Dear Sir,

I break a long and on my part shameful silence from a town through which our Union Army has sent its waves, purging and driving off the rebel men and women who formerly inhabited it. Myself am stranded here. And in this wise. One week ago today our Division Civil McCook's was ordered to march from Munfordville to West Point taking this town on its way. The plan was that at West Point we should take boats and go to the assistance of Grant. But on Saturday morning Genl. Bulll ascertained that Grant had all the men he needed and further Genl. Mitchell whose division had been pressed on towards Bowlington to mask our movement from Green River found the Rebels evacuating. So we were ordered back to support him. Well the
first days march was terribly severe the weather being cold the road all mud and the PK track upon which we chiefly went ballasted with rough ‘macedon’ stones that cut into the feet as we went. It so happened that my Company had the right of the Division I walked. I suppose pretty rapidly to the end of the days march and then was struck down with a deathly chill. So I took the cars and came here to await my Command. And have not felt well enough since to leave. — though I hope to go tomorrow.

As I write my wife is near me. So you see twice I wrote you I have gone into the field and have married. We with my military and Conjugal relations I am pleased. The profession of Arms suits me. And I am told by those competent to judge that I promise to make an officer.

The Company of the 17th to which I was assigned is in the Second in the First Battalion — an honorable position. The more so as the Captain of the First Company is one New-Belloy Staff. Detached leaving me the Senior Captain.

We have been in the field since Oct 17 and all the time upon the line of this the 17th. We will observe Mitchell’s Division entered Bowling Green an empty town but provoking to us who had done all the Ticket and Fatigue Duty on the Railroad over which he travelled. We have, all of us, large confidence in Gen. Buell though the travel of Brig. Gen. [illegible] under him in Kentucky do not inspire much respect or confidence.

The thunder of Union triumphs, all around the “Sky” forebodes the downfall speedily I think of this Rebellion. As present it seems as if we would see no fighting. But you remember Mollon’s grand line “Regalo Serve.”

Who only stand and wait.

I have written a very stupid and unsatisfactory letter. I have told you so little of myself and said so little of what I meant to say about other matters. I do wish I might see you and “talk over” the many things we have often talked over. But the War is not ended. When it is I hope we may meet.

Be kind enough to remember me to Mrs Barrett and any of my friends in L. [illegible] who may inquire for me. Will you not write me?