Darling how little have we realized all the awful horrors of War, when we have read the history of great Wars in other lands.

It makes my heart bleed for our gallant "Green Mountain boys" when I see them have to turn out in such a night as the last was to go on "pickit" without an overcoat or rubber blanket, as some of them did.

It was an awful cold, dismal, rainy night. They all come up to me and say, "well Lieut I am glad on your account that you are going home, but what is going to become of us? we cannot part with you & they all want I should wait until