

Camp Huntzleman near Pottsville Mo. Apr 22 1863

My dear Wife:

I wrote to you last Monday (the 20th) and having some spare time I thought I would write again this evening - though have not much to write about. Our life here is a sort of monotony generally one thing over and over again with an occasional episode. I had a scene in my Hospital last evening. The mounted patrol brought an officer into the Hospital Unit and pretending to be crazy. When I came to see him I see he was shamming it, and it took three of the nurses to hold him he being a very powerful man. In the first place he had no business there any way, in the next place I could not have his disturbance there and I told that he must be quiet which he refused to do in very abusive language - and threatened to kick me. I told him if he did I would send him to Kingdon com. At this he planted both his feet in my breast, I can tell you I never was so angry in my life, and I turned to and kicked him until he was glad to cry enough, and I tell you I kicked him with a will, he was so sore this morning that he could hardly move