

July 20th 1862

My dear brother,

I will leave for Virginia tomorrow. I have been blessed in that my husband was saved through perilous scenes and I now anticipate the pleasure of seeing him soon. I am sad to think I will not see the good humored manly face of my dear nephew. He is gone and I shall see him here no more. I picture him to myself as I saw him when in Yorktown last fall so full of life and when I told him I had money for him which you directed me to give him and Christopher, I said to him now Henry if you do not need this money I would not take it all as your Father needs all he can save now. He seemed to feel too that he ought not to take it and was more anxious that Christopher take only as much as he thought he actually needed saying now Kit I think \$8 or \$10 will do. All of which made me think he was thoughtful and considerate of his Father's concerns. I cannot tell you how much I regret his death. I loved and admired Henry. I can remember him long ago when he was a little boy in pink jacket and white pants going with me to church at Richmond. The shot hole through one of my closet doors which he accidentally made and which was a narrow escape of his own life is now prized in my eyes and when I look at it I bless his dear name, and say to myself he did not know that one day his Aunt Sarah would prize that mark of his having been under her roof. The way it happened. There was a pistol in Eugenious' overcoat pocket and the overcoat was lying on a table in the room with Henry's overcoat and the other boy's coats. Henry went to get his coat and not knowing the pistol was there pulled his coat out throwing down the other coats and the pistol went off. Hearing the noise I went there and scolded him some telling him I did not think his father knew he was with boys that carried such weapons and I did not think it safe for such boys to carry them. Henry did not throw it upon Eugenious but Albert Jackson told me the pistol belonged to Eugenious. I did not feel hurt with him only feared he might be hurt himself. He thought I would not think so much of him on that account and wrote me a letter when he went to leave Spring to school saying he hoped Aunt Sarah and Uncle Alfred would not think him a bad boy. I loved the dear boy and that little mark which I never thought of before has now become dear to me. I will send you a letter to which Mr. Colquitt has written me since the battle. I long to see you and sister Catherine and talk of your dear boys. I will write to you when I get to Ga. Give my love to my Nieces.

You affectionate sister

Sarah Colquitt

PS

Mr. and Mrs. Russel has just left my house. Susan Gatewood is well and talks of visiting you.

SC