Camp Pennington, near Baxtersville, Maryland. Oct 28, 1862.

My dear wife and family. I intended to have written yesterday, but I could not very well do so. I mailed you a letter on Monday night. In an hour or so we had to march about 6 or 7 miles or so a short distance past a little place called Baxtersville which you will see in the map. This morning, the order came to be ready for another march, which is said to be in large force across the Potomac. It looks as though we have got to fight if the Rebels do not run. If you can you had better stay for the family and say if not then get them started on teams. The castoff's, tie in flooring, the walnut dressing boards, have them hauled home. Strike up in your order, get Mr. White there and them on to the legway. You had best let the bridge go until you hear from me again about it. Mr. Taylor is to have one half of the west stack and no more. I told them how to divide it.