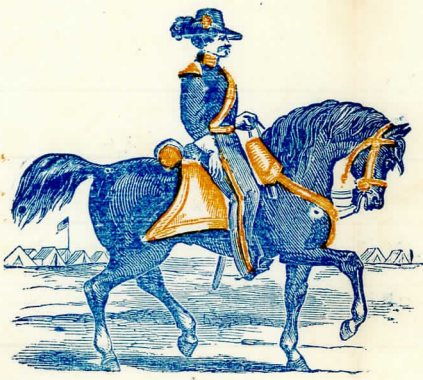




Second Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry.

CAMP WASHBURN,

Milwaukee, February 5th 1862

Dear Cousin

I grab my ever faithful pen this evening to write you a few lines for the first time in my life as I have nothing else to do this evening. I thought it would be killing time at more advantage by writing you a few lines than playing ^{Cards} as I should be doing. If I was not writing I am in good health at present and hope that these few lines will find you enjoying the same good blessing for I find that good health is a great blessing. I do not know when I have enjoyed as good health as I do now. Yet has been sick in the Hospital for about two weeks but he has got back again to Camp Keel and I see Wiggins has got the mumps and I guess that John Dick is going to have them. I have been trying to get away to come back to old Brothertown after about two weeks but I guess that I shall not make out. Our Captain says that we are going to leave here in about 6 weeks and he says that none of us can go home until we are paid off and can carry home better news than we can now that is in regard to this Regiment's Disbanding which is the

Second Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry

CAMP WASHBURN



Quartermaster here in Camp but I know nothing how true
it is and I understand too that we are going to be
turned to Infantry but If I have my way about it
I'll not go into Infantry but If they go as Cavalry
I am bound to go we have only about 60 horses yet
and no Equipments at all We do not have any Cakes
and pies to eat here our victuals are Beef Pork
Potatoes Onions Rice Bread Molasses and our Drink
is tea and Coffee and I no milk for Coffee nor tea
I have not seen any milk almost Three months It
would seem odd to sit down to a good nice meal
of victuals once more I like to forget to tell you that
I came very near getting into the Guard house
the other day for running horses we were exercising
the horses and got to running races It would have
been a good joke if we had got in there You must
excuse my poor writing and all mistakes and all
my foolishness for I always write just what I think
but however I guess that you will overlook all of my
nonsense and I will try to write something sensible
the next time I know nothing when I shall ever get back
to old Brothertown for it is such that I must call it for I
cannot say that I have a home there and I do not care
whether I have or not for as far as ever living in Brothertown
again I do not think that I shall that is if I ever
get through of this war alive and well I cannot
stop writing yet