Marriage License.

Whereas, application has been made to me by William Woodville Jr. of Baltimore City, and Anna C. Schley of Baltimore City, for License to be Joined in Holy Matrimony: These are therefore to authorise and License you to solemnize the Rites of Marriage between the said persons, according to law, there appearing to you no lawful cause, or just impediment, by reason of any Consanguinity or Affinity, to hinder the same.

Given under my Hand and the Seal of my Office, this 9th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and fifty five

John W. Davis Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Baltimore City.

Wm Pinkney Whyte Comptroller.

To the Rev. Mr. Johns

Or any other person qualified by law to celebrate the Marriage Rite in the State of Maryland.

Cost of License, ...	$4 00
Clerk's Fee, ...	50
Total, . .	$4 50

Jas. Lucas, print.

Richmond, October 16 1861.

My dearest Fan,

I cannot express the happiness I feel at having, after waiting for weeks, a chance to send you a letter. I found on arriving in Virg.a that it was almost impossible to get a letter from Virginia to Maryland, as the Government has forbidden the transportation of all letters by individuals on account of information of army movements &c having been constantly furnished the Yankee Government by spies. I think I will be enabled to write to you soon at least once a week.

I am very very anxious to hear from you and learn how you and the dear little ones are and what you have been doing and if you, dear Fan, have grieved much in my absence. One line from you would delight me beyond expression for I think of you so much and worry myself in conjectures and nothing to put an end to this awful silence. I see these fellows from all parts of the Confederate States getting letters and presents from their sweethearts and wives and we poor Marylanders look on sadly and wish we could be equally blessed.

I had a very hard time of it after leaving Bel air, travelling one day in a buggy and one night in a most uncomfortable wagon, without springs, and full of refugees and their baggage. We were held on the Potomac shore four days by a Yankee gun-boat and finally crossed the river during a tremendous blow, in the teeth of a cutter, which could not stop us, however, as the wind was dead ahead. We crossed about midnight. Another awful ride of nine hours in a miserable little carriage brought us to Fredericksburg. It was then plain sailing.

I met a great many friends in Richmond, who were not at all surprised to see me as I had been expected for weeks, I may say for months. In June

a magnificent company of 92 men waited for me three weeks and then were obliged to elect another captain.

A few days after my arrival here I was presented with a captain's commission in the C.S.A. and was stationed here to recruit. I soon got tired of Richmond as it was warm, dull and expensive. The difficulty too of Maylanders getting across rendered recruiting impossible so the prospect of a fight on the Potomac took me up to Camp. I arrived at Manassa about dark where I met a friend named Miller en route for Baltimore. He promised to let you all know I was well. He could not take a letter as his baggage and person would be strictly examined by the U.S.!!! (Thank God I am in a free country!?) I ~~gratuated~~ ~~up~~ at camp about Eleven O'clock and immediately went to Elzey's quarters. War plays the mischief with all opinions institutions and habits. Elzey was quartered in a Catholic Chapel with his staff and a queer looking chapel it was. Camp bedsteads all round and the altar ornamented with a bale of tobacco, pipes a pitcher of water, tumblers and a bottle of whiskey. It was in fact the funnest looking place of worship I ever saw. We were often amused at things happening at our quarters. One Sunday a preacher paid the General a visit. The General, when the preacher (by the way an awful, stiff, Episcopalian Chaplain) rose to depart asked him to take a drink. He looked with watery eyes at the bottle and objected to drink on account of the place and more particularly on account of the liquor stand. Well he started to go and when he got as far as the door his thirst overcame his scruples and he returned. He walked up to the altar and poured out a bustering big drink and raised the tumbler to his lips. Just as he was about to swallow he spied over the edge of the glass

IHS on the altar when he drapped
Ham, liquor and all and rushed out
of the place with the most horrified
expression of face.

I found the Maryland Regiment on
a hill near Fairfax Station. Lilly friends
and acquaintances were delighted to see
me. They look awfully rough and weather
beaten but are in great condition. You
women have been amused to see men
accustomed to fine clothes and kids
puffing and blowing over a fire
cooking. Camp life is just about the
hardest life you can imagine. You
are either on hard picket duty or
in camp with nothing to do but
drill twice a day and then eat and
sleep. I saw Key Howard often - he
is second Lieut in Herbert's company.
He looks remarkably well. Bill
Murray was sick and away. Dorsey's
and Murray's are the only companies
which have gentlemen in the ranks,
all the other companies are composed
of roughs. The Regiment stands A 1 of
in the army. Their fighting reputation
is immense. They were on picket duty
a few days ago and had great fun.
On one occasion a party of forty pitched
into three companies of Yankees and
licked them, chased them off the field
after killing and wounding some. They
got lots of blankets the Yankees
dropped to run the faster and some
bottles of very bad Apple brandy.
which Dick Gilmor took possession of.
The conversations carried on between the
pickets were very refreshing and refined.
A New Yorker on duty yelled at young
Murtoe, You d— d rebel where are
you going to get your boots this winter?
In New York you d— d Yankee son of a—
Of course a shot followed. It is a
common thing to hear men talking
of having bagged so many Yankees
as coolly as if it were birds they
had bagged.

the uniform of the men is pretty hard looking but very strong and comfortable It is composed of grey homespun trimmed with black. The officers have that of the regular army.

I went to Beauregards quarters but did not see him. I saw, ~~Lawrence~~, one of his staff I was very glad to see, Elgey, Rugs' friend. ~~I saw~~ also nearly all the different regiments of the army. They are the most magnificent body of men in the world. Such splendid looking officers - high bred gentlemen - as different from Lincoln's Yankee army as black is from white. I am amazed to see accounts in the Northern papers of our army, describing them as half starved, ill clothed and barefooted when they have everything they want - I was in camp ten days taking meals with common soldiers (gentlemen at home) and I lived first rate. Beef, potatoes, corn, bread, butter coffee - everything first rate. And to see them in Battalion drills. Well, all I can say is they can't be beaten. They are anxious for a fight and when they do have one, an open fair field fight and your deluded, benighted, blayed out, despised Union will be in the dust and dear old Maryland free. The whole army and South are anxious to right our State and free her from her enemies.

the people in the C. S. laugh much at the Yankee accounts of the Union feeling in the South, when you cannot find one Union man, woman, or child on this side of the Potomac. The women work all day for the Army and the men, who can or wish, enlist.

A Yankee picket sent us a Baltimore Clipper the perusal of which caused immense indignation in our camp.

I was offered the captaincy of Dorsey's Company, vacant by Dorsey's promotion, but as a Lieut, an old friend, wished it and as he had been with the Company from the beginning, I declined it and the Lieut was elected.

After staying at Fairfax for ten days and no chance of a fight I left. The Yankees cared not be tempted out. They are not game. We gave uh Munson's, Mason's and uhton's Hills to draw them on but it was no go. The cock wouldn't fight. I returned to Richmond and then left for a visit to the Taylors. I stayed with them two weeks I left Alys with Chills and fevers at Mountain Ae is getting better.

