

Carson, Joseph Perryman – March 5th, 1864 – To: Charlotte

Camp 12 miles from Petersburg Va

March 5th 1865

My own dear Charlotte,

Again I have an opportunity 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 Battallion 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 possession of Charlottsville 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 Genrl Lee, and that he will 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 one 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 back 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 [...] 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 think 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 [lone?] few, to the adversary hordes 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 mutiny and pass resolutions to drive every skulker to his post. 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 dont think (as on a former occasion), that my love for you has abated. How could it do so? Have you not doubly endeared yourself to me now that you have suffered for me, and at last given birth to the child of my own loins, 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.