

Camp M Ark.
Sept. 27th

My Dear Porcia:-

Timmie arrived about two or three weeks ago and gave me your letter, would have replied sooner but I have been in the trenches so much of late and the relief has been so irregular on account of this threatening movement of the enemy on the right of the lines, that I have not had a very convenient opportunity of writing to any one. When Timmie got back he was suffering from an attack of the chills as is usually the case with him when ever he travels on the rail road. He brought [?] splendid [?] of provisions with him on from Sister Sue, the first time I had received any thing from her in eleven months not even as much as a letter. She is a very good sister and treats me so kindly that I can't help but love her. I had no idea she loved me so much nor did I did I appreciate her love, till I lost the kind offices of the sister, who is now in the line of the enemy. It is so convenient to have [?] friends there who love you in spite of all your [?] and short comings. I must confess that I do not merit the hast of sister [?] for I have

She has very kindly offered to supply my wants now, that I am at last completely? depression her for clothing when the Confederate Government is [?] to supply me. Do you ever write to her? [sic]I received a long letter from your mother a day or two ago, dated Sept. 5th. She seemed to be very cheerful and looking on the bright side when she wrote. She told me that she had sent Eli from the County supplier [he?] has [?] Twiggs

Well, Porcia I have been wounded again, making the [?] time this year. The other day my [detachment?] was ordered to march again [?] [?] exposed portion of the line and while we were sitting down, behind the works [were a guard carrying a letter?]

The Yankees fired a spherical case shell at a gun on our right, the shell exploded and a fragment struck me on the head just above the right temple, making me blinded [?] for a while . I soon regained consciousness though upon the application of a little cold water poured on the wound. Fortunately for me, my skull was not broken, though it seems almost miraculous that I was not. I did not go to the hospital and I knew I would be able to do duty again, in the course of a few hours. I am all right with the exception of a pretty

sore cranium. [sic]Hugh Lawson you old flame, went home a week ago on a sick days furlough, suppose he is there by now. Winter is drawing nigh, and we are still in the ditches, what will we do during the awful cold weather that is rapidly coming upon us. I

and ask her to make it, but she is making the clothing for me and I do not wish to impose on her. I do not wish you to put your [?] to the least inconveniences about it, her time lets yourself if it does cone in handy. I can make out with the

Last page Sideways writing:

Eugene [R?] has gone into the trenches [with?] day before yesterday I follow to morrow morning asked me to tender his kindest regards to Adela and yourself and hope that you will be [constituted?] and during your sojourn in middle Georgia/

Genl. C's wife and family are still in tower. I have not been to see them, for want of good clothes. Suppose [A?] can give you a right thrilling account of her observations on the siege, as the Yankees were sometimes, things very rarely reach that portion of the city in which she resides. I heard(hist) that a fragment of a winter bomb tore some of her under dressing to pieces while hanging out to dry. Goodbye Yours Aff. Uncle C.