I am getting in very well with my Company. I am getting some of my old men back. I intend to dress my Sergeants uh in their Maryland Guard uniform so as to attract attention particularly the attention of loafing Marylanders. I am raising the tenth Company of the 1st Maryland and I hope in a month to be mustered in. I think my Sergeants dress will be a good dodge as the men will think it is the uniform. If they saw what they had to wear, grey homespun, they would not think it elegant.

I wish I had my sword, sash, cap shirt and overcoat. Everything is dreadfully high here. The uniform of the C.S.A. I will be obliged to wear. Grey coat with blue collar and cuffs a great deal of gold braid on the sleeves and collar but no shoulder straps.

I can wear whatever overcoat or military cap I may have.

I think after this I will be able as I have already said, to write often. Try and get a line to me. People are coming over every day. If you can get a friend to look out for opportunities you could easily find one. Willie could find them if he would try. I know he will do it if you will ask him

It is hard enough to be an exile but to be ~~in so~~ situated as not to know whether your family are alive or dead sick or well, it is dreadful. We are all anxious to push into Maryland and drive the infernal Yankees out, as this alone will restore us to our families.

I intended to write more but I shall not have time. I did not know of this chance 'til this morning and my time is nearly up and have still to write a letter to the old Gentleman. So you must be satisfied with this, dear Sam, and expect another by the very first opportunity.

Give my best love to your dear Mother and brothers and with a kiss for the little ones and a long long one for you believe me

Ever yours W.

I forgot to say I still keep my good resolution and ~~that~~ my health is fine. God bless you

Richmond, June 19. 1862

My dearest Fan,

You will, I know, be delighted to receive this proof that I am still in the land of the living. I might add - and of the killing. For I have not had a letter from you since March 10 although I have heard of you on two different occasions - once thro' an acquaintance who had seen Father and brought from him the welcome intelligence that you were all well and that some one, he had forgotten whom but I presume he meant you, had gone to the country - and another time thro' a token of your care and love. But am I never again to receive a letter from you? On May 16, Jeff Davis' prayer day, the most successful W. & R.R. man arrived with an immense mail. As he had on each previous trip brought me one or more letters my disappointment was intense when I found there were none for me this time. I do not complain. You are right not to run risks, still I have not the philosophy to reconcile myself to the necessity of a silence, whose only consolation is that no news is good news. All I ask, Fan dearest, is that you will not forget me.

I sent you the beginning of Alley a letter and some photographs by Mrs. L. which I presume you received. I was sorry afterwards that I had sent the letter. You must have found it most gloomy and discouraging. What I stated in regard to affairs here was true to the letter. Things have changed tho' materially since as I will explain directly. But I regret what I said about myself as it cones only make you unhappy. "Out of the fullness of the heart" etc. I can't help saying I feel my separation most bitterly and that if I had the past to go over again I would not leave you but await in Maryland the course of events. If it be any consolation for you to know it I will add my heart was never more entirely yours than it is now.

On the evacuation of Yorktown the President seemed to have lost his presence of mind and to have come to the determination to give up Richmond. But the legislature of Va., seconded by the popular voice, passed resolutions to defend it to the last. So the President had to give in. Our army, after giving with its rear guard the Yanks a good licking at Williamburg fell back to Richmond and here, as you know, they have been since. In the meantime Old Stonewall loomed up and, with other things combined, we are to day strong, and sanguine as to the result. We have lost everything in the water but in the land we are invincible. Since the recent experiences of Yankee rule in captured cities, & the proclamation of Butler the beast, the determination of every one is to never give up. All of us think the U.S. are just as far from conquering as they were this time last year. Even if we lose Charleston, Savannah and Mobile we have nearly half a million of brave, well drilled men and, after each fight, becoming better armed, and what will the U.S. do with them? They can in a fair field fight lick a million of Yankees. At Williamsburg we only had 12000 in the fight and the Yanks acknowledge they had 30000. At Seven Pines we only had 20.000. The enemy had God knows how many. Soon you may see great things. Stonewall has been heavily reinforced and will soon make a move on Washington or Harrisburg. And then we will behold a Yankee panic. Here everything remains the same. Shades are trumps. Our engineer General pitted against another engineer general and people looking on with impatience, the army with disgust and begging to be led against the enemy.

Of course you wish to know about me. Since I last wrote I have not been well. About the 20 May I had a severe attack of gout in my foot. What gave it to me I can't imagine unless it was starvation. I suppose as extremes meet poor house diet has the same effect as the richest food. The water we drink is the most wretched, warm and very muddy, with no ice, and the use of it is certain to bring on diarrhoea. So you see between the two I have had quite a time. I am very well now but very thin. My clothes are all too large and the drawers your dear Mother, God bless her, cut out for me, and which I am now wearing, are large enough to contain little Billy and myself. I weigh now 170 pounds, quite a fall from 200. I am not at all corpulent — and my waist is once more small. As I drink nothing I do not think I shall get stout again, at least I hope not. Mrs. Gaither remarked the other day how much I had fallen off and said it was much more becoming. So I think myself. By the way Mrs G. is a very nice person but very enthusiastic, so much so it becomes oppressive. We Maylanders have had another streak of bad luck. We had obtained permission from the Secy of war to raise a partisan corps under Col. Jennifer. As some companies of the Md. Regt were about to be discharged from service we had enough to form a few companies. The balance were to be filled from Maylanders serving in the regiments of other states and not being liable to conscription were entitled to a discharge on the expiration of their twelve months. Altogether we had enough to make a splendid cavalry regiment. The first difficulty presented itself in the shape of the Brigadier refusing to discharge the men until after the battle now impending. The next difficulty was the Secy revoking the order as it was calculated to cause men to desert their present commands to join ours. So we can only look on. I had my company all fixed until the Brigadier refused to deliver. So in a few days we will have about

150 Maylanders here, veterans of ten fights, out of the service and nothing to do, thanks to the pig headed Secretary. But we dont give up. We will all volunteer for the big fight out here.

Richmond is now one vast hospital. Every courthouse on Main St. is fitted up. As one walks up the St. he sees the poor devils on their cots with bandaged heads and arms, and legs suspended, men shot in every conceivable manner. But the wounds inflicted by the Minie balls! Shocking! I saw a poor fellow's arm taken off the other day near the shoulder. After the operation was finished the surgeon directed the arm and the bone was found splintered for the length of three inches into pieces from the size of a fine cut piece to a pin's head. Wound in the chest, in the body, limbs etc one man's jaw carried away, you see all wounds you. I went in a hospital this morning to see a friend and there was a poor fellow lying on his back his eyes open and nothing showing but the whites, his mouth open and breathing his last. He had been shot thro' the lungs, thro the abdomen and thro' both legs. But what I saw on the battle field on the 1 June was the most novel, awful, terrible, dead men by the hundreds, wounded, dead horses, the description of which I cannot attempt. I will tell you how I passed the 31 May & 1 June and wasn't in the fight but which was not my fault.

