My dear Jane

I have still an opportunity of writing again from an old camp, a thing that I little expected when I dispatched my last note to you on Friday evening. Notwithstanding all the preparations that were made we are here still and no further orders came that I am yet aware of. It was not true that the Second Corps had crossed the river, for they were still in their old place and I saw Gen. Burnside last Evening returning from reviewing them. I was returning at the time from my days work chopping wood. The company's fires at which the cooking is done, are kept up by some of the men from each company being sent out to chop and the regimental teams haul it in for them. It came my turn. You can imagine what a valuable chopper I was. Dick Holmes is always "boss" of that business. He is not a hard man to work for. He could not find an axe for me or he let on so anyhow.

I had just got this far when I was interrupted, by Robert M'Knights arrival. He has not gone yet, but will start tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. He has got Jim discharged, and takes him along. I was going to give you some of the rumors about what we were likely to have to do, but find it unnecessary, as I have learned since I commenced writing that we are to move tomorrow certainly. The teams are to start at 1 o'clock in the morning and we will follow sometime during the day. Where we are going to is yet unknown to us. I think and Col. Leasure does also that we are about trying the rebels again. The pontoons have passed up past here during the last two nights upward along the river.

I commenced again after two hours interruption. First we had a visit from Cyrus Kingsburg. He looks very well. Next his father came, and then all the Butler Co. men gathered around our tent to see them, so that we had to adjourn to out of doors. We like to see visitors, but have a very poor way of accommodating them. Johnny has just been round to see us too. From all we can hear we cannot form any idea at all of our moving. We don't know in the absence of positive orders where we are to move or in fact whether we are to move at all or not. The most reliable rumor I have is by Dr. Sherlock, that we have twelve miles to march tomorrow. It was very cold last night. Our ink froze in the tent. That is what makes this so pale.

I send you enclosed in a newspaper a sketch of myself, taken by Dick Holmes yesterday as I was sitting smoking in the quartermaster's tent. Johnny and he took a fancy for making a sketch and they both got at it. Dick's was pronounced almost perfect. Johnny burnt his before I got hold of it. I always wear the knit cap, except when on duty. I like it better than the cap we wear in uniform. I send it, as you said you would like to see
my moustache, It will give you a good idea of how I look now.

Our visitors came so thick and fast that I did not get attending church to day, the first time I have missed yet. I hardly know whether it was right or not, as it might be the last opportunity I might have. There has been cannon fired today somewhere. It sounded as thought it was Eight or ten miles off, but was at long intervals and not like a fight.

I am sorry for this movement, because of leaving our comfortable quarters this cold weather but more particularly on account of the bad mail facilities we will have again while marching. We have got spoiled with getting our letters and papers every day.

Of course you might not try to answer every one of these notes. If you write once a week or once in ten days it will be sufficient. I write as I have opportunity and for amusement, because I like it now when we have a good fire and plenty of writing materials. When we get to marching you may have to wait long enough between times.

However whether I write often or not, let not that be the circumstances by which you will measure my affection, for it shall if it changes change only to be stronger.

With much love and many kisses

Your affectionately

William