

MS92_9_5_03

Hattanville October 13th, 1861

My dear Cousin,

Your last came to hand this evening, and I hasten to answer it, lest I might be called to duty tomorrow and an answer delayed too long. You will perceive by the heading that we have changed locations, we are now 8 miles back from our former camp, Our Brigad (Gen Bynols?) remained here on the 10th (inst?), giving up our other Camp and fortifications to another Gen and Brigade, to put up Barracks for the winter. What we are going to do or where we will be ordered, I cannot tell, but think to Ky, at least hope so. One thing I think is some fixed, and that is, we will not win in this region. I hope we will leave here soon, as it is already getting quite cold, heavy frosts evry night, and sleeping in tents is rather uncomfortable. Indeed it is so cold now while I am writing I can scarcely hold my pen. We have made quite an expedition since I last wrote you, an account of which you have doubtly already seen in the Cin Paper, to Green Brier, Camp Barton. Had quite a battle with the Rebels. Our Regiment stood under a heavy cannonading for a full hour, the balls whistled all around me, one passed so near my head as to tip off my hat very nicely, doing no further mischief than putting me to the inconvenience of picking it up again. I do not deem it necessary to go into the particulars of that 9 days expedition, since you have all the general items concerning it, though I might give (more if other?) items but will save them until I see you, which you know will be soon, certainly within 3 years. Although this is Sunday, I took a ride into the mountains in search of something to eat, I went 8 miles on horseback, and returned with the following articles, 1 bushel of potatoes, cost \$1.00, 5 lbs butter at (28/29?) cts per lb, being the first I had seen of that commodity for two months, 4 dozen eggs at 12 ½ cts per doz. I am going to live fat for a few days, have got tired of hard bread and salt pork, teeth worn out on flint biscuits.

(backside of the letter)

I had thought my days of coursing butter and eggs long gone by, but if you had seen me coming in this evening with my prizes, you would have seen a proud looking boy. Everything is quiet here now, no enemy threatening us, do not know what we are kept here for, since we cannot cross the mountains this fall, we ought to go where we could do something, and I think we will move before long. The PayMaster has been here for two weeks paying off the troops, we all have plenty of money, but no place to spend it, nothing to buy. I have just written a letter to Cousin Abby on the other half of this sheet, you will have to excuse the shortness of this letter, since I have but little news to write, and I do not feel in a (gazing/gaping/gassing?) mood to night, probably the time I write to you again I will be in better humor to write, and give you a very stylish letter, the night is so cold it has frozen up my surplus (laundry/luggage?) and left the little but naked (feels?) and but few of them being at command, I, myself, individually, your very affectionate Cousin will have to close, simply adding, write soon and very soon.

WMMcKinney

Will be a good girl and help your Father, My love to all.