On Friday night 30 May it rained violently for many hours. On Saturday, 31, I met a friend, a Major in the army, about 12 o'clock who appeared in great glee and who informed me that 30,000 Yanks had crossed the Chickahominy and the river had risen so that they could not get back and that Joe Johnston had determined to attack them. I was awfully lame and could with difficulty get across the room let alone walk

six miles from town. I tried to borrow a horse, I might as well have tried to borrow gold. About two oclock we could hear the cannon distinctly. I felt in despair. However at half past four a colonel gave me a lift in his carriage and, accompanied by a General, off we started for the field of action. The roads were so bad we went at a snail's pace and it was quite late when we arrived within sound of the musketry. Such a rattle with an occasional roar of artillery! To make a long story short, we left on and found we were on the wrong road. It was too late to find the right one, so we were compelled to turn back. As we understood the fight would be continued next day we did not feel the disappointment much. That evening the wounded ~~advanced~~ coming in, and their name was legion. Joe Johnston was wounded but not seriously. The fight was renewed next morning early, so when we arrived out it was all over. Of course you have seen our version so I will not attempt to explain matters. We did not leave Richmond on Sunday till 10 oclock, the day was very warm and sultry. When we arrived at the York R.R.R. we found the wounded lying under the trees and on the road waiting for the ambulance train to carry them off. They had to move some of the poor fellows to let our carriage pass. While there the Yankees threw a few shells which made an infernal noise. One exploded a short distance off but did no damage. In a little time we arrived on the battle ground. There we beheld piles of dead in every conceivable position, number of wounded waiting to be removed, dead horses lying all round. We went thro' the Yankee encampment which we had taken, saw Gen Bacy's tent, the captured guns, lots of dead Yankees and plenty of wounded ones too. One Yankee had his leg shot off; the bloody stump showing ~~with~~ about two inches of bone protruding, and he crying lustily for help, which

nobody seemed to mind. I am sure I didn't. I wished the whole of them in the same way. The Yankees brag so of their famous bayonet charges but there was not a single Confederate stuck with a bayonet. The fact is, Tom, it was our men who made the charges and the enemy ran each time. Judging from what I saw and heard the fight was a desperate one and our men fought nobly. We gained a victory and but for Joe Johnston's mistake it would have been a decisive one. If the Yankees won the fight how was it we were coasting about their encampment and inside their breastworks after the battle? All Sunday the wounded continued to pour in. The women of course shewed their devotion etc. Our loss in killed wounded, and missing is inside of 4000. Most of the wounds were slight, in the hands and arms. The mud and water was more than knee deep where the fight was and some of the wounded who fell in ditches were, I am sorry to say, drowned. No one can realize what the horrors of war are until a battle field is seen. ~~How~~ Strange it is how hardened one becomes to the sight of death and suffering.

Since the battle of Seven Pines nothing stirring, except picket skirmishing, has occurred in this ~~wh~~ region. I am wrong I should have excepted ~~also~~ Jeb Stuart's expedition. I suppose you have heard of it. With two regiments of cavalry and three pieces of artillery ~~he~~ he went round the enemy's rear capturing, killing and destroying, arriving safely in camp with the loss of one man.

I go out pretty often to the front and see what is going on. I am very well acquainted with several generals, some of them being old Balto. ~~acquaint~~ friends (Pt. McHenry). Gen Longstreet I admire extravagantly. He is my beau ideal of a soldier. He is a fine looking man with a fine head, bright eye, handsome face, long beard and moustache and tall, portly figure. Col Dear, you don't remember him in Wat, takes me about with him and I see everything to advantage. We have dined at Longstreet's, Jeb Stuart's, Walton's of the Washington Artillery and several other camps and although the life is awfully monotonous still we hear and see much to enliven us. All I see of a soldier's life is disagreeable and repulsive. A common soldier's is the most odious, demoralizing. Generally speaking a man in the ranks is a lazy, drinking, lousy thief, but he will fight and that to the death. The company officers are in the long run of not much account ~~being~~ having been elected by the men for social qualities rather than for abilities. The consequence is the men since the fights have discovered their error. The army, as it is, is full of military snobs, "Crackers" and "Yahoos". For my part I would rather die than enlist.

Stonewall Jackson is the most popular general here, the entire Confederacy is delighted with him and hold him up as an example to the other generals. To the remark that he was ~~crazy~~ mad some one remarked it was a pity he didn't bite the other generals and make them mad too. Jackson, you know, was in a mad house at one period of his life. The Maryland Reg. distinguished themselves under Jackson but lost heavily. Nobody whom you know was killed.

It was the Md. Reg which met up the Bucktails. Kenly's Reg was very anxious to get hold of them which they did but caught a Tartar. That little Blackguard Kenly fought like the devil and would not give up. They had to cut him down. That story about our men embracing Kenly's is all stuff. They felt more like giving them their death.

I do think the Yankees from McClellan down are the most accomplished liars on the face of the earth. I do not wonder at people being fooled by the papers, their lies are so artistically prepared. They will deceive anyone abroad, with us they provoke a laugh. It is simply ridiculous that we should be conquered by such a lying, thieving, cowardly set. For my part I am satisfied that this war will end this year. The armies are getting manned and confronted against each other and a general action if against the U.S. would burst the bubble and if against us, which I think impossible, would compel us to make a change and join Jackson and carry the war into Africa. This would have been done before but for Jeff Davis' religious scruples. He will see Southern homes destroyed but he hasn't the heart to inflict an injury on an enemy.

Our chief trouble now is in the commissariat. The Gen., one of Jeff's pets, is not worth the powder and ball that would shoot him. With a country, ~~where~~ with an abundance of everything, where to us, here provisions are very scarce. The army rations are of the most miserable description, biscuit and bad bacon, and consequently scurvy is beginning to shew itself. Provisions in this town command fabulous prices. For instance eggs are a dollar a dozen, a chicken about the size of a child's fist a dollar a piece and so on. When I look back to the living I enjoyed at home it seems I had been living in dreamland or in a land flowing with honey. Fortunately my appetite is not good, and the only meal I enjoy is my breakfast which you would turn up your nose at, or I don't know what I would do. If my mind were not preoccupied with military operations and speculations (not money or stock) I think I should subside into idiotcy or softening of the brain.

June 20. I will know today the final decision in regard to our regiment. If the President, to whom we have appealed, shows sustain the Sec. of War I shall look around among my General friends and try and get an appointment. If that shows more unsuccessful and there shows be no immediate prospect of a fight here I shall take stakes and start for Stonewall's army where I have many friends, one of whom, whose acquaintance I made at Newport from Memphis, has kindly offered me a horse and part of his tent. I shall certainly see Maryland sooner by that plan. I heard from Alys 7 other day from Bumbuland yet. His knowledge of accounts enables him to render himself invaluable in the Q. Master's Department. He has been offered a Brigade Quartermastership, rank Major, or an aid de camp with rank Captain, I advised to him to take the latter, as in case he accepted the former, he would have to provide sureties for his bond. Better news he had made arrangements to send letters home via Fairville.

