

Camp Curtis Philadelphia Feb 18<sup>th</sup> 1862  
9 O'clock Tuesday Evening

My Dear Wife

This morning we awake to behold a bright sun and clear sky. The rain and sleet of yesterday had covered all out of doors with dainty frost work and every tree was shuted with glittering ice from its trunk to its tiniest twig, but the warm rays of the sun soon spoiled this delicate network of ice and the proud cedars looked forth with their accustomed beauty. Indeed this ice vanished before the warm rays of the sun the same as the fine dreams of southern traitors are now vanishing under the influence of fiery Union valor and rightful victories.

The people here in this great metropolis are crazy with excitement over the news of the capture of the Rebel army at fort Donaldson in Savannah in Missouri. The streets are crowded with men hugging to & fro and flags are being run up at all points, and salutes are being fired and the bells toll forth in clear & sonorous sounds with peal after peal that another brilliant victory has been won upon the side of God and humanity and that this rebellion against one of the best governments that ever existed is soon to be crushed out.

Our men are still lying here idle doing nothing I do not think that the men have drilled two hours since we left Camp Curtis.