3 Miles North of
Loudon, Ky
Sept. 12, 1863

My dear Jane,

I have had no opportunity of writing to you since you left till now, but if I had you could not have got it any sooner, as no mail has gone back from our division since we left. A few minutes after Henderson returned from Crab Orchard, Capt. Curtin sent an Ambulance up for me and I spread my blankets on the seat and lay down in it all day. It is a nice way of travelling if the roads are good. It was a hard days march for the men, and death for the mules. We got into camp near Mt. Vernon but could find nobody in the dark. The driver & I went to sleep in the ambulance till morning then we drove to Mt. Vernon & got a cup of coffee & piece of corn bread for 70 cents. This was the first I ate since we had breakfast together. The roads become worse & worse the farther we go—wagons upset—break downs—mules give out—the men also—more than they did in Mississippi. Water is nearly as scarce—but good when we get it—this second days march brought us into Camp Wild Cat with only 2/3 of our men. To day we marched this far & Genl. F gave it up. We are to rest. I get better every day & feel able to march again—have had no more fever. The wagon train has not come in yet—probably stuck in the hills and gullies miles back. The road is worse ten times than the big hill on the Butler Pike. Have not seen Willie—Saw Johnny yesterday. He looked tired & bothered. Had no paper or pen & hurried to get this ready in case a mail leaves. It is to go back when it does in the ambulance I came in, but we expect another up with our home mail by that time. I have no word from Lt. Justice yet. Hope you get along safely—will write you more fully the first opportunity—Have to write this on my knee. Give my respects to all the folks & love to yourself.

William