I see Smith & see sometimes. He is well, sunburnt and looking rather rough. I saw Rice lately who asked after you.

Richmond is full of rumours today about Pickett coming here and the prospect of a battle soon, say in a day or two. It will be bloody as our army is determined. I really believe it is the best fighting army in the world. The people here are as cool as ever and that means as cool as a cucumber. Arrangements have been made to accommodate the wounded.

And now for want of space I must close. I will write again first opportunity and will have plenty to tell. You must give my love to your mother and tell her I think of her always with the warmest affection and remember me affectionately to Ring and Willie. Kiss the dear little ones for me and don't let them forget their absent father. I suppose little Agnes can talk now. How I long to see her and little Billy. As for you, Sam Clement, you are never absent from my thoughts. I wonder how you get along without the care of your husband and without money and my heart bleeds. I think you are at Herrington where the month

before my departure we were again blessed with a visit from our absent boys. Tho' we were glad to see them we felt sorry that circumstances should have lured us back so hastily in unfitted condition for the field.

Richmond, July 17. 1862

My dearest Nan,

On the 4 & 5 July I was writing to Father a hurried account of what I had seen in this neighbourhood, during the few previous eventful days and intended to devote the whole of Sunday, 6 inst., to you in order to have both letters ready to send by Dick Mercer on Monday morning early. But, alas, my dear girl, on Saturday night I was taken ill with a bilious fever, from campaigning in the Chickahominy swamps, and all my plans were knocked in the head.

After writing to you on the 30 June we were all in a great state of excitement in regard to a projected attack on McClelland's flank and rear. As I have written, as I have already stated, an account of what I have seen and have requested father when he has finished reading it to send it to you, I will not enter into particulars, especially as descriptions of the fights are somewhat stale now, but will merely give you an outline.

On Wednesday, 25 June, Col Dear and I rode out to the neighbourhood of the Seven Pines, on the enemy's extreme left, where we found several Generals and their respective Staffs, and a little mass going on in the woods beyond. By the way two stunned niggers the next morning drove into town two wagon loads of dead men, killed in the aforesaid mass, and remained in front of the War Department a full half hour enquiring the way to the Cemetary. There were the dead piled on each other exposed to the sun and the gaze of the curious until the drivers were ordered to clear out. On Thursday at noon, from a hint given us by a General, we started out the Mechanicsville Road and, after passing army, wagons, ambulances &c, arrived on a hill in front overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy in time to see the attack begin on McClelland's right. And a most magnificent sight it was, particularly an artillery duel which lasted 'till nine at night.

Just before dark we said our fine, burning the costume, army in full march. That night all the way into town we met them coming, many, many of them in the rumor to be laid low. Friday, 27, was the day of the great fight at Gaines Mill and Cold Harbor, in which, the best troops of Genl McClellan had, with the advantage of position, fortifications and artillery, were defeated and driven from the field, with the loss of many men, killed wounded and prisoners. I had the honour of being in the fight as I was attached to a party, consisting of two quartermasters and an adjutant general, who seemed to think discretion the better part of valour and the latter, who was a distinguished officer in the Mexican war and being fat was averse to running unnecessary risks. Notwithstanding which, he and the other, myself included, succeeded in the way out, where Gen Magruder was stationed, in being exposed to an awful shelling from the Yanks which knocked spots out of a few and made us all feel uncomfortable. If we had stayed here we could have seen, later in the day, from a neighbouring hill, part of the fight at Gaines Mill. That afternoon the President and many others, from the hill, had a splendid view of portions of both armies — saw our men charge, the enemy open on them, men on both sides knocked over and our men finally drive the enemy back, in short saw everything worth seeing. But no, my fat friend must be off for the rear of the army. On our way there we saw evidences of the fight at Mechanicsville, holes in houses, fences knocked down, ~~and~~ trees torn, dead horses and a little further on one hundred and twenty dead Confederates, killed in attempting to storm a battery. Our men had been stopped, in charging, by a mill race and the enemy's battery had opened on them with shell and canister and killed and wounded 400. When we arrived at the rear of the army we found the fight going on and

the surgeons, in their shirt sleeves, hard at work and as bloody as butchers. Late that evening we had the satisfaction of hearing that we had gained a great victory.

The next day, Saturday, I went over the battle field where I saw dead by the thousands. The Confederates were lying in the fields in front of the enemy's works, but behind where had been the enemy's guns there they were, the infernal Yankee thieves, lying about thick. To the left I saw a quantity of red legged Zouaves, who had been killed in attempting to take one of our batteries. I counted eight in one heap. Many were lying clear up the road where Jackson's men had taken them in the flank. Then were the fellows who were stationed in Baltimore and fine looking men they were too, but much finer to look at dead than living. Their red breeches made them such a good mark that our men almost wished them out. How our men captured the enemy's position is a perfect wonder. Nothing but desperate courage and pluck did it. They had to advance over a field several hundred yards wide, up a hill, over a breastwork, exposed all the time to a storm of grape, canister and bullets, and then with the bayonet into the enemy. You could easily trace the track of the Confederates by their dead.

That evening on reaching Tom, your letters of 17 March and 16 June, marked No. 6. & 11 were handed to me and in their contents I soon forgot all the horrors I had witnessed in the morning. Them letters were most acceptable as I had not heard from you since March 10. I am delighted you are all well. What has become of No. 7, 8, 9 & 10 somebody's pocket and the Potomac River alone can tell. In one of your letters you tell me to answer Willie's letter. Why I wrote him a long letter in which I devoted considerable time and pains and endeavored to give him a true and entertaining history

of everyone and everything. If he didn't receive it it wasn't my fault. It was the fortunes of war did Mr Toney hand you a long letter and some photographs? I am sorry you find my letters too short. Until recently there has not been much to write about unless one draws on the imagination. Donnell Smith is lucky in having an imagination that enables him to draw to the extent of thirty pages.

