

Camp Griffen, Va
November 12. 1861.

Dearest Friends

Your favors, written on Sunday were all received this evening, and although it is growing late, I will answer them here I retire. I have not got the blankets yet, but I am informed they are in Washington, and intend sending in for them tomorrow. It is very cold at night, and I am truly grateful for these gifts, as they will serve to keep my men warm, and when that is accomplished I am satisfied.

I feel sorry for John Bayes. He would make an excellent officer I think. I receive letters, or rather the men receive them from their friends, asking if they cannot get into my Company. If that summer comes I will again be full, my only loss being that of poor little Boulton, I love of my men. Dr Remble and Peter Wolf are still sick with the fever. But they are getting better. Remble is nearly well. Peter Haupt and John Bartlow are almost well. Both will go to duty in a few days. The balance of the Company are well with the exception of colds, this weather giving most of us a taste. Last Saturday we were out on picket in all the rain. It was very disagreeable. I was in command. I made the men build ^{or rather finish them} huts and took possession of the kitchen of an old darky ~~headquarters~~ hut for my.

head quarters. It had a big fire place and it
and I had a rousing fire built and laid down
before it. I did not dare sleep as I Comfaines of
Rebel Cavalry had been near our lines all day
and we expected an attack. They made it at higher
where the 5th Bt. were stationed, who killed and captured
a couple of them. I lay there all night waiting on
them, and thinking of everything. No one and the friends
there, I assure you were not forgotten. I could not help
laughing as I set down to take a lunch out of my
Haversack, to think of how mother would look if she
could just in and see me. Just before daylight I
got asleep, and the men went to camp, without me. I had
told Capt Stubble to take them. I did not get in till 1 o'clock.

Our fire is out and Bill is trying to make it.
He is using my gun pillow for a bellows, and is blowing
away at a terrible rate. I don't believe he will make
much.

So Dr Fisher has the small pox. Well the disease never
frightened me. I went to the Hospital where Boulton was
and there was 26 cases there at the time. I also sat
by him, when he was full of it. Harrie Wharton, has a
fine scab on his arm. He will send it to Uncle
Doc tomorrow, and then you can get the family
vaccinated. I have him send it up for that purpose.
I will get some more and send them. Mind as
well as Bills is off and lost. But there are
plenty of others in my company that I can get, and
I will.

It appears to me Arty Shissler must be descending to a low degree of morality. If he wants to keep a girl he ought to pay her bills any how. He may must be a nice place to visit. I think the Army would improve his morality any how. I pity his sisters and Mother but he should know better.

Winter is getting along very well, but there is a little laziness about him yet. He looks better than he has for a year. I don't think he has hurt himself cutting timber. I save him all I can and will do so, but I do not like him to complain. I tried to get him a furlough to go home, but could not get one. So he will have to remain. I think after we get into winter quarters we can all get a chance, but we don't expect that to be much after we have had a fight, and gave them a good whipping which will be before long, or I am much mistaken, now that the news are in from the fleet. What a glorious fight they made. That is carrying the war right into their midst. I wish we were along, and think perhaps we will be sent there yet to reinforce Gen Sherman.

Mother, I am not surprised that you think so much of Maggie Cornell. She is a very fine lady I am sure. I am much obliged to her for the stockings, as well as to the other ladies for their kindnesses to me and my men. I shall never forget them. It does my heart good to know that I am remembered, and so kindly by those who have known me all my life. God bless them.

Abbie, Give Mother a kiss for the slave, and when I get home. I will give you mine too.

There is nothing particularly new in our
Our Chaplain, who don't know as much Scripture
as Sam. Snyder, got as tight as a brick today, and
all the men saw him. We are going to try & have
him removed, and then I will make a strike for
Uncle Luther. But this is confidential, and I don't
want anything said about it at all. Now Mind
Mother, don't tell all your cronies, for sure as you
do, every body else will know it.

Abbie when I get
to town I will go and see your friend if she is
good looking. You do not improve as much in your
writing as you ought. You should write a much better
letter at your age. I am afraid you run about
too much and do not attend to your books. The
same I fear is the case with Ed. You will both
find out when too late, that you are neglecting
golden opportunities to reap knowledge. Now both
of you write miserable letters. - My Papa's letter is
worth a dozen of them, and Mother beats you
both. Now I want you to try and see if you
can't do better, and endeavor to improve yourselves
in this as in all other branches.

We expect to be paid
off this week. Remember me to all friends. All
write soon.

Yours

J. M. Daniel