Camp Garret

November 4, 1863

Dear Del,

Your kind and loving letter of the 20th is just recieved (sic) and as I have a spare hour this evening I will try and answer it though I have but little of interest to communicate. I have just returned from Flemmingsburg where I have been attending a court martial. So you think I do not appreciate your letters as much as you do mine, but in this you are very much mystaken.(sic) Could you but see how I look when I get one I know you would alter your opinion at once. I should think a gret (a) deal more of them, for they are so much better than the ones you get in return for the sweet ones you send. No No, pet you cant make me believe that though you can get me to believe anything else..

You wish me to write everything I do or the rebs try to do. I am afraid you would not find it very interesting. I have not been on any large scouts for some time, but have done a good deal near here. I caught to rebble (sic) soldiers last week who had made their bost (sic) that the Yankees were not sharp enough to catch them. And to give you some idea of difficulties we met with in catching the apes I would say the country where they stay is nothing but a succession of hills covered with a dense groyth (sic) of underbrush making it impossiable (sic) in most places to see a man ten feet from you. They sleep in the bushes or in caves. There are men in these mountains who have not slept in a house since the war began, and have never been twenty miles from their homes in that time. They go home some times in the day time but are alwase (sic) sure to leave before night. The only way we can get them is to lay in the bushes where we know they pass or trust riding on to them in the road. The way I caught the to (sic) last week was this. I was at Hillsborough with 25 men after two men as evidence against some horse thieves we had caught and heard that they were seen at a house about five miles from there about two hours before. I took two farmers and made them change cloths (sic) and horses with two of my boys who when mounted looked very much like bushwhackers. I instructed them to say

that they were Jef. Thompsons men and that they had been badly whipt by the Mt. Sterling troops, and obliged to scatter, and wanted to find their way back to West Liberty. They took no arms except their revolvers buckled under their coats. I was to follow them up and make desperate effort to catch them. After they had got about a mile the start off the rest of us went in pursuit as fast as our horses could carry us. I enquired of everybody I met if they had met two men. No captain haven't seen nobody was alwase (sic) the answer much to the amusement of the boys who knew they were telling that which was not so. They came to the house where they were said to be went in but did not find them. Told their story to the women who told them not to be affraid (sic) they had to (sic) good soldiers here and would bring them in. They soon made their appearance to welcome their friends but were very much surprised at the reception they received. The idea of friends sticking revolvers into their faces and telling them they were prisiners (sic) was entirely new to them. It would have done you good to see how foolish the people along the road looked as we went back. They had been sold cheap and saw it. Now I want to know pet if such stuf (sic) as the above is interesting, and were I to write everything that happens to you. I think I will get to come home before long is not that good news. It would soon become tiresome I will have to stop pet for the wind is blowing so hard that the tent shakes till everything on the centre pole is coming down on my devoted head. I have upset the ink twice since I commenced. Write often and I will do the same. Give my love to all at home and keep lots for yourself.

Your loving husband,

Steve