To resume, the next morning (Sunday) early I rode to Fair Oaks Station where I found the ~~army~~ Division of Genl. Magruder in line of battle and the Gen surrounded by his Staff. The Gen. spoke to me most politely and invited me to accompany him, which invitation I accepted. On our way ~~on~~ we passed thro' the enemy's deserted fortifications and camps; in the latter were lying about everything you can think of clothing, provisions, guns, ammunition cards and letters, some of which I took and found very amusing. The enemy had made an immense fire of all their valuables. About half past five or six in the afternoon we were in the York R.R.R. near Savage Station. On the right of the road was a large field at either end of which was a wood and on the other side the Williamsburg Road. In this field was stationed our artillery and behind them the infantry. Across the Williamsburg Road several hundred yards off we could see the Yanks drawn up ~~across the wood~~ and in the woods, where we couldn't see, they extended on both sides. Suddenly the artillery opened and the infantry advanced and for about two hours we had a very fierce fight. It seemed to me as if a perfect shower of bullets were flying past me whilst the shell over head made the most infernal noise possible. I won't say whether I was scared or not but I will say that I had made up my mind to obey the Gen's orders no matter what they were. But he didn't call on me and when the fight ended I felt considerably relieved. Our troops behaved skiddadidly. I couldn't but admire the spirit with which they went into action. About

ning that night the General was standing in the woods, surrounded by his staff, dictating a message to Genl Jackson and I was so tired I stood by the side of my horse and went to sleep, my head resting in the saddle. How long I kept I dont know but I was awakened by everyone moving off to seek a sleeping place. A friend and myself got under a tree where we were continually disturbed by the groans of the wounded and a violent rain which wet us to the skin. The next morning at dawn all hands were up. The day was beautiful. When we advanced in the woods we found the enemy had "skedaddled" but we found the results of our work of the evening before in the shape of many dead Yankees lying in every conceivable position. As I thought the whole day would be consumed in looking for the enemy I determined to take French leave and go to town and get something to eat as I had not tasted anything, but a hard biscuit and a drink of warm water, for twenty four hours. So I left. All the way into town every soldier and nigger I passed was wearing Yankee overcoats or breeches. The niggers were as proud as possible and strutted along and grinned, with their coats buttoned up to the chin although the sun was scorching hot.

I was sorry afterwards I left as at Sawade Station some of the staff found an abundance of everything good, including that much coveted luxury, ice! Here they found 2600 sick and wounded Yankees and lots of muskets and provisions although much had been destroyed.

Tuesday morning early I was again in the saddle and after a ride of fifteen miles in a sun the like of which I never felt, found we once more with the army. Cavalry, Artillery and infantry were all on the move. The dust was so dense I could not see my horse's head. I heard a great deal of talk about a fight of the evening previous at Frazer's Farm. A ride of a mile and a half brought us to the battle field where we saw enough dead Yankees to form a large regiment, besides

plenty of their wounded, whom our men treated in the kindest and most humane manner. I cared not feel the least bit of pity for them no matter how awfully wounded. One fellow was afraid a caisson would run over him and he was hulling himself out of the way with his hands. He had been shot in the spine and was paralyzed in his lower extremities. This fight had been conducted by Genl. Longstreet and A. P. Hill on the one side and your friend Gen. McCall on the other. I never saw such a slaughter. The Yankee dead numbered ten to our one. I really believe I saw a thousand dead Yankees.

When I had satisfied my curiosity I started for the army to look for Gen. Maguder and attach myself to him. I heard he was on the extreme right. The way was so blocked up with troops and the dust so thick my progress was very slow. One place I had to stand and take a shelling. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived in the right and a tremendous battle was going on. At the end of a large field surrounded by woods were stationed the enemy with numerous batteries commanding every approach. In the woods were our men. To the rear of our line I hunted to look for the General, whom I couldn't find, and I pushed right into the thick of the fire. Every one was lying down which I proceeded to imitate, as to stand was almost certain death. Such a shower of shot, shell and bullets as flew around! The roar of artillery and rattle of musketry was deafening. As it grew dark the blaze of the guns was continual. We could see our men advance and hear them cheer etc etc. I was very glad when it was all over, particularly as I got off with a whole skin. A great many were killed and wounded and the slaughter of horses was immense. We lost principally in storming the batteries. A great many too were hurt in the woods. You ought to hear a shell fly near you. But the minie balls, they do the damage and the

noise or buzz of them produces the most uncomfortable feeling. I passed the night in the field. The next morning early I rode over the battle ground. The loss in both sides was heavy. The killed and wounded were lying in every direction. I saw 812 Yankees placed in a row for burial and whom their friends in their hurry had been obliged to leave. One dead Yankee I saw had been struck by a shell, I think from a gun boat, and his body had been badly torn and his legs were hanging by mere strips of flesh. I will not weary you by ~~the~~ a description of the horrors I ~~have~~ witnessed. Each sight affords food for reflection. I was standing in the field looking at the body of a young Confederate officer. He was lying on his back with his mouth open, his eyes half closed and glazed and his complexion ~~was~~ of that greenish-yellow hue indicating approaching decomposition. I had seen this young fellow the evening before laughing and talking. Some one said to me "Hallo, Woodville, how would you like to be lying there in that way covered with glory?" I would like that young fellow, have been as insensible to the glory as to the flies with which he would have been covered. I was told that if I had been killed in this fight nobody would have known what had become of me. Not being been on a muster roll and probably not being known, I would have been pitched into a trench with the rest of them and a little dirt thrown over me. I will take care next time and keep with those who know me, or attach myself regularly to a staff.

This was the last fight and in spite of all M. Clellan succeeded in getting to the James River. To think if one of our generals had obeyed instructions we would have captured certainly ~~half~~ the army and probably the whole! When I reflect over it I actually groan. As it is we will have to fight it all over again. Although the victory has been glorious it has not been complete. We captured 51 guns, 30.000 stand of arms and any quantity of well, wounded and sick prisoners, some say 12.000.

On Saturday night, as I told you, I was taken with a bilious fever. It commenced with a chill succeeded by a violent fever, which I thought would have consumed me. Of course the first thing to do was to send for the doctor. He came and dosed me with quinine, the effects of which, deafness & acute headache, nearly drove me distracted. To add to my sufferings the weather was extremely warm (102° in my room), water ditto, and not a particle of ice ~~could~~ to be procured. I was completely prostrated. I thought, oh if I were only home and had dear Pa to look after me! To add to my discomfort I could hear through the open window people in an adjoining cabinet maker's shop bargaining for coffins. By the way the cabinet maker informed me this morning that the coffin trade was dull now but there was a great demand for crutches. The doctor was very kind to me and refused any compensation. After suffering several days I began to mend and, thank God, am all right, or nearly so, again.

Richmond is, without exception, the hottest place I ever put my foot in. Baltimore can't hold a candle to it. I have come to the conclusion the sooner I get out of it the better. I am getting ready to start for Staunton on Monday and expect to anticate in its neighbourhood where the living is good and cheap. There I can wait for the army and, when it goes up the valley, accompany it. If I get to Romney I will only be forty miles from Harrisonburg.

Monday last, 14, I received a short letter from Father dated 4, and $30 in gold. He informs me you had gone to the country. I am glad to hear it. You and the little ones will derive great benefit from the change. Oh, Pa, if I were only with you! I long to see you. I wonder how many months more I am doomed to be separated from you. I have not even the consolation of often hearing from you. I was sadly disappointed in not getting a letter from you last Monday. Father writes me word that he will tell you to write often and forward the letters to him as our there are frequent opportunities. Write, Pa, if only a line

Billy Tomis is here. He told me he saw you several times before his departure and that you were looking very well. He and others tell me your father is very violent against the South and that he advocates a war of extermination. If the Yankees are not inaugurating such a war what in the name of God are they doing? Look at Butler and Pope. And yet they call us savages! So far this war has been conducted on the part of the South according to the rules of civilized warfare, but it is doubtful whether this system will last. Billy is trying to reconcile the differences of Maylanders but I think, will not succeed. The Maryland Line is played out. I am told the Md. Reg. had the other afternoon eighty six men on dress parade.

