

[This letter was evidently written about 9th or 10th December 1862. H.S.H.]

Camp near Musfrustro Tim Dec: 1862

My Dear Patten

Here I am again at camp again and I assure you that it quite a treat to me after being about so many days to look upon the familiar faces and shake the hands of the Boys once more. Every thing looks as natural to me as an "old shoe". The Boys all seemed very glad to see me. It was such a pretty day that I thought that it would be an advantage to me, to ride out to camp and spend the day. I expect to return to the house when I have been staying to night, but tomorrow if I continue to feel as well as I do now, I think shall return to camp to stay for good. I shall ever feel grateful to the good lady, (Mrs Spence) at whose house I have been staying for her good attention and kind treatment while I have been sick. She certainly has been very good & kind to me. Col Pennington has had a nice little chimney built to our tent and we can make a fire in it and keep just as warm and comfortable as if we were in a house. You have no idea what an improvement it is, and then it does not require one fourth the quantity of wood. It is impossible of a cold windy day to keep warm by a fire out doors and you get nearly smoked to death besides. All the Soldiers are making chimneys to their tents and in a few days they will all be as comfortable as can be in camp. I wrote you on Saturday last acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 25th Nov. I am sorry that you do not get my letters more regularly. I ^{cannot} write with

anything like the confidence I could, if I was certain
that my letters would always go safe to hand. I have
no news of any particular interest to write. Your Brother
Nert is well. Billy Coleman, Cox, Peterson and all the
Boys you know are well. Gen Morgan had a
fight with the Yanks near Gallatin on Saturday last
and he captured Eighteen hundred prisoners and forty
Wagons and several pieces of Artillery. Gen Johnson
from Virginia has arrived here and assumed command of the
Army. All is in the dark yet as regards the movements of
either our own troops or those of the enemy. The men all
seem to be doing well, get plenty to eat and are being very
comfortably clothed. The scarcity of Salt is the only trouble we have
at present. (Mrs Spence) the lady at whose house I have been
staying had the dirt dug up in her meat house the other day
and put it in an ash hopper and poured water on it and dripped it
through like lice and then put it in a large pot and boiled it
down and made in a short time a full barrel of good Salt
This I saw myself and know that it is so. I think that
it would pay all the people in our neighborhood at home to do the
same thing. I expect that the dirt in your Papa's meat house
would make two or three barrels. I should advise him if I was
there to try it any way. I have not heard whether Ira has
returned yet or not. Remember me to your Papa & Mother
tell all the dear Children Arvidy and kiss them for Pa.
May kind heaven bless you my Dear One.
Good Bye - Your devoted Husband
W. W. Davis

(This letter was evidently written about 9th or 10th December 1862.
H.S.H.)

Camp Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Dec. 1862.

My Dear Bettie:

Here I am again at camp again and I assure you that it quite a treat to me after being absent so many days to look upon the familiar faces and shake the hands of the Boys once more. Every thing looks as natural to me as an "old shoe". The Boys all seemed very glad to see me. It was such a pretty day that I thought that it would be an advantage to me to ride out to camp and spend the day. I expect to return to the house where I have been staying to night, but tomorrow if I continue to feel as well as I do now, I think I shall return to camp to stay for good. I shall ever feel grateful to the good lady (Mrs. Spence) at whose house I have been staying for her good attention and kind treatment while I have been sick. She certainly has been very good & kind to me. Col. Dennett has had a nice little chimney built to our tent and we can make a fire in it and keep just as warm and comfortable as if we were in a house. You have no idea what an improvement it is and then it does not require one fourth the quantity of wood. It is impossible of a cold windy day to keep warm by a fire out doors and you get nearly smoked to death besides. All the soldiers are making chimneys to their tents and in a few days they will all be as comfortable as can be in camp. I wrote you on Saturday last acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 25th Nov. I am sorry that you do not get my letters more regularly. I cannot write with any thing like the confidence I could if I was certain that my letters would always go safe to hand. I have no news of any particular interest to write.

Your Brother Newt is well. Billy Coleman, Cox, Dotson, and all the Boys you know are well.

Gen. Morgan had a fight with the Yanks near Gallatin on Saturday last and he captured Eighteen hundred prisoners and forty wagons and several pieces of Artillery. Gen. Johnson from Virginia has arrived here and assumed command of the Army. All is in the dark yet as regards the movements of either our own troops or those of the enemy. The men all seem to be doing well, get plenty to eat and are being very comfortably clothed. The scarcity of Salt is the only trouble we have at present.

(Mrs. Spence) the lady at whose house I have been staying had the dirt dug up in her meat house the other day and put it in an ash hopper and poured water on it and dripped it through like lie and then put it in a large pot and boiled it down and made in a short time a full barrel of good salt. This I saw myself and know that it is so. I ~~like~~ think that it would pay all the people in our neighborhood at home to do the same thing. I expect that the dirt in your Papa's meat house would make two or three barrels. I should advise him if I was there to try it any way. I have not heard whether Ira has returned yet or not. Remember me to your Papa & Mother. Tell all the dear children Howdy and kiss them for Pa. May kind Heaven Bless you My Dearest One.

Good Bye
Your Devoted Husband
N. N. Davis.