

MS92_9_6_05

Camp Wickliffe Feb 5th 1862

My dear cousin Mattie,

Here I am writing you the fourth letter, and have not yet received an answer to my first one, What does it mean? Not my writing, for that speaks for itself, "business," but yours; why have you not written, I can but think you have, only I have not received; something wrong somewhere. Since writing to you last, nothing very curious or strange has occurred. I am now in command of the company, the Captain having been ordered to Barracks to recover his health. While I was gone home, he concluded he would try for a leave of absence, feigning sickness, but he did not get it, however, in his stead, he received Orders from Gen Buell's Head Quarters to report himself in the Barracks for the sick, about twenty miles from here, among about 400 sick soldiers.

(next page)

Where he is now, How long he will have to remain there, I cannot tell, he was no more sick when he went there that I am at the present moment, and I am in ~~superb~~ great health, but he was ordered and had to go. So much for playing sickness, a good joke on the young man and he will not hear the last of it soon, some of the company were, to day, talking of presenting him with a walking stick, he being so infirm. I was out with the Company on picket, Monday and Tuesday, rained hard all the time we were out, had no tents or shelter of any kind, had a huge old Virginia time of it. Made me feel little rheumatic again, but guess it will not be hard again. Has been raining all the time for a week, mud in Camp, not yet up to my neck, but so deep as to be rather inconvenient. Health of the Regiment still improving, some dangerous cases yet, but the worst have either got well or died, two out of the Regiment were buried to day.

(marginal note)

I suppose you will think me very devoted for writing so often, and so I am, have nothing else to do these long evenings but write, and know of no one else I should like litter to torment then my own dear cousin Valeria Martha McKinney. I believe that is your name if it is not, please inform in next.

(next page)

We received Marching Orders this evening. Camp Wickliffe will be no more by Sunday noon. We march Sunday Morning, where fore, I know not, Until you hear from me at some other Camp, direct as before to (Camp Wickliffe, to follow the Regiment) and all will be safe. I am beginning to doubt whether my visit to my friends was not more injurious than beneficial. I have

been back now two weeks, and not a letter received from anybody, except those I found already here on my return. Guess they found out what kind of an individual the aforesaid Lieutenant was, and concluded all correspondence with such a fellow better cease immediately. Now perhaps you are sick, unable to write, if you are, make your Father write and let me know something about it If I should received a letter from you before we move, and have time to answer it, I will write again before we leave this Camp. Have not seen the Colonel yet!

(Signed Vertically)

Your affectionate cousin

WM McKinney

(Marginal note)

Have heard nothing of our Journalist or her devoted better'alf and child!!