Billy Murray is here raising a company for the Md. Reg. He has about forty, most of them his old men, and cannot get more. The minimum number according to law is sixty four. He is considered a first rate drill officer but a very indifferent captain. I don't know how that may be, but what I have seen of him here I should judge him to be stuck up, conceited, consequential and full of airs, graces and affectation.

Charley Winder has been here and called to see me. He stands very high in the service. He is a Brigadier and there is a rumour he is to be made a major general. He is attached to Jackson's army and commands the "Stonewall Brigade". He is the same quiet, unaffected man he ever was.

Do you remember a Lieut. Hill who was stationed in Balto. some years ago and who was attentive to Lizzie Pinebney? He was long light hair and moustache. He is

the Genl. A. P. Hill who played so distinguished a part in these recent battles. He is a very clever man and, unlike these small potatoes, quiet and natural.

Your friend or connexion Gen Geo. McBall is a prisoner here. In his accounts of McClellan's recent movements he displays considerable ignorance or as great talent for lying. In the prison the other day there was quite a scene in which he was principal actor. He sent the Steward out to buy him some underclothes. On account of the Gen's rank, he did not demand, as usual in such cases, the money in advance. So when he returned with the required articles and rendered his account, the Gen., ignorant of blockade prices, got into a tremendous rage, threw the clothes in the Steward's face and called him a damned thief. I fear Aunt McBall hadn't the bringing-up of him.

McClellan is sixteen miles from Richmond with the river on one side and swamps on the other, without a particle of shade, and occupies, what is considered, the hottest place in Virginia. He is losing daily many men. Well there is plenty of room left to plant one of their warlike caricatures. If he intend attacking Richmond by way of the river he has chosen our strongest side. Drury's Bluff, called by the Yankees Fort Darling, - where the devil they got the name from nobody knows - and our army, strongly posted, will prove too much for Yankee valour. I wish to God he would make the attempt. One more big licking will wind up Yankeedom and all hopes of the Union. ~~ah~~. I am glad the Union is broken up. It only astonishes me that we

lived with the Yankees as long as we did.
Our generals are busy in reorganizing the army and getting it in first rate fighting trim. Drill and discipline are the order of the day. Gen. Archer, a Marylander and a splendid fellow, asked me yesterday to come out and live with him, be volunteer aid, superintend drills, and do adjutant duty. For want of a horse I was compelled to decline. Thus I lose a first rate chance. The Gen. commands two brigades. I could have made myself useful, particularly as a battalion drill officer which he wants. It would have opened the way to a first rate staff appointment. Something must turn up yet. My preference is to be with Jackson. Billy Carter, an old friend of mine and Ewell's division quartermaster, begged me to join him and promised me a horse and accoutrements and part of his tent. I accepted provided Jackson went in the right direction, viz. Maryland. Jackson has gone some place but nobody knows where. I must confess I am not "spileud for a fight." Although not in the army I want to have the satisfaction of knowing it was not from fear of bullets, but from force of circumstances. As it is my late experience has made me much better satisfied. To be candid, I am, the existence of a wife and two children renders a man indisposed to run unnecessary risks. In the heat of an engagement it is another thing.

July 30 1862

I am very much worried about my letters. I cannot hear of an opportunity to send them. You must be very uneasy about me. Many men, just out of the service, have gone to Maryland lately but they left without letting anybody know. Frank Ward is among the number. I wish I could slip up to Harrisburg and pay you a flying visit. I think if the coast were clear I would try it. Our third is certain I must see you this summer or early in the fall and talk over plans for the future. If this war is to last for some years to come, and it will unless there be foreign intervention, are we to live, as we are, absent our from the other? I say no. I am considerably troubled about the future. Of course I cannot, and would not if I could, live in Maryland under Yankee rule. I am bound to stick to the South, particularly as her independance is virtually accomplished and we look to the early redemption of Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky. But you and I, Fan. How are our difficulties to be settled? I worry my poor brains in trying to solve the ~~difficulty~~ question and wind up by feeling very sad.

Well, good bye! I have nothing more to say. Give my love to your Mother and brothers and kiss the little ones for me. Tell little Billy to be a good boy and not to forget his absent father. Is the little girl pretty? You do not say. She ought to be – she has fine eyes. Take care of yourself, Fan dearest, and preserve your health. I firmly believe we have yet many happy days in store for us. Your devoted lover

W.

Richmond, July 26. 1862

Here I am, Fan, still in the city of hospitals and prisons. Last Sunday the Yankees made a raid on the Central Road and destroyed portions of the track. I intended to have left Monday. Just my luck! I understand the trains will run again in a day or two, so I shall be off Monday, but for what point I am undecided. Jackson is at Gordonsville and if, on arriving there, I find the inducements sufficient, shall remain with his army. I understand he is after Mr. Pope, the man who sees nothing but the backs of the Confederates.

I have been much interested the last few days in the U. S. papers. What sound and fury, rage and despair! That the Lincoln government will get the 300.000 men no one has the slightest doubt. If a draft be resorted to it will produce a small commotion among the young men in Maryland. I read Gov. Bradford's communication and the proceedings of his committee of old women and was considerably edified. Every dog has his day and there is a rope twisting for many a dog in Maryland.

I see Dick Mercer has been arrested. Everyone here is laughing about it.

The weather here is very warm. I am perfectly well again. I weigh 167 pounds. I am quite slender. Appetite first rate. The living here is excellent and somewhat cheaper. Tomatoes, corn, gumbo, cucumbers &c. Every one has a craving for vegetables and fruit. I often think of trout, mountain mutton, cold spring water and fresh air. In a few days how will it be when I come down to army rations?

Richmond, July 29. 1862

To day, thank the Lord, I have a chance to send my letters. I hope because they are old they will not be less agreeable. Yesterday I accompanied Commodore Buchanan to Drury's Bluff. We went down in a dumbboat. We had a most interesting visit. Of course I can't describe what I saw. Nick Barney is stationed there and showed me everything. What an elegant old fellow Buchanan is. He is still a little lame from his wound.

I leave here Thursday for Gordonsville Jackson has been heavily reinforced and means mischief. Gen Archer goes there and consequently I go with him. Pope and his miscreants I hope will be destroyed. Since Pope's orders to his troops, our men have become very much infuriated. May they show no quarter. I hope to God I won't see a prisoner.

I heard from Myd yesterday. He has been ill. His letter is

Knoxville July 24/62

Dear Bill,

I have been very ill - d - d weak now, but doing well. Rushed things too strong at the evacuation of the Gap - Six nights in the saddle brought on the jaundice - when I reached here found myself lousy, with also the camp itch and hell generally.

