

To a friend Mr Cary Briggs he writes "I do not know but you were somewhat surprised at my leaving, so soon I had made up my mind that it was my duty to go and serve my country and who would not think so, Could I not sacrifice some of the pleasures and luxuries of life for the sake of my country where I have ^{been} ~~enjoyed~~ permitted to enjoy so many comforts and blessings," In speaking of the Sabbath School he says "I let the lessons I learned there guide me here I find they are safe guides too," Again he says "I have not given up the idea of doing good yet, I find there is great room for it here I am learning some to spell and write and as soon as I think I have their confidence I shall point them to the Saviour," "Last night I was on Sentry Duty and as I stood alone and gazed up into the starry Heavens and I saw Pleiades and Orion just as I ever used to see ^{them} at home But when I turned my eyes downward what a different aspect I could see nothing but Tents and Campfires as far as the eye could reach As I stood musing I thought of loved ones at home and of our Sabbath School and class meetings and of the scripture saying

do violence to no man neither accuse I m
any falsely and be content with your wages if
(Here he speaks of risking his own life for the las
sake of saving the lives of two comrades who him
he found a sleep on guard) We sent him
a letter wishing him a happy Merry Christ
mas (Dec. 61) He acknowledges it the happiest
one he ever spent and in turn wished
us a Happy New Year and writes as follows
"So I had the opportunity of being on guard
when the New Year came in I thought as I was
padding my beat slowly on the beautiful night
Benedict what has one short year brought forth
little did I think last New Years night where
I would be at the present It would take
It would take quite a Volume to contain
the thoughts that passed through my mind
that night and I wondered where I should
be next New Years Eve,, It was on the night
of Dec 31st or Watch Night that he publicly
professed his faith in Christianity each
Watch Night was his religious anniversary
And now where Oh where have they laid
his mortal remains In my imaginations

use I wander among the graves of our noble dead
pages if happily I might find that of my loved and
e last one and bathe it with my tears Oh yes of
who him it hath been said

Spirit, leave thy house of clay
Sungring dust resign thy breath
Spirit cast thy chains away
Dust be thou dissolved in death
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks
While the faithful Christian dies
Thus the bonds of life he breaks
And the ransomed captive flies
Then let the worms demand their prey
The greedy grave my reins consume
With joy I drop my mouldring clay
And rest till my redeemer come
Yet not thus buried or extinct
The vital spark shall lie
For one lifes wreck that spark shall ^{rise}
To seek its kindred sky
Then faith exalts her joyful voice
And now in triumph sings
O Grave where is thy victory
And where O Death thy sting

I see that I have sent you a tear and
a drop of blood although not intentionally
done yet I would have shed both could your
brother have lived I have the fatal bullet
that that took his life a large Minnie ball
They have sent me his needle case scissors and
watch Cassimer made me a present of a
very nice American Silver Hunter Watch
about a month before he died I have not
received any of his books papers or clothes
or money I have understood your brother
Charles was sick and in the hospital at
Suffolk Va yet so as to be about We have
but one letter from Cassimer since he wrote
to you he gives an account of their visit to the
Rappadean River (I was on the retreat back that
he was killed) he came very near being taken
prisoner by stopping to milk some cows but
made his escape through some woods and
overtook his company with two canteens of
milk I think it will fall on you to write
his Biography and have it published in
the Christian Advocate and Journal or
your papers I think there is a trait of character that
I wish you would come home and spend
the winter a funeral sermon has not been preach^{ed}
yet I have been trying to get the particulars of his death
but have not been able Many things I might speak
to you if present that I cannot write which would
give you a better understanding of your Father Your
request are granted my heart has ached but has been ne
all glad Your sympathizing letter opened my fountain of
tears afresh and I mingle them with yours I show freely
they flow Your weeping Father & D Churchil