



Remember any thing you can think of to your wife

N. B. After this do not open your letters before any one. To of you

Camp Grant Offsets Express No 25<sup>th</sup> 1862

My Dear Wife:

I have just received your letter of Nov 20<sup>th</sup>. It really made me feel bad to have you feel so anxious about my going to Texas. The fact is there is not the slightest idea of our Regt go to Texas. It is simply a camp number without any ground for it. There was a few days ago the probability of our joining Banks division, but no one knows when he is a going. But that is all known over now, I think we shall have work enough to do near here as a considerable force of the Rebels have crossed the river and entered Fortsville to day, and that is about 9 miles from here. About 3 hours ago we sent a body of Cavalry and some Infantry up the river to cut off this retreat, which will in all probability bring on an action. And how do you think our boys feel? Let me tell you: there is no boasting Nagavicia, but a clamor and a demand for measures. As I write my ears are charmed with as fine singing as you could wish to hear I think I can safely say that happiness is the prevailing sentiment in our Camp to night. This feeling among soldiers on the eve of expected actions speaks more for their courage than all the swaggering and blustering ~~that~~ in the world. We are 1400 strong and every man has 40 rounds of ammunition, with the "mine ball" a terrible missile. It was a mine ball that took off Moulton's toes, after cutting them off it passed through a shut iron pair, and the holes it made were as large as the bottom of our common ink stands, just think of that passing through a man's body, but now have practiced firing at targets until they are fine marks -