Write at this place. I am about starting for the Sulphur Springs

Yours

Poor fellow. I pity him. I never heard of the Camp itch, but lousy, why it

belongs to the army! Every regiment in this neighbourhood is so. If ever I find myself so I shall have a fit. Soap is the only preventive. Flannel shirts, perspiration and dust the same.

To day is the warmest of the season I can hardly write. I will write again soon from the army.

Love to all. Once more farewell. God bless you, Pa!

Yours devotedly

W.

Sunday October 25 1863

Dearest Fan,

I have tried several times to commence this letter and each time, blinded by my tears, I have been obliged to relinquish the attempt. How utterly miserable, wretched and homeless I am.

Last Thursday a friend called me aside and told me he had bad news for me. As I had informed him of the death of my father I could not imagine what bad news he had to communicate. He handed me a little slip of paper he had received from Richmond, containing the following: "Mr. Jackson, formerly of Baltimore, arrived here on the 19th inst. and reports that Woodville's father died on the 22 Sept., and his little daughter a few days previously." I was completely stunned. I passed that afternoon and night in an agony of doubt and fear. The next morning I made up my mind to start for Maryland. I consulted two friends, officers of rank and reputation, stated my intentions and reasons and they told me I was perfectly right. I at once set to work to prepare for immediate departure. All I could think of was you, my darling wife, alone in your great affliction and the more I thought the more I felt convinced that my only place was by your side to console and comfort you. Friday and Saturday it rained incessantly and a gloomy time I had. I clung to the hope that Jackson was mistaken. Yesterday afternoon a letter was handed to me which, without looking at the address, I knew at once to be from you and I broke down. I wept long and bitterly over your letter. Oh, Fan, how terribly you have suffered and must still suffer! If I were only by your side to weep with you! Why am I away from you? It seems to me so dreadful in this dark hour of bitter trial that I, your husband, your lover, should be away from you. Oh, my God! my God! I can't help it, but distress at the death of my father is forgotten in my grief for the loss of my child and anxiety for you.

One passage in your letter I have considered long and thoughtfully. "Do not think of making "a visit to these parts. I should not enjoy "your society under present circumstances "even you to come." Of course I must obey your mandate and remain where I am. But this I do with the greatest reluctance. I feel more than ever our separation and am alone in my grief and despondency. One thing bear in mind if you should wish me let me know and I will brave danger and captivity and come to you.

I feel deeply the loss of our little daughter, although you say one cause of deep regret to you is that I could not have known and loved her. In that short week she was with me could I not perceive her extreme loveliness and feel all a father's pride and affection? Her every look and action are treasured in my mind. Although unable to enjoy in person the society and attractions of my children I have always taken the greatest delight in listening to their description and praises from others and memory and imagination soon filled up the blank. Her eagerly and impatiently I have looked to the time when I should be reunited to you and our little ones in peace and happiness. Many a plan have I formed for the future when we would live by ourselves and for each other. Each one of you had your allotted place, but already one place is vacant and my sorrow and disappointment are great. Little did I think that Monday in Baltimore when I kissed her and bade her good bye that I should never see her again. I can hardly realize it. Good God, is it possible!

I await the arrival of the letter you enclosed to Willie. If I was so much distressed at reading your last letter what will I be when I read that sad account and behold in each line evidences of your grief fresh and overwhelming?

November 20 1864.

Dearest Nan,

For several weeks - I may say months - past I have been so harassed and disappointed on account of not hearing from you and on account of my condition, at once moneyless, helpless and useless. I have been on the point several times of ending my troubles at one blow by paying you a short visit. Your letter handed me by Ellen B. breathing so much love and anxiety at length determined me to make the attempt. Since that, the election of Lincoln, the prospect of several years of war and the chances in the future of greater difficulties in my way have only strengthened me in my resolve. But on arriving at the Potomac day before yesterday I found that the enemy had lately become so extremely vigilant I was induced to listen to the advice of the S. C., who among other things represented my capture as extremely probable, and give up the attempt. I will not pretend to describe my disappointment, I may say my despair. I had considered all the difficulties and among them the unpleasant one of springing on a friend for a week or two when in these times I may not be exactly welcome. As Adel C. had been so successful in his two trips I was still further encouraged. But now, I am told it is different. That I did not make the attempt a month ago has only added another to the load of regrets I am now staggering under. Regrets when I go to bed, dreams of home when asleep, regrets when I awake and regrets all day long drive me nearly distracted. Hopes of a very dim future, some dear letters and a photograph are the only consolations I have. I have thought so much over our happy past I can recall every little circumstance and in contrasting that happy part with this miserable present I invariably come to the conclusion that I am the biggest fool alive. But I have not given up this trip yet, only postponed it, and shall certainly accomplish it before the opening of another campaign. I must confess my longing to see you is so intense I have become a perfect slave to it and until it is satisfied I shall never be contented.

Why do you blame me because you do not hear from me? I have written often and always when I heard of an opportunity. Previous to your last letter I had not received a line since May 10. I know yours have been lost. Make then the same allowance for me. But as you have not heard from me since June I will in a few lines tell you what has transpired with me since. The trip to Mr G Taylor's was undone impossible by Hunter so I remained in Richmond till the middle of July, the doctor urging on me the necessity of moving to the country, when I bethought myself of a first cousin, the brother of Emma T., living in the Northern Neck on a fine estate. So I had myself conveyed there in a country wagon without springs, where I arrived the following day more dead than alive. The family was quite shocked at my appearance when I commenced to improve how I did enjoy the vegetables, fruit, milk, butter and the many good things I had been an utter stranger to for many months; and a good library enabled me to kill time agreeably and profitably. "Mount Airy" is the same place where I stayed three days on my return from Maryland and where the Yanks nearly caught me, as I describes to you in one of my letters. Harry T. and his wife were as kind and attentive as possible, for which I feel very grateful. They have a sweet little girl about three years old whose heart I completely won. I often felt very sad when I looked at her and thought of my own dear beautiful little daughter whom I shall never see again. I drove over to the Potomac several times to take a look at dear old Maryland and think of those so dear to me she contained. I need not say, Jaw, how often I wished for you. Had you been with me my happiness would have been indeed complete.

It was two months and a half before I was completely well, when I thought myself all right, and proper I should be moving I can't say the prospect before me was very cheering. My capital consisted of $30. in bonfed. money and I had not a home I could call my own. As to my going into the infantry it was a thing

I didn't feel equal to and wouldn't do for any country or anybody under the sun. My inclination led me to join Mosby whose command is the most popular. Harry offered to lend me $300. which I gladly accepted but this was a mere drop in the bucket and wouldn't pay for a pair of boots, to say nothing of a horse. I assure you I couldn't look a week ahead and didn't dare to think of anything "turning up".

