

My Darling if I am sacrificed  
on the battle field, I have a request  
I hope you will regard.

If in after days you choose to marry  
again let him be a man, who  
battled manfully in this war to the  
end. I had rather trust you and  
my little B to the care of such an  
one. My Darling probably I have  
not written you such a letter as  
I ought. This being uppermost  
in my mind at this time, I have  
written it to you.

My Darling don't think (as on a  
former occasion), that my love for  
you has abated. How could it do so?  
Have you not doubly endeared your-  
self to me, now that you have suf-  
fered for me, and at last given birth  
to the child of my own loins, and  
did I not love you before to that  
extent, where my Comrades almost  
called me crazy? And have you  
not been as busy as a bee, making  
pretty things for you and me & little B.

15  
Camp 12 miles from Petersburg Va  
March 5<sup>th</sup> 1865

My own dear Charlotte;

Again I have an oppor-  
tunity of sending you a letter, and  
you know it is my ardent wish to do  
so at all times, especially now.

I have nothing new to write, I am  
compelled to report everything moving on  
after the same old manner.

All of us well. No fighting yet.  
Have not heard from the Battalion  
in a few days past. Have not received  
any more letters either from your  
Mother or Sarah. Hear it from reliable  
sources, that the enemy are in pos-  
session of Charlottesville Va. if so they  
are getting pretty near to your Father.

It looks very much like they will  
force us to evacuate Richmond, yet  
I do not think it the policy of Genl.  
Lee, and that he will yet drive  
them back discomfited from their  
coveted prize. All we have to do  
is to be firm and fearless of heart.



We have had much to discourage us, but chief among the evils to be enumerated may be considered desertions among our troops. I think however we have about stopped it, and now beginning to take the proper steps to give our army that discipline we so much need.

My Darling in all your letters you speak of that happy time when the war being ended, I can come home to sit down with you, never to leave you again. To me it is a most pleasant thought, but at present my Darling there is no happiness for me.

Must I not fight for a home for my dear, dear Wife, and for my sweet little B. Can I be so base as to lay down my arms, and come hither to you in ignominy and disgrace, to be ordered by a foe whose gallantry I despise, out of house and home and compelled to wander with you and our little babe, helpless beggars objects of charity, begging pittance

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at the hands of our haughty conquerors? My Darling, my lovely wife much as I love you, and ardently as I desire to be with you, and painful as it is to be separated from you for a moment, rather than see you thus insulted and tormented, by our vindictive, and brutal Enemy, I call Heaven to bear me witness I prefer to be numbered among the slain. If all our fighting men were at their posts, we would have an army amply sufficient to defeat our enemy at every point. Shall we call for them in vain? Shall we sacrifice ourselves, a few few, to the advantage of a part of our enemy while others remain far in the rear, are fully able, and have the same cause for resistance? Will not the women drive them out to fight?

I wish you could have a meeting and pass resolutions to drive every skulker to his post.