

Camp Advance

Oct. 11, 1861

Dear friends,

I have not had a letter from you for some time so I concluded I would write today. Our Regiment is out in the neighborhood of Falls Church. I came in last night to send out the tents, knapsacks, blankets, etc. When I came in I found Boultby sick in the hospital. I think he has the small pox. I cannot see when he got it because it is the only case in the Regiment or that we have had since we have been out. He is getting along very well, however, and I do not think there is any danger but that he will get right well in a short time.

We have been following the enemy since Tuesday last but they have retreated as fast as we advanced. We are advancing very careful however so that there is no danger of them deceiving us or leading us into an ambush. We have an immense force and I am satisfied we can whip them just whenever we can catch them.

Hendricks must be foolish. Bill and I are the best of friends. He has slept in my Markoe ever since we have been out. He gets along very well. He is out with the Regiment today near Falls Church.

We do not get much news here. The men as a general thing enjoy the best of health only a few cases of the diarrhea being in the Regiment and a case or two of the fever and [unreadable]. The weather has been very warm and on Monday night and in the afternoon we had an awful storm but it did no damage here.

Let me hear from you soon. I have no news to write. I will write again when we get in Camp. Remember me to all friends.

Yours truly,

J. P. Shindel Gobin