While I was waiting for an opportunity to get to Richmond I picked up the paper one morning and commenced as usual at the personals when what shone I see but yours to Ellen B. I actually heard my heart beat. I felt too thankful you were well. A few days after I went to R. and immediately called on Ellen who presented me with your bundle and letter. As soon as I left her I hastened to my room and literally devoured the contents of the latter. How grateful I felt that nothing had happened to any of you. On reading your letter but more particularly your personal I was at a loss to understand why you had not heard from or even of me. Before I left for the country I had left my address at the Signal office and had made no secret of my destination and it seems so strange that tho' you received no letter Willie or some other friend should not have informed you. While in the Northern Neck I had sent a letter by every blockade runner I met and who promised me to mail them on the other side. And while I was living quietly in the country recuperating you should have been worrying yourself almost to death imagining all sort of dreadful things. Well!!! Although my appreciation of your letter was great there was one portion not particularly agreeable. I mean that relating to Ann. and the Frenchman. I only hope if she marry him she will remain in France and sink into obscurity. For my part I consider my family entirely broken up now and I must confess, right or wrong, that all my affections are wrapt up and centered in you, your mother and little Willie. I grieve much over mother's position but her acquiescence in Ann's vagaries puzzles and annoys me. With a full knowledge of this man's character her

She can sit down and write to a person of sense about his good family and all such stuff passes my comprehension. Oh, the infatuation, the gullibility of some weak-minded people. I will say no more about it but if she and Ann mean to establish any such doubtful connexion they can't blame others who may utterly ignore it. I heard in August of their departure for Europe and was not at all surprised. I imagined them in Switzerland, certainly not Paris. The choice of the latter place I should think rather singular for one in affliction. I trust before the sale came off you rescued our ~~b~~ books which were in Mydi's book-case. They were worth at least a thousand dollars in gold.

I must now thank you for the things you sent me all of which were truly acceptable, particularly the money although I have some scruples about taking your money. I am now compelled to make a virtue of necessity. What you sent me was a perfect godsend. I was in want of an overcoat, a pair of boots, some flannel shirts and some merino drawers, also a slouch hat all of which are very dear. Besides which I have to settle for a horse I bought early last Spring and which was to have been paid for by a thousand Emily B. promised me in exchange for a good draft on Baltimore but she cleared out in such a hurry I had not time to communicate with her. Without intending it she got me into a scrape but, at the same time, got her eyes well damned. When I got $40 in gold I offered them to the owner of the horse but he would not take them at the market value. After riding the horse thro' the Wilderness and Pottsylvania without getting him hurt and feeling myself growing ill I returned him to the owner and told him to keep him or sell him and I would, when able, pay ~~him~~. So now that I am able I shall have to make some compromise and a very big hole there will be in my capital. In your letter you you told me to state in my personal if the $175. would be sufficient for my wants. I said nothing about it. So, Pa, whatever you have kept for

your own wants, for remember the last time we were together you were wearing your mother's clothes. For what you have sent I am doubly grateful and the pleasure was greater because unexpected. After satisfying my wants, whatever I have remaining I shall take great care of for I shall always bear in mind it was raised at some sacrifice to yourself.

After seeing Ellen I answered as soon as possible in the "Enquirer" your personal, which answer I hope met your eyes and quieted your anxieties. In the same paper in which mine appeared I saw one of W. S. in which was stated that I had been in R. within a month. This was not the case. What a singular name you hit upon for your personal.

I was offered in R. the charge of a military prison at Danville, duty to commence Decem 1. I accepted it with the mental reservation, if I do not go to Maryland. As I have abandoned for the present that idea I shall pass the winter at D. and endeavour to make some money and in the Spring buy a horse and join Mosby, but I shall seek first the joys of love before I encounter the horrors of war.

As I had nothing to do in R. I stayed there only two days and then accepted an invitation to the Yarbrough Neck, where I went with the intention of crossing the river as already stated. I was therefore not in R. when Add C. arrived there from M.d the second time. He brought me nothing not even a letter. When I came over I lugged over a valise for him and paid $30 in gold expenses on it. So the world goes.

I saw in the paper the account of the M.d Blackland meeting in Baltimore having been broken up and the speakers, among whom was your father, turned out of doors. I couldn't help laughing. He must have had his old prejudices rudely shaken. By the way we were not at all surprised at Lincoln's election. He was in fact our choice. Four years more of his management must bring ruin. The South is still undismayed.

No news of Myd. I have not heard of or from him for months. I do not even know his address. I feel very uneasy. Willie, I was told, was in Danville with the itch or something of the kind. I understood he would be stationed in Richmond. He was a great favourite with the girls there last winter so I heard.

I made an arrangement whilst at the river to have my letters sent over. So you may expect at least one a month. I will also occasionally insert a personal and you must do the same.

I am sorry to hear of your mother's delicate state of health. You must tell her with my best love to be of good cheer and keep up her spirits as Willie and I expect great things of her when we return, and give her my heartfelt thanks for her present. I trust her trip to Saratoga was of benefit to her. Saratoga! it sounds so strange to me and has a smack of dreamland. How often I have thought of our trips to New York and Newport. New York must have recalled some recollections of the past to your mind in rather sad contrast to the present. Six years ago who ever dreamed of this state of things?

I still have the little book you sent me by Tom B. I carried it in my breast pocket last winter and spring when in the field. I read it but I must confess it is rather too dark for me. I value it more as a keepsake than anything else. This may be very wrong, Nan, but I can't help it. A gift or love letter from you seemed ~~seemed~~ affords me more consolation than all the preaching in creation.

And now I must conclude. When you receive this insert a personal acknowledging it and say whether or no you approve of my plan of paying you a visit. I'll tell you plainly now, if ever I come to the conclusion that this war is to last for years and shall take care of myself ~~of~~ more when I can be with my family, as to my staying here, and receive no thanks for it, until I am an old man and then go home to find an old wife and a grown son I am not going to do it. But rest assured wherever I am or what I do you are not forgotten

Your ever true husband

Farewell, Nan, my darling wife, Willie joins me with best love and a kiss for Willie

Since writing the within letter I have seen a man just from Maryland who gives an awful account of the state of affairs there. I never knew before that the provisions of the new constitution were so severe for anyone who may harbour a rebel - confiscation, imprisonment and all that sort of thing. Seriously, Sam, this is awful. I am told, moreover, that the people, consequently, are afraid to receive even a member of the family. This ~~would~~, of course, would deter me from crossing and bringing anyone into difficulty. I feel as if my heart had been turned ~~into~~ lead. Oh, Sam, Sam, when am I to see you again? I can't tell you how I hate to return to Richmond and go from there to Danville. In wintering our lives it seems as if I leave all hope behind me. In the Spring I may have better luck. In the meantime I must endeavour to make some money. I don't say I like the idea of being Yankee jailor, and the prospect of turning it to some advantage alone reconciles me. I must confess I have had enough of field service. What I suffered last Spring makes me shudder at the recollection. In consequence of so many Marylanders leaving the service I am afraid they will pass a law of conscription. But of that more anon.

I fear Sherman will get thro'. This would darken our prospects. Yankee can take care of Grant and if Sherman should be destroyed great results would follow.

Once more, dearest, farewell. That we may be spared to each other to be soon reunited and live in the full enjoyment of mutual love and happiness is my constant prayer.