

Camp Larrick Oct 26th / 643-

Dear Del

This is Sunday evening and I do not know as I can spend it more profitably and certainly not more pleasantly than in writing to the one I think more of than I do of all the world besides. If all I have written in the past few days go straight fast, you will certainly hear from me often enough. I received yours of the 19th last night. It was more than welcome. You seem to think I have been trying to keep you from knowing the danger I had been in a short time since, but in this you are mistaken, for though I would not wish to alarm you I would not omit any fight I may be in. I wrote you a long letter telling you all about the fight-

which it appears you never got nor
did you get the next I wrote for in
that, I also mentioned the number
of shots that were fired at me and
that the rebels reported that they
had killed me, but that "couldn't
see it." I have written more letters
than you have put but for some
reason or other yours come a good
deal straighter than mine do.
It is true that my horse, or the
horse I rode (my horse is too good
to ride on a scout) was wounded
and that I have a hole about
four inches long in the side of my
over coat but did not receive a
scratch on my precious person.

As soon as the roads get bad there
will be but little scouting done
nor will it be as dangerous as it
has been for the leaves are now off
of the bushes and they can not fire
on us without our seeing them
and they never run any great

risk of being shot. I wrote you that
we would not move till this week but
yesterday proved to be so fine that
we pulled up stakes and to day find
us in our new camp once more
among white folks. We have a
nice camp one of the finest I ever
saw. The only objection I have to it
is it will be very cold in the winter
as it is high and unprotected. When I
can come to see you I can not tell
but not for two or three weeks yet,
as Capt Cherry wants to go home this
week and will be gone some time.
As to our friend Hates prediction
I hardly know what to say. Though
I do not apprehend that there
would be much danger, any how
it shall not prevent my coming.
Indeed I am free to acknowledge
that a warm embrace from you just
would be inducement enough to
carry me a great ways, if my duty
to my country did not forbid.

you will give me several when
I come: won't you? I do not
know what I would not give
to see you to night. but never mind
I will come some time and then
we will have a good time won't we?
I was sorry to hear of your uncle
ill and trust that he may recover.
I am afraid that the letters I wrote
last week will get in a bunch some
where and you will get them all
at the same time. If they go as they
should you will get one and say for
several days, which will be more than
a dose of the kind I feel a great
deal better now that I know that
there is one that will not forget me
even for a day. But I must say
good night yet, though it would be
long after this time before I would say
it if I were with you to night.

Your loving husband
Stine