

Camp near R. July 10<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Uncle:

It has not been for a want of desire that I have not written to you before this, but because I have had no opportunity. The short and brilliant campaign commenced on the 25<sup>th</sup> of June is over; we having driven the boastful enemy from before our capital several miles down the James, where he now lies protected by his large fleet of Gunboats. We returned to our old camps this morning, and although perfectly exhausted, I have not allowed myself a moments rest before commencing this letter. Today I am sick at heart grieving over the loss of our gallant dead. No one since the commencement of our struggle for independence has fallen, who deserves the mead of praise, more than our lossed Henry. He was of all boys, the noblest that I ever saw and to say that I loved him as I should your son is not sufficient for I ever felt towards him as if he were my own brother, and have carefully looked over him since he entered my ranks.

He was a noble, good boy, and one of the most gallant soldiers that ever lived. Ever buoyant and hopeful, he inspired the same feelings in others. I was acting as Aid to Col. Colquitt throughout the march, and noticed how lively he was just before we got to the bloody battle field of Gainses' Mills. Little thought I, as we moved into the fight, that the youth I loved and admired so much, would be among the list of killed that night. He was noticed by all for the gallant manner in which he was fighting, and when I heard that he had received a slight wound in the hand and had left the field, I congratulated myself on account of his escaping so luckily. We were all mistaken however, for as he went to leave a fatal ball pierced his heart. He called for me and then died without a groan. (Fred lied here – No living man saw him die or heard a groan – Kit)

We did not know that he was dead until we went to gather up the wounded, and had to burry him where he fought so gallantly. Not only every man of the company but the officers and men of the regiment grieved his death. All spoke of the high hopes that they had of his future.

But he is gone, and we should try to console ourselves by knowing that his loss is his gain, and that he is now enjoying that sweet quiet from which he will never be disturbed by the rude clamor of war. Henry always resisted the temptations of the camp as a true Christian. God has taken him from you my dear Aunt and Uncle and let us try to submit ourselves to this will. I sympathize with you in your affliction much more than I am able to express on this sheet, and pray that our heavenly father may temper the affliction as much as possible. He died the death of a brave and good soldier of the Confederacy. The loss in killed and wounded in our regiment in the battles since the 26th is over two hundred. I escaped with only a bruise on my thigh which lamed me for three or four days. My escape was miraculous for in every fight, I was unnecessary exposed. I hope that I can in an acceptable manner thank my God that he has thus far, spared me through so much danger. Christopher escaped unhurt, he acted very bravely and in the fight of the 1<sup>st</sup> July had his gun torn to pieces by a grape shot. You will have to send me a power of Attorney to draw the balance of pay due Henry. The Government owes him for four months service. I have forty dollars of his money, but will wait to hear from you before sending it. I feel my responsibility very much now, as the command of the co. devolves

upon me. Give much love to Aunt C. and the children and rest assured Uncle that you all have my most heartfelt sympathies.

I am as ever your Aff. Nephew

F.D. Wimberly

Please excuse the penmanship of this for my pen is poor.